

New Indian Animal Stories

How the Chipmunk Got His Stripes

By JOHN M. OSKISON



Children, Color Up This Picture.

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Long time ago, when the spry little chipmunk darted across the camp ground in the yellow sunlight of a summer morning, the old men would call to the little Indian boys not to shoot their arrows at it.

"Ho! he is our friend," an old man would say, and when the boys asked why the chipmunk was their friend, the old man would tell this story:

It was in the days when man began to spread out over the earth and make himself the ruler of all the birds and animals and insects. Whenever man wanted a bird or an animal to eat or a worm to catch a fish, he just went and took it without asking.

So the birds, the insects and the small animals called a council to see what they could do to stop man from taking their lives. It was a carrier pigeon that took word to all that the council was to be held, and when she got back from her long travels, the carrier pigeon settled down in a patch of wild oats and began to eat. She was so hungry that all she would say to those who asked her if all of man's enemies were coming was:

"You will have to get extra seats, and put the thousand-legged centipede at the door to count them as they go into the council house!"

And sure enough when the grubworm, who was chief of the council, took his seat at the east end of the council house and looked over all who had come, he rubbed his hands in good humor at the sight of so many of man's enemies.

"Now, it is time for you to speak and tell what you think about man," said the grubworm. And first the frog got up and spoke.

"Look at me, brothers," he said (and he spoke in a low, sad voice), "I am ugly and crippled, and all over my back you can see sores. I can no longer run fast, but have to hop-hop along; I am no longer beautiful, and

my throat is twisted so that my song is no longer sweet and clear. Man has kicked me about so much that I am as you see me. I think that it is time to remove man from the earth."

Then the black-legged snipe spoke and told everyone why he wanted man killed.

"I suffer worse than the frog," said the snipe. "Man seizes me and runs a sharp stick through me and holds me over the fire until my very legs are burned black and crisp. You all know how hard it is for me to walk, how I have to go teetering along even on the smoothest sand. Well, if man had burned your legs and feet as he has burned mine, you would know why I vote to have man removed from this earth."

So, one after another spoke and said that they thought man ought to be killed, and after each one spoke the grubworm cried out:

"That was a good talk, brother!"

Finally, the little chipmunk got up and said that he would like to say a few words about man; and the grubworm told him to go ahead.

"I am the friend of man," said the chipmunk first, and at that the animals and birds and insects cried out:

"We won't have him here—put the chipmunk out!"

"Man likes me," said the chipmunk, "because I am yellow like the sunlight and go flashing across the camp like a happy boy's arrow. I do not want to be—"

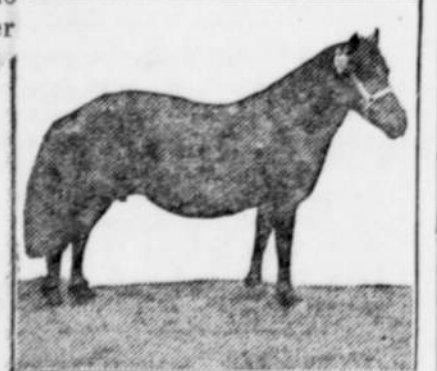
But the chipmunk did not finish the sentence, for the animals and birds and insects all rushed at him to drive him out of the council. The first one to reach him was the hawk, and as the hawk swooped toward him, the chipmunk headed for the door.

But the hawk's sharp claws raked the back of the chipmunk as he ran and made stripes along his whole length—and those stripes are there to this day to show what the chipmunk suffered for speaking up for man.

HIGH CLASS SHETLAND PONY

Illustration Given Herewith of Bellman, Thoroughbred Stallion, Which Won Championship.

Boys, when you are picking out a pony try and find one as nearly as you can like the one shown in the picture in this article. It is a perfect picture of Bellman, a thoroughbred our lot better than any other.



Bellman, Champion English Pony.

Shetland stallion which won the champion prize at the Royal Park stock show in London for the best Shetland pony stallion or colt.

A study of his lines shows almost perfect conformation. His head is of good proportion, bony, clear and his legs and body are all that could be desired.

A Commandment.

A teacher in a big elementary school had given lessons to an infants' class on the ten commandments. In order to test their memories she asked:

"Can any little child give me a commandment with only four words in it?"

A hand was raised immediately.

"Well!" said the teacher.

"Keep off the grass," was the reply.

—Newark Star.

TRAIN BOYS TO RAISE HOGS

Department of Agriculture Gives Instructions for Pig Club—Some of Important Points.

In this time of the shortage of beef raise more hogs.

That's Uncle Sam's advice, given through his department of agriculture, says the Kansas City Star. To be sure the farmers won't forget it, he would train them as boys and boys' pig clubs are his means of education.

Any boy who has a pig can be a member. Uncle Sam has prepared a bulletin which tells him how to feed and care for his stock.

Some of the points to bear in mind are the following:

"The feeding and care are as important as the breeding in producing a good hog. Plenty of feed and care may make a good hog out of a runt, but lack of it will always make a runt out of a good pig."

"To make pork cheaply a permanent pasture and forage crops must be used."

"Young pigs must have a dry bed and plenty of sunshine."

"Begin feeding the pig as soon as he will eat, and keep him growing until he is mature."

"Always keep plenty of clean fresh water where the hogs may drink at any time."

"Quarantine all newly purchased animals for three weeks."

"Never keep a brood sow that will not produce more than four strong pigs at a litter."

"Always keep a mixture of charcoal, wood ashes, lime, sulphur, salt and coppers before the hogs."

Damp Money.

When is money damp?
When it is due in the morning and mist at night.

GOING SOME

A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION

BY REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated By Edgar Bert Smith

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SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized phonograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the phonograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wally, and fearing that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insists, however, that he shall be entered as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to take his place. Fresno, glue club singer from Stanford university and in love with Helen, tries to discredit Speed with the ladies and the cowboys. Speed and Glass put in the time they are supposed to be training playing cards in a secluded spot. The cowboys tell Glass it is up to him to see that Speed wins the race. Willie, the gunman, declares the trainer will go back east packed in ice. If Speed falls, a telegram comes from Covington saying he is in jail at Omaha for ten days. Glass in a panic forces Speed to begin training in earnest. The cowboys force Speed to eat in the training quarters and prepare him a diet of very rare meat. Miss Blake bakes a cake for Speed and is offended when Larry refuses to allow him to eat it. Covington arrives on crutches. He says he broke his toe in Omaha. Mrs. Keap, engaged to Covington and in love with Jack Chapin, exposes Speed to Helen, because Speed had failed to prevent Covington from joining the party. Speed decides to cripple himself, but Skinner, the Centipede runner, appears with a proposition to throw the race. Glass attempts to escape at night, but is captured.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"They fool you sometimes," said Skinner. "By-the-way, what have you bet?"

"We laid the phonograph agin their treasures and trappin's—"

"But how much money?"

"We got three hundred pesos down, but they sent word they was comin' loaded for bar, so we rustled five hundred more."

Skinner's eyes gleamed. "I wish I had a couple of hundred to bet on myself."

"Broke, eh?"

"I'm as clean as a hound's tooth."

"I'm sorry y'all tossed off your wages, but"—Gallagher started suspiciously—"say! I reckon that won't affect your runnin' none, will it?"

Skinner admitted that he could run best when he had something to run for. "You might advance me a month's wages," he reflected.

"I'll do it. Hello! Say, ain't that one of them Flyin' Heart city visitors?" From the direction of the ranch buildings Berkeley Fresno was approaching.

"Good-afternoon! You are Mr. Gal-



"Bet This for Me, and Don't Let On Where It Comes From."

lagher, I believe? I rode over with our crowd just now." Fresno looked back. "Let's step around to the other side of the corral; I want to talk to you." He led the way; then inquired, "Is this your runner?"

"That's him. His name's Skinner, and that's a promisin' title to bet on," Gallagher slipped a roll of bank-notes from his pocket. "Unhook! I'll get you."

"No, no! I think myself Mr. Skinner will win. That's why I'm here."

"Strip your hand, son. I don't savvy."

And Fresno explained. "You see, I'm a guest over there; but there's no sentiment with me in money matters." He produced a wallet, and took from it five one-hundred-dollar bills. "Bet this for me, and don't let on where it came from. I'll see you after the race. Mind you, not a word!"

"I'm dumb as the Egyptian Spinks."

"This race means a lot to me, Mr. Skinner." The guest of the Flying Heart Ranch turned to its enemy. "There's a girl in it. Understand?"

The cook showed the gleam of his teeth. "If you win, I'll send you some wedding-cake and a box of cigars."

"Thanks," said the other; "but I've got a bum tooth, and I don't smoke."

As Fresno left, there approached,

in a surging group, the opposing side.

"Good-evenin', Gabby!" Stover called, loudly, as he came within speaking distance. "Here we come en masse, and with ladies, to further embarrass and degrade you in the hour of your defeat!"

"We ain't defeated yet! How do, Mr. Chapin."

"Did you get our message?"

"Yes. But we ain't seen the color of y'all's money."

"Mr. Speed borrowed five hundred dollars from me, and said he might want more," Chapin volunteered.

"Is that all?"

"All!" jeered Still Bill. "Why, this many layout ain't never saw that much money," upon which Gallagher carelessly displayed a corpulent roll of bills, remarking:

"Count a thousand, Bill. It all goes on Skinner."

"I ain't heard of no train-robbery," muttered the lanky foreman of the Flying Heart, "nor I don't aim to handle no tainted money." And Stover and Gallagher faced each other hard before turning.

Jean saw it, and whispered to Chapin: "Oh, Jack, dear, I'm so terribly frightened!" But Helen Blake, who overheard, left her companions and went straight to Gallagher.

"I should like," she said, "to wager a few dollars on Mr. Speed and the honor of the Flying Heart."

Both Skinner and his foreman stared at her nonplussed.

"You don't look like a bettin' lady," the latter managed to remark, jocularly.

"I'm not, I never made a wager before in all my life; but you see, Mr. Gallagher, I believe in our man."

Gallagher lowered his eyes. "How much do you aim to risk, miss?"

"I don't know what the rules are, but I think our side ought to bet as much as your side. That is the way it is done, isn't it?"

"You mean that you aim to cover what Mr. Speed don't?" The girl nodded.

Gallagher spoke admiringly. "You're right game, miss; but I reckon we don't want your money."

"Why not?"

"I suppose there ain't no partic'lar reason."

"If Mr. Speed can beat Mr. Covington, who is the best runner at Yale, I'm sure he can defeat Mr. Skinner, who never went to college at all. They have all turned against him, and he—he is so brave!" Miss Blake's indignation was tearful, and Gallagher spoke hurriedly:

"He may be brave all right, miss, but he can't win unless Skinner dies. You save your money to buy chocolates and bon-mots, miss. Why, listen (the stockman softened his voice in a fatherly manner): 'This Fresno party is wise; five hundred of this coin is his.'"

Helen uttered a cry. "Do you mean he is betting against Mr. Speed?"

"Nothin' else."

"Despicable!" breathed the girl. "Wait a moment, please!" Helen hurried back to Chapin, while Gallagher muttered something like "I ain't takin' no orphan's money."

"Jack!" (the girl was trembling with excitement), "you told me on the way over that you had five hundred dollars with you. Let me have it, please. I'll give you my check when we get home."

"My dear girl, you aren't going to—bet it?"

"Yes, I am."

"Don't do that."

For answer she snatched the pocket-book from his hand.

"Mr. Gallagher!" she called.

Skinner watched from afar. "Some class to that gal!" was what he said, which proved that he was a person not wholly without sentiment.

CHAPTER XVII.

SPEED leaped down from the backboard in which Carara had driven him and Glass over to the Centipede corral.

"I told you to jump out when we crossed that bridge," was Larry's reproach to him. "You could have broke your arm. Now—it's too late."

But Speed joined his friends with the most cheerful of greetings.

They responded nervously, shocked at his flippant assurance.

"This, Mr. Speed, is the scene of your defeat!" Gallagher made the introduction.

"And this is Mr. Skinner, no doubt?" Wally shook hands with the Centipede runner, who stared at him, refused to recognize his knowing wink, and turned away.

"You think pretty well of yourself, don't you?" suggested Gallagher unpleasantly, and Speed laughed. There was no reason why he should not laugh. Either way his hour had come.

"I s'pose that satchel is full of

money?" Gallagher pointed to the satchel.

"On the contrary, it is full of clothes. It is I who contain the money." He thrust a cold palm into his pocket as Covington dragged him aside to advise him not to be an utter idiot, to throw his money away if he must, but to throw it to charity or to his friends.

"Yes," Glass seconded, lugubriously, "and hold out enough to buy me a 'Gates Ajar' in immortelles." But he said also, as if to himself, "He may be wrong in the burr, but he's a game little guy."

As the Centipede foreman counted the money, Helen came forward, announcing:

"You'll have to win now, won't you, Mr. Speed? I've wagered five hundred dollars on you. I bet against Mr. Fresno."

"Fresno! So he's out from cover at last, eh?"

"I haven't been under cover," spoke up the Californian. "I've been wise all along."

Chapin wheeled. "Does it seem to you quite the thing to bet against our man, Fresno?" he inquired, his glance full in the other's eyes.

"Why not?" There's no sentiment in financial affairs."

Speed shrugged. "Our tenor friend will sing his way back to California."

He turned with his thanks to Helen.

"The talkin' machine!" interrupted Still Bill suddenly. A group of men was approaching, who bore the phonograph upon a dry-goods box, and deposited it in state beside the race-course.

"Say, Gabby, s'pose you give us a tune, just to show she's in good order."

"Suspicious, eh?"

"You bet! There's a monologue I'd admire to hear. It's called—"

"We'll have 'The Holy City,'" said Willie, positively. "It's more appropriate."

So, with clumsy fingers, Gallagher fitted a record, then wound up the machine under the jealous eyes of the Flying Heart cowboys.

Drawn by the sound, Skinner, wrapped to the chin in his blanket, idled toward the crowd, affording Glass a sight of his face for the first time. The latter started as if stung, and crying under his breath, "Salted car-horse!" drew his employer aside.

"Say," he said, pointing a finger, "who's that?"

"Skinner, the man I run."

Glass groaned. "His name ain't Skinner; that's 'Whiz' Long. Six years ago I saw him win the Sheffield Handicap from scratch in nine-three."

Then, as Speed did not seem to be particularly impressed, "Don't you understand, Wally? He's a pro; this is his game!"

To which the younger man replied, serenely and happily, "It's fixed."

"What's fixed?"

"The race. It's all arranged—framed."

"Who framed it? How? When?"

"Sh-h! I did! Yesterday; by stealth; I fixed it."

"You win from 'Whiz' Long, and you can't run under fifteen?"

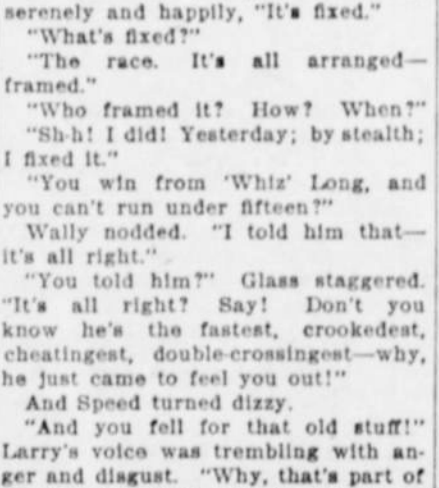
Wally nodded. "I told him that—it's all right."

"You told him?" Glass staggered. "It's all right? Say! Don't you know he's the fastest, crookedest, cheatingest, double-crossingest—why, he just came to feel you out!"

And Speed turned dizzy.

"And you fell for that old stuff!"

Larry's voice was trembling with anger and disgust. "Why, that's part of his 'work.' He's double-crossed ev-



"Mr. Gallagher!" She Called.

ery runnin' mate he ever had. He'd cheat his mother. Wait!"

Skinner had left the crowd, and was seated now in the shade of the corral fence. He glanced upward from beneath his black brows as Larry reached and greeted him. "Hello, Whiz! I just 'made' you—" Then he shook his head.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Quaint Charity.

A quaint charity exists in South Shields, Eng., which operates, according to the will of the deceased donor, once a year. It is known as the "Winterbottom Awards for Unmarried Female Domestic Servants," and the chief object is to reward domestics for faithful and satisfactory service. This year the candidates numbered 16, and all fulfilled the conditions, which are that they shall have not less than ten years' service in one situation. The last awards ranged from \$15 down to \$12.50, according to length of service.

What the Public Wants?

"But are there no plays presented at the theaters on this planet?" asked the astounded visitor from Mars, "that are fit for a modest young girl to see?" "None worth mentioning," responded the mundane host, reflectively scratching his jaw. "That sort of play, you see, doesn't pay now days

UNIQUE CLOCK FROM FRANCE

Unlike Other Timepieces, It Has No Springs, Its Own Weight Furnishing Motor Force.

The gravity clock, as its name indicates, is operated by the force of gravity. Unlike other clocks, it has no springs; the usual motor force being replaced by the weight of the timepiece itself, which slides between two vertical pillars, says Popular Electricity. The mechanism being perfectly adjusted to the weight, the timepiece proceeds with absolute regularity and precision. It requires seven



A Gravity Clock.

days to complete the distance from the highest point to the lowest, so that all the care it requires is to raise it once a week.

Having no springs, which are affected by temperature, nor complicated mechanism to become deranged, this clock never varies in consequence of change of weather and needs no attention beyond the weekly necessary adjustment.

It is a French invention, manufactured in Paris.

DID YOU HEAR THAT LIGHT?

If Not Your Hearing May Be Defective—Every Kind of Material Produces Some Sound.

It is no unusual thing to see a ray of light, but have you ever heard one? Recent experiments prove that a beam of light can, under certain conditions, produce perfectly clear and distinct sounds, a writer in Harper's Weekly says.

A ray of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lamplack, colored silk or worsted. A disk with slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to "cut it up," and cause alternate flashes of light and shadow. When you place your ear to the glass vessel you hear strange sounds as long as the flashing beam falls upon the vessel.

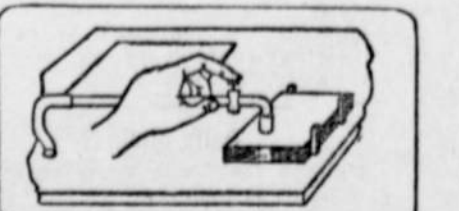
A still more extraordinary effect is produced when the beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism so as to produce the solar spectrum. The disk is turned rapidly and the colored light of the rainbow breaks through it and falls on the glass vessel. Now if you place your ear to the glass you will hear sounds from certain parts of the spectrum, but none from the others.

For example, if the vessel contains red worsted and the green light flashes upon it quite loud sounds will be given out. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue ends of the spectrum fall upon the vessel. Other colors produce no sounds at all. Green silk gives out sound best in a red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors and no sound at all in others.

USEFUL FOR LIFTING PAPER

Suction Device, Invention of an Englishman, Prevents Soiling From Moistened Fingers.

In feeding cards or paper sheets into printing presses the paper is often soiled by the fingers of the operator, who finds it necessary usually to moisten his digits in order to separate one card or one sheet from the pack. To overcome this drawback an Englishman has invented a suction device for lifting the cards, which insures their being kept clean. This device consists of a tubular handle, with a short, flexible tube at one end and the other end attached to a flexible tube running from the pneumatic apparatus.



For Lifting Paper.

A plunger valve controls the suction and prevents the short tube from sticking fast wherever the mouth comes in contact with something. This plunger keeps the opening from the handle into the short tube normally closed, but when the button at the top is pressed the port toward the suction device is opened, and the card can be picked up and conveyed to the press without being soiled or without the fumbling of the hand method to make sure only one card has been taken.

Use for X-Rays.

The X-rays are being successfully used by a New York surgeon to diagnose appendicitis.