



## Potlatch Tales

By Marjorie Mellinger



Morning Star sees South Wind start on long journey to home of her people.

"HAD not Morning Star, the chief's daughter, loved against her father's wishes," began Robert. "The first bow and arrow would never have been made. Soon she learned that her young husband was unwilling to provide for her and the little brown boy that came to them."

For days she shunned the women of her tribe. At last she came and knelt before her father. "Before the great sun is burning the tips of the pine trees on the mountain and while the belly of the night wolf is still wet with dew, Morning Star will have traveled far to save her mighty father from disgrace."

Stolidly, with folded arms the chief bade her go.

For many days they wandered until in the depths of the virgin forest they at last found shelter, provided only by the native cunning of the Indian mother.

The Great Spirit whispered to the spirit of the forest and it touched the oak trees so that they bore many acorns, and he breathed upon the waters so that the fish swam so near their lodge that Morning Star could dip them with her net. But in the winter when the ice had bound the streams it was harder for the mother to feed her growing boy. As the years passed and South Wind began to accompany his mother on her hunting trips, he tried many means of killing the larger game, that roamed the forests. At last one day he found that by arching a stick and tying it taut with a thong of buck-skin he could hurl a tiny spear. Soon he could kill the birds and rabbits, and one day to his great delight,

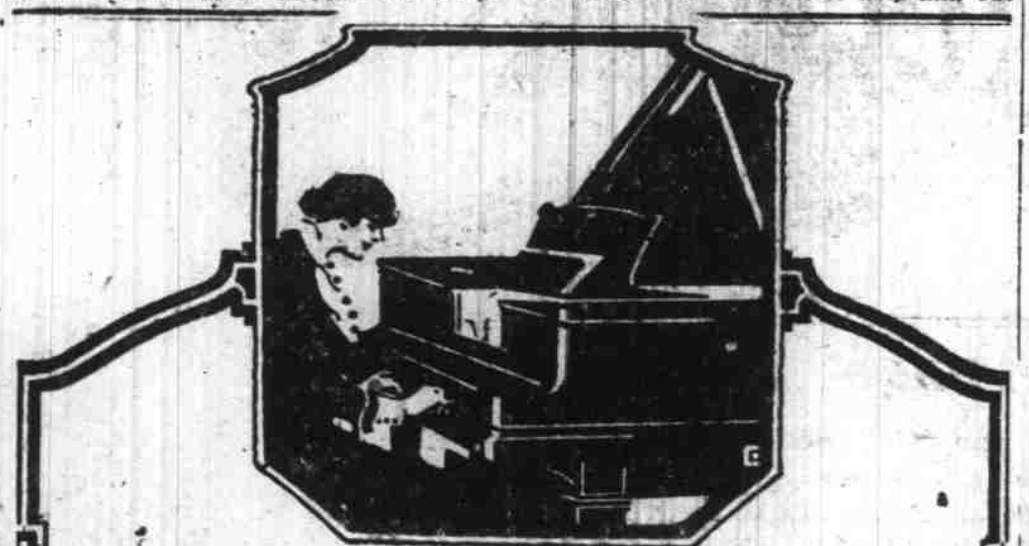
he killed a deer with his flint-tipped arrow. Now they were hungry no more. Morning Star had buried her disgrace in the forest, yet all the years it had been eating at her heart. Now that South Wind was able to care for himself she decided to go to the Great Spirit. After telling her boy of his grandfather, the chief of his tribe, and how to find the great water beside which her people lived she saw him start upon the long journey with his bow and arrow his only means of protection. When at last he reached the stream it was harder for the Great Spirit to receive him than it was for the Great Spirit to receive Morning Star and tired little South Wind finally reached the home of his people.

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## Al Happier Now

The queerest pet I've read about for some time was an alligator. A man brought it home with him from Florida and kept it in an unused bathtub at the top of the house. In time Al grew and grew till he quite filled the bathtub and his temper grew snappier and snappier.

But one cannot blame him for that; a bath tub is not a very exciting place for an alligator and solitary confinement is bad for any one. The man, however, was very fond of his queer pet and did not think of parting with him till it was necessary to move away from the house.



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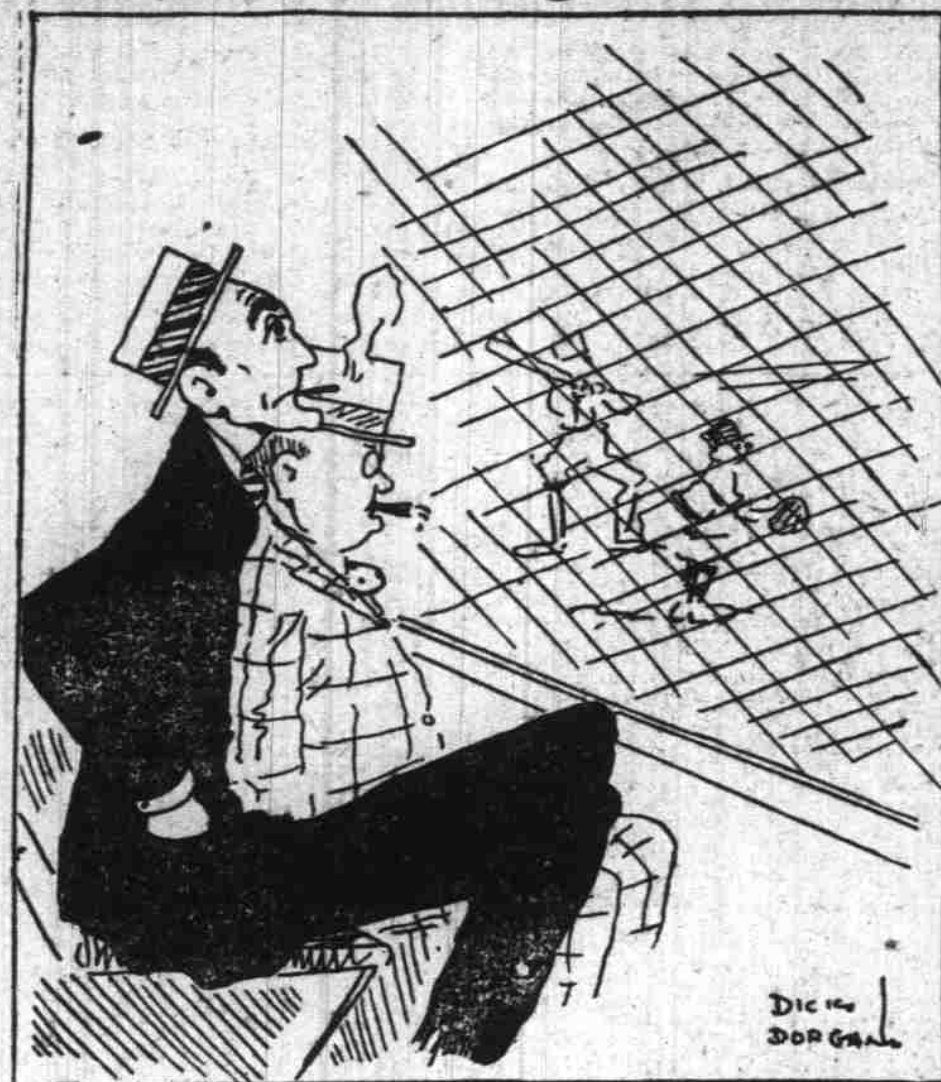
Moreover, such playing is training. The greatest teachers recognize the importance of the Player Piano. It brings about familiarity with the entire field of music. Only out of familiarity is born true understanding and discrimination.

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SEATTLE TACOMA SPOKANE

Ring's Way to Foil Babe Ruth  
Pitcher Useless Against Homer

A certain prominent baseball writer was setting next to Col. Huston.

By Ring W. Lardner

To the editor:

This is just a few

items of information

about a ball

player that maybe

you haven't never

heard of him so I

will tell his name

in the first para-

graph and his

name is George

Ruth but they call

him Babe on acct.

of him being over

6 ft. tall and pretty

near as wide and

he is a great left

hand pitcher that

doesn't pitch.

Well I day in May I

had seen a whole

lot of different sport-

ing events that

bored you to death

and the White Sox

from old Chi was

playing in New

York city so I thought

I needed a little

more boring and I

went out to Polo's

Grounds and

went down on the

bench and Mr.

Gleason was set-

tling there and he

says hello to me,

but I just made a

face at him, but he

said he had to set

down a minute and

a boy named Wil-

kinson was going

to pitch and he

was out there warm-

ing up and fine-

ly he got warm and

came into the

bench and Mr.

Gleason said:

"Come here and set

down a minute,

Wilkie, as I want

to talk to you."

So Wilkie set down

and Mr. Gleason

said to him:

"Say listen Wilkie,

They're a man

on this New York

club name Ruth

and he isn't Cobb

and he isn't Spea-

ker or Sisler or

Jackson. He's a

bird that if you

ever throw a ball

where he can reach

it, that ball won't

be available for

tomorrow's game

and baseball costs

as much money as

other commodities

now days, so if

you don't mind,

why when this

guy comes up

there don't pitch

him nothing that

he can lay his

bat against it,

but roll the ball

up there on the

ground and I

will take the

consequences."

So Wilkie said

yes sir.

Well they started

this game in the

first inning and

the White Sox

didn't do nothing

and it came the

N. Y. club's turn

to get their in-

nings and they

were 2 out and

Pipp got on 1st

base and along

came Ruth. The

next I seen of

that two dollar

ball was when

it was floating

over the right

field bleachers.

So when Wilkie

came in to the

bench and Mr.

Gleason says

what did I tell

you and Wilkie

said I didn't

mean to pitch

it where it went.

So the next time

Babe came up

all he got was

3 base hit cause

they were pitch-

ing more care-

ful to him. Well

after a while it

came necessary

to put in a

pinch hitter for

Wilkie and little

Dickie Kerr was

sent in to finish

the game. Mr.

Gleason didn't

tell Dickie where

to pitch of Babe

because Dickie

said what he

might call a

old timer, so

Dickie pitched

one at this

bird's Adam's

apple and he

hit it into the

right field

stand for another

home, as I

have nicknamed

them.

Now this isn't

reflection on

either of the

pitchers which

I hope is both

friends of mine,

but if I was

managing a

ball club in the

American League,

I would tell

them how to

pitch to this

bird. I would

stand on the

mound and

throw the

first ball to

first base and

the second

ball to second

base and the

third ball

to third base,

and then I

would turn

around and

heave the

fourth one

out in right

field, because

he couldn't

be in all those

places at

once and

further and

more care-

ful to him.

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