

New Indian Animal Stories

How the Redbird Became the Daughter of the Sun

By JOHN M. OSKISON



Color This Picture to Suit Yourself.

Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Long time ago, in the days when the clouds hung over the sky from the time the people got up until they went to bed, and the rain came pattering down on the roofs hour after hour, the old men would gather the little boys who wanted to go out in the wet woods to play, and tell them that they must wait until the sun had stopped crying over the death of her daughter.

And while the little boys listened, the old men would tell them about how the wise medicine men got word from the Yunwi Tsunadi (the little people of the woods) to send the rattlesnake to kill the sun. In those days the sun shone so hot every day that many people were made sick by the heat.

The old men would tell about how the rattlesnake went up to the house of the daughter of the sun, in the middle of the sky, and made a mistake. It was the daughter of the sun who was killed instead of the sun herself!

"So," the old men would say, "the sun began to weep as soon as she found out that her daughter had been killed, staying up in her daughter's house so long that the people grew cold and afraid because it was dark all the time."

"Then came the chief of the Little People and told the wise medicine men that they would have to send messengers to Tsunahiyi (the Ghost Country) in Ushunhiyi (the Darkening Land in the West) to bring back the daughter of the sun."

"So the wise medicine men chose seven hunters to go to the Ghost Country, and they set out carrying a box to bring the daughter of the sun back in. When they got to that country, they found all the ghosts at a big dance, just as the chief of the Yunwi Tsunadi said they would."

"And just as they had been told to do, they stood close by the circle of dancers, and whenever the daughter of the sun came round in the dance,

each one of the seven messengers struck her with a stick which they carried. And when the seventh man had struck her, he stepped out of the circle of dancers and fell down as if dead.

"Then the seven messengers took her up, as they had been told to do, and put her in the box they had brought. And they started east toward the country from which they had come."

"In a little while, the daughter of the sun came back to life and begged the man to let her out of the box. But they remembered what the chief of the Little People had told the wise medicine men, and they would not let her out."

"After they had gone a long way, the girl in the box said that she was hungry and begged the seven men to let her out to eat; but they refused and went on."

"When they were near home, the daughter of the sun begged the men who carried her to lift the lid of the box just a little, for she said she was smothering. And so pitifully did she beg that the men decided that it would do no harm to lift the lid just a crack."

"And just as they raised up the lid of the box a tiny bit to let in some air to the daughter of the sun, something flew swiftly past them into the bushes and they heard a redbird cry, 'Kwih! Kwih! Kwih!' from the limb of a tall tree. Then they shut down the lid of the box and went on to where the wise medicine men were waiting."

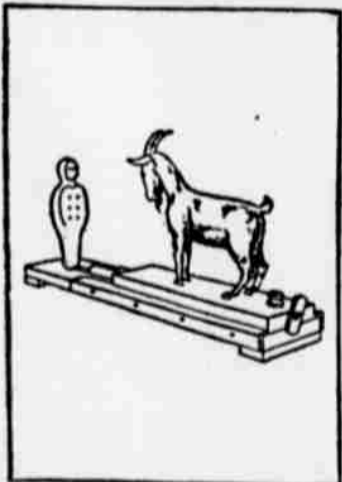
"When the seven messengers got to the council house and opened the box they found that it was empty. It was the daughter of the sun who had flown out of the box when they lifted the lid—she had taken the shape of the redbird; and so we know today that the redbird is the daughter of the sun."

And when the boys would ask what made the sun stop crying for her daughter, the old men would only say: "Oh, that is another story. If it is raining tomorrow I will tell it to you."

BUCKING GOAT TOY AMUSES

Billy Raises on Forelegs and Butts the Manikin Flat—Figure is Elastically Mounted.

An amusing toy for children has been invented by a Georgia man. It is a rearing, tearing billygoat that butts a manikin flat in its charge. The toy comprises a base with a figure elastically mounted at one end. The figure normally stands erect, but when struck



Bucking Goat Toy.

a blow in the chest will flop over backward and spring back when the pressure is released. Facing this figure a goat is mounted on a platform, through which the animal's forefeet pass to a slide, which is also elastically operated. By means of a projecting button the slide is drawn out. When it is released the elastic makes it fly back and the goat pitches forward, raising his hind legs in the air and butting the manikin

full in the chest or face. The manikin thereupon falls flat on his back, to the great amusement of any children who may be watching, but upon the goat resuming his normal position, the other figure boldly springs up and faces Billy again.

Origin of the Word Velocipede. Frank H. Vizetelly tells "The Story of the Wheel" in the April St. Nicholas. After describing the introduction of the velocifere and the dandy horse, Mr. Vizetelly says:

By this time the principle of balancing the wheel was understood, and the task of developing the crude vehicle of M. de Sivrac was begun. It was not long, however, before this machine was replaced by another, or was, perhaps, only renamed. During the French revolution a new form was introduced under the name of velocifere; and its riders became known as velocipedes. In the year 1808 one of these vehicles, shown at the Luxembourg gardens in Paris, was much used. Eight years later another wheel of similar form came into France, and gained popular favor at the Gardens of the Tivoli; this was the Draisine, named from its inventor.

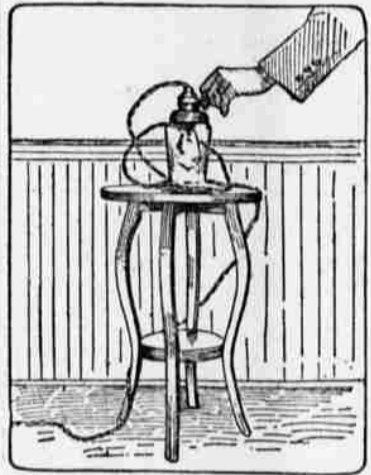
Going to School.

Before the Boer war took place there were no country schools in the Transvaal or the Orange Free State, and very few in the towns. Now they have been established everywhere, but the trouble is to get scholars. The Boer father holds that if his boy can ride a horse and shoot a rifle he has all the education he needs, and many of them have been sent to jail for encouraging their sons to keep away from schoolhouses. A Boer mother holds that when her daughter can make bread she is as good as any young lady in the world.

HEATER FOR WARMING A BED

Two to Four Candle-Power Lamp Will Give Sufficient Heat—Danger of Fire Eliminated.

As most people are aware, it is dangerous to use an incandescent lamp as a bed warmer owing to the fact that a considerable amount of heat is given off by a comparatively small body—the lamp, writes Wilbur R. Simpson in Popular Electricity. This heat is confined and not allowed to radiate because the bedclothes pack tightly around the lamp. More than once fires have been started from this cause. But I have found that no harm is done if the lamp is inclosed in a fruit jar as



Lamp in a Glass Jar as a Bed Warmer.

shown in the sketch. I solder an ordinary lamp socket into the metal top of the jar and a two to four candle-power lamp will give sufficient heat. The size of the jar prevents packing of the covers too closely around the lamp and permits radiation of the heat fast enough to keep the temperature down to a safe point.

NOVEL USE OF ELECTRICITY

English Railroads Sort Freight by Merely Pressing Button—May Cause Wide Reform.

Hull, which has just secured its own telephone system, is to be the center of an experiment that may cause wide reform in the methods of handling freight on the English railways. The system practically means the sorting of goods in warehouse by simply pressing a button. Electrical machinery has been invented by a company with which Mr. Marconi is associated for dividing the warehouse into a series of alphabetical sections. Traveling trays under electrical control distribute the goods according to the index letter of their destination—B for Bradford, L for Liverpool, and so forth—in a manner similar to that by which letters are sorted in the post office. A French, an American and two English railway companies are now negotiating for the adoption of the system.

Test Electric Blasting.

Gold mining companies of the Rand field, South Africa, have been experimenting with electric blasting with a view to reducing the danger of miner's phthisis, a disease ascribed to the fine dust that results from blasting. By using electric systems the firing can be done from the surface, and the air can be cleared of the fine dust before the miners need to enter the mine.



Berlin's street railway is to be electrified at a cost of \$6,000,000.

New York has more telephones than London, Paris and Berlin together.

The richest and probably the largest iron-ore mine in the world, which is in Lapland, is being equipped with electrical machinery.

The city of Los Angeles has illuminated signs indicating the names of the streets, which are turned on and off by clock-work mechanism.

With a four-horsepower engine, a motor driven plow invented in England cuts a six-inch furrow at a speed in excess of three miles an hour.

More than 2,000,000 American farmers are now using telephones in their homes, more than 100,000 having installed instruments within a year.

Two-thirds of the telephones used in the world are in the United States, or a total of over 8,362,000. To operate them requires more than 18,000,000 miles of wire.

An electric flat-iron invented by a Colorado man is propelled by a motor driven roller, an operator having only to guide it and control the current by a switch in the handle.

Electric mechanism similar to that of automatic telephones has been invented to enable a restaurant patron to order a meal by numbers from an indexed bill of fare.

At the time of the last accurate report there were 375 public coast wireless stations in the world, of which the United States had 142, Great Britain 43, and Canada 33.

HODCARRIER TO DO BETTER

Made Impossible Promise to Boss When Reproved for Spending so Much Time on Ladder.

The late George A. Hearn, the millionaire business man and art collector of New York, was noted for his kind and reasonable treatment of his employees. Mr. Hearn used to smile at the new scientific management craze, of which he once said at a dinner:

"These scientific management people, with their impossible claims of doubling and trebling a man's labor, remind me of the humble hod-carrier's impossible promise."

"A facetious boss said to a new hod-carrier:

"Look—here, friend, didn't I hire you to carry bricks up that ladder by the day?"

"Yes, sir," said the hod-carrier, touching his cap.

"Well, I've had my eye on you, and you've only done it half a day today. You spent the other half coming down the ladder."

"The hod-carrier touched his cap again."

"I'll try to do better tomorrow, sir," he said humbly."—New York Tribune.

Wise Janitor.

The lady of the house was chilly. There was no heat in the radiators.

She sent for the janitor.

"Do you want to freeze us?" she demanded.

"Madam," replied the janitor, "I fear you do not read the papers."

"What have I missed?" she coldly asked.

"The statement by a leading scientist that steam heat ruins beauty."

What could she say after that?

OF COURSE.



First Man (waiting in barber shop)—That barber is rather fresh, don't you think so?

Second Man—No. I never see him talking to any customer he doesn't know.

First Man—Well, he scrapes a good many acquaintances.

Suspicious.

"They claim," remarked the senator, "that by a new device thoughts can be sent by wireless."

"Great, isn't it?" said the interested constituent.

"It may be great," the senator admitted, "but it ain't going to catch me. Just as soon as I began thinking for transmission some detested meddler would hang a thought dictaphone on the nearest bunch of air waves."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Something Different.

"You say she's athletic?"

"Yes. She's a star basket ball player."

"Basket ball? Ha, ha! That's a silly game."

"Scarcely. She's the girl who knocked a masher over a fire hydrant and lugged a burglar to the police station."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Fashion's Origin.

"How do you suppose the idea of rainbow hair originated?"

"I can account for it only in one way," replied Miss Cayenne. "Some society leader who was fixing her hair got an unexpected chemical reaction and had to brazen it out."

The Artful Dodger.

The Landlady (to artful dodger)—Have you any idea of the size of your bill, Mr. Hillite? It ought to worry you a bit if you was honest minded.

Mr. Hillite—It does, it does! Why, for three nights in succession I dreamt I was a pelican.—London Sketch.

Without Precedent.

"There's something queer about this automobile accident."

"What is it?"

"Each of the drivers admits that he was going more than twelve miles an hour at the time."—Detroit Free Press.

Needed on All Lawns.

Post—A beautiful garden party was given yesterday under the auspices of Mrs. Black.

Mrs. Newrich—I'll have our landscape architect plant some aspens in our lawn at once.—Boston Globe.

Real Owner.

The Botanical Old Gentleman (in public garden)—Can you tell me, does this belong to the arbutus family?

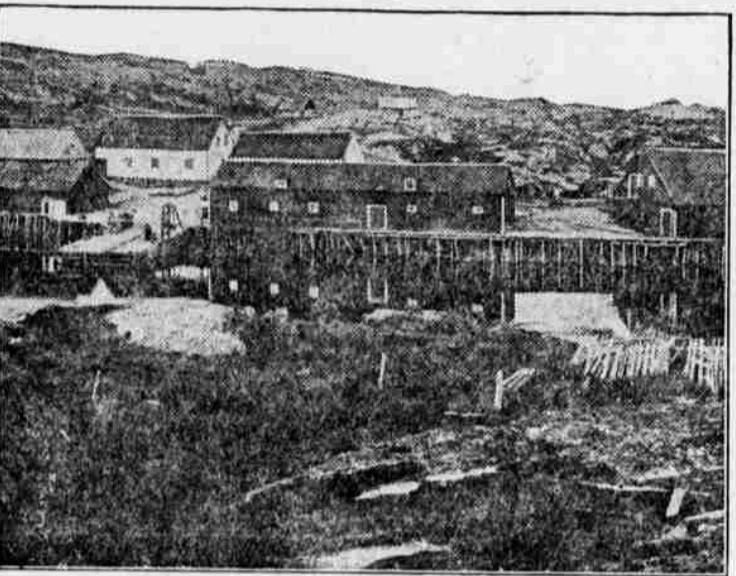
The Custodian—No, sir; it belongs to the corporation.—London Sketch.

A Proof.

"Money's tight just now, the paper says."

"I should think it was from the difficulty I have in getting my husband to give me a little loose change."

Whaling in the North Sea



FRANCIS HARBOR, LABRADOR

MEMORIES of Nantucket whalers dance again on the mental horizon! Recollections of the old-time, off-shore whaling at Monterey come to mind. Whaling is no longer to be accounted an extinct profession, as is taking the walrus or buffalo, and up on the coast of Labrador, even now, they are making ready for the spring catch of whale. Not little whales, either, but fellows so large that we recall a ship's captain once seating himself comfortably in the mouth of one about to be dissected on the dock.

Of course you've read and read of whales and, probably, when you crossed the Atlantic you may have seen a whale or two bowing in the distance, but unless you have gone to the far north, the chances are you've never really seen a whale at close range.

Naturalists place the whale as the largest of known animals and they will tell some strange facts about him. For example, the head of the whale forms nearly one-half the body. If our own heads were in like proportion, fancy the queer looking creatures we would be. The nostrils, again, are on the top of the head and vary—sometimes one, sometimes two. More than this, they do not serve as organs of smell, but only as respiratory openings, through which the water, taken in while the animal is beneath the surface, is ejected.

Has No Voice. Though living on animal food, the stomach is complex, consisting of from four to seven apartments. Queerly enough, this giant creature has no voice.

Nor is that all. One of the important products of whaling, prior to the introduction of the metal stove, was the whale bone. In certain varieties of the whale there are several longitudinal rows of horny plates, from which this came. These plates are set cross-wise and hang from each upper jaw into the cavity of the mouth below, which, to make place for them, is also destitute of teeth. When the mouth is shut these plates are inclosed on the outside of the upper lip and the tongue lies between the two rows. These plates, which are fastened at their base in the roof of the mouth, are hardly more than one-fourth of an inch apart, and their inner edges are fringed. This curious device is admirably suited to the wants of the animal. It lives on small marine crustacea and mollusca and is said never to take in anything larger than a herring. Indeed, its throat is so small that it cannot swallow larger objects. It swims along in the water where myriads of these minute animals are moving and ingulfs a whole shoal of them at once. The water is strained off, as through a sieve, through the spaces between the whale-bone, and is discharged at the sides of the mouth, or through the blow-holes, but all the animals, even the minutest, remain in the mouth. Thus, by this capacious net, the whale is enabled to make a meal suited to his enormous bulk, though his prey consists of creatures often not larger than insects.

Whaling has been the theme of the writer of romance and adventure since time immemorial, but as a matter of fact, the method of it has changed little. At the big modern whaleries great black painted steamers go out in search of whale, otherwise methods are as of old. As soon as a whale is sighted by the lookout the vessel "bears to" and dories, carried aboard for the purpose, are released and rowed cautiously as possible, toward the whale. When close enough to suit his purpose, the harpooner, who has position in the prow of the vessel, shoots his great iron bar into the head of the whale.

Instantly the infuriated whale makes off, releasing the long harpoon line behind him. By and by he must come up to breathe and by that time the other dories are at hand and ready to dispatch him. In some cases an explosive is fired into the head of the whale, but the whalers do not seem to take kindly to this modern innovation and it is not generally practiced.

Working up the whale presents the interesting modern aspect of the story and to see this one needs to visit Hawk Harbor, or some other

whale "factory" on the Labrador coast. A single filthy steamer carries passengers up these bleak shores beyond Hattie Harbor, which is the first port of call after one has crossed the Straits of Belle Isle and left Newfoundland behind.

Killed in the sea the monster whales are towed to the factory and there, if time for cutting up be inopportune, the whale is pumped full of air and allowed to float out in the bay until the men can find opportunity to get at him. Then, by aid of windlass and cable, he is slowly but steadily drawn up the wide platform to the station which runs with gentle slope to the sea.

Many-Sided Subject. The background to the scene presented at the whaling stations of Newfoundland and Labrador is practically the same for all. One has the harbor, with the great islands of pinkish rocks and on the land behind, the white-painted main building or whale factory. Smaller buildings nestle beside this on the rocks. At one end of the dock are the warehouses; behind these a series of vats flank each side of the dock.

In these vats, if one visits at the lucky moment, he finds boiling the greenish mass which is what remains of the black hunks of the whale meat after a continued boiling. Over the vats there extends a bridge out over the rocks to little coves, in whose water one sees the huge jaw bones of whales slowly washed clean by the tides.

Then in another bowl, or pocket, formed by the rocks there lies, jumbled together, a mass of gills of the whale, a consecutive series of slightly-curved black plates, each and all edged with grayish-white bristles and running out from a heavy, bloody bone-form. These are the gills that permit the whale draining off water when it engulfs a bit of sea thus leaving only fish in the maw!

Scattered over the granite rocks, too, are the messy remains of the whale. Cleaning a whale, however, is a many-sided subject. Once the great mammal has been brought on the beach, the fat is removed and carried off in buckets, mounted on an endless chain. Its destination is the cutter and in this the fat is cut into square chunks, which, in turn, make their way down to tanks, to be boiled for perhaps a day. As a result one has the oil as clear as water and ready to be put into casks and exported as the whale oil of commerce.

What is left after the oil is taken out, the "pitchings," so-called, is sent away to be worked up into fertilizer. This is done very largely at Savannah, Ga. The bone, too, is boiled until perfectly clean, when it, in its turn, is exported to Boston. The upper jaw-bone of a fair-sized whale will average five feet in length. The thick black gills, too, must be cleaned and cut up for sending away.

It takes perhaps a day in all to cut up a whale, 20 men being employed. One station, that at Hawk's Harbor, cut up 60 whales in one summer and what this means may be surmised when it is recalled that an average whale will yield from 25 to 30 barrels. A single sperm whale is on record there as yielding 90 barrels.

Beginning of Oblivion. It is pleasant to learn that R. L. Stevenson's grave in Samoa has not been neglected. The German authorities, as it appears, remember his genius and take care of his last abode. They will continue to do so for a time, but ultimately Stevenson's grave will be neglected and forgotten like all others. Oblivion has her poppy laid up for great names as for little ones. When Cicero visited Archimedes' tomb he could not find the cylinder and sphere until he had raked away the briars.—Portland Oregonian.

Absolutely Necessary.

"How is it that you, who owe everybody, can afford a man servant?"

"The way bill collectors chase me, I've got to have somebody to act as a bluffer, old boy."

Jude Johnson's Affliction.

Something is loose in Jude Johnson's head. Jude says it is a tooth, but no one believes that.—Atchafalaya Globe.