

WALLY EVANS' STORY PAGE for Boys and Girls

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ALL-MANNERED STARS HOW RED CAUGHT THE THIEF THE FOX AND THE LITTLE RED HEN



Nursey told me, what, you think, 'It's not lady-like to wink.' But this evenin', after tea. The little stars all winked at me!

MAD BUFFALO'S ADVENTURE

When Indian children hear the crackling of fire they say: 'It is the hearts of the Young Thunder!' For they all know the tale of Mad Buffalo, which you are about to hear.

A long, long time ago the red children owned all the land about the Big Sea Water. At the command of the Great Spirit they had buried the warpaint from their faces and washed the tomahawk with which they had formerly gone upon the warpath; and they had made for themselves peace pipes from the red stone quarry such as the one the Great Spirit himself had fashioned.

Now, in this happy time there dwelt on the shore of the Big Sea Water a brave who was looked up to and trusted by his whole nation, for there was not his equal among them for justice and wisdom and forethought. From his very earliest days his people had expected him to do some mighty deed of daring.

Once he had captured a buffalo ox so mightily big and strong that a dozen arrows had no effect upon it, and from that day he was known everywhere as 'Mad Buffalo.'

When the medicine men needed magic horns to make medicine for the people, Mad Buffalo fared forth in the moon of flowers and cut them from the head of the Great Horned Serpent. And thus

though Mad Buffalo was very young, he sat with the wise men of the nation. The source of the tribe's greatest trouble in those days was the Thunder Bird, which was often seen flying low through the air. Its wings were large and black and ragged and their shadow darkened the whole earth as it moved overhead. When the sun gave his light no harm came from the bird, but when it passed in the daylight the Thunder Bird brought harm to all who fell beneath its shadow.

All the Indians were curious to know where it built its nest, but no one had ever dared to follow it. Some thought that it lived in the sandstone caves, some that its nesting place was a hollow tree; but no one was certain, for no one had ever seen the bird alight.

One windy day Mad Buffalo set forth in search of food for himself and family. His way lay up to the lodge of the beaver, far up the river. He succeeded in trapping a fine beaver which he carried over his shoulder, and he hurriedly started for home just as the moon peeped over the treetops.

Now, as he crossed the lake in front of his own wigwam, a great shadow passed over him, excluding all light. When it had passed, Mad Buffalo looked about for an explanation. The moon was bright and the night clear, and so the hunter could distinguish objects about him as plainly as though it were day. At first he saw nothing at all, for the great bird was directly over his



RED PHILLIPS was a real frontier boy, well-built and strong as a young colt. Happy indeed was he when he had finished his chores and could spend an afternoon with his precious rifle hunting quail and pecking his way carefully through the thickly grown underbrush that lined the banks of the river at the far end of his father's claim.

Red's father was one of the first settlers in this pleasant valley, which lay snugly sheltered on the western side of the great Rockies, in the newly opened country of the northwest. The little cabin that the boy called home was only a few miles from the protecting arms of these great stone giants. How Red loved the mountains! Here he never felt afraid, for, he reasoned, how could anything harmful come into the valley so long as such soldiers stood guard?

The boy's real name was not Red; he had been christened Edward, but after he had started to the frontier school he acquired, besides reading and writing, the name of Red; and I believe now he will carry that name as long as he lives.

Red was known through the valley for other things than his red hair. Each year at school there were new tales of his strength and daring; but I must not stop to tell you about these adventures, for you would be sleepy long before you found out how he caught the thief.

At the time of this story, Red was about 12 years of age and had just passed one of the happiest summers of his young life. He stood in the doorway looking at his dear old friends, the mountains, one morning, and was sorry to see that the snow line had already started to creep down along the sides. He was thinking to himself: 'I've had one good vacation this year. I found out where the chicken-hawk had her nest and I tracked those pesky coyotes almost to their dens. I know, too, where an old black bear and her cubs are hiding. And he laughs to himself, for this was one of his secrets.

He had watched the old bear from a limb high up on a tree lumbering the little-fat cubs about and talking to them in funny grunts. Red did not want the bears killed, so he never told who tracked and almost destroyed old Mrs. Snow's garden. He felt sure that as soon as the forest fire had burned out on the mountains, the bears would go back to their home.

Red had been standing in the sunshine of the doorway for some time, musing to himself, when suddenly his father came around the house with an anxious look on his face, and before Red had time to ask what troubled him, said: 'Boy, did you count the little pigs when you shut them in last night?' Red thought and then answered: 'No, I didn't.'

'Well, there were two of them missing this morning, when I turned them out for them today, and it won't be good for the rascal that's taken such a sudden liking to pork, if I catch him, mark my word on that!' Saying this, Red's father turned and walked down the path to the woodhouse. Red shortly followed, his father had told him several days before that it was high time to be getting the wood cut before winter set in. In the afternoon Red took his rifle and made his way to the woods in search of the lost pigs. He had little hope of really finding them, but he had a theory that the thief who so successfully stole the two little pigs would soon return for more. That night he told his father he had decided to try to catch the thief.

'All right, boy,' was the answer; 'but mind you don't get into trouble.' Red was sure he could see them coming across the field. It was a lucky night for Red; the moon had risen so that he could see in the distance quite plainly. He held his breath and never stirred, for fear he might frighten them away. For there were three of the largest cubs he had ever seen, and they were sniffing around the chicken house. Now they had found the open door; one had gone in; soon the other two followed. Quick as a flash Red ran across the yard and banged shut the door.

Oh, my, you should have heard what happened then! The cubs seemed to understand that they were caught in a trap, and barked and howled accordingly, which, of course, awakened the

chickens. Red's father heard the awful racket, and came hurrying from the house. Red shouted in the wildest delight, 'I've got the thief, all right, all right, dad!' Leaving his father to hold the door, Red ran to a small window on the other side of the chicken house, where, by moonlight, he could very clearly see the commotion within. He took careful aim with his rifle.

Crack! there was a bow, and over tumbled the largest of those shaggy little gray bears. In the same way he soon dispatched the other two. Then he dragged the little beggars from the chicken house and put them in a safe place until morning.

After a while all the excitement had passed and Red tumbled into his bed. It was a long time before he could sleep, for, besides the glory of catching the thieves, their hides were worth a bounty.

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way to carry her off to his den and make of her a nice, juicy meal. The little hen was very cautious indeed, and never thought of leaving her house in the wood without first locking the door and putting the key safely in her pocket; and so the sly fox prowled around and prowled around until he was so thin and pale that his friends did not know him; but he never got a chance to capture the wise little hen.

Finally, he hung a great bag over his shoulder, saying to his mother: 'Mother, see that the pot is boiling when I come home, for I will bring the little red hen for supper.'

As he trotted over the hills and woods, until at length he came to where the little red hen had built her tiny home in the forest.

Just at this moment the red hen came out of her house to get some sticks with which to make a fire, and into the house slunk the fox when she wasn't looking and hid behind the door.

In another moment the little red hen came in, carefully locked the door and slipped the key into her pocket. Soon she saw the fox behind the door, however, and with a soared little squawk fluttered up to the beam across the house under the roof before you could say 'Jack Robinson!'

'Aha!' thought the crafty fox; 'I won't be hard to bring you down.' And he began to whirl round and round and round after his sly tail. The frightened little red hen looked at him until she was so dizzy that she fell headlong on the floor. Of course the fox caught her at once and popped her into his bag and started on once for his home.

'Surely, thought the little red hen, 'it is all up with me,' as she felt the



fox lagging up the hills and through the wood with her sly tail in the lead. After a time the fox grew very tired indeed, and lay down to rest. The little red hen began to be hopeful. Out of her pocket she drew a shiny little pair of scissors, and with them snipped a tiny hole in the bag. Quickly as possible she leaped out and seized a great stone, which she dropped into the bag, and ran home as fast as ever her short little legs would carry her.

By and by the fox awakened and stung his bag over his shoulders. 'How very heavy the little red hen has grown,' thought he. 'She'll make a fine supper!'

His mother was waiting for him at the door of his cave in the rocks. 'Is the pot boiling?' he called out. 'Of course,' answered she. 'Have you the little red hen?'

'Of course,' said the crafty fox, importantly; 'she's here in my bag. Lift the lid of the pot and I will pop her in!'

The fox untied the string of the bag, and, holding it over the boiling water in the pot, shook it. Of course the heavy stone fell with a splash into the water, and of course the boiling water flew in all directions and scalded the wicked fox and his equally wicked mother. And all the time the happy little red hen was safe in her tiny house far over the hills in the forest!



A Rocking Stone of Argentina



THERE is a 700-ton rock about 20 miles south of Buenos Aires, in the Tierra Tandil range, which is so delicately poised that it can be rocked gently enough to crack a walnut.

Every moment it appears on the verge of falling. The entire surface of this rock and the surfaces of those surrounding it are covered with names of wanderers and tourists.

THE FARMERS IN CHINA

IN CHINA a farmhand may be hired by the year for from \$5 to \$10, with food, head shaving, clothing and tobacco. Those who hire out by the day receive from 8 to 10 cents, with a meal at noonday, thrown in. At the planting and harvesting of rice, wages are raised to from 10 to 20 cents a day, with five meals thrown in.

Very few landowners hire laborers except perhaps for a few days during the rice harvest. Those having more land than they with their sons can manage to till generally lease out what is left to their neighbors.

A great deal of land is held on leases given by ancient property owners to clansmen, whose descendants continue to till it, paying from \$5 to \$10 annually for its use.

Foods seldom average more than \$1 a month for each member of a farmer's family. One who buys, cooks and eats meals alone spends from \$1 to \$2 a month upon the raw fuel and material. Two pounds of rice, costing some 3 1/2 cents, with relishes of cheap vegetable, salt fish, cabbage and fruits, costing 1 1/2 cents, is the allowance accorded each laborer for the day. One or two relatives often share with a Chinaman his wage of 12 cents.

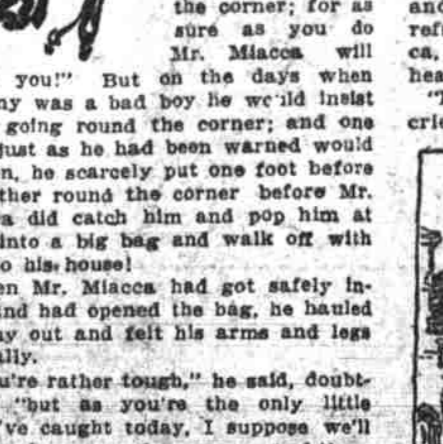
The first profile taken was that of Antigonos, in 320 B. C., who, having but one eye, had his likeness so taken to conceal the deformity.

Giant Spur Cactus



THE enormous size to which a cactus plant grows in Arizona is clearly shown in the illustration. It is very interesting to observe that the plant takes the shape of a spur; due, in all probability, to the strong winds which have bent the plant over until its top touched the earth and a second root formed, causing a new growth to start from the arch thus made.

TOMMY GRIMES' REPENTANCE



TOMMY GRIMES was one of those little boys you've read about who when he was good was very good, and when he was bad was horridly bad.

Mrs. Grimes would often say to him: 'Tommy, my son, be a good boy today and don't go around the corner; for as sure as you do Mr. Miacca will catch you!'

But on the days when Tommy was a bad boy he would insist upon going round the corner; and one day, just as he had been warned would happen, he scarcely put one foot before the other round the corner before Mr. Miacca did catch him and pop him at once into a big bag and walk off with him to his house!

When Mr. Miacca had got safely inside and had opened the bag, he hauled Tommy out and felt his arms and legs critically. 'You're rather tough,' he said, doubtfully; 'but as you're the only little boy I've caught today, I suppose we'll have to have you for supper. And then, of course, boiling may improve you. But don't you worry, I've forgot to get the herbs and he won't be fit to eat without them!'

So he put poor little Tommy Grimes under the sofa and sat down to wait for the pot to boil. And he watched and watched and waited, but the pot refused to boil, and at last Mr. Miacca, not being a patient man, got heartily sick of waiting for it to boil. 'Hey, there, under the sofa!' he cried, 'I'm tired of waiting. Put out

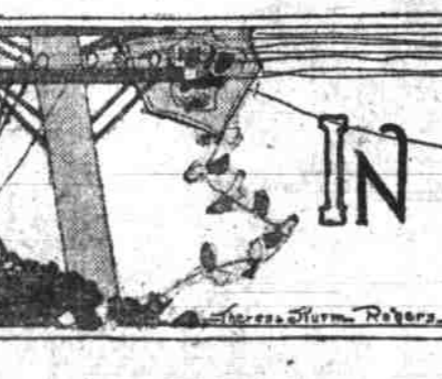


your leg and I'll see that you won't be able to run away!'

So Tommy put out a leg, and Mr. Miacca got a big chopper and chopped it off and popped it into the pot.

Then he went out of the room to look for his wife. While he was gone Tommy Grimes crept out from under the dusty old sofa and ran home in a cloud of dust. He could do it very easily, you see, for it was the leg of the sofa that he had put out for Mr. Miacca!

And you'd better believe that Tommy was good from that day and never so much as thought of going round the corner until he was quite old enough to go all alone.



IN THE TREE

THE village street looks very queer From high up in this tree, And all the folks and teams that pass Seem just like toys to me.

I know the great White Lady Moon Will peer down by and by. Does she know just how big we are Way off there in the sky? Sometimes I think that as my toys Look very small to me, So to the sailing Lady Moon We're small as we can be.



KATHERINE FAITH.