

EducT  
759  
05.570

DUTTON'S WORLD AT WORK SERIES

FISHING AND  
HUNTING



Ex. 10 T 709

**HARVARD COLLEGE  
LIBRARY**



**BOUGHT WITH  
MONEY RECEIVED FROM  
LIBRARY FINES**



3 2044 097 076 392

B  
43



0

WAZ

WORLD AT WORK SERIES

EDITED BY SAMUEL T. DUTTON  
*Teachers College, Columbia University*

---

# FISHING AND HUNTING

BY

SARAH M. MOTT

TEACHER IN THE ETHICAL CULTURE SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY

AND

MAUDE BARROWS DUTTON



NEW YORK ·· CINCINNATI ·· CHICAGO  
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY



*Fine money*

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY  
SAMUEL T. DUTTON.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON.

—  
WORLD AT WORK. I.

E.P. 5

## PREFACE

THIS book is written for the youngest children in school. Its stories are about people who are interesting because they are in a certain sense children of the race. Their sports and their work are more simple than those of the people who are about us.

It is believed that these stories will aid the child in understanding better what he sees from day to day, and that he will make instructive comparisons. This little book is the first of a series which has as its purpose to describe in a somewhat comprehensive way the activities of the race through the several stages of culture to the time when men became explorers and discovered and settled the American continent. The later volumes will show how geographic conditions have affected life in the colonies and how the same conditions have determined the industrial development of the nation. The aim of these stories is therefore twofold: first, to provide good reading lessons, and second, to lay the foundations of social training.

If the pupils have read one standard reader before undertaking these stories, they will not seem too difficult.

No suggestions are made as to method, excepting that here, as elsewhere, the use of phonics will be found helpful, and the more difficult words should be specially taught.

The hand work suggested at the end of the book should be regarded as an important feature. Such correlation gives more meaning and value both to the reading and the hand work. In selecting the illustrations great care has been taken to have them authentic as well as in harmony with the text. In order to make the environment of these primitive people still more vivid, the use of the stereopticon and the stereoscope is recommended.

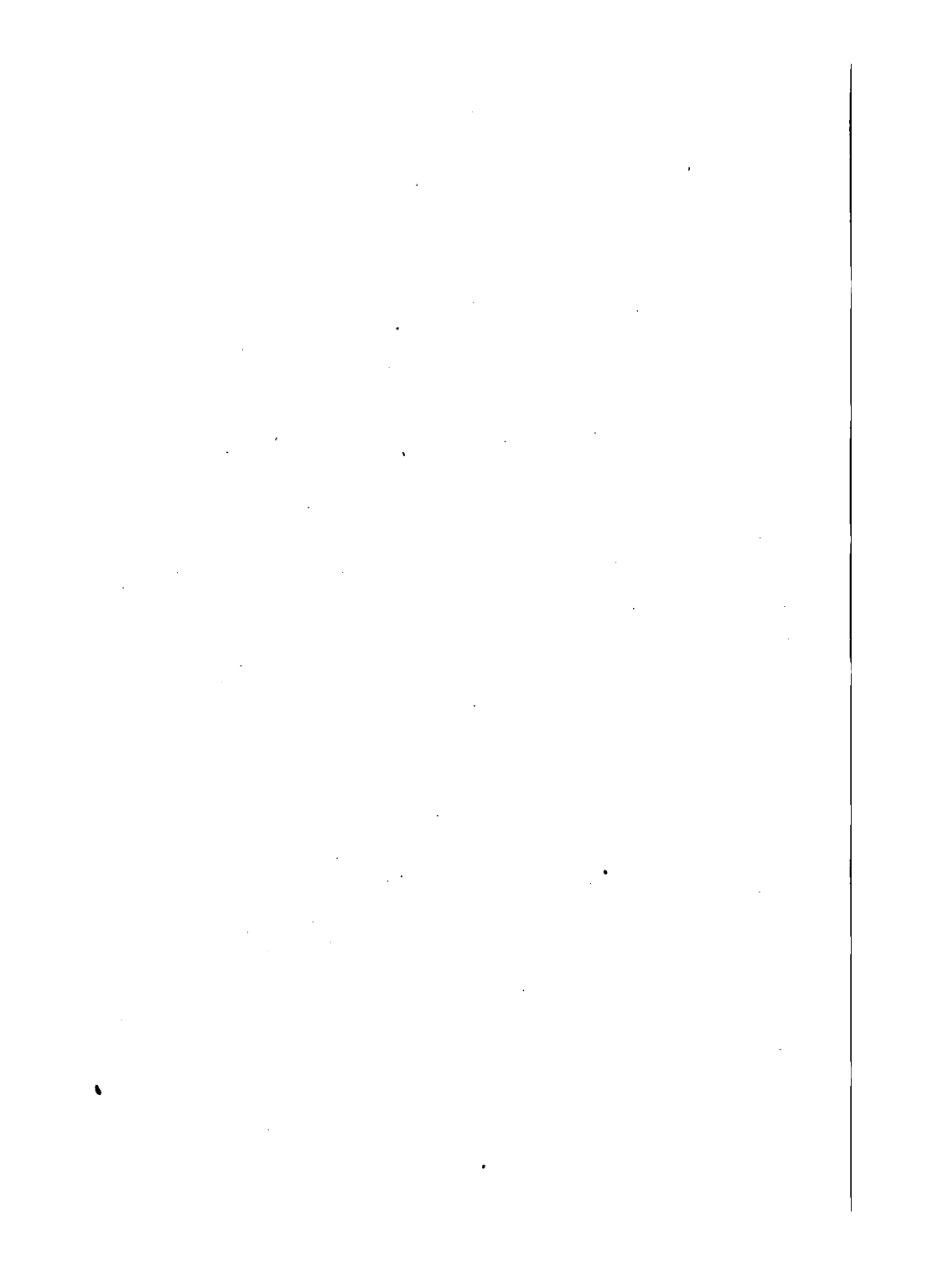
Acknowledgments are due to Miss Lucy H. Weiser, of Teachers College, for assistance in outlining the hand work; to Dr. Hermon C. Bumpus and his associates in the American Museum of Natural History, New York, for the illustrations on pages 8, 9, 11, 20, 22, 23, 27, 32, 36, 39, 40, 41, 81, 89, 91, 96, 98, 100, 102, 107, 108, 111, 112, 116; and to Dr. Otis T. Mason, Curator of Anthropology in the United States National Museum, for valuable assistance in securing illustrative material, including the pictures on pages 14, 15, 16, 24, 38, 53, 58, 59, 60, 67, 90, 97.

S. T. D.



## CONTENTS

	PAGE
IN ESKIMO LAND WITH HANS . . . . .	7
IN THE WOODS WITH RED FEATHER . . . . .	43
IN THE PHILIPPINES WITH TONDO . . . . .	69
IN ALASKA WITH OLA . . . . .	93



**IN ESKIMO LAND WITH HANS**

IN ESKIMO LAND WITH HANS



1

Seven little snowbirds,  
Sitting in the snow,  
Live in the far North,  
Where the winds blow.

8

Seven little snowbirds,  
Singing soft and low,  
“Come, little boys and girls,  
To the land of snow.”

2

Here we are in snow land.  
“Good morning, Hans. Are you a little  
snow boy?”

“No; I am a real, live boy.  
A snow boy melts in the sun.  
I do not melt.  
A snow boy has a white face.  
My skin is brown.  
My cheeks are red.  
A snow boy cannot run.  
I can run and jump.  
So I am not a snow boy.  
But I live in snow land.  
I live where it is very cold.  
There is snow and ice nearly all the year.  
That is why I wear a fur suit.  
My fur suit keeps me as warm as a snow-  
bird.”





Hans has a fur hood.  
He pulls it over his  
head.

He pulls on his sealskin  
boots.

Hans's mother made  
them.

She made his fur mit-  
tens, too.

Hans's ten brown fingers  
hide in the fur mittens.

They are hiding from Jack Frost.

Hans runs out  
to play in the  
snow.

"Ha, ha!" he  
laughs. "Jack  
Frost cannot find  
my fingers.



Jack Frost cannot find my toes.

Run away, Jack Frost.

I will throw snowballs at you."

But Jack Frost runs after Hans.

He sees Hans's brown nose.  
He takes one little bite of Hans's nose.  
Oh, naughty Jack Frost!  
Run home, Hans, or Jack Frost will bite  
you again.



4

Hans runs home to his snow house.  
Down he goes on his hands and knees.  
He crawls in like a little bear.  
Did you ever make a snow house?  
Hans's father built his house.  
He built it of cakes of ice.  
Do you know why he did not build it of  
wood?

11

He built it of ice because there are no trees  
in snow land.

He had no glass for the windows.

So he made the windows of ice.

Hans lives in the snow house all winter.

It is warm inside the snow house.

Jack Frost cannot come in.

5

“Mother! Mother!” calls Hans.

“Jack Frost bit my nose.”

“Oh, poor nose,” says his mother. “Come  
in and warm it.”

There are no chairs in the snow house.

But there is a long ice bench.

It is covered with sealskin.

Hans climbs up on the bench.

He pulls off his fur mittens.

How cold his ten fingers are!

His mother pulls off his wet boots.

She hangs them by the lamp to dry

Hans smells meat cooking.

It is seal meat.

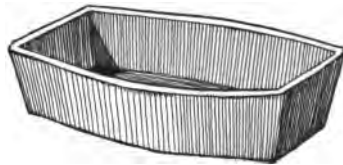
Hans likes seal meat.





He forgets his cold nose.  
How hungry he is!  
He watches his mother cook dinner.  
You may see her in the picture.  
She has no wood to burn.  
She has no coal.  
She has no stove, and so she must cook  
dinner over a lamp.

Did you ever see  
such a queer lamp?  
It does not look like  
the lamps we use.



It looks like a big stone dish.  
The lamp is filled with seal oil.

The lamp wick is made of moss.  
 Hans digs under the snow for the moss.  
 Sometimes he feeds it to his reindeer.  
 That is why it is called reindeer moss.  
 The lamp keeps the snow house warm.  
 It cooks Hans's dinner, too.  
 He watches his mother turn the meat.



When it is done, Hans eats  
 it with his fingers.

“Guess who I am.  
 No; I am not a little boy.  
 I am a little girl.  
 Hans calls me ‘Baby Naka.’  
 I am Hans’s little sister.  
 Here comes my carriage to  
 take me to ride.  
 My carriage is my mother’s  
 fur hood.

I ride on my mother’s back.  
 The hood is just big enough for me.  
 I sit in it, and my mother carries me.”

Naka peeps out of the hood and laughs at Hans.

“See my top,” cries Hans. “Watch me spin it!”

He spins it between his brown hands.

Round and round it spins.

Naka’s black eyes watch it spin.

Then her little head grows heavy.

Hush! she is fast asleep.

Fast asleep in the big hood.



Many winters passed.  
Naka grew to be a  
big girl.

To-day she is five years old.

She cannot ride in the hood any more.

Happy birthday, little Naka.

What do you think Naka did on her birthday?

She woke up very early.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” she cried, “Wake up,

Hans.

See the new dolly.

I found it sleeping here beside me.

Oh! I love my new dolly.

It has a dress just like mine.

Mother, did you make my doll's pretty dress?”

“Yes, little Naka, and papa made the dolly,

He carved her out of bone.”

“I have a present, too, for Naka,” said Hans.

He took something out of his fur pocket.



It was the soft, gray skin of a mouse.

“I caught the mouse myself, Naka.

Now you can make a hood for your doll.”

Naka ran to get her thimble.

What do you think it was made of?

It was made of sealskin.

She brought her fur needlebook.

Then she took out her bone needle.

Her mother threaded it with reindeer  
sinew.

Naka cut holes in the mouseskin with a  
little awl.

In and out went the bone needle.

“It is dolly’s birth-  
day, too,” said Naka.

“She must have a  
birthday present; so I  
will make her a fur  
hood.”



Hans played beside Naka on the ice  
bench.

He played with Blackie.

Blackie is Hans’s toy bear.

Hans was making a harness for Blackie  
from some pieces of sealskin.

“By and by,” he said, “I will make a sled  
for Blackie.”

Then dolly shall go to ride."  
Hans worked hard on his harness.  
Naka sewed fast on dolly's hood.  
Their mother was sewing, too.  
"Listen, children," she said. "I will tell  
you a story. .

12

"Once upon a time a little baby bear was  
lost in the wood.

He hunted and hunted, but could not find  
his way home.

At last a good woman found him.

She took him home to her snow house.

She gave him a bowl of reindeer milk.

Many years the little bear lived with the  
old woman.

He grew to be a fine large bear.

Every day he went to the woods to hunt.

Every night he brought back food.

Sometimes it was a wild duck.

Sometimes it was a seal.

So the old woman had plenty to eat.

But the men in the village did not like the  
bear.

The bear could hunt better than the men could.

‘We will kill him,’ they said.

But the woman heard them.

She waited till the bear came home.

Then she whispered in his ear and said to him : —

‘You must run away, my good bear.

The men will kill you if you stay here.’

Big tears rolled down the bear’s cheeks.

But at night he went away.

13

“He went back to live with the other bears.

But he never forgot the good woman.

Sometimes he came back at night to the snow house.

He would creep in softly.

He did not wake the old woman.

But in the morning she would find some seal meat on the table.

She knew the good bear had been there.

She lived many, many years.

But the bear never forgot her.”

19

Hans has a sled.  
It is not red like your sled.  
It is made of bone.  
His father made it for Hans.  
Hans and Naka slide down hill.  
They have a pair of reindeer antlers.  
Sometimes they set them in the snow.  
Then they get on their sled.  
Away flies the sled across the snow.  
Do you think they will slide between the  
antlers?



“Bow-wow, bow-wow.”  
“Good morning, little dog; who are you?”



“I am Hans’s little dog, Sammie.  
I am just as old as Hans.  
When Hans was a baby I was a puppy.  
I slept in the snow house, too.  
Now I am a big dog.  
I sleep with the other dogs.  
We have a bed in the snow house tunnel.  
I take care of Hans.  
I draw his sled for him.  
I love my little master, bow-wow.”

16

“Wake up, Hans, breakfast is ready.”  
Hans rolled out from under the bear-  
skin.

Ooglit was eating his breakfast.  
Ooglit is Hans’s father.  
Out in the snow the dogs were barking.  
Ooglit had thrown them some meat.  
“Just hear them bark, Naka,” cried Hans.  
“Each dog wants the biggest piece.”  
Ooglit finished his breakfast.  
He pulled on his long, fur boots.  
Beside him lay his harpoon.

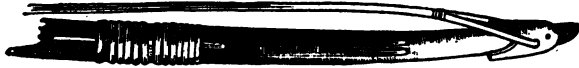
21

“ Oh, father, are you going hunting ? ”  
“ Yes, Hans, bring me my whip.  
Now come, my boy, and help harness the  
dogs.”

Ooglit's sled stood ready outside.  
It was covered with a black bearskin.

17

Ooglit put his harpoon on the sled.  
Then he whistled to the dogs.



The ten little dogs trotted to the sled.  
Each one stood in his place.  
Pete was the leader.  
He stood proudly at the head.  
Ooglit and Hans put on the harness.  
Then Ooglit jumped on the sled.  
He snapped his whip.  
“ Away, Pete,” he cried.  
And away they went across the snow.  
Hans watched them out of sight.

Then he ran in to breakfast.  
He wished he, too, could go hunting.



18

Ooglit rode far across the snow.  
It was very, very still.  
The stars were shining.  
The sun does not shine in winter in snow  
land.

It was a long, long ride.  
At last Ooglit stopped the dogs.  
They were very tired.  
Their red tongues hung out of their mouths.  
Ooglit turned his sled over.  
There was a pair of antlers fastened to the  
sled.

Do you know what antlers are?  
They are the horns of a reindeer.

23

Ooglit dug the antlers into the snow.  
They held the sled there.



Now the nine little dogs  
could not run away.

Ooglit took Pete with  
him.

Pete ran about over the  
snow.

At last he gave a short  
bark.

Ooglit ran to him.

Pete was standing by a  
little mound of snow.

“Have you found a seal, Pete?”

Pete wagged his tail.

Ooglit dug down into the mound.

19

Soon he came to a hole.

He could see the water below.

He knew it was a seal hole.

He tied Pete with the other dogs.

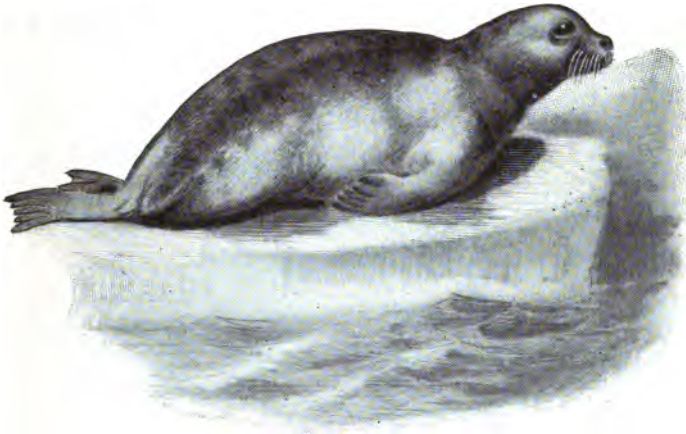
Then he went back to the hole.

He put back the soft snow.

24

Then he waited a long, long time.  
He knew the seal was in the water.  
By and by the seal would come back to its  
hole.

This was its air hole, where it would come  
to blow for air.



Ooglit stood very still by the snow  
mound.

He stood watching for the seal.

He held his harpoon ready.

At last the seal came back.

Ooglit heard it blowing.

He threw his harpoon hard.

Down it went through the snow mound.

It hit the poor seal.

The seal tried to swim away.

But Ooglit held fast to the harpoon cord.

He pushed away the soft snow again.

Then he pulled in the seal.

That was the way Ooglit caught the seal.

The little dogs barked.

“We will have a good supper,” they said.

Ooglit put the seal on the sled.

He covered it with the bearskin.

Then he sat on top himself.

“Home, Pete,” he cried.

The ten little dogs jumped forward.

There was no road to follow, but Pete knew the way.

So Ooglit came home with his seal.

Hans saw the dog sled coming.

He ran into the snow house.

“Father is coming,” he cried.

His mother put more oil in the lamp.  
She began to cook the soup.  
“Father will be very hungry,” she said.  
“He must have a warm supper.”  
Hans cut up some meat for the dogs.  
“They will be hungry, too,” he said.



“Here they are now.  
I can hear Pete barking.”  
He ran to the door.  
“Mother, mother,” he called.  
“Father and the dogs are here.  
Father has killed a seal.  
I can see it on the sled.”

What do you think Ooglit did with the seal ?

First, he took off the skin.

Have you ever seen a sealskin ?

It is very soft and warm.

Ooglit gave it to Hans's mother.

"Our little Hans is growing fast," he said.

"His old suit is too small.

This will make him a new suit.

Here is meat, too, for us all."

He cut off the big pieces of seal meat.

Then he dug a hole in the snow.

He hid the meat there.

Wasn't that a funny ice chest ?

"Can Sammie have some meat, too ?" asked Hans.

"Yes ; Sammie and all the little dogs shall have plenty to eat.

And here is fresh oil for the lamp."

"I like the nice seal," said Naka.

"We get so many good things from him.

How could we live without the seal ? "



Ooglit went out to see his reindeer.  
 You should see what a large herd of reindeer  
 he has.

Hans cannot count them.

The reindeer are very good to Ooglit.

They give him milk.

They give milk for Hans and Naka, too.

Sometimes Ooglit eats reindeer meat.

Do you remember what he does with the  
 antlers?

Do you remember what Hans and Naka do  
 with them?



Naka has a little spoon.

It is made of reindeer bone.

Is it not a pretty spoon?

Naka's father carved it for her.

He carved a picture on it.

Can you guess what the picture is?

It looks like reindeer moss.

“Where are you going, little Naka?”

“I am taking a ride on my reindeer.”

“But are you not afraid?”



“Oh, no; father will lead the reindeer.

Hear the bell jingle.

The bell is on the reindeer's neck.

Go along, reindeer.

I will not fall off.

I will sit quite still.

The reindeer will not go very fast.

Good-by.”

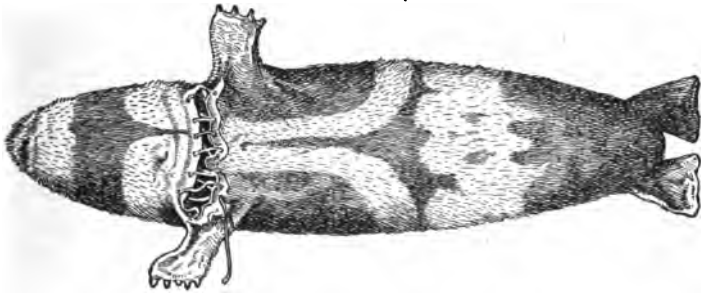
Ooglit went hunting very often.

He caught so many seals that he could not use all the skins.

“I will go to the trader’s,” he said.

“He will buy the sealskins.”

He tied the sealskins to the sled.



He tied on his trunk, too.

Can you guess what his trunk was?

It was a baby sealskin.

Ooglit’s dinner was in the trunk.

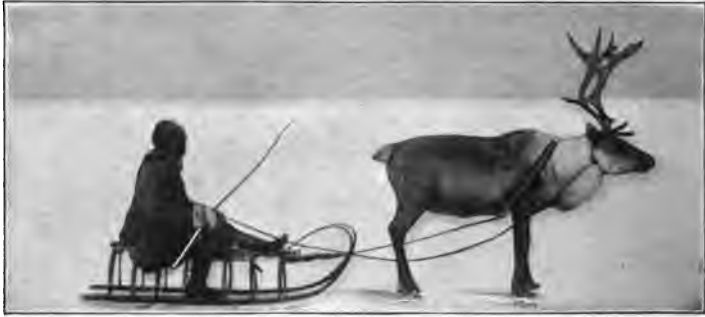
He would be hungry before night.

Then he harnessed a reindeer to the sled.

On he jumped.

The skins made a soft seat.

“Good-by, Naka and Hans,” he called.  
He rode a long way across the snow.



At last he came to the trader's house.  
The trader bought the skins.  
He filled Ooglit's trunk.  
Then Ooglit drove home very fast.

26

Hans was playing on the ice bench.  
Suddenly he saw Ooglit crawling in the  
door.

He saw the trunk was full.

“Oh, father, is there something for me?”  
he cried.

Ooglit drew out a knife.

“Oh, it's mine! it's mine!” cried happy  
Hans.

32

---

“Now, Naka, put in your hand,” said Ooglit.

“Draw out something hard and round.”

“Oh, a new bell for my reindeer,” said  
Naka..

“And here is some red worsted for mother.

Oh, father, you are just like Santa Claus.”



27

What a big white bear!

“Tell us, good bear, do you live in snow  
land?”

“Yes, I live in snow land.

I live in a cave under the snow.

There are four little bear cubs in the cave.

I have long white hair to keep me warm.  
See my big paws.  
They are covered with long hair.  
I do not slip on the ice.  
Now I am going hunting.  
I must find some breakfast for my cubs."

28

One day Hans was outdoors.  
He was playing in the snow.  
He saw a bear.  
At first he thought it was a snowdrift.  
Then he saw it come nearer and nearer.  
Hans was afraid.  
He ran home to the snow house and crawled  
in very fast.  
"A bear! a bear!" he cried.  
Ooglit was not afraid.  
He caught the bear.  
But he did not kill him.  
He sold the bear to some strange men.  
They took the bear away in a big ship.  
For many weeks the bear sailed and  
sailed.

He was coming to America.

Do you know what the men did with him ?

Perhaps you have seen him in Central Park.

The bear does not like to live in a cage.

He wishes to be back in snow land.

29

Spring is coming.

The ice is melting.

Ooglit can go sailing now.



He has a light boat.

Ooglit calls it a "kayak."

He can carry it on his back.

He carries it down to the water.

He has his lance too.

Ooglit is going hunting.

He will hunt for a walrus.

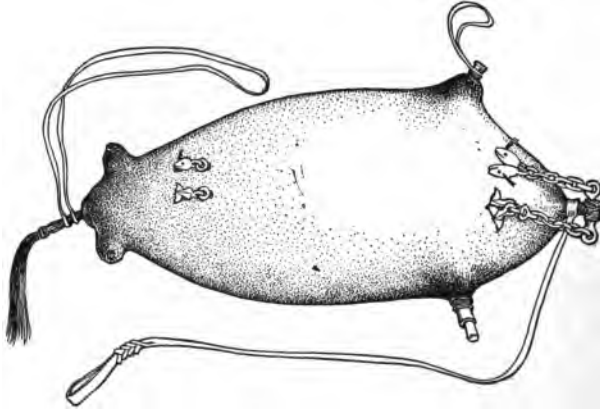
The walrus lives in the sea and on the ice.

35

What is this funny balloon ?

It is not a balloon. It is a float.

Ooglit made it from a baby-seal skin.



It is full of air, so that it can float in the water.

Ooglit takes it with him in the boat.

Wait and see what he does with it.

30

Ooglit puts the kayak in the water.

He sits in the opening.

He buttons the sealskin around him.

He will not get wet.

Off he sails.

36



There are big blocks of ice in the river.  
Ooglit sails among them.  
At last he sees a black spot on a cake  
of ice.

Nearer and nearer he sails.  
It is a walrus asleep on the ice.  
Ooglit hears the walrus snore.  
He throws his harpoon quickly.



31

He hits the walrus and wakes him.  
The angry walrus tumbles into the water.  
He tries to upset the boat.  
But he cannot do it.

37

Ooglit kills him and then fastens him to the float.



“Come, Mr. Walrus,” he says, “I will tow you home.”

32

Naka was waiting for her father.

She watched him drag in the walrus.

The walrus had two long tusks.

They were as tall as Naka.

She put her little brown hands on them.

How white and smooth they were.

Her father carried them home.

“Little Naka shall have a necklace,” he said.

“I will carve it for her.”

“And will it be made of the walrus’s tusks, father?”

38

“Yes, little girl, I will make it of the walrus tusks.”

Naka looked at the smooth, white tusks.

“Oh, how pretty it will be,” she cried.

“I must run home and tell mother.

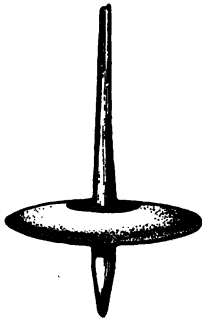
And what can Hans have?”

Her father thought a moment.

“Hans shall learn to carve.

He can carve with his new knife.

He shall learn to carve a top.”



33

It is not always dark and cold in the north.

Summer comes, and the sun shines again.

It shines all day and almost all night.

39

The children have "to go to bed by day."

The long winter night is over.

Slowly the snow house melts.

Where will Hans and Naka live now?

Ooglit builds a tent of reindeer skins.

This is their summer home.



34

The green grass grows now for the reindeer.

The red poppies blossom for Naka.

Hans finds berries to eat.

40

Ooglit brings home nets full of fish.  
At night the children hear the owl calling.  
Hans and Naka are in the tent.  
They are lying on their sealskin bed.



They hear the hoot, hoot of the owl.  
“Oh, mother, what does the owl say?”  
asks Naka.  
“She is telling you a story,” says their  
mother.  
“Oh, mother, what is the story?”

This is what the owl is saying.  
“Listen and I will tell you.  
Once upon a time I was a little girl.  
I played with dolls like Naka.  
But a wicked fairy changed me to a bird.  
She gave me a long beak.  
Oh, how frightened I was!

35

“I flew here and there very fast.  
I flew so fast that I could not see where I  
was going.  
I flew against a snow house.  
The ice wall was very hard.  
It broke off my long beak.  
Now all owls have flat beaks.  
Hoot, hoot, hoot.  
Good night, Naka.  
Good night, Hans.”

**IN THE WOODS WITH RED FEATHER**

IN THE WOODS WITH RED FEATHER



Copyright, 1908, by Detroit Photographic Co.

1

Let us go and play in the woods.  
Perhaps we shall find a playmate there.

44



We will ask the squirrels about him.

“How do you do, pretty squirrel?

Does a little Indian boy live in these woods?”

“Oh, yes, Red Feather lives here.

He is our little playmate.

Red Feather sleeps in a little cradle.



Sometimes his mother hangs the cradle on our oak tree.

The winds blow and rock the little cradle.

High and low swings Red Feather.

We have holes in the tree.

They are full of acorns.

We found them last fall.

Now we show them to Red Feather.

Then Red Feather laughs.

He is a jolly playmate.

See, his mother brings him now.

We are glad to see you, little playmate.”

Every day Red Feather played out of doors.

The little cradle was soon too small, for he grew very fast.

He had many playmates in the woods.



*Photo by Francis H. Herrick.*

Little robins sang to him.

“Chee, chee, chee,” called Red Feather.

Then the robins sang another song.

They told Red Feather that they had a nest in the tree.

“I laid four blue eggs in the nest,” sang one robin.

“By and by there will be four baby birds.

That is a secret.

Do not tell, little Red Feather.”



“Chee, chee, chee,” said Red Feather. “I will not tell.”

A little rabbit ran by.

“Oh, come and play with me,” said Red Feather.

But the rabbit jumped across the path.

He would not play with Red Feather.

He ran into the woods.

Red Feather ran after him.

Jump went the little rabbit into the  
briars.

All Red Feather could see was his white  
tail.

He jumped into the briars after him.

But they pricked his bare feet.

They scratched his hands.

Red Feather did not cry.

His mother had told him there were bears  
in the wood.

There were wild foxes and wolves.

If Red Feather cried they might hear.

Perhaps they would come and find him.

They would eat him up.

So Red Feather never cried.

He was a brave little Indian.

“Good-by, White Tailed Rabbit. I am  
going home,” he said.

“I do not like to play in the briars.

I am going home to my mother.

I will see you again, some day.”

Red Feather did not live in a house.  
He lived in a big tent.  
Red Feather called it his wigwam.



He knew how to make a wigwam.  
He had watched his father make one.  
He had watched his father cut down the  
trees for the poles.  
He had watched him cut off all the  
branches.  
The poles must be straight and smooth.  
They must be very long, too.

Red Feather watched his father bind the poles together.

5

“ Watch, little Red Feather,” he said.

“ Some day you will be a man.

Then you will have a wigwam.

You must learn to set it up.

The wind blows hard in winter.

You must know how to bind the poles so that the tent will stand firmly.

If you don't, the wind will blow the tent over.

Now the poles are ready.

Mother will cover them with deerskin.

To-night we will sleep in our new wigwam.

Blow, winds, blow!

You cannot blow our tent over.”

6

Do you know where Red Feather's mother got the deerskin?

Red Feather knows.

50

One day he saw a live deer in the woods.

The deer was drinking in the river.

Red Feather came out of the wood.

He came very softly, but the deer heard him.



He lifted up his head from the water.

He looked at Red Feather with two pretty eyes.

For a long time he stood very still.

Then he ran off into the woods.

Red Feather ran home.

"Father," he called, "I saw a deer."

His father took his bow and arrows.

He stole away into the deep woods.

He could run as softly as the deer.

Red Feather sat in the wigwam door.

He was very hungry.

For three days he had not had any meat to eat.

At last he heard some one calling.

"Woo-coo-hoo! Woo-coo-hoo!"

Red Feather jumped up.

It was his father's voice.

He ran into the woods.

He listened again.

"Woo-coo-hoo! Woo-coo-hoo!"

The voice was nearer now.

Then he saw his father.

He was carrying a deer on his shoulder.

"Run, Red Feather, and get some sticks," he cried.

"Tell mother we will have a good supper."

Red Feather ran to his mother.



“Mother, father has killed the deer,” he shouted.

“To-night we will have a big supper.  
Oh, I am as hungry as a bear.”



“Then hurry and bring the wood,” said his mother.

“We must have a good fire to cook the deer.”

Red Feather made a big pile of wood.

He brought his father a sharp stick.

“Now, father, you can make the fire.”

His father had a piece of soft wood.

He twirled the sharp stick on the wood.

Red Feather watched for the smoke to come.

He blew it gently.  
Out danced a little flame.

9

Red Feather's mother hung the big kettle over the fire.

His father was cutting up the deer meat.

"Now, Red Feather, run and call all the other Indians.

To-night they can all have plenty to eat.

We will have a party."

It grew very dark in the woods.

But the fire burned brightly.

The big kettle boiled.

One by one the Indians came.

They sat in a big circle around the fire.

10

They ate big pieces of the deer meat.

At last Red Feather could not eat another bite.

He lay down beside his father.  
One of the Indians was telling a story.  
It was very still in the woods.  
The voice of the Indian was deep and  
low.



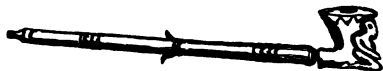
“Listen to the story of Winter Man.  
Out of the north he comes.  
White is his hair, and white is his beard.  
White is the horse he rides.  
All about him the snowflakes are falling.  
The north wind is behind him.

He chases away the sun.  
He covers the earth with snow.  
Many weeks does Winter Man ride through  
our woods.  
But at last comes the spring.  
The sun comes back.

11

“ ‘Go away, Winter Man,’ calls the sun.  
‘I have waked up the flowers.  
I have called the birds.  
Go back to the north.  
I am melting your snow.  
You have had your turn, and now it is  
mine.’  
So each year comes Winter Man.  
So each year the sun drives him away.”  
The story was ended.  
Red Feather shivered.  
He could feel Winter Man coming.  
The fire was burning low.  
He crept away into his wigwam, and rolled  
himself up in a bearskin.  
He lay quite still, thinking of the story.

Through the tent door he could see the Indians smoking their long pipes.



The curls of smoke grew bigger and bigger till Red Feather fell asleep.

12

A loud noise woke Red Feather the next morning.

He looked out of the tent door.

The Indians had all gone home.

He and his mother were alone.

His mother was pounding something.

“Oh, mother, what are you pounding so hard?”

His mother stopped her work.

“I am pounding the deerskin,” she said.

“I know a little boy who is going to have a new coat.”

13

Pound, pound, pound fell the big hammer.

The deerskin grew softer and softer.

57

Then Red Feather's mother tied it to a big frame to stretch it.

She scraped it with a knife.

Little Red Feather watched carefully.



“Mother,” he asked, “do you think I am that little boy?”

His mother laughed.

“We will see,” she said.

“Would you like a new suit?”

“Oh, yes, mother,” said Red Feather.

Here is the little boy who had the new suit.

It is our little Red Feather.

He had to wait many days for it.

His mother covered it with pretty blue and white beads.

She made Red Feather a string of red beads.

Red Feather's little sister helped cut the fringe.

Isn't it a pretty suit?

Red Feather wore it in the woods.

He called the rabbits and squirrels.

"See my pretty new suit," he cried.

"See the white and blue beads.

See the long fringe."





Here is Red Feather's sister.

She has a pretty name.

Can you guess what it is ?

It is Green Valley. Green Valley has a doll.

Her father made her a cradle for her doll.

You can see it in the picture.

It was just like the cradle Green Valley slept in when she was a baby.

There was a strap to the cradle.

Green Valley could put the strap over her head.

Then she took her dolly to ride.

Have you ever seen an Indian doll ?

Have you ever seen an Indian cradle ?

Green Valley loves her doll.



One night Winter Man rode through the woods.

He brought the cold winds.

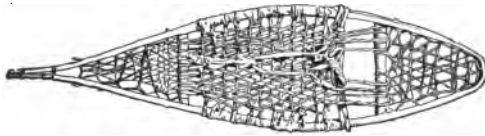
The snowstorm raged about him.

Big drifts blew up about the tent.

No birds sang in the tall trees.

All the rivers were frozen.

The forest animals crawled away to sleep.



The deer meat was all eaten.

The fish were deep down under the ice.

Red Feather and Green Valley grew very hungry.

Every morning their father went into the woods.

At night he came sadly home.

He had found nothing to eat.

One day he put on his snowshoes.

“I will go and find a buffalo,” he said.

“Then you shall have enough to eat.”

Then he and another Indian went out to hunt.

Their quivers were very full of arrows.  
They carried their bows in their hands.



They could run very fast on their snowshoes.

Night came, but the Indians did not return.

All the next day they were gone.

But the third day they came back.

They were very tired.

They walked very slowly.

But after them they dragged a big buffalo.

What a good supper they had that night!

18

But the Indians were not the only hungry ones in the wood.

A great brown wolf woke up that night.

He, too, wanted something to eat.

The ground was white with snow.

The animals in the woods were all asleep.

Where should he go?

He barked and barked, but no one heard him.

He prowled through the woods till he came to the Indian camp.

The bright fire frightened him.

But he smelled the buffalo meat.

How good it smelled.



68

How good it would taste!  
He crept nearer and nearer.  
It was very still.  
His footsteps were very soft in the snow.

19

Then Red Feather's father woke up.  
He heard the wolf's soft steps.  
He took his bow and arrows.  
He ran to the wigwam door.  
Snap, snap flew the arrows.  
The wolf lay dead.  
The other Indians came running up.  
"I killed him," said Red Feather's father.  
"The wolf's skin is mine.  
His skin shall keep us nice and warm."

20

So the years went by in the Indian camp.  
Red Feather no longer wore his bead  
suit.

"I am a big boy," he said. "I am almost  
a man."

He was straight as an arrow.

His arm was strong as a young oak.  
He did not play with the birds and rabbits.



He was busy making a bow and arrows.  
Sometimes he wore a headdress.  
It was made of pretty feathers.  
Red Feather found them in the woods.  
They were the feathers of a large bird.  
He put some of the feathers on his arrows.  
That helped them to fly straight.

His father no longer hunted alone.  
Red Feather always went with him.  
He taught the boy many things.  
He taught him to run as softly as the deer.  
He taught him to stand as still as a  
squirrel.  
He showed him how to aim his arrows.  
He showed him how to draw his bow.



Red Feather, too, had his own canoe.  
He made it himself of birch bark.  
It was so light that he could carry it  
alone.

Many a day he went off in his canoe.  
He learned to paddle very softly.  
Sometimes he would pass a deer in the  
river.

Sometimes he fished.

Do you know why he was a good fisherman?

It was because  
he sat so still.

Then at night  
he would paddle  
home again.

23

Red Feather  
always lived in  
the forest.

He was very  
brave.

He could shoot  
farther than any  
other Indian.



By and by the old chief of the tribe died.  
Then the Indians made Red Feather  
chief.

He wore a beautiful headdress.  
It was made of eagle's feathers.  
He did not live in his father's tent.  
He had made one of his own.  
An Indian squaw is sitting in the wigwam.  
She has a little papoose in her lap.  
Can you guess who it is ?  
No, it is not Green Valley.  
Green Valley has grown up too.  
It is Red Feather's little boy.  
His mother is telling him a story.  
Do you know what it is about ?  
It is about Red Feather.  
It is the same story that I have told you.



**IN THE PHILIPPINES WITH TONDO**

## IN THE PHILIPPINES WITH TONDO



1

Did you ever see a roof go to walk ?

I am sure you never did.

Sometimes we have great storms in America.

The winds blow so hard that they blow the roofs off the houses.

Away ride the roofs on the wind.

But wind does not blow hard in this land.

It is a land of flowers and sunshine.

Do you see the boys under the roof?  
How many can you see?  
It is the boys, and not the winds, that are  
carrying off this roof.

2

They are carrying it down the street.  
Could you carry the roof of your house?  
I am afraid it is too heavy.  
But this roof is very light.  
Why is it so light?  
It is made of bamboo.  
Bamboo is the lightest wood in the world.  
Bamboo stalks are hollow like a pipe.  
The roof is covered with rice straw.  
Can you guess what country this is?  
Bamboo and rice grow in China.  
But this is not a Chinese house.  
It is a Filipino house.  
Peep under the roof.  
There is little Tondo.  
He is carrying his big sun hat in his  
hand.  
The roof belongs to Tondo's house.

Tondo's father has just built a new house.  
He cut the long bamboo stalks.  
Tondo helped strip off the leaves.  
Then they left the stalks to dry in the  
sun.



When they were dry, Tondo's father built  
his house.

It is not hard to build the walls of a bamboo  
house.

But a new roof is hard to make.

The old roof was still strong.

That is why it went to walk.

It walked to the new house.

It will be put on the new house.  
Here is Tondo at home with his brothers  
and sisters.

Can you find Tondo in the picture?



4

Tondo is a little brown boy.  
His hair is as black as ink.  
All day long he plays out of doors.  
He does not need to wear many clothes.  
It is always summer where Tondo lives.  
He has never seen a snowstorm.  
He has no sled like the Eskimo boys.

73

The hot sun shines all the year.  
That is why Tondo wears a big hat.  
Tondo and his sister Loti make their own  
hats.

What do you think they are made of?  
If you look in the picture perhaps you can  
tell.

5

Some days the hot sun forgets to shine.  
Black clouds gather in the sky.  
Soon the rain begins to fall.  
The chickens hurry under the bamboo  
trees.

Tondo and Loti run home.  
All day it rains.  
All the next day it rains.  
For many, many days the sun does not  
shine.

The streets are very muddy.  
The ground is covered with water.  
The field by Tondo's house looks like a  
lake.

At last the raindrops stop falling.  
Tondo's father hurries out of doors.

Little Tondo and Loti run after him.  
They are all barefoot.  
What fun it is to paddle in the puddles!  
Tondo's father harnesses the buffalo to the  
plow.  
He is going to plow the wet field.



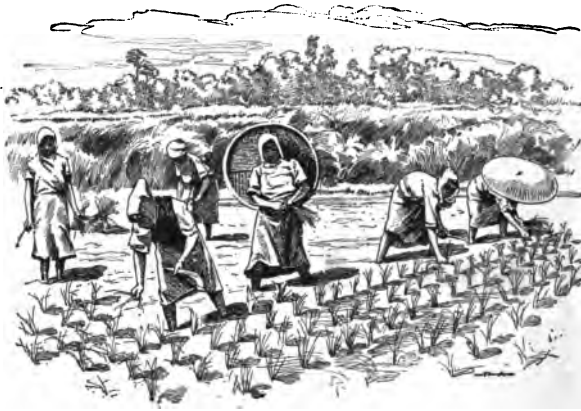
6

The buffalo gets his feet wet, too.  
But he likes it.  
Do you remember the buffalo that Red  
Feather's father caught?  
That was a wild buffalo.  
The Filipino buffalo is very tame.

Do you know why the buffalo is like Tondo?

Because they both like to play in the water.

Perhaps you are like the buffalo, too.



7

Do you know what Tondo's father will sow in the field?

He will sow rice seed.

He drops the seeds into the soft mud.

They begin to swell.

Before many days they send up green sprouts like grass.

76



Then his father calls, "Come, Tondo and Loti."

Everybody comes to help.

Each little plant must be taken up and planted in a new place.

There it will have more room to grow.

8

What fun it is to wade in the mud!

Would you like to help Tondo?



The rice sprouts grow very fast in their new beds.

They drink up all the water.

77

Tondo's father watches them grow.  
When the rice is ripe he cuts it down.  
He will not let Tondo help.  
Tondo might cut his fingers with the sharp  
sickle.



9

See these funny stacks.  
They are not hay, but rice stacks.  
The sun is drying the rice.  
Tondo and Loti play hide and seek in the  
rice stacks.  
They are sorry when the rice is dry.

But they like to watch the men thresh it.  
The husks come off and white rice is left.

10

“Where are you going, little Filipino boys?”

“We are going to town, little American boy.”



“And what will you do in town?”

“We will sell our rice straw.”

“Is not your load very heavy?”

“Oh, no, rice straw is very light.”

79

“ Good-by, little Filipino boys.  
I hope you will sell your rice straw.”  
“ Good-by, little American boy.”

11

“ Pound and pound and pound away,  
So we make rice flour to-day.”



So the boys sang. So the boys pounded.  
Tondo's brown arm is very strong.  
He can pound very fast.  
Loti will make a rice cake of the flour.  
She will bake it on a hot stone.

80

Hurry up, boys, for Loti is waiting!  
The stone is hot.  
Hurrah for the rice cake!

12

Loti is a nice little housekeeper.  
She keeps the bamboo house clean.  
See Loti's broom.  
She made it herself  
of dried grass.

Tondo cut her a  
bamboo handle.

Every day she  
sweeps the floor.

Loti can wash the  
dishes, too.

Did you ever see  
such funny dishes?

The spoons are made of cocoanut shells.

The pitcher is made of bamboo.

And here is Loti's bed.

It is just a bamboo mat.

Close beside it is another mat.

Can you guess who sleeps there?



Here are two little washerwomen.  
Why, it is Loti and her playmate.  
Oh, Loti, what a big washtub you have!  
Loti laughs. "What is a washtub?" she  
asks.



"I have never seen a washtub.  
I always wash my clothes in the river.  
See my wooden paddle. I beat the clothes  
hard.  
Soon they will be white and clean.  
Then we will spread them in the sun to  
dry."

When the clothes are washed Loti goes home.

She dips her jar in the brook.

She must carry some water back to the house.

It is a long way back to the house.

But Loti knows the way.

It is through the bamboo woods.



See the queer bamboo trees.

Loti has a little bamboo mat on her head.

She puts the heavy jug on the mat.

Stand up straight, little Loti.

Stand up straight like a bamboo stalk.

You must not spill the water on your pretty dress.

“Go along, go along, my good buffalo!  
We will never get to town with the logs.”  
But the buffalo walks very slowly.  
His load is heavy, and he is hot and thirsty.



Bump, bump, bump, comes the cart behind  
him.

Did you ever see such a queer cart?

There are no spokes in the wheels.

They are made of solid wood.

I think you could make a cart like Tondo's.

But you would not like to ride in it.



Soon the buffalo begins to walk faster.

He almost runs.

He forgets that his load is heavy.

“See how bright my buffalo is,” says  
Tondo.

“He knows that we are near the river.

Hurry up, good buffalo!

You shall go in wading.

And we boys will go in, too.”

They come down to the river bank.

The tired buffalo stops.

He waits for Tondo to take off the heavy  
yoke.

The buffalo shakes his big head.

He has a rope tied to his horn.

Tondo holds fast to the rope.

Then he takes off his own clothes, and boys  
and buffalo go into the river.

What fun they had in the water!

The buffalo did not want to come out.

Tondo pulled and pulled on the rope.

He was afraid he would pull the buffalo's horn off.

The buffalo looked at his master with his big eyes.



“Oh, please let me stay here,” the buffalo seemed to say.

“I like the cold water better than the hot sun.”

But Tondo would not let him stay

He led him out of the water.

He put on the buffalo's yoke.

Again they started for town.

Tondo liked to come to town.

He saw so many new things.

Tondo has a few pennies in his pocket.  
He knows what he will buy.  
By the fountain sits an orange woman.  
She sits there in the sun.  
She sits there in the rain.



Her baskets are full of oranges.  
“Oranges sweet, oranges sweet, who will  
buy?” she calls.  
“I will,” cries Tondo. “I will buy your  
biggest orange.”  
“Thank you, little boy, here it is.”

When Tondo had sold his wood he drove home.  
home.

But his cart was not empty.



Copyright, 1901, by Underwood and Underwood.

Can you guess what was in it ?  
It was something that I know you like.  
It was full of cocoanuts.

Tondo knew where the cocoanuts grew.  
They grew down by the seashore.  
Tondo had seen the palm trees many  
times.

So Tondo drove down to the beach.

He found many men there.

Some were up in the trees.

Some were gathering the cocoanuts.

All were very busy.

“Now, good buffalo, we will rest,” said  
Tondo.

He left the buffalo in the shade.

Then he ran along the beach.

20

Oh, happy Tondo!

What a feast you have!

Tondo broke open a cocoanut and drank  
the cool milk.

Then he filled his cart full of cocoanuts.

Do you know what he will do with them?

He will eat the sweet meat.

His mother will use the shells to burn.

So Tondo drove home with his cocoanuts.

How would  
you like to go  
fishing?

I should like  
very much to go.

Well, jump into the boat.

Look out, don't step on the fish trap.

Why, where is it?

See, there it is. It looks like a cage.



The fish swim into it.

They cannot find the way out.

We will set it in the water.

The fishing rods are very light.  
They are made of bamboo, you know.  
Have you the bait?  
Yes, here it is.  
I have our lunch, too.



22

Here is another fisherman.  
He fishes near the shore where the water  
is shallow.  
Little fishes swim in the shallow water.

91

See the fisherman's queer scoop net.  
See the long bamboo pole.  
He walks along in the water.  
He scoops up the little fishes.  
"Good-by, fisherman.  
We are going fishing, too."

23

Here we are on the shore again.  
Now what shall we do ?  
"Oh, Tondo, will you dive for us ?  
See, we will throw a penny into the water."  
Tondo dives into the water like a fish.  
He brings the penny up in his mouth.  
"Good-by, Tondo. Some day we will  
come again."



IN ALASKA WITH OLA

## IN ALASKA WITH OLA



I

“Softly, softly, Ola.”

The little Indian girl lifted her paddle.

She dipped it in the blue water again.

“There, father, was that better?”

I did not make a sound.”

“Yes, that is right.

You paddle now like a true Indian.

Even the deer could not hear you.”

The canoe glided quickly up the river.

The river was wide and deep.

2

On both banks rose the tall cedar trees.  
Their branches seemed to touch the sky.  
High bushes bent over the river.  
The Indian told Ola to paddle to the right  
bank.

Ola steered the canoe into the bushes.  
Softly the Indian stepped out.  
“You must hide here, Ola,” he said.  
“There is a big bear den near by.  
But no other Indian knows it.  
It is just our secret.”

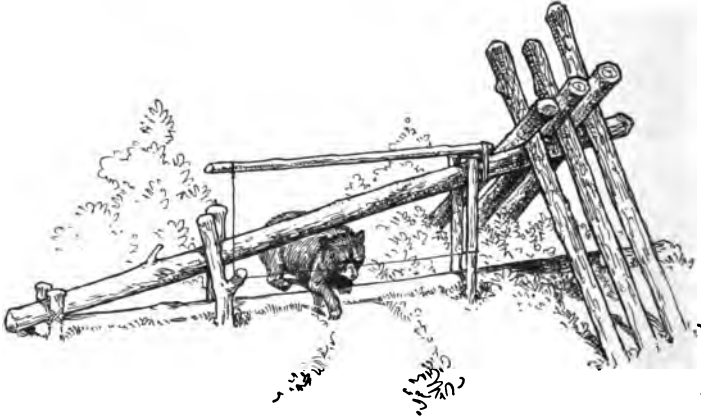
3

He stole away into the woods.  
Little Ola lay very still in the canoe.  
By and by she saw another canoe coming.  
It came nearer and nearer.  
Ola peeped out from the bushes.  
There was an Indian in the canoe.  
But he did not see Ola.  
Wasn't she a quiet little girl!  
Deep in the woods her father found bear  
tracks.

He knelt down and looked at them.  
They were very large.  
They were fresh tracks, too.  
Close beside them the Indian set his trap.  
Then he went back to the canoe.

4

Ola was lying very, very still.  
Perhaps you can guess why.



She had fallen asleep.  
The Indian did not wake her.  
He began to cut bark from the cedar trees.  
When he had filled the canoe full he paddled home.  
Then Ola woke up.

How fast she was sailing down the river!

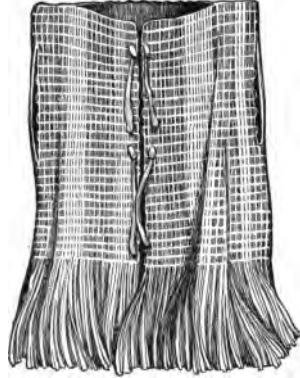
“Oh, father, I am sorry that I went to sleep,” she cried.

“I wanted to help get the cedar bark.”

“Never mind,” said the Indian.

“You can help use the bark.

Your mother will make me a new cedar vest.



That is too hard for a little girl to make.

But you can make me a basket.”

“Oh, yes,” said Ola, “I can make a basket. And will you carry your fish in it, father?”

“Yes; I will fill it with fish for little Ola’s supper.”

5

“Many years ago,” said the Indian, “I came up this same river.

I was in a big canoe with many other Indians.

We cut down the biggest tree in the wood. What a loud noise it made as it fell!

Then we cut the tree into boards.  
Do you know what we did with the boards,  
Ola?  
We brought them home."  
"And you built our house," cried Ola.  
"Right you are, Ola.  
That was the way I built our house."  
They were almost home now.  
Ola could see the tops of the totem poles.



6

Did you ever see any totem poles?  
They are very, very queer.

98

Ola has seen many in her village.  
Nearly every house has a totem pole.  
It tells who lives inside the house.  
The poles are carved like queer animals  
and birds.

Some are carved like ravens.

The people in that house belong to the  
ravens' tribe.

Here is Ola's house.

Her father carved three beavers on his  
totem pole.

So you see Ola belongs to the beaver tribe.

Can you find the three beavers?

One of them is holding a stick in its claws.

## 7

Ola has a little playmate, Weda.

Weda belongs to the bear tribe.

Weda told Ola a story about the bear.

Long, long ago a man went up in the  
mountains.

A big black bear met the man.

He asked the man to come home with him

The man was very cold.

He knew that the bear lived in a warm cave.  
So he went home with the bear.  
The bear was very good to the man.  
He taught him how to catch salmon.  
The man lived with the bear two years.



Then he went back to his own home.  
But his people did not know him.  
He looked just like a bear.  
He could not speak any more.  
When he tried, he growled like the bear.  
He could eat only raw meat.



Sometimes he walked on his hands and knees.

8

All the people were afraid of him except one man.

This man took him home.

He rubbed him with magic herbs until his fur dropped off.

He began to talk.

At last he was a real man once more.

He never went back to live in the bear den.

But when he was in want he called to the bear.

Sometimes in winter he had no food.

The rivers were frozen so hard that he could not fish.

Then he called the bear.

The bear came out of the woods.

He broke the ice with his big claws, and caught fish for the man.

So the Indian loved the bear.

He loved him so much that he carved the bear on his totem pole.

That totem pole stands by Weda's house now.

For this Indian was Weda's great-great-grandfather.

9

Ola and her father came down the beach together.



"I wonder what mother is doing," said Ola.

"I can guess," replied her father.

"She is weaving a basket."

Ola ran on ahead.

Yes; her father was right.

There was her mother sitting outside the house.

She was weaving a red cedar basket.

Close beside her hung the baby in his cradle.

The cradle had a long rope to it.

Ola's mother had tied the rope to her toe.

## 10

She pulled the string with her toe.

Rock-a-by, rock-a-by went the cedar cradle.

And all the time her fingers worked.

A cedar box full of water stood beside her.

She soaked the cedar strips in it.

That made them soft so that she could weave them.

Ola looked into the water.

There were only a few strips left.

"Oh, mother, it is almost done," she cried.

"Yes; and baby is fast asleep.

Now we will have supper."

They went into the house together.

A big fire was burning there.

Large stones lay in the fire.

They were very hot now.

What do you think Ola's mother did with them ?

She put them in a box of water.

That is the way she heated the water.

Then she put her fish in the hot water.

The fish were soon boiled for supper.

Ola was very hungry.

She thought boiled fish the best supper in the world.

## 11

Out-of-doors the winds began to blow.

Ola could hear them in the red cedars.

She put on her warm blanket and lay down beside the fire.

There was a hole in the roof of the house.

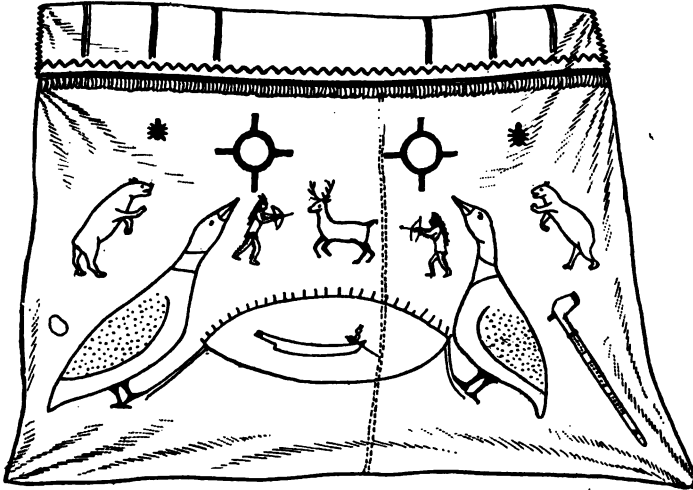
Ola watched the smoke go up through the hole.

The smoke looked like a white river.

Ola thought she was sailing up it in her canoe.

So she sailed into dreamland.

Her father, too, put on his blanket.  
 His was a story blanket.  
 Would you like to see a picture of it?  
 This is the story it tells.



“One bright, sunny day three Indians went hunting.

One Indian went in his canoe.

The others went afoot.

The Indian in the canoe found tracks around the lake.

He knew they were the tracks of the loon.

Now the loon had always been good to the Indian, so he did not hurt the loons.

The other Indians found a deer.

The deer tried to run away.

13

“ But the Indians followed.

They shot the deer as they ran.

Swift flew their arrows.

The deer fell down dead.

But two bears were watching.

They saw the deer fall.

‘ What a good supper we will have ! ’ they said ; ‘ one deer and two Indians . ’

They stole up behind the Indians.

But the Indians heard their footsteps and turned and shot the bears.

Two happy Indians went home that night.

They sat by the fire and smoked their long pipes.

It had been good hunting.”

Ola’s father calls this his hunting blanket.

He wears it when he goes to hunt.

He thinks it will bring him good luck.

The next day it rained.  
Ola heard the patter, patter on the roof  
when she woke up.

She could not go out of doors.

“But I know what I’ll do,” she said.

“I will weave a basket.”

She brought out a pile of spruce roots.

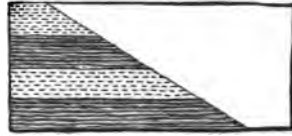
All day she worked on the basket.

This is the pattern she wove in the basket.

Can you guess what  
it is?

I will tell you.

It is a bear’s foot.



The white space is the sole of the bear’s  
foot.

The dark lines are his claws.

Many days it rained.

Every day Ola worked on the basket.

At last it was done.

She waited for her father to come in.

Then she ran to show him the basket.

“See, father, what a pretty basket I have made.”



Then she whispered something in his ear.

This is what she whispered:

“Do you see the pattern on my basket, father?”

What do you think the pictures are?

They are pictures of a bear's feet.

They are the feet of the bear that lives up in the woods.

They are coming down to our trap.

When we go to the trap we will find a bear in it.

We will take the bear home with us.

How pleased mother will be!

But it is a secret, father.

You must not tell until we find the bear.”

“All right,” said the Indian.

“It is a part of our secret, and I will never, never tell.”



At last the rain stopped, and the bright sun shone again.

The Indians came out of their houses.

Ola ran down the beach.



She threw off her blanket and ran into the water.

It was very cold, but Ola liked it.

She could swim like a fish.

Along the beach lay the big canoes.

The Indians were getting them ready to go fishing.

Ola's father had the biggest canoe on the beach.

It was much larger than the one Ola paddled.

That was a bark canoe, but this canoe was made of a red cedar tree.

It was made from one of the biggest trees in the woods.

Ola's father cut it down.

He cut a big log from the tree trunk.

Then he began to hollow out the log.

It took him many, many days to do it.

One night the rain filled the hollow with water.

Then the Indian put some hot stones in the water.

Great clouds of white steam arose.

The steam swelled the wood so that the Indian could shape it.

Then he put on the pointed ends.

He smoothed and painted it.

Now it was ready to use.  
A big crowd of Indians can sail in this  
canoe.

Here they go now!



Ola is in the canoe.  
It takes many paddles to row it.  
But there are many hands to help.

19

Do you know where they are going?  
They are going salmon fishing.  
The river is high after the rain.  
It is full of salmon.  
The Indians have set traps in the water.

111

You can see them in the picture.  
The pretty salmon swim into the traps.  
They cannot find their way out again.  
So the poor salmon have to stay in the traps.



20

The big canoe sailed up to the traps.  
Already they were full of fish.  
Ola was sorry for the poor fish.  
Her father was ready with his net.  
He let it down into the trap.

112

When he brought it up it was full of fish.

Ola could see their bright scales through the fish net.

Again and again the Indian let down his net.

Each time he drew it up full.

When the traps were emptied they sailed home again.

What can the Indians do with so many salmon?

Surely they cannot eat them all.

But the Indians know what to do with the fish.

## 21

The long winter is coming when the rivers will freeze.

There will be no fishing then.

So every summer the Indians dry a great many fish.

They will eat these fish in the winter.

The big canoe sailed safely home.

The children jumped out.

They helped unload the fish.

Then they hung them on big frames to dry.

Ola and Weda helped string the fish.

They worked side by side on the beach.



22

While they worked they begged for a story.

“Oh, mother, please tell us about Salmon Boy.”

Mother had told the story many times, but she told it again.

“Once upon a time a woman caught a large salmon.

She took it home and cut it open.

114

What do you think was inside ? ”

“ A little boy,” shouted Ola and Weda.

“ Yes ; there was a little boy.

Now the woman had another little boy.

He and Salmon Boy grew up together.

They used to play on the river bank.

One day they built a hut there.

They made bows and arrows to shoot  
birds.

Then Salmon Boy sent the other boy home.

‘ Come to-morrow with your canoe,’ he said

‘ But you must shout before you come.

If you forget, I shall die.’

### 23

“ The next day the boy came back.

He shouted as he came to the hut.

‘ Come in,’ said Salmon Boy.

The hut was full of birds.

The boys filled the canoe with them.

Then the Indian boy paddled home.

The Indians were waiting for him.

They helped him carry the birds home.

His mother had the stones hot.

She put them in the water.  
How good the birds smelled as they cooked!  
Every day after this he went to the hut.  
He always shouted as he came near.  
Salmon Boy was always waiting for him.  
The hut was always full of birds.  
But one day the Indian boy forgot to  
shout.  
He opened the door of the hut.  
No birds were there.  
Only a big salmon lay on the floor.”

24

A party, a party to-night!  
Happy little Ola clapped her hands.  
Winter had come to the Indian village.  
The Indians could not go canoeing now.  
But Ola's father had plenty to eat.  
So he said he would have a wolf dance.  
Little Ola sat in a corner by her mother.  
One by one the Indians came in.  
Some of them had big drums.  
The drummers all sat down by the wall.  
Then came the singers.



Where were the dancers ?

Ola knew.

She could hear them behind the curtain.

In the middle of the room was the big fire.

The drums began to beat.

The singers began to sing.

Then one by one came the dancers.



25

They had big wolf heads on.

Rub-a-dub-dub! Rub-a-dub-dub!

Around the fire danced the dancers.

Ola clapped her hands.

“ Oh, mother, they are like real, live wolves.

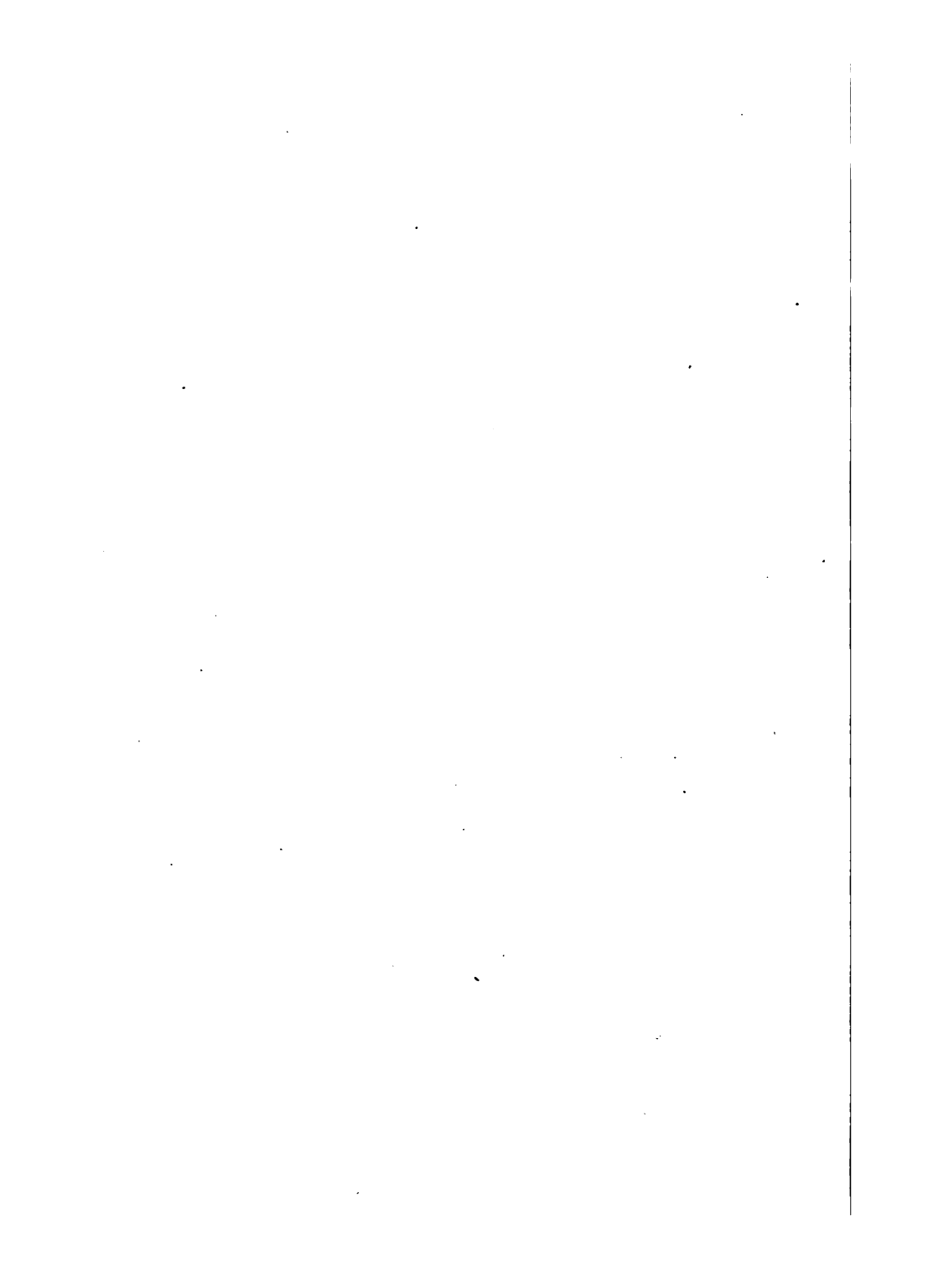
117

See how they hold their hands."  
Rub-a-dub-dub! Rub-a-dub-dub!  
Then each dancer sat down on the floor.  
That was the end of the dance.

26

But they were hungry wolves.  
Ola and her mother had made a big feast.  
The Indians sat around the fire.  
Long into the night they ate.  
Then they all went home.  
The party was over.

**FOR THE TEACHER**



## SUGGESTIONS FOR HAND WORK

(To be done by the children in connection with the reading)

### ESKIMO HAND WORK

An Eskimo village is made by covering the sand table with white cloth, or frosted cotton, and then making the snow houses either from the cotton, or from clay molded into shape and painted white. The Eskimos and all the animals, such as the seals, bears, dogs, and reindeer, can be modeled from clay as the children come to them in the lessons, and then set up in the sand table village.

The dog sled is easily made of wood; the harness of string and pieces of chamois skin; the whip of a stick and cord attached; a harpoon of a pointed stick; and the scene of the Eskimo going hunting can then be acted out on the sand table.

Make one snow house larger than the others and leave the roof off so that the

children can fit up the interior. Model the ice bench from clay, paint it white, and then cover it with a piece of fur. Make the lamp of clay, using some dry moss for a wick. Make a wooden frame on which to roast the meat, and one for drying the wet clothes. A stick and a cardboard disk make a simple top.

To represent the summer scene, tents can be made of burlap. The boats will probably be too difficult for the children to make, but they are good subjects for drawing lessons. Fish nets are made by knotting cord.

The lessons on the snowbirds, children coasting, the baby in her mother's hood, the bear with her cubs, etc., can be illustrated by the children, either on the blackboard, or at their seats with brush or pencil.

### INDIAN HAND WORK

Set up a forest on the sand table by using twigs for trees, and leave a clearing in the center for the Indian encampment. Model the squirrel and rabbit from clay. Make a

clay papoose and strap it to a piece of wood with strips of cloth.

As the lesson on the wigwam is read, have the children set up in the clearing a tent made of branches tied together at the top, and covered with unbleached muslin. Outside the tent, put the pile of twigs with a clay kettle hanging over them.

The process of making fire by twirling a sharp stick on a piece of soft wood can be illustrated to the class by the teacher.

To show actual cooking, take the children outdoors, build a bonfire, and roast meat or fish.

The frame for stretching the skins should be made and a piece of chamois put into it, to show the process of tanning. Snowshoes are made of a pliable branch, with the ends tied together and strapped with cord. Make clay pipes, wooden arrows, and bark canoes.

The children can make simple Indian costumes for themselves: coats of unbleached muslin with painted designs on them, head-

dresses of cardboard bands and feathers, quivers of cloth, and strings of beads. When these are made, let the class dress up in them and sing Indian songs, or dance Indian dances.

The robin and nest, the Indians sitting about the fire, the story of Winter Man, and of Red Feather in his canoe are good compositions for art work.

#### FILIPINO HAND WORK

A Filipino house is so simple in construction that the children can build one large enough so that they can actually go inside. Use strips of soft wood for the walls and foundation of the roof, and then cover the roof with straw. Build the roof separately, and then let the children carry it to the house, as in the first lesson of the Filipino stories.

If preferred, the children can build a number of small houses and set up a village on the sand table. At any rate, some sand-table pictures should be set up.

If the sand table is one that holds water,



flood it to form the rice swamp. Make a rough plow of two pieces of wood, attach the clay oxen, and act out the plowing of the field. Plant rice in a window box or the greenhouse, and, when it is sprouted, transplant to the sand table. Boil the rice, and bake rice cakes after the children have made rice flour.

Make the broom from a bunch of dried grass tied to a bamboo stick. Weave grass mats and hammocks.

The boys will have little difficulty in making a wooden cart with solid wheels, and the buffalo yoke.

On another part of the sand table model the river, using water, glass, or paper painted blue, and work out the lesson of Loti washing the clothes. Carve the paddle from wood, and make the water jars of clay.

In connection with the lessons on the coconut, the real fruit should be shown the children, and they should have an opportunity to drink the milk, taste the meat, burn the shells, and do some simple cooking.

## ALASKA INDIAN HAND WORK

The Alaska Indian village can be worked out on the sand table almost lesson by lesson. First, make the river as described in the preceding story, and set up the woods along the banks. Make a bark canoe and put two paper figures in it.

Deep in the woods build a cave of stones for the bears. Make the bears' tracks coming down to the river.

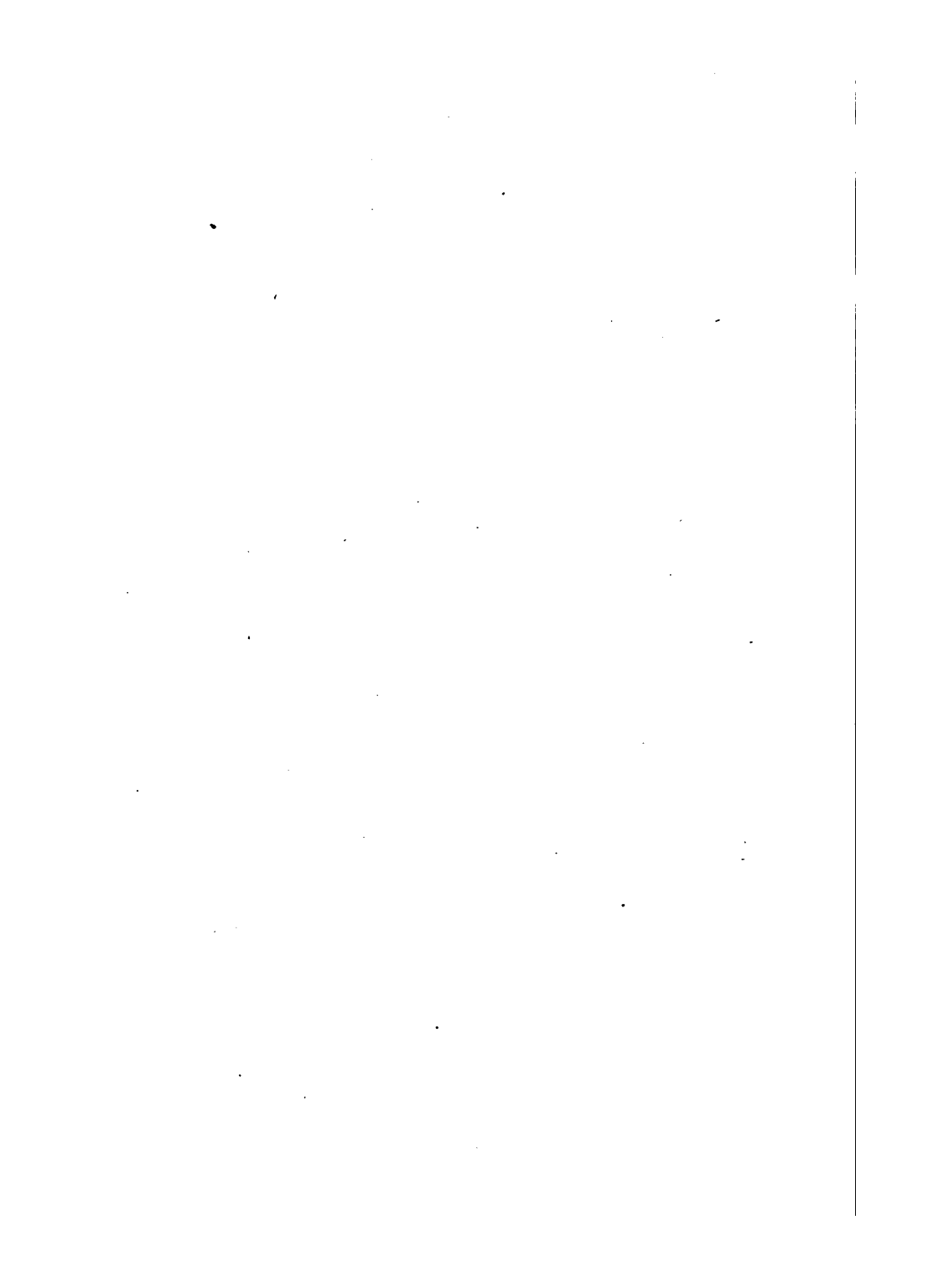
Sail the canoe down the stream to the village. Model the ocean and the stony shore. Make the houses of soft pieces of wood nailed together. Make the totem poles of clay or soft wood, and paint them.

Weave simple baskets of birch bark and blankets of wool.

Draw and paint blankets and Indian designs.

The method of heating water by putting hot stones in it can be shown the children by the teacher. The process of hollowing out a log to make a canoe can also be done by the teacher before the class.

Let the children make bark canoes and the frames for drying the fish, and set them up along the shore. As suggested in the other lessons, the fish and animals can all be drawn and modeled in clay.



1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

