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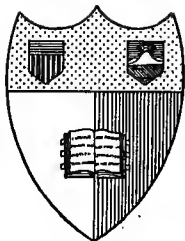
FIVE
LITTLE
STRANGERS



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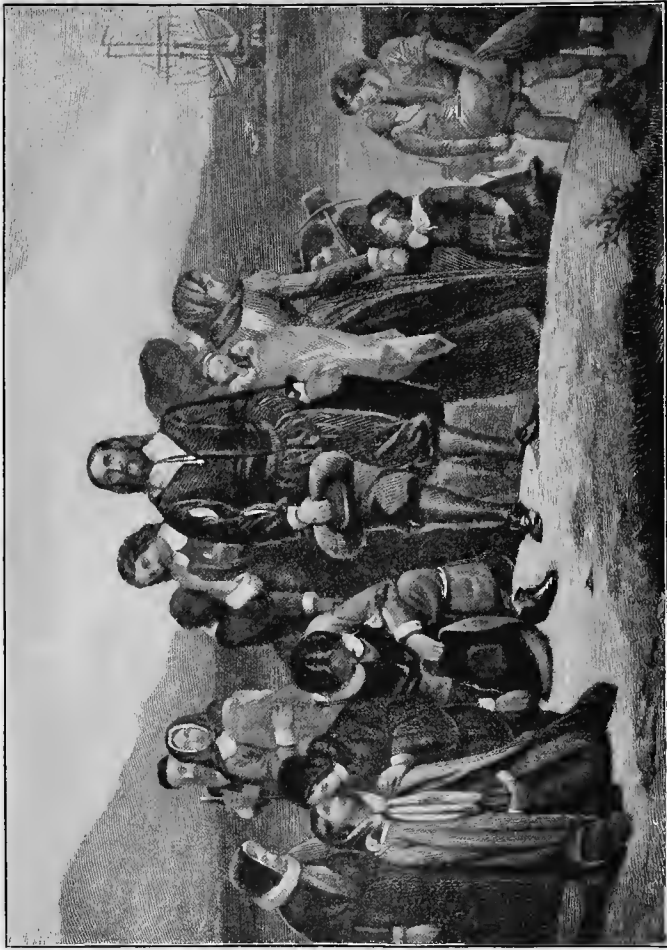
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FIVE LITTLE STRANGERS



From Boughton's "Landing of the Pilgrims."

THE LITTLE WHITE CHILD COMES TO AMERICA.

FIVE LITTLE STRANGERS

AND HOW THEY CAME TO
LIVE IN AMERICA

BY

JULIA AUGUSTA SCHWARTZ

AUTHOR OF "VASSAR STUDIES," "WILDERNESS BABIES," ETC.



NEW YORK ·· CINCINNATI ·· CHICAGO
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FIVE STRANGERS.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE LITTLE RED CHILD	
I. The Land where he lived	7
II. The Indian Village	11
III. In the Wigwam	15
IV. The Nutting Party	19
V. Alone in the Woods	24
VI. The Indian Feast	31
VII. The War Dance	36
 THE LITTLE WHITE CHILD	
I. The Land from which she came	40
II. The Voyage to the New Land of America	44
III. In the Log Cabin	48
IV. At the School	53
V. Work and Play	57
VI. An Evening at Home	62
VII. The First Thanksgiving Day	67
 THE LITTLE BLACK CHILD	
I. Her Native Land	72
II. The African Village	75
III. In the Hut	79
IV. Out of Doors	84
V. The Evening Feast	89
VI. The Slave Raid	94
VII. The Journey to America	98

THE LITTLE YELLOW CHILD

I.	America when he came	103
II.	His Own Country	106
III.	In the Chinese Home	111
IV.	Going to School	117
V.	With the Family	121
VI.	Games and Festivals	124
VII.	Away to a New Home	130

THE LITTLE BROWN CHILD

I.	His Island Home	137
II.	The Village.	140
III.	In the Little Brown Hut	145
IV.	Pleasant Tasks	150
V.	In the Forest	154
VI.	On the Way Home	159
VII.	Evening in the Village	163
VIII.	Under the Flag	169

THE LITTLE RED CHILD

I. THE LAND WHERE HE LIVED

ONCE upon a time there lived a little boy who was the color of an old copper penny. Sometimes he was dressed in the skins of animals. Sometimes he did not wear any clothes at all. The sunshine twinkled through the leaves on his smooth, dark limbs. The wind blew his black hair across his shoulders as he ran swiftly under the trees. His bright eyes sparkled eagerly. He heard the fluttering of birds in the branches, and the rustling of tiny wild creatures in the grass.

Sometimes he was busy helping his mother in the Indian village. Sometimes he played games of ball with the other boys in the fields. Sometimes he swam and splashed about in the cool river. And oftenest of all, he went far into the woods to hunt with his bow and

arrows. Many a time he scratched his bare arms against thorny bushes, or tripped over jagged rocks and sharp sticks. But no matter how much it hurt, he never cried. He shut his teeth tight, and tried to smile when his lips quivered. More than anything else in the world, he wanted to be brave.



“He went far into the woods.”

This little red child lived in the beautiful broad land of America hundreds of years ago. There were no white people living here then. In all this great country there was not a single

white person, or a black person, or a yellow person, or a brown person. Only the red people lived here. America was their home.

It was a wonderful home. Far in the west lay the Pacific Ocean. Its waves foamed and roared along the cliffs. Back from the shore there were hills covered with yellow poppies

and other wild flowers. Then came mountains with snowy peaks, and rivers dashing over rocks. Mountain lions and bears hid in caves. Mountain sheep nibbled the grass in upland meadows.

After the mountains there were gray deserts without a tree or a stream of water. Only clumps of gray sagebrush grew here and there on the gray earth. Then came the prairies with miles and miles and miles of green grass growing in the sunshine. Little brown prairie dogs sat up on their hind legs beside their holes. Rabbits scampered over the hills. Herds of shaggy buffaloes fed along the rivers, or galloped away with heads low and tails flying.

In some places there were lakes as big as seas. The blue water rippled on and on until it seemed to meet the blue sky. In other places there were great forests. Squirrels ran from tree to tree to find ripe nuts and acorns. Birds built their nests among the leaves and branches. Herds of deer with soft, dark eyes drank from the brooks.

Along the borders of the forests there were wild apples and cherries and grapes and plums. Wild strawberries grew close to the ground. In the shady spots violets bloomed. Out in the sunshine wild roses opened their pink petals. Buttercups blossomed in the meadows. And the golden-rod was yellow everywhere.

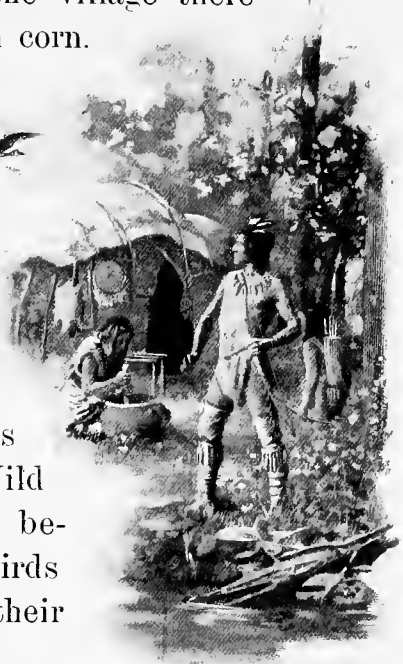
This was the broad, beautiful, wonderful land of America. From the Pacific Ocean on the west to the Atlantic Ocean on the east it lay under the arching sky. There stretched the miles of hills and mountains and rivers and deserts and prairies and lakes and forests and meadows. This country was the home of the red people.

Some of the red people lived in caves among the mountains. Some built mud huts on the desert. Some put up bark houses wide enough and long enough to hold twenty families. Others covered round-roofed tents with mats of corn leaves or rushes. Others on the prairies and in the forests made cone-shaped tents of bark or the skins of wild animals. These tents were called wigwams by the red people.

II. THE INDIAN VILLAGE

The little red boy lived in a village of round-roofed wigwams near the edge of a forest. In front of the village there were fields of green corn.

Pumpkin vines crept along the ground, and bean vines twined over poles in the sunshine. Back of the huts or wigwams, tall trees lifted their branches toward the sky. Wild flowers bloomed beneath them, and birds built nests among their branches.



The little red boy's home.

Farther away under the trees brooks rippled over stones. Ferns grew thick in shadowy swamps. Bears shuf-

fled through the underbrush. Shy wild deer snuffed the air and bounded away to lonelier places.

Beside the wigwams in the village, wrinkled old men huddled under deerskin blankets. They smoked clay pipes and talked of battles fought many years before. Women in short, fringed skirts pounded corn in wooden bowls or stirred boiling soup near the fires. Their long black hair fell upon their bare, copper-colored shoulders. Their necklaces of shells jingled as they bent over the kettles. Sometimes the women were busy with their sewing, making garments for themselves, or coronets of eagles' feathers for the men to wear in battle.

Here and there an Indian cradle was propped against a wigwam. These cradles were flat pieces of birch bark. Each one held a tiny red baby, strapped flat on his back. On the ground, creeping babies tumbled about in the dust. Bare-limbed little boys chased yellow dogs from wigwam to wigwam. Little girls played with dolls made of rolls of deerskin.

Bigger boys were shooting at a mark with their bows and arrows. Others were busy with sham battles. They flung bits of mud from the ends of limber switches as they ran and whooped and shouted.

Far out in the forest beyond the village, narrow paths wound under the trees. Once in a while along a path a band of red men ran silently, with their heads bent low. Rays of sunlight came through the

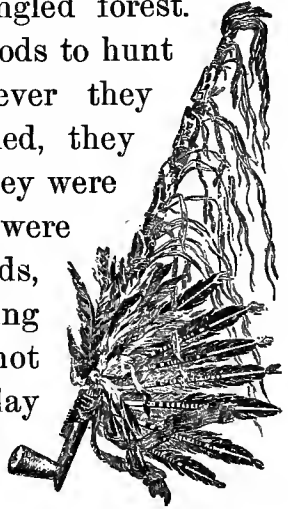


"Little girls played with dolls."

leaves and shone upon their dark bodies. They wore strips of wild-cat fur about their waists. In their hair waved eagles' feathers. In their hands were spears and bows and stone tomahawks. Their fierce black eyes gleamed in their painted faces. They were stealing through the forest to fight their enemies in another village.

Sometimes these red men stayed at home

feasting and smoking. Sometimes they were away fighting in dreadful battles or following their foes through the tangled forest. Often they went into the woods to hunt wild animals. But wherever they were, or whatever happened, they knew how to be brave. They were not afraid when arrows were whizzing about their heads, and tomahawks were flying through the air. They did not groan or scream as they lay wounded. They did not beg for their lives when they were captured by their



A red man's pipe.

enemies. They did not run away in a fright from growling bears or sharp-clawed wild cats. They would suffer anything rather than have it thought that they were afraid.

The women were brave too. They worked hard in the fields and the wigwams, but they never complained. The babies did not cry, no matter how long they were left strapped straight and stiff on their bark cradles. The

little children did not whimper when they bumped their heads or scratched their knees. The boys learned to endure cold and hunger and pain silently. The old men laid down their pipes and chipped bits of flint into sharp arrowheads. And all the while they talked and dreamed of the famous hunting and glorious fighting in the days when they were young.



Arrowhead.

III. IN THE WIGWAM

The boy of whom I am telling you was called Little Bear. One morning he woke up very early. He could see the sky through the smoke hole in the top of the wigwam. The stars were still shining. It was so dark in the room that at first he could hardly see anything there. He could hear somebody moving about softly.

He rubbed his eyes sleepily and looked again. Somebody was bending over the dim

circle of ashes on the ground under the smoke hole. A faint ray of starlight twinkled on a bead in her hair. It was his mother kindling the fire.

He heard her twirl two stones together until a spark leaped out. She caught the spark on some dry grass and blew it into a flame. The pile of wood blazed up. Little Bear saw the light shine on his mother's dark face. It shone upon her bare arms. It sparkled upon the shell embroidery on her deerskin dress.

The flame threw dancing shadows around the wigwam. Near the wall there were queer, rounded heaps lying under coarse blankets. The longest heap was Little Bear's father. The curled-up ball was his small sister. The baby brother had snuggled down almost out of sight.

Soon the fire made the room full of smoke, for only a part of it went up through the smoke hole. The mother picked up the baby, and strapped him flat upon his bark cradle. She put moss between his feet, and braced them against a tiny footboard. There was a

hoop fastened above his little head. To this she tied a jingling shell, so that it hung in front of his eyes and kept him amused. Then she carried him outside.

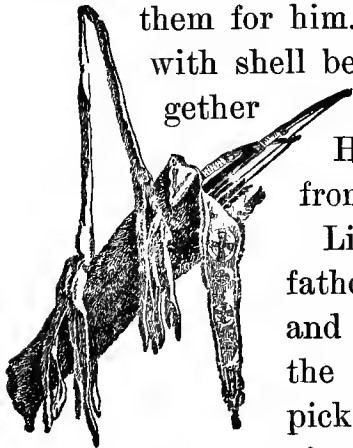
The father threw off his blanket. He pulled on his long fringed leggings. They reached up to the strip of fur about his waist. He was going hunting among thorny bushes that day, and the leggings would keep him from getting scratched. On his feet he put soft deerskin slippers called moccasins. His wife made



Moccasins.

them for him. They were embroidered with shell beads. She sewed them together with a fish-bone needle. Her thread was a sinew from the foot of a deer.

Little Bear watched his father take down a big bow and a quiver of arrows from the shelf at one side. He picked up a small bag made of a squirrel's skin and filled



A quiver of arrows.

it with corn meal from a basket near. When he was hungry while out hunting, he ate three spoonfuls of this meal and drank a few swallows of water. That was all the food he needed until he returned home.

Little Bear remembered how he helped his mother plant the corn. He used a clam shell at the end of a stick for a hoe. When the corn was ripe, he helped gather and husk it. His mother boiled and dried the kernels. Then she pounded them fine enough to pass through a sieve. Little Bear made the sieve out of dried grasses. He gathered the reeds and helped weave the baskets to hold the meal.

This morning, after his father had gone outside, the little red boy rolled off his bed of spruce boughs. He trotted in his bare feet across the dirt floor to the shelf. There were three baskets on it. One was a basket of corn meal. Another held parched corn kernels. The last was full of acorns. This shelf was the family pantry. Whenever Little Bear was hungry, he went there and

ate what he wanted. His mother cooked only once a day. That was dinner at noon. On days when the father went hunting she cooked dinner upon his return in the evening.

Little Bear nibbled some parched corn. Then he gave a loud whoop to wake up his little sister. It was time to get up if she was going after nuts with the women and children of the village. He did not wait longer, for the smoke made his eyes smart. He lifted the flap of bark hanging over the doorway. He stooped under it and ran out into the gray light of dawn.

IV. THE NUTTING PARTY

The air was so chilly that Little Bear jumped up and down and swung his arms to get warm. Out of every wigwam children crept shivering. Each one was hugging his own little bare body. Out came the women in their short skirts and necklaces. Some were carrying baskets on their backs. Others

had the bark cradles with the babies slung over their shoulders.

The men of the village had already gone to their hunting, miles away. Now the nut-



A bark cradle.

ting party started off. The women walked on under their burdens. The children trotted beside their mothers, or else raced with the dogs. The boys ran ahead. They were shooting with their bows and arrows at the squirrels in the cornfields. The grass was white with frost, for it was the season called by

the red people "the fall of the leaf."

When they entered the forest, Little Bear ran on shuffling his feet in the dead leaves. The leaves still on the trees were yellow and brown and red. Here and there the scarlet berries of the haw trees shone bright among the dark evergreens. Wild grapes hung in purple clusters from low branches. When the breeze blew, the children could hear the patter of falling nuts.

Finally they stopped where the nut trees grew thick and tall. Some of the boys climbed up to shake the nuts down. They pulled themselves up the smooth trunks with their arms, while they kept from slipping by pressing with their knees. Of course, they did not have any sleeves to drag at their arms or any fringed leggings to catch on the bark.

Some of the boys stood below and threw sticks at the branches. The women and girls hobbled around on their knees to pick up the nuts and put them in baskets. The children helped too. And if sometimes a hard green ball fell thump on a bare shoulder or bending black head, nobody cried out at the sting of the blow. Even the babies had learned to bear pain silently.

After the trees were stripped, the nutting party went to a sunny spot to eat and rest before starting homeward. The birch-bark cradles had been propped against the trees in a safe place during the busy time. Now many of the babies were fast asleep, their

black lashes resting on their round dark cheeks. The children cracked some of the nuts with stones and picked out the kernels with thorns. The mothers sat on the grass and talked.



One of the babies.

Suddenly they heard a shout. And there running through the bushes came one of the boys. This boy was about as old as Little Bear. He had been to the brook for a drink of water. He saw a porcupine behind a stump, and he shot it with his bow and arrows.

Now he was dragging it after him. It was all rolled up into a ball of long hair and sharp quills.

The children jumped up and danced and shouted. They thought that he was very

brave to shoot that prickly porcupine. He showed them two red scratches where the quills had cut into his hand. His mother's eyes sparkled because she was so proud of him. The other women praised him. They said that such a good little hunter always grew up to be a splendid warrior.

Little Bear listened eagerly. He wished that he had shot a porcupine or a bear or something that day. He watched the women kindle a fire and roast the meat. First they pulled out the quills to use for embroidering moccasins. Then everybody sat around the fire and ate roasted porcupine with their fingers.

But Little Bear did not feel hungry. He was wondering how he could do something brave. He wanted to become a great warrior when he grew up. What could he do now to make them all praise him?

He sat thinking and thinking, with his eyes on the ground. All at once he remembered about his big brother who had not been home for several nights.

V. ALONE IN THE WOODS

Two or three days before, Little Bear's father and brother went away into the woods together. The father came back alone. He had left his son in a lonely spot to stay there without eating food as long as he could. If he endured hunger a long time, that showed that he was brave. He wanted to stay away longer than any of the other boys of the village.

Little Bear decided to go to find his brother. He stole off without saying a word to anybody. At first he did not know in which direction to go. After thinking for a minute, he remembered something. His father had spoken of seeing these very nut trees on his way to the lonely spot with his son. So Little Bear looked all around on the grass with his sharp eyes till he saw the tracks of two persons walking together.

These tracks were very faint. Here was the outline of a bare foot in the moss. There

was the hollow made by a quick step upon a patch of lichens. Dead leaves had been kicked aside. The grasses were bent and limp in places. Little Bear felt almost like a grown-up hunter. He followed this trail under the trees and over the brook. He crossed a meadow and pushed through a thicket of bushes. And all at once there he saw his brother lying in the shadow of a big rock.

He lay stretched out on the ground with his eyes shut. His bare chest rose and fell slowly as he breathed. A half-chewed blade of grass was in his hand. Once he rolled his head from side to side and moaned for a drink of water.

Little Bear ran back to the nearest brook as fast as he could. He doubled up a grapevine leaf for a cup, and brought it full of water. The brother opened his eyes and sat up. He swayed as if dizzy, because he was so weak from hunger. After drinking, he said that he could stay without anything to eat for one more day anyhow.

As Little Bear started homeward, he wondered what his brother dreamed out there alone. Maybe he dreamed about a deer or a wild cat or even a porcupine. Whatever animal it was, he must choose it for his own particular friend. He must shoot one and make a bag of its skin to carry everywhere. He believed that it would give him good luck in hunting and safety in battle.

Little Bear tried to count up the years before he would be old enough to go out alone in the woods. He was tired of helping his mother with the household work. He wanted to go hunting and fighting with his father. He was eight years old, and his brother was more than twelve. His brother was almost a warrior, and owned a birch-bark canoe and bone fishhooks and a pair of snowshoes.

The little red boy had often seen the men build canoes. He planned to make one for himself. He would peel a long strip of bark from a birch tree. He would bend it into shape and sew the pointed ends with threads



“The little red boy had often seen the men build canoes.”

of bark. It would be fun to paddle on the river in his own canoe. He would make a pair of snowshoes too. Then in winter he could run over the surface of deep snow without sinking in.

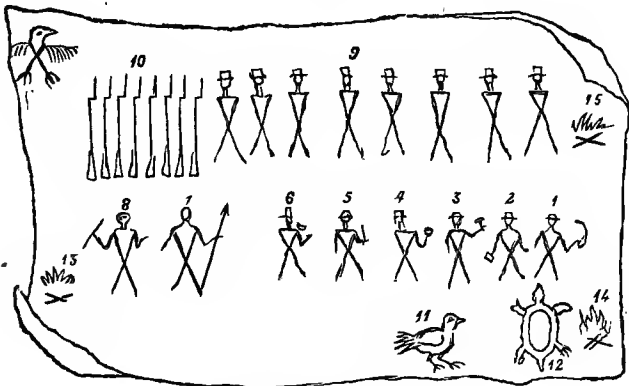
Little Bear was so busy with his thoughts that he forgot to watch the trail. It was growing dark, and clouds had spread over the afternoon sky. He could not tell which way to go to reach the village. Of course, he knew even without a compass that the trees

were mossy on the north side. He knew that pines generally lean toward the rising sun. But he could not remember from which direction he had come.

He thought that he was lost. Perhaps he could follow his own trail back to his brother before night hid the tracks. It was getting dusky in the shadowy forest. The trunks of the trees looked black around him. The leaves rustled softly. He heard the snap of a twig in the underbrush. Maybe it was something that would bite. Little Bear began to walk faster. He almost knocked against a bit of birch bark stuck on the top of a stick.

On the bark there was a picture of a wigwam and three men with a deer. The picture was only a rude drawing of lines and circles, but the little red boy could read it plainly. It meant that three hunters had passed that way with one deer. The stick was fixed in the ground so that it slanted in the direction of the village. The Indians drew pictures like that instead of writing words. Now he knew which way to go.

It seemed to Little Bear that he walked for miles and miles. He waded through brooks, pushed under thick bushes, and scrambled over rocks. Finally, the woods became so dark that he could hardly see the moss on the trees. Once a great white owl whirred



An Indian picture writing.

past. The mournful cry of a whip-poor-will far in the swamp made him start and stand still, shivering for an instant. Then he remembered that he must be brave.

At last he stooped down and laid his ear close to the ground. He almost held his breath to listen. Yes; he could hear some-

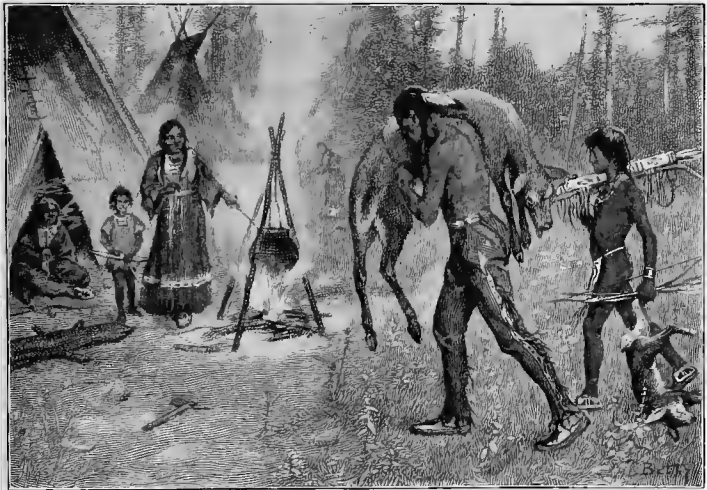
thing. He could hear a faint sound of footsteps far away. When he raised his head, he heard the murmur of distant whooping. From this he knew that the men of the village had returned from the hunt, and the women were welcoming them with shouting and dancing.

Little Bear ran in the direction of the sound. He went stumbling over stones, jumping over logs, dodging around trees, till he reached the cornfields. Then on he ran, leaping from hillock to hillock. On through the village he hurried, and into the wigwam.

His mother looked up from bending over the fire. She did not smile much, although she had been worried over his absence. She only put her hand upon his cheek. That was her way of showing that she was glad to see him safe home again. His father sat smoking in his place opposite the doorway. He did not say a word, even when Little Bear told of finding his brother lying weak and dizzy beside the rock. He believed that it was better to die of hunger than be a coward.

VI. THE INDIAN FEAST

Little Bear's father shot more deer that day than any of the other men. So he invited them all to come to a feast in his wig-



Coming home from the hunt.

wam. His wife skinned the deer and cut up the meat with a flint knife. The skins she laid aside till she had time to scrape off the hair with a shell. After that, by soaking and drying and smoking them, she made

them soft and strong for use as blankets and leggings and moccasins.

When she was ready to cook the meat for the feast, she placed stones in the fire to get red hot. Her earthen pot was not strong enough to be hung right over the blaze. So, after filling it with water, she threw into it the red-hot stones. They made the water hiss and bubble. Then she took out the stones and put in the meat. She added some corn meal and nuts and slices of pumpkins, and let them all cook together for a while.

As Little Bear sat watching his mother, he felt very glad that they had so many good things to eat. Sometimes in winter, when the snow lay deep in the forest, his father could not find any wild animals to shoot for food. After they ate all the corn, even the basketfuls that his mother had saved by burying in the ground, the family lived on roots and acorns. More than once they almost starved before the father could catch a deer or spear a fish through a hole in the ice.

This evening, when the meat was cooked, the mother brought out a birch-bark bucket full of maple sirup. Little Bear remembered the fun of going into the forest in the early spring to tap the maple trees. While the women boiled the sap, the children made maple sugar to eat. Once Little Bear ate so much that he fell ill.

Then the medicine man, his red body painted with white stripes, came to cure him. This strange doctor began to sing and dance all around the room. In one hand he banged two dry bones, and in the other he shook a noisy gourd rattle with a clackety-clack and a rattlety-bang. Around and around he hopped, jumping higher and higher and yelling louder and louder. He thought that this uproar would cure the little boy. That was the kind of medicine given to the red children when they were ill.



“The medicine man came.”

Now, at the hunting feast, Little Bear decided that he would be careful not to eat too much. Anyway, he could not have a mouthful till after the men had finished. The Indians thought that the men's work of hunting and fighting was harder than the women's work of cooking and sewing and tending to the fields. The men always ate first, while the women and children waited.

When the feast was ready, the guests began to arrive. Each one brought his own wooden spoon and bowl. They sat down in a circle around the fire, and Little Bear's mother ladled out the stew. The ladle was made of a clam shell fastened to a long handle. Nobody could have more than one helping.

While the men sat around eating and talking, the women stood behind them and listened to the stories and jokes. One warrior told how a big black bear had tried to squeeze him in its hairy arms. Another told of catching beavers in their little mud house under the water. Some described strange sights in the forest, and others laughed over tricks they played

on one another. Everybody was enjoying the feast.

When the warriors had finished eating, Little Bear's father filled a pipe with tobacco. He lighted it, and after smoking it for a minute he passed it to the man on his left. That one puffed a few times, and then passed it to the next. So it went on around the circle till it was all smoked out. Then the father filled it afresh, and started it around again. After the third pipeful had burned away, he knocked out the ashes, and said that the feast was over. It was time for the guests to go home to their own wigwams. It did not hurt their feelings to be sent away like that. Indian good manners are not so soft and gentle as the good manners of some other races.



A warrior.

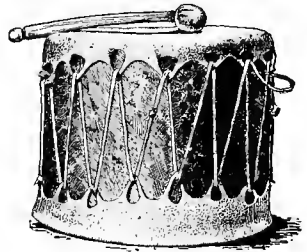
VII. THE WAR DANCE

Little Bear cuddled down under his blanket while he listened and looked at everything. He saw the women slip out during the smoking of the pipe. On some days the men met in council and talked over the affairs of the village. They planned for new hunting. They spoke of going on the war trail against their enemies. But at this feast, though he kept wide awake on purpose, Little Bear did not hear them say one word about fighting. This was only a social feast, and not a war council.

One by one each red warrior stooped his head to pass out through the doorway. The little boy wished that they would go on the war trail very soon and kill all their enemies. He was only a savage, and did not know any better. He believed that the bravest man was the one who killed the most people. Of all the feasts and dances in the village, he loved the war dance best.

He remembered how the warriors came back from battle with the scalps of their dead enemies dangling at their belts. A scalp was the skin and hair from the top of the head. Each one tried to bring back all he could to show how many he had killed.

At night they danced in the light of the flaring torches. How frightful they looked as they gathered before the wigwams! Their shining dark bodies were striped and spotted with white and yellow and black paint. Some wore feathers in their hair. Some wore the skins of wild animals. They had necklaces of bears' claws and jingling shells. On their knees were rattles of dried deer's hoofs. In their hands they carried bows and spears and tomahawks.



An Indian drum.

When the drums began to beat, the warriors began to dance. They jumped up and down; they stamped their feet; they tossed their arms and shook

their knees till the rattles snapped and clacked furiously. They chanted their war songs, now growling low in their throats, now yelping and barking, now sending forth shrill howls above the rumble of the drums.

Some drew their bows as if to shoot into the sky. Others raised their tomahawks or waved their spears as if in battle. Their eyeballs glared and their teeth gleamed in the light of the torches. They went stamping round and round in a circle. They leaped and yelled and whooped for joy at sight of the long black scalp locks swinging to and fro.

As Little Bear lay thinking of the war dance, he looked up through the smoke hole in the roof of the wigwam. He could see stars shining in the quiet sky. He remembered how they had been twinkling up there when he first opened his eyes that morning. Perhaps his brother was watching them, too, from beside the great shadowy rock away out in the lonely forest.

Little Bear wondered if he could be as

brave as his brother when his turn came to stay there alone. How many years must he wait before he was a strong hunter and brave warrior like his father? He thought of the feasts he would give and the pipes he would smoke. He wondered how many scalps he would have dangling from his belt when he danced in the glare of the torches.

He fell asleep and dreamed of the banging of drums, the whizzing of arrows, the twanging of bow strings. He dreamed of the deer bounding under the trees, and the red-hot stones bubbling in the kettle. He dreamed of the nuts pattering down upon the dry leaves. And last of all he dreamed the strangest dream. He dreamed that he was an old man huddled under his blanket, while little red boys crept close around him listening to his stories of battles fought long years ago.



THE LITTLE WHITE CHILD

I. THE LAND FROM WHICH SHE CAME



ACROSS the eastern sea, far away from the home of the little red child, there lived a little white child with blue eyes and yellow hair. This little girl wore a dark-colored gown like her mother's. She had a round linen cap on her head and a

white kerchief crossed over her breast. There was a long straight skirt reaching almost to her heels, and a little white apron with a pocket in it.

Sometimes she ran out to play merrily enough with the other children of the town. Sometimes she sat quietly nursing in her

arms a rag doll she had made herself. But oftener close to her mother she knitted away at her own small stockings. Though she was only six years old, she did her share of the housework in that busy family.

This little girl was born in a land called England. It was a green, pleasant country with woods and fields and farmhouses nestled under spreading trees. Cows fed in the meadows. Flocks of sheep wandered over the hills. Chickens scratched in the barnyards. Here and there a man was plowing. In the villages children were playing on the green grass. Once in a while a coach-and-four came galloping along a road with a tooting of horns and snapping of whips.

In the towns the houses were crowded close together. There were narrow streets where carts rattled over cobblestones, and men shouted to one another. Women went marketing with baskets on their arms. Children romped on the doorsteps, or ran along looking into shop windows. Now and then a gilded chariot rolled through the

streets, with the horses arching their necks and tossing their plumed heads. In the great stone palaces beautiful ladies rustled their silken gowns, and gentlemen in satin and lace fingered their swords as they chatted and smiled.

The little white child had been named Hope by her parents. They were not happy in that land, and they hoped that they would find a pleasanter home somewhere else. Many of the people in England were wicked and lazy. They drank too much wine, and gambled, and went to see cock-fights and races on Sunday.



Little Hope's
father.

Little Hope's father believed that everybody ought to live soberly and do right. So of course it troubled him to see how careless most of the people were about behaving properly. He hoped that somewhere there could be a country with better people in it than those in old England.

Another thing was a great hardship to him and his friends. The king of England ordered

all the ministers in all the churches to carry on their religious services in exactly the same way. Hope's father believed that he ought to be allowed to preach and pray and sing as he thought best. When he heard of the new land of America, he decided to go there to live. He hoped that there he and his friends would be free to read the Bible and worship God in their own way.

So it came about that little Hope made ready to sail across the sea to America. The mother packed the clothes in a big wooden chest. The father put his few books in a box. The brothers and sisters helped gather together the pots and pans and tools and other small things. They took with them in the ship the desk and clock and spinning wheel. Most of the rest of the furniture was too heavy to carry so far. They must make chairs and tables and beds when they reached the new land. They must build their own houses, too. They must plant their gardens and find their food in that strange, wild country.

II. THE VOYAGE TO THE NEW LAND OF AMERICA

The ship sailed over the ocean day after day. Every pleasant morning little Hope stood on deck where she could see the waves tossing and tumbling all around and away

to the horizon.

Sea gulls came flying over the foamy water behind the ship.

Sometimes a whale spouted or a fish leaped flashing into



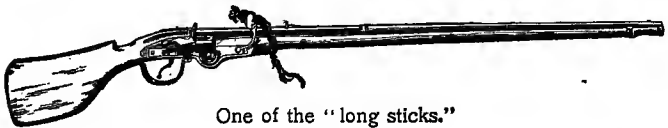
The voyage.

the sunlight. On stormy days spray dashed high and waves pounded against the sides.

Finally after many weeks Hope spied a faint line of something dark far off on the horizon. Miles and miles of white-capped waves tossed between. Higher and clearer rose the distant land as the ship sailed nearer.

After a while Hope could see the green of forests and the black of rocks behind the glistening white of the sandy shore. A sweet, spicy breeze came blowing toward her. This was the new country of America, the home of the little red child.

Perhaps Little Bear, or some other little red child, saw the ship, with its white sails, floating toward the shores of his beautiful land. He peered between the trees and saw the strange men climb down from the ship and row nearer in a small boat. He saw that their faces were white instead of copper colored. On their heads they wore, instead of feathers, tall peaked hats with flapping brims. They wore belted coats and knee breeches instead of fringed deerskin leggings. Instead of bows



One of the "long sticks."

and arrows, they carried long sticks that gave a puff and bang when pointed at anything.

The red child in fright ran home to the

Indian village, and told of the strange people he had seen. He thought that they must have flown down from the sky; for he believed that America was the only land in all the world. Some of the warriors wished to drive the newcomers back into the sea, but others wanted to carry them gifts of corn and furs. In after years many of the Indians became friends of the white people, but others were always their enemies.

Little Hope's father and the men with him began to build a town close to the shore. First they cut down trees and chopped off the branches. Then they made little log cabins, all standing in a row, along their one rough street. Each cabin had a wide chimney of sticks and mud plastered against one end. The roofs were thatched with reeds. The small windows had panes of oiled paper for glass. The clumsy doors were swung on wooden hinges.

In the summer they dug gardens. They planted flower seeds and vegetable seeds that had come from across the sea. Farther in the woods they cleared fields and sowed corn



Going to meeting.

given to them by the Indians. They had never tasted corn till they began to live in America.

On the hill at the end of the short street there stood a fort. It was built like the cabins of logs, plastered with mud. On Sundays this square log fort was used as a meetinghouse. Every Sunday morning, at the beating of a drum, all the people came walking out of the cabins.

They marched soberly up the hill to the meetinghouse. The men carried sheath knives in their belts and muskets over their

shoulders. They were afraid that they might be attacked suddenly by their enemies among the red people. The women in their long dark gowns walked softly, hushing the tiny babies in their arms.

The boys were dressed like their fathers, in knee breeches and doublets, as their thick double coats were called. They wore high pointed hats and wide linen collars and cuffs. The big shoe buckles shone on their low shoes. It was hard to keep so quiet when they felt like running and swinging their hands. The little girls, in cap and kerchief, tried to keep their round, rosy faces from smiling, as they stepped on side by side.

Up the hill to the meetinghouse they walked and entered the open door to worship God in the way they believed right.

III. IN THE LOG CABIN

It was very cold in the attic room, when little Hope heard her mother calling her one winter morning. Some of the clay had fallen

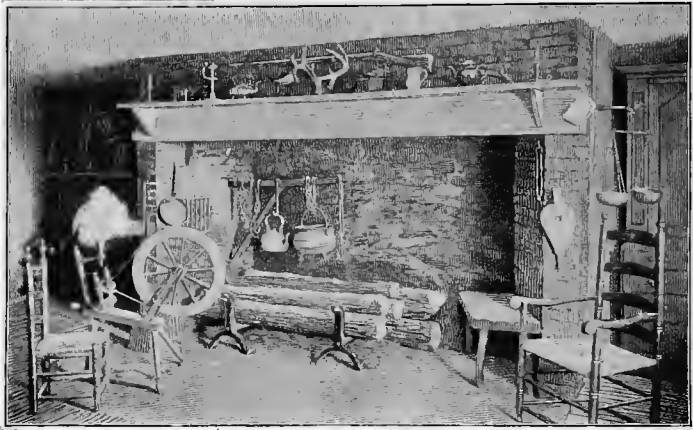
out of a crack between the logs in the wall, and the icy wind blew across her small wooden cot.

Her brothers were calling to each other as they shoveled a path through the snow to the shed. Once in a while they stamped their feet, or clapped their mittened hands together to get warm. In the gray light within, her two older sisters were braiding their hair. They stood before a dressing table made of bark-covered branches.

Hope wanted to nestle down under the thick coverlets. But she knew that she ought to get up at once. So up she jumped and hurried into her warm clothes. Her mother had woven the cloth for her gown and sewed it all by hand. Her father had made her thick-soled shoes. She herself had knitted her own stockings. She had learned to knit when only four years old, and she had cried because the stitches kept slipping off the needles.

Hope followed her sisters down into the living room. The fire on the hearth was kindled by striking together a piece of flint

and a piece of steel. When sparks flew out, they were caught on a bit of old linen and fanned into flame. It was a wide fireplace; the burning logs were as big as Hope herself.



The living room.

Over the blaze hung a kettle of boiling hominy. The mother was stirring it with a long wooden spoon. Six or seven children were warming their hands at the fire. The baby's basket cradle had been woven by an Indian woman. The father sat at a side table with the Bible before him. The frosty air came through the rough wall and made his

fingers so numb that he could hardly turn the leaves.

At family prayers the children sat soberly around the room with their hands folded. Then they ate breakfast. The table was a long board set on supports like sawhorses. It was spread with a white cloth. The dishes were blocks of wood hollowed out in the shape of bowls. Two children ate from one bowl. Each child had a spoon of shining pewter. The drinking cups were made out of gourds from the garden.

The father sat in a chair at the head of the table. The children sat on two long benches without backs. The mother ladled the hominy into the bowls. They ate it with maple sirup. The Indians had taught the white people how to tap the maple trees and boil the sap into sirup. They had shown them how to raise corn and make it into hominy.

After breakfast the father and the older boys slung their axes over their shoulders and started out to cut down trees in the snowy forest. They wished to clear more

land for planting in the spring. They took their muskets with them, for they might see a deer or a bear or a wild turkey. There was danger, also, that some unfriendly Indian might shoot at them from behind a rock or a stump.



Spinning the flax.

The mother sat down to spin flax at her spinning wheel. Hope remembered how her father had plowed a field with his wooden plow and sowed the flaxseed. When the plants were a few inches high, the children weeded the field. They stepped carefully in their bare feet to keep from breaking the tender stems. The flax was gathered and dried. Now the mother was spinning it into thread. Later the thread would be bleached and washed and woven into sheets, tablecloths, napkins, and all sorts of linen garments.

The older daughters gathered up the breakfast dishes and washed them. They used soft soap, made of ashes and grease boiled together in a big kettle over a fire outdoors the autumn before. Then they swept the rough floor with a birch broom. This broom had been whittled from a long birch stick by the brothers. The clean floor was sprinkled with fresh sand, and the ashes on the hearth were brushed up with a turkey's wing. In this new land there were no shops where one could buy soap and brooms and cloth ready made.

When this housework was finished, the older daughters sat down to sew and knit. Hope tied her hood under her chin and put on her warm cloak. She helped find her little brother's new mittens and wrapped a long scarf around her little sister. Then all three started off for school.

IV. AT THE SCHOOL

The school was kept by a woman who lived in one of the other log cabins. The children went skipping along the cleared path in the

middle of the street between banks of snow. As far as they could see, the white country lay sparkling and glittering in the early sunshine. From every snow-covered roof a curl of blue smoke rose into the clear air. Here and there a door flew open, and other children came running out on their way to school.

When they reached the school, they took off their hoods and cloaks and sat down on benches near the fire. The room was warm by the fire. It was easier to read their letters there, for only a dim light came through the oiled paper used as window panes.

It was a queer schoolroom. There were no maps on the wall, no blackboards, no desks for writing. They had no lead pencils and no slates. Each pupil copied the rules of arithmetic on strips of birch bark instead of paper. Hope had a pen that she made from a goose quill. She sharpened the point with her big brother's jackknife. She left a short fringe of the feathery part on the handle to make it look pretty.

Hope's little sister was just learning her letters. All the brothers and sisters in the family had used this same book. It was called a "hornbook," but it was not really



"Just learning her letters."

a book with leaves and a cover. On a thin piece of wood there was fastened a sheet of paper, printed with the alphabet in large and small letters. Below the alphabet came a row of syllables, *ab*, *eb*, *ib*, *ob*, and so on. Then came the Lord's Prayer. Over the paper

there was tacked a thin sheet of yellowish horn, almost as clear as glass.

The little girl went to stand by the teacher's side to learn her letters. The teacher wore a round cap and a white apron. She kept on knitting while she listened to the recitations. She pointed out the letters one after another with her knitting needle, and the little girl repeated each one after her. When the child missed in her lesson, the teacher rapped her head with her thimble.

This morning Hope's little brother was thinking so much of his new sled that he did not study at all. Of course, he could not recite well. His punishment was to wear a tall dunce cap and stand on a stool in one corner. Another small boy whispered and made a noise. He was punished by having a wooden gag, like a horse's bit, tied in his mouth. This same boy had been very naughty in the meetinghouse on the Sunday before.

He was laughing and playing during the sermon. It was the duty of the tithing man,

as he was called, to keep the children in order at the meeting. This man saw the boy and came hurrying down the aisle with his long pole. The knob end of the pole was rapped down on the boy's head so hard that it made him cry. On the other end of the pole there was a squirrel's tail. With this furry end the tithing man tickled the face of anybody who fell asleep in meeting.

When school closed for the morning, the children shouted the alphabet in chorus and spelled over the prayer. Then the little girls tied on their woolen hoods, and the little boys picked up their fur caps. And they all hurried home to dinner.

V. WORK AND PLAY

How good the dinner tasted to Hope and the others in that busy family! At each place on the table there was a wooden plate with a spoon and a napkin. Nobody used forks then, and there was only one big knife for all. Sometimes the father and boys used

their sheath knives or jackknives. But generally the mother cut up the meat and buttered the slices of bread before she brought the food to the table.

For dinner they sometimes had baked beans; at other times they had succotash. An old Indian woman had shown them how to make succotash of hulled corn, dried beans, and pork. The dessert was a pumpkin pudding sweetened with maple sugar. Best of all, there was a pile of ginger cakes, hot from the oven.

One of the cakes was made in the shape of a hornbook, with some of the letters plainly marked on it. It was for the little sister who was just learning the alphabet. She was told that she might eat each letter as she named it. She could name all except queer crooked *w*. So she saved the ginger cake *w* till she could ask the teacher about it the next day.

Hope always enjoyed baking day. First a fire of dry wood was built in the big brick oven beside the fireplace. It was kept blaz-

ing for several hours, till the bricks were scorching hot. Then the ashes were raked out. And the pies, beans, and bread were put in where the fire had been burning. The door was shut, and they were left to bake in the heat from the bricks.

This afternoon, Hope was learning to work on her sampler. A sampler was a piece of canvas embroidered with different stitches in colored silk and wool. Hope was embroidering on



A sampler.

her sampler a green horse standing under a blue tree. There were crosses and flowers and zigzag borders all around it. Underneath the picture she worked the letters of her name and this verse:—

“This is my Sampler,
Here you see
What care my Mother
Took of me.”

After it was finished, it was to be framed and hung up on the wall in the front room.

Hope did not enjoy sewing so much as reading. She read the Bible through three times before she was eleven years old. There were no stories for children among her father's few books. She liked to hear her mother tell stories of what she used to do when a little girl in old England. Sometimes an Indian woman came to the cabin to visit. She knew many wonderful tales about the sun and the moon, lightning and thunder, wind and rain, and wild animals.

After an hour over her sampler this afternoon, Hope went out to play on the snowy hills. In summer it was fun to go nutting in the woods or fishing in the brooks. Sometimes they dug for clams on the sandy shore or went in wading where the little waves were curling and murmuring over the beach.

The children had no toys except those made of clay or birch bark by their own busy fingers. But they all knew how to play hop scotch, tag, and hide-and-seek.

On this frosty winter day, some of the boys were walking on snowshoes. The Indians had taught them how to make snowshoes. The other boys and the little girls were sliding downhill. Hope's little brother had a sled made of wood with low runners. But most of the children coasted on pieces of birch bark.

What fun it was! Laughing and shouting, they climbed the hill. Their cheeks were glowing; their eyes were shining. Off and away! Some of the queer sleds ran into snowdrifts. But others slid whizzing down the icy track and shot out over a frozen pond at the foot of the hill. One small boy had taken his mother's big wooden bowl and was coasting in that. It kept swinging round and round as it slipped down the slope. This made him so dizzy that he fell over and rolled down the rest of the way by himself.

Long before the children were ready to stop, the sunset gun boomed out from the square fort high on the hill. This gun was fired every evening at the minute the sun sank below the horizon. It was time for the children to stop their play and run home to supper. Little Hope turned at the door for a last look at the snow-covered town beside the wintry sea. Beyond the white shore the dark waters stretched on and on to old England.

VI. AN EVENING AT HOME

For supper that night there was a wild turkey roasting before the fire. The father had found it in one of his traps in the forest. Now it hung near the blaze. One leg was tied to a cord that was fastened to a peg in the ceiling. One of the older sisters kept twirling it around so that it might cook on every side without scorching.

After supper the family gathered around the hearth with their work. Over the fire-

place and across the top of the room there were long poles hung with strings of peppers, dried apples, and rings of dried pumpkins. The children had helped slice the pumpkins



A wild turkey.

in the fall. After cutting them into halves they sliced off rings and pared the tough rind from each ring. They had helped pare the apples, too, and string them in long lines to dry.

On this winter evening the boys were busy shelling corn by scraping the cobs across the iron edge of the shovel. One of the boys was whittling shoe pegs. The older girls were knitting. The mother was still spinning.



“The baby was just learning to walk.”

The father was writing a letter to send on the next ship to England.

The baby was just learning to walk. When it was tired of play, Hope rocked it to sleep. Then she went to sit in the chimneyseat with her younger brother and sister. They could watch the sparks fly upward. When they

leaned forward, and looked up the great chimney throat, they could see the stars shining in the dark sky.

Presently the mother brought out some pop corn from the cupboard. She placed it in the hot ashes. The children watched eagerly, till suddenly with a pop! pop! pop! the kernels bounced out white and puffy. Some fell back into the blaze; some hopped into the children's laps; some flew out across the room. What a laughing and a scrambling there was to find every fluffy kernel! Perhaps Hope thought that this was the best thing ever given to the white people by the red people. The Indian name for pop corn was a word which meant "the corn that flowers."

Later there were family prayers again, and the children were put to bed. Sometimes the cold sheets were warmed with a warming pan.

This was a round metal pan with a long handle. It was filled with hot coals and thrust into the



A warming pan.

bed. There it was moved quickly back and forth so as to warm the sheets without scorching them. Then the little ones in their flannel nightgowns were hurried into bed, and covered up under thick quilts.

In her attic room, Hope lay watching the candle flame flicker among the shadows. The candle was made of bayberries. The children gathered these berries on the hills the autumn before. They picked milkweed silk, also, and twisted it into wicks for the candles. Bayberry candles smelled sweeter than tallow candles.

Some of these first white people in America had oil lamps, but they did not know anything about gas or electric lights. They lived almost three hundred years ago. In all her life little Hope never saw a steam car, or a telephone, or a sewing machine, or even a real wax doll with eyes that could open and shut.

To-night the air was not so cold upstairs as it had been in the morning. Some of the warmth from the fire below came through the floor. A handful of snow was stuffed into

the crack in the wall and kept the wind out. Hope nestled sleepily under the coverlets. She was thinking over the pleasant day of work and play.

VII. THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

She remembered the dreadful winter when they first came to this new land four or five years before.

The new little log cabins could not keep out the cold. Icy rains washed out the clay



A log cabin.

in the cracks between the logs. Snow drifted in under the doors and windows. Nobody had enough to eat or to wear. Nearly every one in town fell ill; and half their number died before winter was over.

But at last spring came with its warm sunshine, its flowers, and its singing birds. The

children hunted for wintergreen berries and Mayflowers in the woods. The mothers carried the babies out under the leafy trees. The fathers hoed the gardens and planted corn and pease and barley.

Summer brought wild berries and plums. The grain ripened in the fields. The men went hunting and fishing. The children found out where the nut trees grew. They gathered wild grapes and cherries and apples and red haws. There was plenty for everybody to eat.

In the autumn the grain was reaped and stored in the cellars. The houses were made snug and warm for the winter. Great piles of firewood were beside every door. The women knitted hoods and mittens and scarfs. The men caught fish and shot wild turkeys, waterfowl, and deer. There was no danger of starving or freezing that winter.

And then, before cold weather came, they held the first Thanksgiving feast in the new land. The women baked bread and pies and cakes. They cooked beans and pease and

pumpkins. They roasted the meat. They had ears of corn, and corn hominy, and corn cakes, and popped corn. And for their guests they invited some of the red people who had become their friends that year.



“There were long tables spread with all the good things.”

The Indians came and stayed three days. There were long tables spread with all the good things to eat. The red men and the white men sat down side by side. Sweet-faced white women were there, with white caps on their smooth hair and white aprons

over their best black gowns. Little boys cracked the nuts and rubbed the shining apples. Little girls carried the piles of bread from one to another and ran on errands to the kitchen and back again.

Once or twice little Hope stood in the doorway to look in at the company. Painted warriors, with furry skins over their shoulders and tall feathers on their heads, were talking with the sober white men in stiff linen and belted doublets.

Hope thought of the rude wigwams, with smoke curling up through holes in the roof. Then she thought of the neat log cabins, with the sanded floors, and wide chimneys, their wood piles, and cellars stored with food for the winter. She remembered the little copper-colored children rolling in the dust or running wild through the woods, while the little white children were busy at work or at play within the safe town.

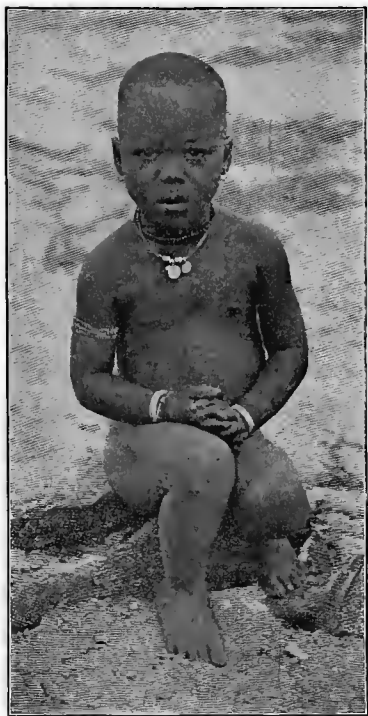
It seemed very queer that the red people cared more for hunting and fighting than for anything else. All the Indian boys wanted to

grow up to be brave warriors. The white people were different. Hope's younger brother said that he was going to be the governor of the town. And one of her older brothers wished to become a minister and preach in the meetinghouse. Another boy chose to be a merchant or ship owner. Little Hope herself tried to be gentle, and good, and wise like her mother.

It was puzzling to think about such different people. Their very language was different. Their faces and the way they lived, and even their thoughts, were strange to the little girl. She could not understand them very well, and often she felt afraid. When she looked again at the grim red men around the tables, she hoped with all her heart that they would always be friends with the white people. The wonderful land of America was surely large enough for all.

THE LITTLE BLACK CHILD

I. HER NATIVE LAND



SOME years after the little white girl went sailing over the sea to the new land of America, there was a little black-skinned girl living far away in Africa. This little African child had kinky black hair and twinkling black eyes and a wide mouth that was always laughing. She lived in a hut on a grassy space in the middle of a great forest.

All the year around the weather was so warm there that she did not need any clothes. She had no use for knitting, or weaving, or sewing. In the forest there were many wild animals to be caught and eaten. Pineapples and bananas and other delicious fruit grew wild. Even the weedy fields and gardens seemed to take care of themselves.

The little black girl spent her time roaming idly about the village or capering with the other children in the shade. She slept through the long drowsy afternoons. When she was hurt or troubled, she cried and screamed and rolled on the ground. When she was glad, she danced and shouted and sang. She must have been happy most of the time; for she seemed to be singing from morning to night, except when she was sleeping or eating.

The trees in this African forest stood so close together that their leaves formed a roof overhead. No sunshine ever reached the ground except in thin rays stealing between the leaves. Twisted vines hung from the

branches, and swayed downward in tangled loops to twine about low-growing bushes. Up in the tops of the trees monkeys frolicked and chattered. Bright-colored birds flashed in and out along the borders of the forest.



Wild elephants.

Here and there wild elephants pushed their way through the dense underbrush. Branches bent before them and dead logs cracked under their heavy feet. With their long trunks they broke off juicy leaves and stuffed them into their mouths. In the marshier spots monstrous snakes were coiled close to the roots of the trees. Now and then one raised his slimy head and darted out his red-forked tongue.

In the swampy rivers fat hippopotami rolled and snorted like great pigs. The baby

hippopotami chased one another in the shallow water. Sometimes they climbed up and sat on their mothers' backs. They braced their short legs to keep from slipping when the old ones swam through the deeper places.

Scaly crocodiles were lying on black mud islands in the sunshine. Some looked like logs of wood tossing to and fro as they floated on the water. Their little snaky eyes blinked in the light. Once in a while their wide jaws opened over their jagged white teeth in frightful yawns. Sometimes one dived out of sight with a splash. The others sighed, and moaned, and coughed, as they turned their flat heads from side to side in the wash of the ripples.

II. THE AFRICAN VILLAGE

Back from the river and through the forest was the green grove where the little black child lived. The huts of the village were scattered along a road under the trees. Each hut looked like a haystack. Its pointed roof

of palm-leaf matting hung down over the low bark walls.

Around the village light green blades of sugar cane were waving in the soft breeze. The glossy leaves of the plantain trees hung



“The huts of the village.”

down over the bunches of ripening fruit. The fruit of the plantains was very much like bananas. Scattered here and there, tall palms lifted their feathery tops.

In the crooked fields, patches of green showed where groundnuts and yams were

growing. Groundnuts were like peanuts, and yams were like sweet potatoes. Ragged goats nibbled the grass. Chickens, no bigger than bantams, were clucking and scratching around the huts.

Beside the low doorways of the huts, little naked black babies were creeping and rolling on the ground. Older babies curled up in corners as they sucked bits of dried meat and sugar cane. Little girls rocked back and forth on their heels and sang in sweet, shrill voices. A little boy held a drum, called a tomtom, between his knees. He was beating it with two sticks, while other boys capered and danced around him. They waved their arms in the air. They clapped their hands, and snapped their fingers, and knocked their heels together.

In the fields some of the black women were gathering groundnuts and yams. Around their waists were strips of soft bark. Iron rings jangled on their ankles as they stepped from spot to spot. Their ears were pulled down by heavy copper earrings. Their kinky

braids were tied with strings of colored bone beads. Here and there one sat down to rest, drowsily nodding.



“ In the fields.”

In the shade of the plantain trees wild-looking men stretched out their shining black bodies. Their braids of hair stuck out all over their round heads. Their teeth were filed into points and stained

black. When they laughed, their mouths opened wide and the whites of their eyes rolled upward. Some wore around their necks strings of crocodiles' teeth or skulls of birds. Others had chains made of dry bones that rattled when they moved.

The hot sunshine rested above the dark forest and beat down upon the straw huts of the village. The breeze died away and the leaves of sugar cane hung limp in the heat.

The plantains on their strong curved stems were turning slowly yellow and red. The feathery palms stood motionless.

The babies curled down fast asleep with the bits of meat and sugar cane slipping from their open fingers. The little girls stopped singing. The drumming grew fainter and fainter and died away into silence. The dancers threw themselves down in the shade. The women dropped their baskets listlessly to rest. The men lay still, with their heads pillowed on their bare arms. All the little village was drowsing in the long summer afternoon.

III. IN THE HUT

In the morning, little Bobo rolled off her bed, made of sticks laid side by side in a corner of the dark sleeping room. Of course, as she wore no clothes, she did not spend any time in dressing. It was never winter in her country. There were only two seasons: the rainy season and the dry season. When America had snow and ice and bitterly cold

winds, Africa had rain pouring day after day. The loud thunder almost stunned people with its crashing. The lightning nearly blinded them with its terrible flashing.

The little black girl did not even wash her face and hands when she got up. There was no wash basin, no soap, no towel. It would have been dangerous for her to run out alone and jump into the river for a bath. Some hungry crocodile might have snapped her up in his jaws before she could even scream.

There was no window in the sleeping room. A ray of sunlight came through a crack in the bark wall. The wall was made of strips of bark tied to posts with ropes of vines. Bobo could see her father still asleep on his bed of sticks in another corner. Her baby brother was curled up on a mat. The ray of sunshine fell upon a corner of the mat and turned it yellow in the dusk. Specks of dust were dancing in the sunbeam.

The child's little bare feet stepped noiselessly over the floor of hard-packed earth. There was a low doorway leading into the

front room. Near it stood a rude box in which the family treasures were kept. In this box there was an elephant's tusk which was to be carved into dishes and ornaments. Her father had killed the elephant with his spears. Besides that there were iron rings for the arms and ankles. There were feather necklaces, skins of wild animals, and a basket of tobacco. Her father had a clay pipe to smoke.

Next to the box were some groundnuts in a roughly woven basket of reeds. Bobo helped cut the reeds and weave them together. This part of the inner room was the pantry. A bunch of plantains hung there. There was a long round loaf of bread lying on a shelf. The little girl was always ready to eat. So now she took a handful of nuts to nibble while waiting for breakfast.

The front room was somewhat larger than the sleeping room, but it had no windows either, and no furniture. The fireplace was a heap of ashes in the middle of the floor. Scattered about were bowls made of gourds. A cooking pot of earthenware lay tipped over

on the ground. Some spears and a long knife hung on the wall.

A mat covered the outer doorway. Bobo lifted it up and dropped on her knees to crawl through. It was so dark inside that at first the bright sunshine outside made her wink. Other little black children came creeping out of the other huts along the village street.

Bobo's mother was coming from the forest with a load of wood on her back. She never seemed to think about gathering sticks the day before, so as to have the kindling ready in the morning. Now, she carried the pack into the hut. She lighted the fire by rubbing two bits of wood together till sparks fell upon the dry leaves underneath.

The little girl went to the brook for water. Her jug was made of closely woven reeds coated with gum to keep it from leaking. The mother poured the water into the cooking pot and set it on three stones over the fire. Then she boiled some ripe plantains in it.

The loaf of bread from the inner room was brought out for the breakfast. The bread

was made by soaking and drying roots of manioc, as it was called. These were pounded into a paste, and boiled till firm enough to be formed into loaves. This bread turned sour after a few days, but the black people liked it just as well.



Gathering the sap of a palm tree.

The family ate breakfast while sitting on the ground around the fire. They had leaves for plates, and they used their fingers instead of spoons and forks. The father drank palm wine in a cup made of a cocoanut shell. To get the wine, he tapped a palm tree and caught the sap in a hollowed piece of wood.

IV. OUT OF DOORS

After breakfast the father took his spears and went off with the other black men to hunt for elephants. They tore down long vines to weave a strong fence far out in the forest. When they found an elephant, they drove him against the fence, so that he became entangled among the vines. Then they could kill him easily. Another way of catching these great animals was to dig a pit and cover it with branches. The elephants stumbled into it by mistake, and could not climb out up the steep sides.

This morning Bobo's mother tied the baby in a sling of bark and fastened it around her neck. She went out to dig yams in the field. The trees and bushes were cut down and burned the season before. Then one of the black slaves in the village helped her hoe the ground and plant the seeds. These slaves were captives taken in wars with other African towns.

At first Bobo and the other children wan-

dered about among the huts. They chased the goats and threw sticks at the squawking chickens. Then they found a little boy sitting by himself in a doorway. And they began to tease him about something that had happened a few days earlier.

This boy's father spent several weeks in making a boat. He cut down a tree and burned out the inside, bit by bit, with a



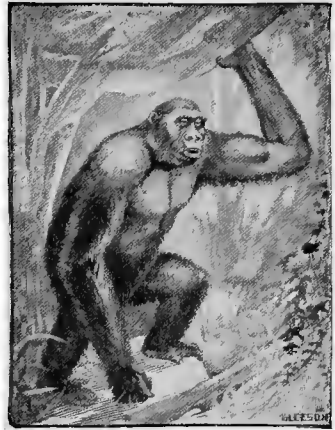
Making a boat.

torch till it was the right shape. Then one night somebody knocked a hole in the bottom of it. This little boy said that he knew who did it. While half asleep under a tree he saw his father's enemy come stealing along through the bushes to the boat.

When the little boy told all about it, this enemy said that he had never done any such thing. Then the people of the village had a trial to find out which one was speaking the truth. They heated a ring red hot, and ordered the boy to pick it up in his bare fingers. They believed that it would not burn him if he had really spoken the truth. But of course it hurt him so much that he dropped it in a hurry. Upon seeing that, the black people said that he had told a lie. They did not stop to think that they would all have burned their fingers if they had tried to pick up a red-hot ring.

This morning the little boy ran into the hut to hide from the teasing children. Some of them wandered into the fields to break off pieces of sugar cane to suck. But Bobo and the others roamed away in the direction of the plantain groves. Perhaps a monkey might throw a few cocoanuts at them, and so they would be saved the trouble of climbing up the smooth, straight trunks of the palms.

Just before they reached the grove, they heard a strange barking noise, and then a loud thumping like the beating of a big drum. They peered between the bushes. There under the plantain trees stood a frightful animal that looked like a wild man covered with long hair. He was snarling and snapping with his sharp, white teeth. He was beating his breast with his huge hairy fists. His fierce little eyes were glaring angrily in his ugly black face.



A gorilla.

The children took one look, and then turned and ran home as fast as they could. This animal was a gorilla. He took hold of the plantain trees by grasping the stems with his foot, and pulling down the tops with his long arms. He devoured part of the juicy heart of each tree. Some he threw aside without taking a bite. After uprooting more than

twenty, he ran on all fours to the forest. Springing upright, he leaped up into the branches. Swinging by his hands from bough to bough, he disappeared into the shadowy place.

Bobo was so frightened that she hurried into the hut to put on her best feather necklace. She believed that the necklace was a charm to save her from being hurt by wild animals. Her father had a leopard's skin to wear in battle. He thought that it kept him from being wounded by any poisoned spear. Her mother carried a monkey's foot to drive away witches. The black people believed that sickness and death were caused by witches or evil spirits.

Once Bobo's father fell sick from eating too much roasted snake. The black doctor was painted all over with red and white stripes and spots. He wore feathers in his kinky hair, braided grasses about his neck, and strips of fur over his shoulders. He carried a rattle of wickerwork. He jumped and howled and ran to and fro, shaking his

rattle. Others beat drums and banged kettles all around the sick man. Everybody sang and shouted and danced. Finally the doctor said that the evil spirit was frightened away by the noise. Bobo's father sat up, and said that the pain was gone. He believed that the doctor had really cured him.

On this day, after Bobo put on her feather necklace, she felt safer. Very likely she wished for a charm to keep her from feeling uneasy when she ate too much of anything. All the children ate as much as possible whenever they had the chance. The black people did not like to store up food for the future. When they had plenty, they feasted; and when they had little, they went hungry. Bobo remembered how once they lived for weeks on bitter palm nuts and tiny fish from the river.

V. THE EVENING FEAST

Through the long drowsy hours of the afternoon, the little village slept in the sunshine. Children everywhere lay curled in shady

corners. Here and there a woman sat smoking a clay pipe, with her elbows propped upon her knees. Bobo was singing softly to herself as she stared sleepily up through the branches at the blue sky. There was not a cloud in sight, for this was the dry season.

Bobo remembered how a tornado blew down upon the village one night in the wet season. She waked up choking and spluttering. The roof of the hut was blown off, and the rain was pouring in. Outside in the forest great trees were crashing to the ground, while the wind howled, and the thunder roared, and the lightning split the dark sky in lines of fire.

On another night, Bobo suddenly waked up to find big ants biting and stinging her all over. She jumped up, and ran screaming out of the hut. Everybody else came running out, and screaming too. They built fires and scattered ashes and boiling water around to keep off the ants. There were thousands and thousands of ants.

They swarmed into the huts and ate all

the meat they could find. They got upon the rats and mice and bit them till they killed them; then they ate the flesh from their bones. They killed all the centipedes and scorpions and lizards and spiders. Then away they marched into the forest again. They moved like an army in a line two inches broad and more than a mile long. Bigger ants ran along on the sides and kept the line in order as if they were the officers of the army.

This afternoon, toward sunset, the village began to awaken slowly. The women kindled a great fire in an open space between the huts. The babies tumbled over one another in livelier play as the cool dusk came on. The children capered up and down the street. Some boys climbed up a palm tree to watch for the return of the hunters.

Finally the hunters appeared running gayly from under the gloomy trees far away across the fields. On they rushed, skipping and shouting. They were waving their spears and shaking the baskets on their arms. The



Hunters with the tusks of ivory.

baskets were full of fresh meat. Some of the black men moved more slowly, two by two, with the heavy tusks of ivory slung between them.

When they reached the village, they first carried a basket of meat to the hut where the village idol was kept. This idol was a wooden figure as tall as a man. It had eyes of copper, lips painted red, and a tongue of iron. It had large iron rings in its ears, and a cap of red feathers on its head. It was dressed in the

skins of wild animals. The hunters danced around and sang songs to the idol. They believed that the idol had given them good luck in their hunting.

The women were cooking food for the evening feast. They wrapped slices of meat in leaves and buried them in the hot ashes to roast. They roasted plenty of yams, also, and boiled many plantains. Then they all sat down and ate and ate and ate till they could eat no longer.

Once in a while a black man jumped up and danced. He went leaping about in a circle, while the tomtom beat louder and louder. Sometimes the women sprang up and began whirling and twisting. Their iron rings jangled on their wrists and ankles. The others rocked to and fro on their heels, and howled and sang and clapped their hands in time to the banging and the stamping.

At last the feast was over because they could eat no more. The shouting and the singing died away. The dancers sank to the ground and rested their heads upon their bare

arms. They crowded drowsily upon one another. The children crept close to their mothers and fell asleep.

The fire burned low, flickering upon the dark-skinned people as they slept. The night wind rustled among the plantain leaves. Once the sighing cough of a crocodile sounded faintly far away in the river. Once two red eyes glowed out of the dark as a tiger stole nearer from the forest. Overhead the stars were shining in the quiet sky.

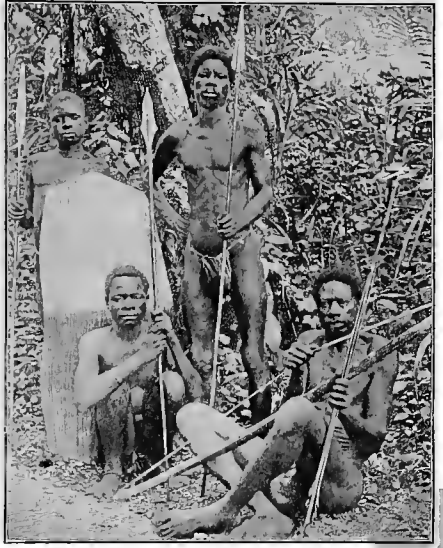
VI. THE SLAVE RAID

One night something dreadful happened to Bobo and the other happy black people in the village. While they were peacefully sleeping in their huts, suddenly monkeys began to scream in the forest. There was a rustling under the trees and across the fields. The grass waved as if snakes were crawling nearer and nearer.

All at once a band of strange black men leaped into the street. Their bodies were

painted with the red and white war stripes. They howled and hurled their spears as they ran. The frightened men of the village came hurrying out of the huts. The women cried and flung up their arms. The children tried to hide in the darkest corners.

Before morning dawned all the people of the village were taken prisoners. The men were knocked down and tied with their hands be-



Black warriors.

hind their backs. The women were chained together. The children were dragged out of their hiding places. Then they were all driven away through the forest and over the prairies to the seacoast. They were going to be sold as slaves to the white slave traders.

Bobo was very tired before they reached the sea. For weeks and weeks she stumbled along beside her mother. Her father was moving on with his neck held fast in a forked stick. Her mother was carrying the baby. One day, when the little black girl walked too slowly, a slave driver sent his whiplash stinging across her bare shoulders to make her hurry.

At last, after so many weary days, Bobo saw the sea. Far away beyond a stretch of yellow grass she saw something green and foaming. It was the sea rushing upon the beach in great billows. Bobo was afraid that the waves would sweep up over the land and drown them all. She hung back, clinging to her mother. But the slave drivers snapped their whips. And the tired black slaves stumbled on over the grass to the slave pen beside the sea.

This slave pen was a yard with a high, sharp-pointed fence around it. There were shanties within under shade trees. Here and there a big kettle of beans or rice hung over

a fire. Buckets of water were set in the shade. The black men were chained six together. When one wanted a drink, all six had to walk along with him to reach the water. Bobo and her mother were driven into another yard. Here women and children were wandering around unchained.

Bobo lived in this slave pen for several weeks. She made friends with children who had been stolen away from other villages. They played together all day long, with singing and dancing. They had enough to eat and places in which to sleep. Though it was tiresome to be kept shut up inside the fence, still they were almost as happy as when at home.

Bobo never forgot the first time she saw a white person. He was the slave trader who stayed in the big square wooden house beside the shore. He bought the slaves from the black men who had taken them prisoners and driven them down to the sea. He was going to put them on a ship and send them to America to be sold as servants.

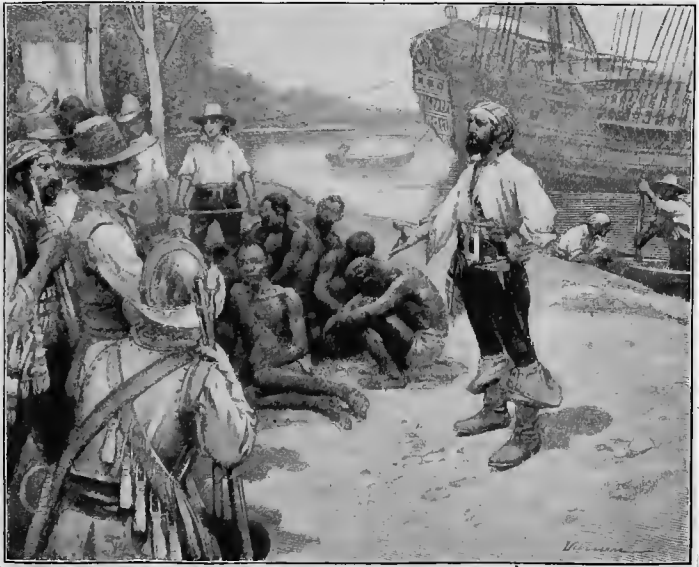
The little black girl hid behind her mother when she first saw him. She wondered if he had painted his face and hands white. It looked queer to be covered up to the chin in thick cloth. Once he gave a black woman a string of blue glass beads and a mirror. Bobo thought that those beads were the most beautiful things in the world.

VII. THE JOURNEY TO AMERICA

Finally the day came for their journey to the country across the sea. Each slave was given a new strip of cloth to wrap around him. Then they were driven down to the beach and crowded into long boats. The boats were rowed over the choppy waves toward a ship lying at anchor out in deep water. The black men and women moaned and cried. They thought that they were being taken away to be killed and cooked to make a feast for the strange white people in America.

The slaves were dragged on board the ship and shut up in dark rooms under the deck.

There they huddled together day after day. They were so crowded that they could hardly move. Once in a while a trapdoor was opened above them and food was thrown



“They were driven down to the beach.”

down or a little water was lowered in small buckets. The ship rolled and tossed. Waves pounded against its sides. The terrified black people gasped for breath as they lay trembling down in the dark.

After a long time, the ship reached the land of America. There little red children were running through the woods, and little white children were busy at work and play. The little black child was taken out of the dark prison under the deck of the slave ship. At first, the bright sunshine blinded her, so that she closed her eyes. Then she opened them and looked at the land which was to be her new home.

Instead of a sleepy African village, she saw a busy town. Spinning wheels were whirring in the doorways of the log cabins. Wagons were rumbling through the streets. The fenced-in gardens were merry with the voices of children. At one corner, grave-faced men spoke low together. At another corner the air rang with the sound of hammering and the noisy blows of axes upon green wood. From the top of the hill beyond, the square old meetinghouse looked down over the town.

Little Bobo was sold to be a servant. She learned to sweep and cook and wash dishes.

She was given a long dark gown to wear at first. Later she was taught to sew a little, and she made herself a red apron because she loved bright colors. Her new shoes felt tight and clumsy, but of course she needed them in winter. Indeed, she shivered all the time when the first cold weather came, for her own country was always warm.

Perhaps one Sunday some little red boy walked into the quiet town and climbed the hill to the meetinghouse. There at the door, he stopped and looked in. He saw the rows of white people with their hands folded before them, and their eyes watching the minister in the pulpit beyond. Then suddenly he caught sight of something new. It was a group of round black faces, with the whites of their eyes showing against the dark skin under their kinky hair.

It may be that he had heard of these latest strangers. He knew how noisily they sang in their joy and how loudly they wept in their sorrow. They cared most for being happy all day long, with plenty to eat and

nothing to do. The grim and silent Indians could not understand the dancing and the singing and the lazy, care-free dreaming through the pleasant sunny hours.



A negro slave.

Surely, the little red boy must have wondered how many other kinds of people there were in the great world. Once he thought that his own copper-colored race was the only one on earth. But here he saw two others, and perhaps more were coming to cut down the beautiful forests, and kill the game, and drive

the Indians farther into the wilderness. Sadly he turned away, for he loved his country best in all its old, wild, lonely freedom.

THE LITTLE YELLOW CHILD

I. AMERICA WHEN HE CAME



MANY, many years passed after the little black child was stolen from the low-thatched hut in the forest and taken across the sea to become the little white child's servant. Many more white people came to make their homes in America. More and more black people were

brought from Africa to be sold as slaves. The red people moved farther and farther into the wilderness away from the busy new towns.

After a while, the millions of white people in the new land formed themselves into a

nation called the United States of America. They kept building more cities, with churches and schools and markets. They invented steamboats, and laid railroads. They put up mills along the rivers.

The forest trees were cut down and planed into boards to build houses and ships. The prairies were made into farms. Tame sheep and cattle fed over the plains. Mines were dug in the mountains. Everywhere from the Atlantic Ocean on the east to the Pacific Ocean on the west, there sprang up the new towns of the white people.

The red people lived here and there in places specially set apart for them. They loved the wilder spots where there was still good hunting. Sometimes they had wars among themselves; and once in a while they went on the war trail against the white people. They believed that these palefaces, as they called them, were stealing away from them their own broad, beautiful land.

The black people were at last set free from slavery, and began to work for themselves.

They had their own little homes and schools and churches in almost every town through the country. The men voted on election days, as the white men did. All the little red children and white children and black children were little fellow-citizens because they all lived in the same land and were ruled by the same laws.

The fourth little child, who left his home in a different country to live in America, was the yellow child. He had slanting black eyes in a round yellow face. His black hair was braided in a long queue, which grew from the crown of his partly shaven head. He wore a quilted shirt, with wide sleeves hiding his hands. He wore loose trousers, thick-soled white shoes, and a round skull cap with a button on it.

He was a grave little fellow, and did not care to play lively games. He liked to play checkers or listen to stories. His greatest fun was in flying kites. There were many gay sights in the streets for him to watch on festival days. There was the great dark

temple, where he was taken to offer prayers and gifts to the idols. And then there was the school, where he studied all day long. He wanted to learn everything in his books, and grow up to be as wise as his father.

II. HIS OWN COUNTRY

His home was in China, the land of the oldest nation in the world. More than a hundred years ago the white people in America joined together and elected their first President. But thousands of years before that, the yellow people of China were being ruled by their first king.

During all those years, there were wild red people living in their wigwams in America. They were shooting with bows and arrows and fighting with stone tomahawks. But far away in old China the yellow people were building cities and studying. They were making silk and paper and ink and cannon and firecrackers and printed books and works of art. They knew how to use the compass.

Instead of wooden bowls and gourd cups, they made fine white dishes. These dishes were called china, in honor of that country.

The little yellow boy's name was Ah Sing. He lived in a city so crowded that many of



"Many of the people stayed in boats."

the people stayed in boats on the river. These house boats were tied in long rows, with platforms running from one to another. Women were washing clothes or cooking on the decks. Children were playing or fishing

or feeding the ducks that swam about in the pools. Other boats were being poled along



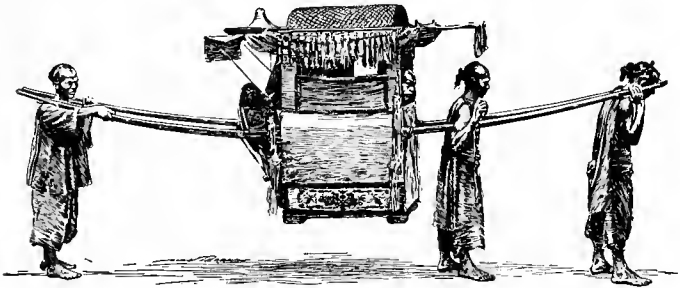
One of the streets.

through the water. Some were headed for the sea, with their sails of matting swelling before the breeze.

In the city, the narrow paved streets were crowded with yellow people. Along the walls of the low houses, there were lines of stalls heaped with all sorts of things to eat and to wear. The shop men were shouting at the

tops of their voices. The cooks were waving their frying pans and kettles. The customers were laughing and talking about the prices. Others stood before the eating stalls, and made their chopsticks fly busily from the plates to their mouths. Peddlers were walking up and down, with baskets and trays slung on their shoulders. Each one was calling out the name of his goods. Passers-by were following one another in a steady stream.

In the middle of the street men were carrying packs hung on poles over their backs.



A sedan chair.

Others trotted along bearing sedan chairs, in which sat small-footed ladies or gentlemen in silken clothes. Once in a while a grand

parade of men with flags and lanterns and shrill music made its way gayly through the noisy crowds. Everybody was busy. Here a man was mending tin pans; there another was tossing balls in the air. Some were



A barber at work.

telling stories; others were selling books and drugs and flowers. Grindstones were whizzing; bells were ringing; hammers were banging. Dentists were pulling out teeth; barbers were

shaving black hair from smooth yellow heads; doctors were calling the sick to come and be cured.

But the crowd was good-natured through all the uproar. The passers-by moved on politely, never jostling, never pushing. The

ragged beggars were not ordered away from the doorways, where they sat rattling sticks and singing songs for help. No one was in too much of a hurry to stop, upon meeting a friend, and bow gravely again and again.

Far up the narrow streets, away from the busy market place, groups of boys were walking quietly home from school. When one or another turned to leave them, the rest bent their shaven heads politely in good-by. Each one grasped his own left hand with his own right hand and shook it solemnly up and down. So one by one they disappeared through the doors in the long blank walls of their homes.

III. IN THE CHINESE HOME

The little yellow boy rolled over sleepily. The watchman in the street outside was striking six o'clock on his piece of bamboo. The sound of sweeping floated in from the sitting room where the servants were already busy at their morning's work.

Ah Sing raised his head from the wooden

neck pillow and threw off the thick coverlets. His wooden bed had hard boards underneath instead of springs. On the floor of earth there were many flat bricks instead of carpet. The bricks felt cold as he stepped on them.

The room was cold, too, for there was not a chimney or heating stove in the house. It was too early for the kitchen fire to be lighted for the cooking. Breakfast would not be ready till ten o'clock. The winter in that town was never cold enough to bring ice and snow. But still the air was so chilly that the little yellow boy hurried into his warmest clothes.

This was the first day of school after the three weeks of the New Year's vacation. He dressed in his best suit, which he had worn first when paying calls on New Year's Day. The red silk trousers were loose above and tightly wound about his ankles below. He wore a quilted blue silk blouse over white linen underclothing. His embroidered red cloth shoes had white soles almost two inches thick. His round skull cap had a red button on top. The forepart of his head was shaved

to the crown. There the hair was braided into a long queue with a black silk tassel on the end.

Ah Sing's room was in the front part of the house where the men of the family slept. The women's sitting room was near their bedroom in the rear. It was a dismal room, long and narrow, with bare brick walls and no windows. In the ceiling there was a long and narrow opening through which came air and light. Sometimes rain came in too. And one night some burglars climbed down from the roof through that hole.

In this sitting room Ah Sing found his mother spinning flax. Her clothes looked like his except for her long embroidered underrobe and a satin skirt tied with a fringed sash. Her black hair was knotted on top of her head and fastened with two long pins. In her lap lay a gay paper fan. She always liked to have a fan in her hands, whether the season was summer or winter.

Her little son bowed and said, "Early morning." This was the Chinese way of

wishing any one a good morning. The mother smiled, but she did not kiss him. Little Ah Sing was eight years old. They thought that he was too much grown up to be petted. The children in that land were taught to obey and respect their parents more than to love them.

The baby brother was sitting beside the mother in a bamboo chair. A board slid back and forth in front of him. It kept him from slipping out, and it also held his playthings. He was soberly playing with a bell and a rattle as he watched the spinning wheel go whirring round. He looked like a roly-poly ball, because he was wrapped in two jackets, a padded gown, and a quilted calico coat. Over all that he wore a bib. A cap was on his little shaven head.

Ah Sing's grandmother was sitting at a square table. She was giving orders to the servants for the day's marketing. The manservant wore cotton trousers and a quilted cotton shirt. His sleeves, instead of hanging down over his hands, were rolled up so that he could work. He carried a pair of scales

and a basket. The woman servant was also dressed in cotton. She walked easily in shoes that were nearly as large as the man's.

But how large were the feet hidden under the silken skirts of her mistress? The grandmother's feet were even smaller than those of the five-year-old cousins who were playing cat's cradle on one of the long benches. Her tiny red silk shoes were only three inches long. When she wished to move across the room, she called Ah Sing to her. She rested one hand on his shoulder and limped along to the bamboo sofa in the farther corner.

There his little sister sat crying to herself because her feet hurt so much. She was six years old. Her feet were wrapped round and round with tight bands of cloth to keep them from growing any larger. The toes were bent under the sole and tied fast. The poor little pinched feet were to stay bound, even after the bones stopped trying to grow.

Though the little girl was suffering so, still she wanted the bands pulled tighter and tighter. The smaller her feet, when she grew

up, the more she would be admired. After a while the pain would not be so sharp. Then she could limp about and play for a few minutes at a time. Only the very poorest women in China had feet of the natural size.



In the tea field.

Ah Sing was sorry to see his sister crying. But then, it would be a disgrace to the whole family for her to have big feet like those of poor working girls. She would never need to earn her own living by helping on the silk-worm farms or the duck boats or the tea fields as they did. She was learning to sew and embroider and spin flax. Sometimes she

beams. The frosty air made the little yellow boy feel like skipping and shouting. But just then he saw the two servants coming back from the market. If he acted like a rude boy, he feared they would not respect him. So he walked on as gravely as a little old man.

The school was held in a temple. Before Ah Sing reached it he could hear an uproar of talking and shouting. The schoolroom was full of boys. Each one sat on a wooden stool before a small table. Some were studying aloud; some were reciting in shrill voices; others were tossing pennies or quarreling together. In the upper right-hand corner of the room there was a larger table with a wooden chair for the teacher.

All at once the noise stopped and a bent old man in a long gown walked slowly into the room. He wore large spectacles on his forehead. The boys rose to their feet all together and made a low bow to him. As he took his seat, they sat down again and began to study aloud. Each one shouted out the

words of his lesson over and over till he thought he knew it. Then he carried the book up to the teacher, and, turning his back, recited off the words in a sing-song tone.



In school.

When Ah Sing went up to recite, he kept forgetting what word came next. After telling him three times, the teacher brought down a ruler upon his head—whack, whack, whack! Poor little Ah Sing clapped one hand over the aching spot and walked back

to his place to study the lesson over again. He was learning to say the words without knowing what they all meant. Later, when he knew every line by heart, the meaning was to be explained to him. Of course it was not very interesting to try to remember what he did not understand.

The teacher was very strict with the boys. One, who came late, was struck on the palm of his hand with the ruler. Another was beaten with a rattan stick because he answered back when he was being scolded. Chinese children were taught to keep silent till they were asked to speak. One little boy tipped over his ink. The teacher punished him for it, without letting him tell how his sleeve had knocked it over by accident.

After the recitations the pupils had a writing lesson. The teacher poured water in the ink wells and then rubbed in it his cake of India ink. Each boy held his writing brush tightly in his fist. He laid a thin paper over the copy and drew each line as it showed through from beneath. The teacher

walked up and down looking at what they wrote. Ah Sing hoped to have his writing framed sometime. On the walls of the festival room at home there were pages of Chinese words hanging beside beautiful paintings of flowers and birds.

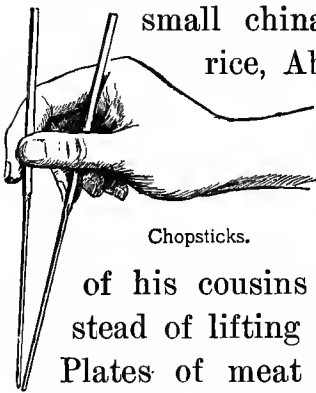
V. WITH THE FAMILY

At ten o'clock the boys went to their homes for breakfast. Ah Sing looked in at the kitchen door for a minute. The room was full of smoke; the walls were black with soot. In one corner stood a brick stove, into which a servant was stuffing straw to burn. Rice was cooking in an iron pan on top of the stove. Around the room there were little clay stoves on which food was frying or boiling. The grandmother and the aunts were busy giving orders and helping with all the work.

For breakfast Ah Sing went into the men's sitting room at the front part of the house. The women and girls ate in their own sitting

room. The little boys waited till the men took their seats. Then they asked if they might sit down, and the grown-up people gravely nodded yes. ' On the bare table lay spoons and wooden chopsticks.

Soup was brought in by a servant. Then flaky rice in a wicker basket was ladled into



Chopsticks.

small china bowls. In eating the rice, Ah Sing raised the bowl in his left hand and pushed the lumps into his mouth with the chopsticks held in his right hand. One

of his cousins bent his head down instead of lifting the bowl up.

Plates of meat and fish and vegetables were set in the middle of the table. This food was cut into small bits in the kitchen; for no knives or forks were used in the dining room. Each one picked what bits he wanted from the edge nearest him. It was not polite to reach over for a piece from the opposite side of the plate. They drank tea without milk or sugar.

When Ah Sing finished, he said, "Eat leisurely," instead of, "Excuse me," and left the table. After each meal he washed his face and hands with warm water and a cloth. Then he went back to school. In the afternoon, the little boys studied the lessons for the next day, while the big boys wrote essays. At four o'clock they all walked home to dinner.

Before Ah Sing began to go to school, he used to play puss in the corner, and jackstones, and jackstraws, with the little girls. When the grown people were near, the children sat quietly in their places. They were a little afraid of the stern old grandmother and the grave-faced fathers. But the mothers sometimes played with them and sang and told them stories.

All day long the women of the family sewed, or spun flax, or embroidered. Very often other Chinese ladies came in their sedan chairs to pay a visit. They limped into the door on their tiny feet and sat down to drink tea and talk. The children were taught

to bow very politely till their foreheads touched the floor.

In the evening, after the lamps were lighted, the women played dominoes. The children begged for stories of ghosts and goblins, witches and fairies. Many a night the little ones crowded close together on the benches, and shivered with terror at the stories of evil spirits flying through the air. They were afraid that these dreadful creatures might slip in through the door or down through the hole in the roof. Sometimes Ah Sing was too frightened to go to bed in the dark. He always hurried to cover up his head under the coverlets. He was such a little fellow then!

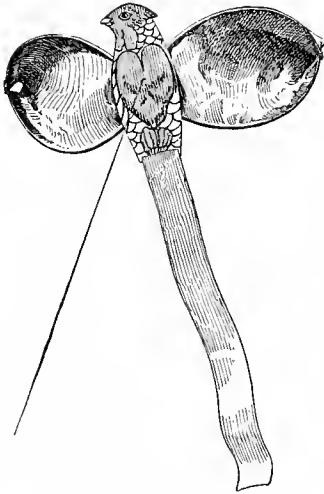
VI. GAMES AND FESTIVALS

Now that he was a schoolboy he did not play with his sisters and cousins. Indeed, he spent most of his time in studying. The boys went to school on Saturday and Sunday, just as on other days. Some teachers gave

their pupils a vacation in summer. There was always a vacation for a few weeks at the beginning of the New Year in February. Once in a while they had a holiday, when the streets were crowded with merrymakers. There were parades, and shows, and feasts, and men dancing on high stilts, and people playing jokes everywhere through the town.

On New Year's Day they all put on their best clothes and went to pay visits. At every house there were good things to eat. Ah Sing's friends often gave him handfuls of nuts and candied fruit to carry away in the pockets made by doubling up his long sleeves. In the evening fireworks were flashing and banging through all the streets.

In October came Kites' Day. All the men and boys gathered to fly kites on the high hills. There were all sorts of kites, big and little. Some made music when the wind blew against them. Ah Sing liked to send paper butterflies whizzing up the cord of his kite. As each butterfly touched the kite, its bright wings folded together, and back it flut-



Ah Sing's kite.

tered down the cord to the ground again. The men often had a game of fighting with their kites. They entangled the cords, and then tried to cut them free by giving sudden quick jerks. Ah Sing thought that was too rough for play.

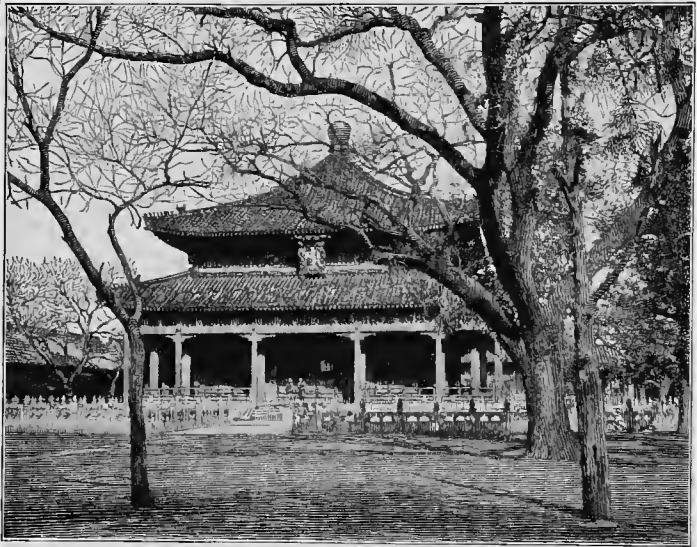
Sometimes the little yellow boy played shuttlecock. He kept the feather shuttlecock in the air by kicking it with his foot. He had a snakeskin ball for tossing and bounding. Of course he could not coast or skate because there was no snow or ice near enough. He thought that rowing and swimming were hard work. Even when he felt like running and shouting, he was afraid that he might be punished for being rude. The grown-up people were always praising quiet, studious boys who never forgot to be polite.

Ah Sing wished that his father would let him march in the parade at the Feast of Lanterns this year. On that gay night, the family lighted the lanterns in the big festival room, with its carved chairs and tables, its vases and pictures. They hung lanterns in front of the house. After dark, hundreds of men and boys marched through the town. Each one carried on a bamboo pole a great paper bird, or beast, or fish, inside of which candles were burning.

They marched on with their glittering lights. Sweet-smelling spices were set on fire. Chinese music rattled and boomed and banged. The people all along the streets cheered and clapped their hands. At the end of the parade there came a great paper dragon, wriggling and twisting upon the poles of twenty men. On every side fire-crackers were snapping and sputtering to drive away the evil spirits.

The little yellow child believed that evil spirits were hiding everywhere, waiting to do him harm. He could remember the first

time he was taken to a temple to pray to the idols for help against these unseen enemies. He did exactly as he was told, without asking why.



A Chinese temple.

From a priest at the door of the temple Ah Sing's father bought some painted candles, sticks of incense, and slips of paper with prayers printed on them. Then they walked on into the dimly lighted place. The little boy saw through the smoky air

strange ugly faces peering out of the shadows. They were the faces of wooden idols. The first had the body of a man and the head of a rooster. It held in one huge hand a hammer, and in the other a large nail. It was supposed to be ready to hammer the nail into wicked persons.

Little Ah Sing knelt trembling before it, as he was told to do. His father lighted the candles and placed the burning incense sticks upon the altar. Other offerings of cake and fruit and rice wine were lying there before the idol. In one corner there was a small brick furnace, in which they burned the printed prayers. That was their way of praying.

The Chinese boy never thought of praying in a different way. He liked to do everything exactly as his people had always done it. His parents and grandparents and great-grandparents and great-great-grandparents had always lived in the same kind of a house. He wore the same kind of clothes and had his hair braided in a long queue just like

theirs. He ate the same food, and played the same games, and studied the same books at the same old school.

He listened to the same old stories that they had heard when they were little boys. He watched the same festival sights on the same old streets. His little sister pinched her aching feet into tiny shoes because that had always been the fashion. The Chinese believed that their customs were right and good and wise because they had been living so for hundreds and hundreds of years without changing.

VII. AWAY TO A NEW HOME

One day, when Ah Sing came home from school, he found his mother crying. His grandmother and aunts were crying, too, while they tried to comfort her. The little girls looked on with frightened eyes and quivering lips. They told the boy that his father had decided to leave China. He was going to sail far away across the sea to earn

money in the new country of America. He wished to sell Chinese tea and silk and china to the strange white people.

At first, the idea of leaving his own land seemed the most dreadful thing that could happen to the family. All the yellow people believed that their land and their cities and their homes and their schools were the best in the world. They pitied everybody outside of China.

However, when the father had been gone a year, he sent for his wife and children to come to him in the new land. He wrote that he was staying in a place that seemed almost like a part of China itself. It was a spot called "Chinatown," in an American city.

There were only yellow people in Chinatown. They dressed and ate and lived just as they had done when at home. And besides that, they were earning much more money in America than in the crowded towns of old China. They were saving it all, so that after a while they might go back rich to their own country.

And so the little yellow boy went sailing over the sea, from the oldest nation in the Old World to the youngest nation in the New World. The ship passed through the Golden



Chinatown, San Francisco.

Gate into the bay of San Francisco. This was a great city on the western coast of America, three thousand miles away from the first little log town built on the eastern shore almost three hundred years ago.

Ah Sing was homesick for a while, though Chinatown was so much like his old home. The furniture was the same. They ate the same food cooked in the same way. They dressed in the same clothes. They prayed to the same

idols in temples tended by the same kind of priests.

The boys studied the same old books in the same kind of a school. In front of the shops, the same long narrow signboards hung gay with Chinese words painted in red and green and gold. Along the sidewalks there was the same busy crowd of yellow-skinned people, with slanting black eyes and long queues of hair braided on their partly shaven heads.

Still, it was not the same after all. Instead of low blank-walled houses, with steep tiled roofs, the buildings were tall and had many windows. There were balconies along the upper stories, and lines of white people's clothes were fluttering in the air. Instead of men carrying sedan chairs and packs on their shoulders, horse cars and wagons rumbled through the streets.

Instead of being in a large home, full of aunts and uncles and cousins, Ah Sing's family lived in two small rooms behind the father's shop.

Sometimes white people came from other parts of the city to buy things in the Chinese shops. Probably Ah Sing thought that they were very foolish not to wear comfortable loose clothes like his. Not far away, there was an American church for the yellow people who became Christians.

Some of the yellow children went to a public school and studied English and arithmetic and geography, like the white children in the rest of the city. But Ah Sing was sent to a truly Chinese school, where the teacher was a bent old man in a long black gown, just as in his own country. He despised the boys at the American school.

Nearly every day ragged little white boys ran through the streets in Chinatown. They laughed at Ah Sing's bright silk shirt and wide trousers. They pulled his long queue and knocked his round cap from his shaven head. Once some of them snatched from his hand a stick of sugar cane which he had just bought. He walked on quietly, as if he did not care. But there were tears in his eyes.

This polite little yellow boy thought that all white children were rude and ill-bred. The gentle ones did not often come to visit Chinatown. Only the wildest boys raced through the place. On New Year's Day they hurried into every house and came rushing out with handfuls of good things to eat. Then at night, when ropes of firecrackers were banging away on the roofs and in the streets, they tried to stamp out the sparks and snatch whole packs.

Indeed, these careless boys teased every little stranger whose skin was a different color from their own. They made fun of the red child's feather crown and blanket. They called the black child by unkind names. They joked over the yellow child's slanting eyes and long queue. They acted as if America had always belonged to them.

Perhaps they did not know that the red people owned this beautiful land first of all. The white people came later and took it for themselves. The poor black people were stolen away from their home in Africa and

brought here to be sold as slaves. Then a few of the yellow people left China to earn money by working hard, without doing anybody any harm.

After all, even the most fun-loving boys would be kinder, if they stopped to think. Children are alike everywhere, no matter what is the color of their skin. The little red child and the black child and the yellow child have the same feelings as the white child. The red man thinks he is more polite when unbending and silent, instead of when bowing and paying compliments like the yellow man. The black man thinks it is more polite to be merry than to be sober. Though they have different manners, yet the same idea is underneath their politeness. This idea is that

“Politeness is to do or say

The kindest thing in the kindest way.”

THE LITTLE BROWN CHILD

I. HIS ISLAND HOME



FAR away from America, across the western sea, there lay many green, rocky islands scattered about in the blue water. On one of these lived a little brown boy.

He was slender and small, with black eyes peering out shyly from the round face under his short black hair. On Sundays he wore a neat white coat and trousers like his father's. But on other days generally he ran about without any clothes at all.

It was so warm on his island that every day in the year he could go swimming in

the river. He dived and splashed, or floated quietly, with the soft ripples lapping against his smooth little brown body. Sometimes he helped his father in the fields for a while or went roaming through the forest. It was pleasant to lie half asleep in the shade through the long afternoons. In the dusk of evening he liked to listen to the music of the band playing in the village square.

In the middle of the island a mountain peak towered above the clouds. Its rocky slopes were bare and jagged. Lines of black lava zigzagged here and there. From a vast hole, or crater, at the top smoke was ever curling upward, as if the mountain were all on fire within. Once in a while this volcano rumbled deep down within its crater, and the forest outside shook and swayed above the trembling earth.

The forest was damp and shadowy, with tangles of vines on the branches overhead and thickets of bushes on the ground below. Here and there waxen blossoms of orchids shone against the dark trunks. Bright-colored

birds flitted among the leaves. Monkeys frolicked from tree to tree. In the marshes furry bats hung, heads downward, under the leaves. Big wild buffaloes stood up to their necks in the rivers, with their long shiny horns curving up above the water.

On the lowlands in flooded meadows the rice grew green. Groves of bamboo waved their giant grasses beside the shores, or arched in graceful arbors over the winding country roads. In the flat fields the sugar cane was ripening in the sunshine.

Feathery palms swayed on slender stems along the beach. Little ripples curled over the sand, and bits of glistening foam danced before the soft breeze. In rocky pools the lacelike seaweed fluttered lightly to and fro. Sea anemones opened their petals, like strange living flowers. Here and there, lay a giant clam shell or pearly nautilus. Silvery fishes gleamed in the transparent water.

Out at sea, flying fish leaped glittering into the sunlight, and vanished again in a shower of splashing drops. Here and there, the black

fin of a shark drifted slowly at the top of the water. Or a school of porpoises went racing and rolling out toward the horizon.

II. THE VILLAGE

A little way from the river nestled the village where the brown child lived. Each



"A little way from the river nestled the village."

little hut was raised above the ground on timbers, like stilts. Half buried in palms, it peered out from beneath its thatched roof,

with its windows half hidden by drooping thatched shades. From the door, a ladder led downward, to a small garden gay with flowers and fruits, within its fence of thorny bushes. Beyond the fence lay the dusty road.



"Out on the bay."

In the midst of the village, a big white church stood next to a many-roomed white-washed house, where the white priests lived. Out on the bay, where fishing boats were skimming over the blue water, a big white ship lay at anchor. It belonged to the white people who ruled over the brown people in these pleasant green islands.

Back from the village there stretched the dark forest. Beyond that rose the brown mountains, with cloud shadows floating over them. Smoke was curling lazily upward from the sleeping volcano. Far above arched the summer sky.



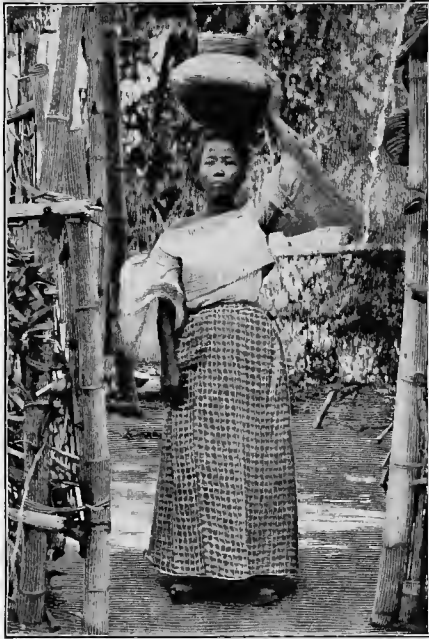
"In the rice fields."

In the rice fields brown men were cutting the rice stalks with small sickles of steel. Their white trousers were turned up from their bare feet. They had taken off their shirts, because of the heat. To protect their heads

from the sunlight, they wore bright handkerchiefs or large hats. Their teeth and lips were black from the betel nut, which they kept chewing steadily as they moved on, slowly snipping.

Beside the river, brown women sat on their heels near broad shallow washtubs. They scrubbed away, with pawpaw leaves for soap. They pounded the clothes with sticks, and rinsed them in the flowing water. Their straight skirts reached from their arms to their ankles. They wore no shoes or stockings, and no hats. Now and again, one or another unknotted her long black hair and washed it. Then she sat combing it in the sunshine.

Girls, dressed like their mothers, were holding brown babies on their hips. Others were walking along the dusty road, with jars of water, or baskets of fruit, balanced on their heads. One pretty girl was going to the village square to sell her pineapples. She wore her best muslin jacket, with low neck and wide sleeves. A starched handkerchief was



Girl with jar of water.

folded over her shoulders, and a cotton apron was tucked in at her waist, over her gay plaid skirt.

Everywhere in the river little brown children were splashing and frisking together. They raced back and forth, paddling with their

hands, and kicking with their feet. They dived from the narrow canoes near the shore. They swam under water, and came up spluttering to the surface. They chased the scuttling crabs. They made mud pies, or dug their brown toes into the warm wet sand, as they sat resting on the bank.

Life was very pleasant on this summer

island. The gentle, cheerful people were never in a hurry. The men always had time to stop their work and take a holiday. The women were seldom too busy to chatter sociably for hours. The light-hearted children frolicked as they pleased. They did not often quarrel or become angry. But, when, once in a long, long time, any one really lost his temper, he fell into a dreadful fury. It was like the sudden blazing up of flames and ashes from the crater of the volcano, after its long quiet days of sleeping peacefully under the summer sky.

III. IN THE LITTLE BROWN HUT

The little brown boy was awakened by a shrill racket of crowing in the room, and under the house, and far away through the village. He opened his sleepy eyes. He was lying on a palm-leaf mat spread on the bamboo floor. The faint gray of the dawn showed between the cracks below. Matéo (Mä'téo) turned over drowsily, and fell asleep again.

When, at last, he decided to wake up for the day, it was broad daylight out of doors. The pet cocks had flown out of the window. The round bamboo reeds of the floor felt smooth and pleasant to his bare feet. There was not a nail or a peg in the whole house.

When Matéo's father built the house, he first made a frame of bamboo tied with rattan. After this was thatched closely with palm leaves it was raised above the ground on bamboo stilts. In the windows he fastened sliding frames, with thin panes made of transparent oyster shells. The ladder in front was also of bamboo tied with rattan. The



Matéo's mother and her friends.

whole house was so light that it could not hurt anybody, even if shaken down by an earthquake.

In the other room Matéo's mother was cooking a pot of rice over a queer kind of stove.

This stove was only the trunk of a large tree, hollowed out and lined with mortar. She lighted the fire with matches bought from some white people on the island. But years before, she used to strike out sparks by sawing two small sticks together. Sometimes she did that, even now, when her matches were all gone.

The mother looked up to smile a good morning when Matéo entered, and he smiled back again. Then he took a jar made of a joint of the hollow bamboo and slid down the ladder to draw water from the narrow well in the garden. When he wanted a wash basin, he picked one of the big leaves from the banana tree near. His comb was made from the stalks of cocoanut leaves.

The little boy's older sister sat under a palm with the baby in her arms. When she bent to kiss him, she touched his cheek with her lips and nose, and drew a long breath. It looked as if she were smelling him instead of kissing him. He laughed and cooed and tried to catch her long hair in his tiny brown fists.

Matéo remembered the feast the family gave when the baby was named. All the friends and relatives came in their very best clothes, and politely praised the tiny fellow's

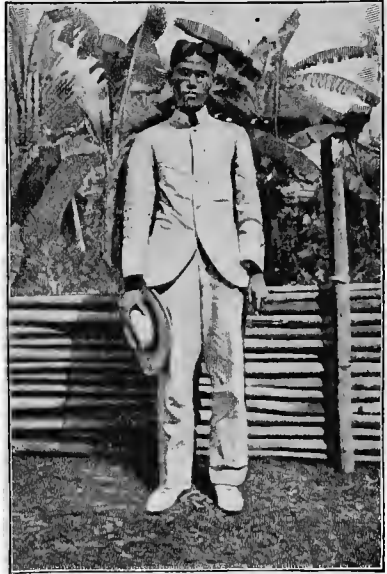


Matéo's sisters.

big black eyes and small flat nose and soft brown limbs. They ate the dinner of roast meat and bamboo salad and fruit. They drank a little palm wine, and chewed the betel nut which Matéo helped to prepare for

them. He cut the nut in thin slices, coated each with lime, and wrapped it in a certain kind of leaf. Even the children were fond of chewing this, in spite of the black juice that stained their teeth and lips.

Matéo's father often carried some betel nut in a rattan case around his neck. This morning he filled it afresh before climbing the ladder for breakfast. They all sat around on the floor in the smoky front room. They ate boiled rice from dishes of cocoanut shells and sea shells. Rice was the main food of the brown people. Sometimes they had a little fish or meat for dinner, but they did not care very much for eating.



Matéo's father.

Once in a while they drank coffee, or chocolate made of the cacao beans growing in the garden. They never tasted baked bread or cake, for there was not an oven in the village. All their food was cooked over the open fire.

IV. PLEASANT TASKS

After breakfast the father called the big gray buffalo from the pool where it lay almost buried in the mud. This clumsy animal was a great pet in the family. It knew its own name, and it was so gentle that it let the baby ride on its back. Every few hours during the day it needed to stop working and wade deep into the river to cool off. For two minutes at a time it could hold its head under while it jerked off mouthfuls of grass and weeds.

When the buffalo was working, it was guided by a piece of split rattan drawn through its nose. This morning the father hitched it, with another buffalo, to a two-wheeled cart and drove away with a load of fruit to sell at a large town farther up the coast.

In the house there were several baskets of rice to be pounded in wooden troughs, and then winnowed clean of the chaff. Matéo helped with this task. After beating the

hulls free, he separated the rice from the chaff by tossing it all into the air and then catching the kernels in flat baskets. The



Buffaloes and the two-wheeled cart.

kernels were heavier than the chaff, and so fell faster. Matéo had time to snatch away the baskets before the chaff came fluttering downward.

The little boy remembered on what a rainy day the sprouting rice was transplanted from the seed beds to the field. The family went wading through the mud, sticking the green sprouts into regular lines of holes. The mother carried an umbrella of a banana leaf,

but the children paddled and splashed without being bothered by any clothes to keep dry.

That was fun enough, but fishing was even better. Sometimes Matéo walked out into the river till the water reached his waist. Then with a twist and a twirl over his head he sent the net spreading far over the surface. Sometimes he lay on the bank till he saw a fish swimming near. Quick as a wink he dived in and caught it in his bare hands. Once he tried putting a kind of poison in the water and then picking up the fish when they rose and floated on the top as if dead. He thought that was rather stupid sport.

The summer before, Matéo helped to drive away a cloud of locusts from a field of sugar cane. When the people working there heard a loud buzzing in the air, they looked up and saw that the sky was dark with millions of locusts. If the locusts once settled down over the field, they would eat every blade of green in sight. So everybody ran to get sticks and pans and cocoanut shells and

drums. Fires of wet wood were set smoking all around. Then they all rattled and banged and pounded and clapped and yelled and waved bright-colored pieces of cloth. The



“He went to school when he felt like it.”

locusts were frightened away, and flew on, whizzing and whirring, to find a quieter place for their dinner.

Matéo certainly enjoyed excitement like that. He liked to go to new places and see new things. He did not care for school

because it was so much the same day after day. A white man was the teacher. Sometimes the children gathered in the old stable on the lower floor of the big white house next to the church.

While the teacher was hearing one recite, the others studied aloud or talked and played and quarreled. Matéo learned to read and write and to add up figures. But naturally he liked better to be out in the sweet fresh air instead of in that noisy, dusty, ill-smelling place. He went to school when he felt like it and stayed away when he wished to do something else; for his parents let him do exactly as he pleased.

V. IN THE FOREST

One day, after winnowing the rice till only clean white kernels remained in the baskets, Matéo set out to roam in the forest with several of his friends. They hoped to find wild fruit or birds' eggs to take home to their mothers. The narrow path led them scram-

bling over fallen trunks and slipping along mossy rocks. Huge trees towered above, shutting out the sunlight. Thorny vines caught at them, curling around their necks and pricking their legs.

Once Matéo stumbled into a nest of brown ants among some dead leaves. The ants ran to and fro, clicking their jaws angrily. They would have bitten his bare feet if he had not run away fast. Sometimes in the house tiny red ants crawled into the brown sugar and bit the children's tongues when they tried to eat it. The big white ants worked at night, boring through posts and floors and nibbling boxes of clothes into powder.

The boys kept on the alert to guard against being bitten by snakes.



A boa constrictor.

Though there were not so very many in the island, still some were dangerous. Once

Matéo's father almost stepped on a poisonous cobra. It was just ready to dart its fangs into his ankle when he jumped away. Another time he saw a boa constrictor catch a deer and squeeze it to death in its slimy folds.

As they thought of this, the boys moved more carefully. They looked up among the branches in their search and peered through the thick bushes. That was how it happened that Matéo caught sight of a hill of loose brown earth in an opening between the trees. As soon as he saw it he called to the others that he had found a mound builder's nest.

On this island there were certain birds called mound builders, because they scratched a pile of earth over their eggs after laying them in holes. Every day they laid more eggs there and scratched more earth on top till the mound was like a hill. This one was higher than Matéo's head.

The boys dug into it with their hands, feeling gently all about till they found the

round smooth eggs hidden beneath. Then they gathered long grasses and made baskets in which to carry the eggs home. They knew that their mothers would be glad.

On the way back through the forest, they saw a tailor-bird's nest. It was a tiny sack made of two green leaves sewed together with thread picked from a spider's web. The bird used its own sharp beak as a needle and stitched away busily, its bright little eyes twinkling hither and thither.

A little farther on the boys spied a horn-bill bird clinging to the side of a tree while he poked a worm through a hole in the trunk. He was feeding his mate who was sitting on her nest inside the hollow. A few days before, when she went in to lay her eggs, the father bird shut her in by filling up the opening with clay. He left only this small hole through which he could pass in food till the little birds were hatched and ready to fly.

While the boys were passing near a swamp, they heard a great squealing and squawking and flapping of wings. Far in the shadowy

wet place the trees were black with monstrous bats hanging head downward among the leaves. Each was fanning itself slowly with one broad, black, skinny wing. At night these bats went flying away to find fruit and vegetables to eat. More than once Mateó had chased them away from his garden.

Beyond the swamp there grew many tree ferns, with long beautiful leaves that reached from the ground far over the boys' heads. In a wild fig tree near, a family of monkeys were playing together. One old fellow with gray whiskers was sitting apart on the end of a broken branch. A naughty little one came creeping up behind, and pushed the old one off into the air. Then he scampered away as fast as he could go, screwing up his tiny black face, as if in laughter. The old monkey picked himself up from the ground and chased the other from tree to tree. When he caught the naughty one, he gave him a good shaking and slapping. He was much more severe than the gentle brown people were toward their children.

VI. ON THE WAY HOME

When the boys left the forest, they walked along a road bordered with palms. Through



“The tall bamboos beside the river.”

the tall bamboos beside the river, a golden sunset was glowing in the west. A cool breeze came stealing through the trees. Faint

and far away in the dusk sounded the music of the band playing in the little brown village.

Matéo was thinking how pleased all the family would be to see his basket of eggs. The next day would be Sunday. In the morning they would all dress in their best clothes, and go to church. The mother and girls would wear their bright plaid skirts and wide-sleeved jackets, with stiff muslin handkerchiefs folded over their shoulders. One of them had a pair of slippers made like those belonging to rich ladies in the city. The upper part of each slipper was only big enough to cover two or three toes.

The father and sons would wear their bamboo hats, and coats and trousers of creamy white cloth. Matéo helped gather the hemp and palm leaves of which the cloth was made. With a sharp-edged shell he scraped the soft green part from the stringy fibers. Then, after spinning the thread, and weaving it on the loom, the mother cut out and sewed the clothes.

After church the next day they might have



The market place.

a luncheon of rice and the mound builder's eggs and fish. The best way to bake the fish was to slip it into a hollow piece of bamboo, with a little water and spices, and lay it in the fire till the bamboo began to scorch on the outside. Perhaps they would have wild herbs boiled with the rice, and some fruit or some grated cocoanut and brown sugar for dessert.

Later, the pleasant family would go to the market place. There the women would chatter together, as they sat on their heels, beside

their flat baskets of fruit and cloth. They might buy or sell to each other for money, or else make exchanges. Matéo's mother would have a package of tobacco leaves to exchange for coffee beans. Meanwhile, the children would play quietly on the grassy square.

That evening, as Matéo ran on toward the village in the cool twilight, he happened to turn for a good-night look at the shadowy mountains far back beyond the forest. He knew that a wild race of black people lived high up in the wilderness there. They had woolly black hair and flat noses. Instead of clothes, they wore rattan cords about their waists. They lived in small huts made of sticks covered with leaves. They ate wild yams and mountain rice and snakes and grubs. With their bows and arrows they shot monkeys and birds, and threw the bodies into the fire to cook, with the fur and feathers still on. They did not know enough to count above ten.

Matéo's father once told him that the brown people themselves used to be wild, hundreds

of years before. They used to wear nothing except aprons of bark and earrings and bracelets. With pointed sticks they pricked pictures on their skin, and stained it with colored ink. They worshiped idols, and they did not know anything about reading or writing.

Later, white people came sailing around the world from Spain. Some of them stayed there with soldiers to rule over the islands. They built a few towns and churches, and brought priests to live in the different villages. Little by little the brown people changed till they became like Matéo and his friends — simple and happy little Filipinos on their pleasant islands of the sea.

VII. EVENING IN THE VILLAGE

In the evening, when Matéo reached home, he found the family gathered before the house in the deepening twilight. The mother sat smoking on the ladder, with the baby in her lap. The father was leaning with his back

against a tree, while he tinkled softly on his guitar. One of the sisters was singing in the shadows. Another was dancing, tossing her



A Filipino family.

arms and swaying lightly to and fro, in time to the music.

In the dusky garden, fireflies glittered among the bushes. Dim shapes of fluttering moths hovered over the pale flowers. The black

form of a bat flitted noiselessly past on its way from the swamp. Out on the beach sounded the faint murmur of waves lapping over the sand.

Everybody was glad to see Matéo again, and praised him for finding the eggs. The big brother told of the fish he had caught

to sell in the market next day. The mother and sisters had slept almost all the long warm afternoon. The father had sold his load of fruit, and then learned a new tune by listening to the band in that larger town.



The church.

He had bought new strings for his guitar and a shell comb for his wife to wear in her hair on Sundays.

When the church bell rang the vesper hour, the family went into the house and

knelt before the image of a saint on the tiny altar in the front room. Matéo kissed his parents good night in the strange way that looked as if he were smelling their cheeks. Then, with a little bow to his brothers and sisters, he lay down to sleep on his cocoa-palm mat.

In the room there was a lamp made of a pith wick floating on oil in a cocoanut shell. The lamp was left burning all night for fear that there might be an earthquake. It would be dreadful to be in the dark at such a time. The house frame would be creaking around them; the thatch would be sifting into their eyes; the floor would be yawning in wider cracks under their feet.

Once, when Matéo was a baby, the volcano in the middle of the island began to pour out smoke and flame and red-hot stones. Boiling lava gushed down the mountain side, while the earth trembled and rocked to and fro. Great cracks opened in the fields and swallowed up the shaking trees. The houses fell flat on the ground. Lightning shot out

of the black sky. Thunder roared around. The volcano boomed and crashed and rumbled, while the people ran shrieking through the village and the children were screaming for their mothers in the dark.



A house in the country.

But Matéo was not dreaming of the volcano when he closed his eyes this night. He was wondering if he would be old enough to carry a candle in the procession on the next feast day. In the evening all the vil-

lagers would gather in the great bare church. The priests in their long black robes would have green garlands on their heads. There would be images gay with velvet and lace and jewels.

Out from the wide doors and over the roads they would all go marching in a double line. The men and boys would be on one side, the women and girls on the other. They would hold twinkling lights in their hands. The band would be playing; firecrackers would be banging; rockets would be shooting into the starry sky.

After supper they would have dancing and singing and a play in the little theater. Then all the brown people would go, laughing and talking, into the field. There they would watch fireworks flashing and whirling and blazing merrily upon a bamboo tower. And when the last rocket should burst in a shower of soft, falling stars, they would scatter quietly to the little brown huts nestled under the feathery palms. In the morning the little brown village would awaken to

another pleasant day, with the blue bay dimpling before it in the sunlight and the volcano smouldering in the forest beyond.

VIII. UNDER THE FLAG

Now one day it happened that the little brown boy was awakened by a far-away roaring of cannon. At first he thought the noise was made by the volcano rumbling deep down within its crater. But soon he noticed that the explosions came booming over the water from one of the other islands. It was the sound of a battle.

Later, he learned that there was war between Spain and the United States of America. The American battle ships sailed over the sea to drive the Spaniards away from these Philippine Islands. They won in the fight, and sunk the Spanish ships. When peace was made a few months afterward, the Philippine Islands were given to the United States.

The Spanish governors and soldiers went home to Spain, and the American flag was raised above the towns of the little Filipinos. So, we may say, the little brown child became an American. He was ruled by the same power as the little red child, the little white child, the little black child, and the little yellow child far away in America.

Soon after this the little brown boy was taken to visit America. Across the sea he sailed for weeks, till he landed at San Francisco, the city where the little yellow children lived in Chinatown. Perhaps, indeed, here and there in the crowd of white people he caught sight of a round yellow face looking gravely at him with slanting black eyes. Doubtless this reminded him of home, for there were many Chinese on the pleasant green Philippine Islands.

When he first stepped into a steam car, he felt rather frightened. The dingdong of the bells, the hissing of the steam, the puffing of the engine, the screaming of the whistle, seemed almost as dreadful as the fiery vol-

cano. As the train whizzed over the plains, he looked out of the windows at this country so strange to him. In some places he saw red people, wrapped in blankets, sitting outside their peaked wigwams. Their grim dark faces seemed very different from those of the cheerful Filipinos.

He passed town after town of white people, with a few black people living among them. Their black skins and woolly hair made him think of the wild men of the mountains at home. Perhaps he wondered if those shy forest people belonged to the same race as these happy laughing negroes in America.

Finally he reached a city where a great exposition was being held that summer. On the exposition grounds there were many big white buildings filled with all sorts of things made in America. A short distance away there was a street lined with shops and shows and interesting sights.

At one end of this street there was a village of wigwams, where real red people were living just for those few months. There

were babies strapped on flat cradles. There were children in fringed suits of deerskin. There were women cooking over fires built on the ground. There were men in war paint and feathers. At sunset they danced the war dance, with a wild whooping and yelling and stamping of feet and shaking of weapons.

In another part of the street there was a little log cabin. It had windows of oiled paper and a wide chimney plastered against one end. Inside this house an old musket hung over the fireplace. Pewter dishes shone on the walls. Old furniture stood about on the sanded floor. An old lady wearing a white apron over her dark skirt, and a muslin kerchief crossed over her breast, was baking corn bread in an old-fashioned brick oven.

Not far away from this cabin there was a small village of straw-roofed huts. A company of strange black people stayed there. They had come from Africa that year to show the Americans how the negroes lived in their own country. They dressed in strips of bark

and bits of fur. They cooked their food in the same way as at home. Sometimes they all jumped up and danced. The iron rings jingled on their bare arms and ankles, as they pranced back and forth to the beating of a tomtom. Sometimes they sat smoking before the huts or dozed in the sunshine.

Near by, there was a cluster of Chinese shops, with a theater and a tea garden. Yellow men, with long queues wound about their shaven heads, were selling tea and fans and china dishes. A little-footed lady tottered to and fro in her silken robes. A baby, with slanting eyes shining in his solemn little face, stared gravely at the different people passing up and down the street.

Latest of all on this curious street, there was built a village of low brown houses. There some Filipinos lived. Little brown children climbed the ladders leading to the doors. Brown men, dressed in creamy white, sat tinkling on guitars. Straight brown women, with their long hair flowing down their backs, carried jars of water on their heads. In a

pond close by, two gray buffaloes went swimming every day. To them it was almost the same as if they were at home, where feathery palms were waving along the sandy shore.



“Two gray buffaloes.”

All that summer many persons passed up and down that street. They visited the wigwams and watched the warriors dance. They went into the log cabin and tasted the corn bread baked by the busy old lady. They peered into the dark straw huts and won-

dered over the capering and singing of the black savages. They drank tea in the Chinese shops and bought tickets for their theater. They looked through the palm-thatched houses and petted the quiet brown babies.

In that crowd of visitors, there were many faces of different colors. There was seen now and then a little red child whose people had lived in America from the beginning. Of the countless little white children, some belonged to the families which had come sailing over the sea from England so long ago. There was many a black child whose grandparents had been slaves. There was now and then a yellow child whose father had come from China to earn money in this new country. And once in a while there appeared a little brown child, gazing with dark, timid eyes at the sights in this wonderful land.

Perhaps one day somebody told this last little stranger about the time hundreds of years ago when only red people lived here. Now he saw around him the thousands of

different persons belonging to the five races of men, — the white, the black, the red, the yellow, and the brown. From all the world they were gathered together in the beautiful land of America.

