

# LITTLE GROWLING BIRD AND FANNY YELLOW HAIR IN WILDEGOLAND



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



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



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



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



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

Little Growing Bird and Yellow Hair were startled when they heard him grunting and growling. But when they saw the half-eaten Indian Turnip-root they knew that his greediness had gotten him into trouble AGAIN!



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



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



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