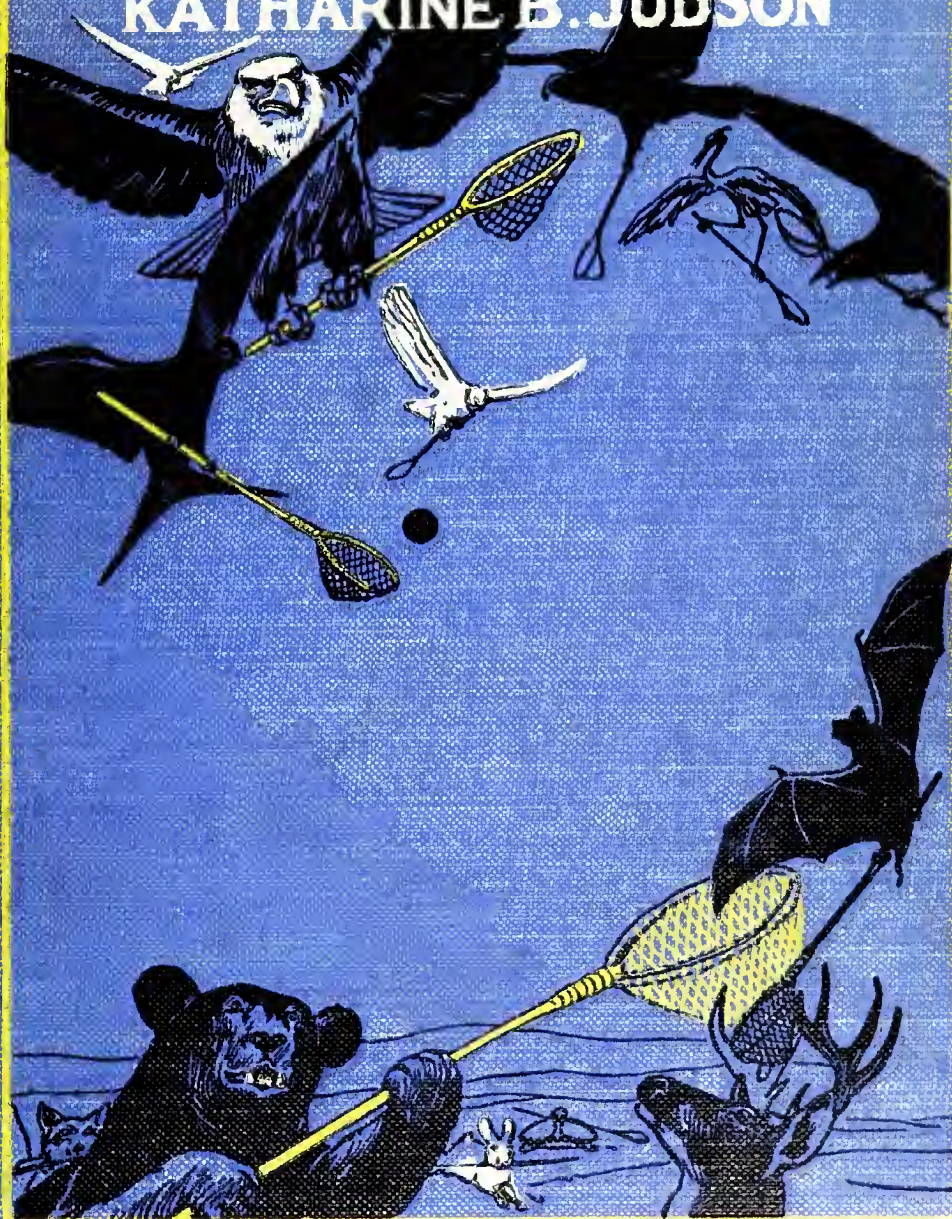
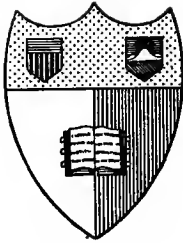


# OLD CROW AND HIS FRIENDS

KATHARINE B. JUDSON





**New York**  
**State College of Agriculture**  
**At Cornell University**  
**Ithaca, N. Y.**

---

**Library**

Cornell University Library  
**PZ 10.3.K924O1**

**Old Crow and his friends, animal adventu**



3 1924 014 519 338

man



## Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.





## OLD CROW AND HIS FRIENDS









He made a great big, sprawling leap up the rocky wall—  
and fell down flat on his back.

FRONTISPIECE. *See page 140.*





# OLD CROW AND HIS FRIENDS

ANIMAL ADVENTURES BASED UPON  
INDIAN MYTHS

BY

KATHARINE B. JUDSON

AUTHOR OF "OLD CROW STORIES"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



BOSTON  
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY  
1918

*Copyright, 1918,*  
**BY LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.**

---

*All rights reserved*

**Norwood Press**  
**Set up and electrotyped by J. S. Cushing Co., Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.**  
**Presswork by S. J. Parkhill & Co., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.**

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE Indians were fond of stories. All around them lived the wild creatures of the woods and fields, and many of their stories were about them. On one side of the tepee fire would sit the tall, black-eyed Indian story-teller, lifting his long arm now and then, as he told stories of Rabbit. "Long legs" and "Big ears" these red-skinned people called Rabbit, and all the little Indian children loved to hear stories about him. "For Rabbit was the leader in all the mischief," the Indians said.

The north wind, on a cold night, sometimes shook the frail tepees. He rattled at the entrance flap, and howled down the smoke hole. So they told stories about him, too. And in the spring, when it thundered, they knew all about the Thunder Birds, because the story-teller had told them.

## *Introductory Note*

Children listened carefully at these story hours, sometimes putting a fresh stick on the fire. The mothers made or beaded moccasins, sometimes forgetting to work, they were so interested. The fathers squatted on their heels and smoked, sometimes saying, "*Ugh! ugh!*" When they were much surprised, they put their hand over their mouth — that was Indian surprise.

And so these stories for the children, or children's story-tellers, are based upon the stories told to Indian children, long years ago. The originals are from authentic ethnological sources.



## CONTENTS

		PAGE
	INTRODUCTORY NOTE . . . . .	v
I	RABBIT MAKES A PLAN . . . . .	1
II	RABBIT MEETS OTTER . . . . .	4
III	RABBIT AND TAR WOLF . . . . .	10
IV	RABBIT VISITS BLACK BEAR . . . . .	15
V	RABBIT AND PANTHER . . . . .	19
VI	RABBIT AND THE DUCKS . . . . .	26
VII	A NEW GAME . . . . .	31
VIII	RABBIT TRIES THAT GAME . . . . .	35
IX	RABBIT REJOINS THE COUNCIL . . . . .	40
X	THAT NEW IDEA . . . . .	45
XI	THE BALL GAME . . . . .	52
XII	WHY FOX BECAME RED . . . . .	57
XIII	THE SNOW-STORM . . . . .	62
XIV	A RAID ON THE WIND PEOPLE . . . . .	67
XV	THE FIRST MOON . . . . .	74
XVI	THE NEXT MOON . . . . .	78
XVII	SHINGEBISS AND THE NORTHWEST WIND . . . . .	83
XVIII	BLACK BEAR . . . . .	88
XIX	COYOTE OFF FOR SKY-LAND . . . . .	92
XX	THINGS IN SKY-LAND . . . . .	97
XXI	THE THUNDER BIRDS . . . . .	105
XXII	HOME AGAIN . . . . .	108
XXIII	THE INDIANS GO TO SKY-LAND . . . . .	114
XXIV	HOW THE INDIANS CAME BACK . . . . .	120
XXV	CHICK-A-DEE RETURNS FROM SKY-LAND . . . . .	129
XXVI	MORE SKY-LAND ADVENTURES . . . . .	136
XXVII	THE BIRD CHIEF . . . . .	142

	PAGE
XXVIII	WHY THE TURKEY GOBBLES . . . . . 146
XXIX	HOW RABBIT ESCAPED . . . . . 149
XXX	RAVEN'S ADVENTURES . . . . . 154
XXXI	HOW RAVEN STOLE A LAKE . . . . . 158
XXXII	RAVEN AND THE WINDS . . . . . 162
XXXIII	FOX AND THE WARM WIND . . . . . 166
XXXIV	GETTING FIRE AFTER THE FLOOD . . . . . 173
XXXV	COYOTE AND FOX . . . . . 181
XXXVI	WOLVERINE GETS INTO TROUBLE . . . . . 187
XXXVII	THE REAL MOON . . . . . 191
XXXVIII	GETTING DOWN TO WORK . . . . . 198

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

He made a great big, sprawling leap up the rocky wall — and fell down flat on his back	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Up — and up — and up, flew the ducks . . . . .	PAGE 28
Martin caught it and threw it to Bat, who was flying near the ground . . . . .	“ 55
Hawk made a light by striking the flints together, and set fire to the ball . . . . .	“ 76
It was the Thunder Bird . . . . .	“ 105
Away up on the top of a mountain, he made a house for North Wind . . . . .	“ 165



# OLD CROW AND HIS FRIENDS

## I

### RABBIT MAKES A PLAN

**A**LL the Animal People were of different sizes and wore different coats. It was the greatest mix-up! Some had long fur and some had short fur. Some had rings on their tails, and some didn't even have tails. And the coats were of every color — black, and brown, and gray, and yellow.

The Animal People were talking about their coats, one day late in winter, while they were still wearing the heavy winter ones. Coyote winked one eye at Porcupine and said, "Just notice Rabbit's coat! Humph!" Porcupine looked at Rabbit gravely, — looked him all over, — and then

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

shook his head. Oh, he was very, very serious.

And Rabbit saw it all.

They were all sitting in Old Crow's tepee, and the fire was blazing brightly because it was snowing outside. But Rabbit pulled back from the warm fire and began to think about it. What did they mean?

"My coat is nice and warm and gray," said Rabbit to himself. "The fur is short so I can get around quickly, and it matches the snow and the earth pretty well. I wonder what they meant."

Rabbit worried a little bit over that, but after a while he went back to the fireplace and heard them talking about Wolf's coat and Beaver's, and Grizzly's.

"But Otter's coat!" said Raven, after a while. "Oh, it's *beautiful!* Long, smooth, soft fur! Otter has the finest coat."

"Mine is better," said Beaver.

"So's mine," said Wolf.

And the first thing anybody knew, they had decided to call a council and decide who really did have the finest coat.

"When shall we have the council?"

## *Rabbit Makes a Plan*

asked Hare. Old Crow said at once, "After two more full moons."

That meant waiting about six weeks, and it did seem a long time when they were all so interested. But it was pretty cold to travel just then, and they all knew that Otter would have a long way to come.

[Now Otter lived far up the trail. He did not often visit the others, and they felt they did not know him very well. But every time he came down the trail, the Animal People always talked about his coat.

Rabbit knew all this. He sat by the fire after they had decided to have a council. He thought and thought about his little grayish coat so busily he never saw Coyote and Porcupine look at him and wink at each other.

Then Rabbit asked a few questions. He learned by what trail Otter could come to the council. He asked how far up the trail he lived, and Old Crow said at once, "Four days' march." ]

So Rabbit made his plan.

## II

### RABBIT MEETS OTTER

**I**T was nearly time for the council, and spring had come, when Rabbit softly slipped away one day from the camp of the Animal People. As soon as he was among the bushes, he went in quick leaps and jumps until he was quite safe in the woods.

Rabbit was on the trail that led to Otter's house. "And what are you doing here?" Old Crow would have asked. But Old Crow didn't see him at all.

Spring had come, and the woods were lovely. The new leaves on the trees, still very small, made a soft, tender mist. Violets grew at the foot of the trees, and gentle, white hepaticas, and pink, and blue, and white blossoms of all kinds.

Four days Rabbit went up the trail, and



## *Rabbit Meets Otter*

at last he saw Otter coming. Wren had taken him word of the council. Rabbit knew Otter at once by his beautiful coat of brown fur.

“Where are you going?” asked Otter.

“I came to meet you,” said Rabbit pleasantly. “Do you know the way to the council?”

Well, Otter didn't know it very well, so he and Rabbit agreed to travel together. At night Rabbit picked out a camping place, cut down bushes for beds, and made everything comfortable. Next day they started on again.

Now in the afternoon, Rabbit picked up pieces of bark and wood, as they followed the trail, and loaded them on his back.

“Why are you doing that?” asked Otter.

“So we will be warm enough to-night,” said Rabbit. And truly those spring nights were chilly in the wild forest.

At sunset, they stopped and made camp again. After supper, Rabbit began to whittle a stick, shaving it down to a paddle.

“Why are you doing that?” asked Otter again.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

"I thought I'd like to sleep with a paddle under my head," said Rabbit.

When the paddle was finished, Rabbit began to cut a good trail through the bushes to the river.

"Now, what's that for?" asked the curious Otter. Rabbit seemed rather strange in his actions.

"Somewhere near here is a spot called 'The Place Where it Rains Fire.' Sometimes it does seem to rain fire. The sky looks a little that way to-night."

Rabbit and Otter looked carefully all about them. Then Rabbit said, "You go to sleep and I will sit up and watch. If you hear me shout, you run and jump into the river. Better hang your coat on the limb over there, so it will not get burned."

Otter did just as Rabbit told him, hanging his coat away from the fire, and then off to sleep he went. But Rabbit stayed awake. After a while the fire burned down to red coals, and Rabbit was all ready to carry out his plan.

"Otter," he called. No answer.

## *Rabbit Meets Otter*

“Otter,” he called again, louder. Still there was no answer.

Then Rabbit rose softly. He filled his paddle with hot coals, threw them up into the air, shouting wildly, “It’s raining fire! It’s raining fire!”

Some of the hot coals fell on Otter, and he jumped up, dashing for the river as Rabbit had told him. That’s why Otter has lived in the water ever since.

Rabbit scampered off in the other direction, caught Otter’s coat from the branch where he had hung it, left his own behind him, and rushed down the trail.

Down the trail dashed Rabbit, through the cool fragrance and stillness of the night, until he was out of breath.

“Oh!” sighed Rabbit. “That was a race. But Otter can’t catch me now. He’ll spend too much time looking for his coat.” And Rabbit looked down with great pride on the soft, silky, brown coat.

“It is nicer than mine,” he said. Yet he was a little sorry he had left his own coat behind him. He was rather fond of it, after all.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

On marched Rabbit, pretending he was Otter. And all the Animal People came up the trail a little to meet Otter, because he was so handsome, and because he was a stranger.

“Here he comes,” they said, as they saw that brown fur in the distance, in the cool, dim shade of the forest. “Otter is coming,” they shouted to one another.

They waited where they were, but sent Field Mouse to be his escort, and to show him the best seat in the council, when they reached their council tepee. The tepee had been built in a field of wild flowers, under a grove of glorious elm trees. A dashing mountain stream foamed alongside. After Otter was seated, each one of the Animal People went up to shake hands with him, and to say, “Welcome to you, Otter,” because Otter so seldom did come down the trail.

But Otter behaved queerly. He kept his head down, with one paw over his face. Every one was so surprised. Old Crow said, “I did not know Otter was so bashful.”

Then Grizzly Bear came up, and of course something happened. Something always

## *Rabbit Meets Otter*

did, when Grizzly was around. Grizzly pulled the paw away from Otter's face.

There was Rabbit! Up sprang Rabbit, and started to jump. He went this way and that, in quick leaps and starts. But Grizzly caught the tail, and to escape, Rabbit had to slip right out of Otter's coat. Then he hadn't any fur on at all.

"Oh, dear me!" said Rabbit, as he fled, still in his quick leaps and jumps. "Isn't this dreadful! And my coat is two days' march up the trail."

But that wasn't the worst of it, by a long shot. As he fled, fur-less, up the trail, he heard through the quiet of the forest, all the Animal People shouting with laughter.

"Hurrah for Rabbit!" shouted Coyote. Porcupine was so excited he shot a dozen quills right up into the air. Old Crow sat on a branch and laughed — and laughed — and laughed.

But the last sound Rabbit heard as he leaped ahead was Grizzly Bear's "Woof! Woof!"

"Oh, dear! That Grizzly Bear!" said Rabbit in despair.

### III

#### RABBIT AND TAR WOLF

**W**ELL, of course, the Animal People at once sent Field Mouse up the trail to find Otter and return his coat.

“It’s too big for me to carry,” said Field Mouse, looking in dismay at the lovely brown coat, which really was very large for a man of his size. Still they piled it up on his back, and he went off, and found Otter, and explained it all to him.

Otter came down to the council, and every one said his coat was the very finest, so he forgot all about his adventure with Rabbit. He was too happy to remember it.

But Rabbit! Dear me! He surely was the leader in all the mischief.

Rabbit found his coat, and he came back to his tepee, but he heard somebody laugh-

## *Rabbit and Tar Wolf*

ing every time he stepped outside his door, and he knew they were laughing at him. So he decided to go away for a little trip.

After he came back, things had quieted down. This was partly because there was so little water that summer that the Animal People were much worried. They had moved camp, and were quite a distance from the large stream, and the small streams were all dry.

“We’ll have to dig a well,” said Old Crow one morning. The sun had risen hot and bright, the sky was blue, and no sign of rain could be seen. The Bird People had hardly enough water to drink, and no chance at all to take their morning baths.

Every one agreed to help. That is, every one except Rabbit.

“Grizzly,” said Old Crow one morning, “with your great talons you can help us a great deal. And Coyote can — he lives in holes of his own digging. Everybody will help —”

“Except me,” broke in Rabbit. “I’m not going to dig wells!”

“Well, I’d like to know why not,”

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

demanded Raven. "We all need water. We're not going to dig the well, and then let you drink out of it if you don't help."

"I don't need to dig for water," answered Rabbit. He was pleasant enough, but he meant what he said. "The dew on the grass is enough for me."

Old Crow and Raven were talking that over afterwards. "Maybe it is," said Old Crow. "He's up so very early, you know, and always poking around with his nose in the grass."

Still, the Animal People were not very sure about it. But Rabbit refused to dig, so they dug the well without him.

The water in the well was not deep; it grew lower every day. The Animal People were careful about using too much, of course. Rabbit did not seem to use it at all, but still he was very lively and bright.

One morning the water was very low, and a council was called at once. Rabbit was off in the woods somewhere, and they did not send a messenger to him at all.

"Rabbit steals our water at night," declared Hare.



## *Rabbit and Tar Wolf*

"Somebody steals it," said Old Crow firmly. And they talked a long while about it.

Suddenly Old Crow said, "Let's make a wolf of pine gum and rosin. We can set it near the well and catch the thief."

Now rosin is almost like tar, and very sticky. So is pine gum.

That night, as usual, after it was dark, Rabbit went to the well for water. Something dark stood near it.

"Who's there?" asked Rabbit in a low voice. Tar Wolf made no reply. Rabbit came nearer.

"Who's there?" asked Rabbit again, rather angrily. He was a little afraid, too.

But Tar Wolf did not answer or move.

"If you don't answer, I'll hit you," said Rabbit. So he hit him with his paw. But it stuck fast in the gum.

"Let go my paw," said Rabbit, "or I'll hit you again." So he hit him again with his paw. That paw stuck fast in the gum.

"Let me go," demanded Rabbit. Tar Wolf said nothing at all. Rabbit hit him

### *Old Crow and His Friends*

with his hind foot. That stuck fast in the gum.

And there was Rabbit, held fast by Tar Wolf, who would say nothing at all. So Tar Wolf held Rabbit fast until morning. Then the other Animal People came for water, though it was still early.

“Whoop-ee,” yelled Coyote, as he saw Rabbit.

“Hi — yi,” yelped Hare.

“Woof! Woof!” said Grizzly Bear, coming up and making a great show as if he were going to eat Rabbit.

And they were all laughing at him. Old Crow sat on a tree and laughed — and laughed — and laughed.

But Rabbit fought that Tar Wolf until he did finally get away, and by great leaps and bounds he escaped from the other Animal People and ran up into the woods.

## IV

### RABBIT VISITS BLACK BEAR

I'M not going to live with those people any more," said Rabbit indignantly after he sat down in the shade of a big tree. "The idea of making all that fuss because I wanted a drink of water. Suppose I didn't help dig their well! Think how dirty my coat would be if I had!"

So he decided to build a tepee in the woods, for a while anyway.

Not long after, while Rabbit was out one morning, looking for some fresh water, he met Black Bear on the trail.

"Come and see me," said Rabbit, who was beginning to feel a little lonesome. "I live in a very large brier patch."

When Rabbit reached home that morning, he went out and gathered some young

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

sugar canes, which he hung up. He was particularly fond of cane.

It was the very next day that Black Bear came to call. He came near Rabbit's house, but he was looking for a very large briar patch. Now Rabbit really lived in a very tiny briar patch. When Rabbit saw that Bear was near, he began to make a pattering sound with his feet.

Black Bear was scared. He retreated very quickly to a distance, and then stopped, listening. As soon as Rabbit saw this, he came out of the patch and cried, "Why, halloo, my friend! Was it you whom I was treating in this fashion? Come in."

So Black Bear went in, and they had a feast. Rabbit gave the young canes to his guest, who ate them all, without a word. Rabbit ate one, too.

"This is what I have always liked," said Black Bear, when he went home. But he didn't mean it. "Come and visit me. I live in a large bent tree."

Not long after, Rabbit started on his visit. He spent a long time looking for that large bent tree, but no sign of it did he find.

## *Rabbit Visits Black Bear*

Now Bear really lived in a hollow tree, and he sat there, growling. Rabbit heard the growls as he came near. He turned and fled down the trail. Then he waited.

As soon as Bear saw that, he came out, and called, "Why, halloo, my friend! Was it you whom I was treating in that fashion? Come in and have something to eat."

Rabbit was hungry by that time.

Bear suddenly said, "I must go out and gather food for you." So out he went. He really went to gather young canes, but on his way he picked up some of the black bugs that live in old logs. Woodpecker liked them, but Rabbit did not.

But Bear offered Rabbit the canes, then he began walking around him in a circle. Then he offered him the bugs.

"Oh, no," said Rabbit, beginning to be afraid. "I never eat such things."

"When I was at your house," said Bear, "I ate everything without question. And now you refuse to do so."

Of course, as Rabbit thought, there was a difference in the food offered, but he was afraid to say anything.

### *Old Crow and His Friends*

Suddenly Bear said, "Ha, ha! Before the sun sets, I will eat you."

Well, then Rabbit was frightened, though he was sure Black Bear was only joking. But Bear stood right at the entrance of the hollow tree so Rabbit could not get out. He sprang this way, and that way, and then suddenly with a long, long leap, he went right over Bear's shoulder and out into the open air.

Rabbit went straight home, pattering along the trail with quick feet, to his brier patch. Then he sat down and thought about it.

"I wonder if Bear was joking," he said.

And Bear, in his hollow tree, stretched out on the floor and rolled over, laughing.

"If only Rabbit would stop boasting," he said at last, "we wouldn't all tease him so."

## RABBIT AND PANTHER

**H**AS anybody seen Rabbit lately?" asked Raven one glorious June morning, as he and Old Crow sat on the topmost branch of the tall fir tree. The sky was a beautiful blue, with soft white fleecy clouds in it. The air was fresh, and the Earth-land green.

"Not for two moons," answered Old Crow. "I asked that very question yesterday."

["Somebody ought to look him up," remarked Raven, after chewing the end of a twig for a while. Raven still chewed his twig when he was thinking hard. "Rabbit's a friendly little chap. But of course we had to laugh when he ran off with Otter's coat."

"I wonder what mischief he's been up to lately," puzzled Old Crow. "It's a

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

glorious day, Raven. I'll take a long flight, I think, and perhaps I will run across him. Nobody knows where he is."

And so, a few moments later, with a "Caw! caw! caw!" Old Crow started off.

Now another man, of whom the Animal People had lost track, was Panther. It was because of his voice. When Panther screamed in the forest, even the leaves on the trees were frightened and stood still. Really he had a fearful voice. And even when he called from the branch of a tree to some of the Animal People, it made the cold chills run down the backs of the Indians.

The Animal People had spoken of it. They asked him if he couldn't eat something soft or sweet to change his voice. Panther was much offended. He really was proud of that fearful shriek. He didn't realize how it sounded. So Panther had gone off into the woods, too; and just by chance, he had set up his tepee near Rabbit. But neither of them knew the other was around.

Now that very June morning Rabbit was having a good time. Therefore he



## *Rabbit and Panther*

didn't see Old Crow come flitting, like a dark shadow, through the clear air, and perch on the branch of a big oak tree near him.

Rabbit had been having a game with his wife. He had finished a new tepee the day before on the top of a little hill. Then he had made trails from it in all directions, so he might see any one approaching. It was a charming little hill, covered with young poplar trees. So Rabbit had plenty of food from the poplars right at his door.

"Now, dear," he said to Mrs. Rabbit as he played his game, "you sit at that end of the tepee." She sat there, just as Rabbit told her, and he went to the other. He took his medicine bag. Then he approached her four times, chanting, "Ye ha-a-a-a-a. Ye ha-a-a-a-a." Four was the magic number.

Then Rabbit shot at his wife with his bow and arrow, just as a medicine man does when he shoots at a new member. Then Rabbit's wife arose and shot at him. They were very happy in that new game.

Then Rabbit went out of doors, and

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

began to sing a song which meant, "If Panther comes across my trail while I am biting the bark from the poplars, he can't catch me. I am a good runner."

Rabbit didn't know that Panther was in that country, so he went out of doors, with his bow and arrow, singing his little song very contentedly. And Old Crow sat in the top of the oak tree and saw the whole thing.

Now Panther had gone out for a walk, because it was such a bright day, and he saw that new tepee on the hill top, and all those new trails.

"Somebody's moved into this country," he said in surprise. Then he heard voices, and going nearer, through the bushes, he saw Rabbit.

"Lovely!" thought Panther, without making a sound. "Here's a chance for some fun. Rabbit is such a boaster."

And just as Rabbit turned to go to his new tepee, singing his little song, "Panther can't catch me," behold! Panther jumped out at him.

Rabbit saw him and started back on his

## *Rabbit and Panther*

trail, Panther hard after him. Rabbit dodged this way and that, with long leaps and springs, doubling on his trail, and trying to remember just where that hole was he saw a day or two before. He had thought then it would be such a good hiding place.

But he surely had no time to look for it then, and he was just making his tenth spring, when down came Panther's paw on his back.

And then Panther shrieked! Rabbit was flat on the ground, shaking and trembling, with that great Panther standing over him, and shrieking in that dreadful voice. And Old Crow sat up in the oak tree and saw it all.

"Were you singing that I couldn't catch you?" yelled Panther. You could have heard him a mile, though Rabbit was right under his paw. "Ha ha ha! Now I'm going to eat you up."

"I guess it's time for me to take a hand," remarked Old Crow, who didn't want the game to go too far. And he fluttered softly down behind Panther, and then, oh,

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

so softly, right up to his ear, but keeping behind him. Panther didn't see him at all. He was looking out over the hills, enjoying it all, when a solemn voice, right in his ear, said, "Beware! beware! beware!"

Well! Panther was about as badly frightened for the moment as Rabbit had been. He actually jumped—and in that second Rabbit pulled out from under his paw and went like a streak across the meadow into the woods.

Panther turned around quickly for that solemn voice. There fluttered Old Crow, looking very grave.

"Oh, shucks! Old Crow, why did you spoil my fun?" he demanded, after a minute of surprise.

"Because it wasn't fun for both sides," said Old Crow.

"I wouldn't have hurt him," said Panther. "But Rabbit is such a boaster—singing that I couldn't catch him."

Old Crow said not a word. He flapped his blue-black wings, and cried "Caw! caw! caw!" as he flew away in the bright sunlight.

## *Rabbit and Panther*

It was late that night before Rabbit crept softly into his tepee.

“I said Panther couldn’t catch me,” he remarked to his wife. “But I think, dear, we had better move.”

## VI

### RABBIT AND THE DUCKS

**W**ELL, they did move. They moved near a charming little creek, just on the edge of the woods, quite a distance from where Panther had seen them. Not far from their new tepee was a lovely little lake.

Going down to the edge of the lake one day, Rabbit unexpectedly met Otter. They were both very friendly, because Otter had forgotten all about Rabbit's running off with his coat. In fact, as he said to his wife, he was glad it happened, because he liked living in the water so well.

But that day, Otter was out for some fun, and the minute he saw Rabbit looking at the ducks, he thought of a joke.

"Can you swim, Rabbit?" he asked, after they had talked a while.

## *Rabbit and the Ducks*

“Splendidly!” answered the boaster. He really had learned just a little since he had been living there.

“Let’s have some fun,” said Otter. “Let’s see who can dive and stay under water the longest time. Oh, I know,” he added. “Let’s dive, and swim over to those ducks, and catch them by the feet.”

That was just the thing, Rabbit said. Then he added, “You go first.”

Otter dived quietly from the bank, and kept under water. Then, rising among the ducks, he caught one by the feet and pulled her under water. And not another duck knew of it. Otter was very clever. When he got to the bank, he let the duck go.

While Otter was under water, Rabbit quickly broke off a slender sapling, peeled it, and made a noose in the end. When he dived, he made quite a splash, and several of the ducks looked around.

When Rabbit could not stay under water any longer, he came to the surface to breathe. But this frightened many of the ducks, and they flew away. Two stayed, however, and at last Rabbit came up softly

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

behind them, threw the noose over their heads, and tried to drag them under water.

Things didn't turn out at all as Rabbit expected. The two big strong birds flew right up into the air, the noose around them, and Rabbit hanging to the end of the sapling.

Up — and up — and up, flew the ducks. Rabbit looked down. The Earth-land was falling away from him. The stream was only a tiny silver thread, and the lake a small silver blot. Even the trees were growing smaller — and then Rabbit found himself falling. The end of the sapling had pulled out of his hand.

Down — and down — and down, fell Rabbit, plump into a hollow sycamore tree. It was a very tall tree, and it had no hole at the bottom. Nobody had seen him fall. There was no way by which he could get out. Therefore Rabbit stayed there.

Rabbit stayed there until he was so hungry he ate his own fur. That is why rabbits do that even to-day, when they are starving.





Up — and up — and up, flew the ducks. *Page 28.*



## *Rabbit and the Ducks*

At last, one day, he heard children playing around the tree. Rabbit at once began to sing, and he really had a good voice. He sang:

“Cut a door and look at me.  
I’m the prettiest thing you ever did see.”

Well, of course, the children understood the song, and they ran straight home to tell their father. The tall Indian came and cut a hole in the tree. As he chopped away, Rabbit kept singing,

“Cut it larger so you can see me.  
I am very, very pretty.”

The Indian kept wondering who was in the tree. Rabbit kept singing to cut it larger.

So they made the hole larger. Then when it was large enough, Rabbit called, “Now step back. Then you can get a good look at me.”

They stood back. Then Rabbit gave a flying leap out of that hole — springing with quick jumps to the right and the left

*Old Crow and His Friends*

so they could not catch him, and ran away.

“My dear, you must be more careful,” said Mrs. Rabbit that evening.

“Oh, shucks,” answered Rabbit scornfully. “Nobody can get the best of me.”

## VII

### A NEW GAME

ONE day Rabbit wandered over the hillside. Sometimes he stood and looked around. Sometimes he took a long leap down the trail and into the woods. He ran about, this way and that way, just for fun.

Suddenly Rabbit saw a small tepee near him. He kept close to it, and peered through a small hole. There was Frog, sitting near the fire.

“Why, hello, Frog,” said Rabbit. Then he walked around to the entrance flap. Rabbit poked his head in. “What are you doing here?” he asked.

“Playing with the ashes,” said Frog.

“Come take a tramp with me,” said Rabbit.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

Frog shook his head. "Oh, I'm too small to go on a tramp with you," he said.

Rabbit walked boldly into the tepee, tossed Frog over his shoulder, and started off.

"This is the way I will carry you," he said. After a while, he came back, and let Frog sit down again before the fire. Rabbit said, "I will go hunting." And off he started.

He had not gone very far, when suddenly he spied smoke. It was curling up from the willows along the river bank.

"Now what is that!" exclaimed Rabbit. Then he added, "Let's make believe it's an adventure." So he gave a long leap and started back for Frog, exclaiming, as though terribly frightened: "I have forgotten my crooked knife! I must go quickly and get it!"

Rabbit dashed back, and into the lodge.

"I have forgotten my crooked knife!" he exclaimed excitedly. "I came back to get it!"

Frog had been annoyed by Rabbit's carrying him off in that way. So he looked

## A New Game

up coolly, and asked: "Why are you frightened?"

"I saw a large smoke," said Rabbit. "I need my crooked knife."

"Where was the smoke?" asked Frog, still very coolly. He knew Rabbit didn't have a crooked knife.

"Among the willows by the river," said Rabbit.

"Humph!" said Frog. "The smoke came from Beaver's lodge. He lives down there. You're very brave to be so afraid of Beaver. I can hunt *him*."

Rabbit said, "Well, then, I'll carry you down there." So he picked up Frog again, tossed him over his back, and went down among the willows.

When they got there, Rabbit said, "We'll break in Beaver's lodge, and then catch him."

Rabbit built a dam of stakes across the stream, and told Frog to watch, while he went around to Beaver's lodge. Of course, with the stakes, Beaver could not escape.

But Frog coolly pulled up several stakes, so Beaver slipped through, and ran away.

### *Old Crow and His Friends*

When Rabbit saw that, he was annoyed. He pushed Frog right into the water.

Frog hopped up on a lily-pad leaf and laughed.

“This is my home,” he said. Then, as Rabbit went away Frog called after him, “Chugerump! chugerump! chugerump!” just as frogs do, even to this day.



## VIII

### RABBIT TRIES THAT GAME

“**Y**ES, sir,” said Rabbit, that evening, as he sat in his tepee, “if ever again I get in a tight place, I’ll try that game myself.” Then he added, “But I’m not going to get into any more tight places.”

Dear me! No more tight places! Rabbit wasn’t nearly through with his adventures yet.

Not long after, Rabbit moved again. He said he liked to see the country. He set up the new tepee near an Indian tepee, because there was a spring there, and a field of Indian corn, and some squash vines. Poplar trees grew near a little stream running out of the spring. Grass roots were plentiful.

“This is a grand good place for my tepee,” said Rabbit. “I have plenty to

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

eat here. I guess I'll stop traveling a while."

So Rabbit ate the grass roots and drank of the pure spring water, and ate the bark of the poplar trees, and was very happy. He was so happy he sang a great deal. He had one song he sang all the time. It was :

"Ho! The Indians can't catch me.  
I have long legs. I run fast.  
Ho! The Indians can't catch me."

"Umph!" grunted a tall Indian one day, when he heard Rabbit singing. "Umph! So Rabbit has set up his tepee near here, has he? I wonder what mischief he's up to now."

That evening the tall Indian told his wife he had heard Rabbit singing near the corn field.

"Umph," said the pretty little black-eyed squaw. "Rabbit is the leader in all the mischief. We shall need to watch him."

And that was how Rabbit got into such a tight hole — because he felt so safe, and yet those two Indians were watching for him.

## *Rabbit Tries That Game*

Just a few days after that, Rabbit thought he would like to taste the stalks of tender young corn. They were just right. He gnawed the first one, and sat back on his haunches.

“Isn’t that good!” he said joyfully. And he began to nibble at the juicy stalks again, singing between bites,

“Ho! The Indians can’t catch me.  
I have long legs. I run fast.  
Ho! The Indians can’t — ”

That’s all he had time for. A big voice right over him said, “Oh, can’t they!” And before Rabbit could make even one leap, down came a big net over his head and his long legs.

“Ha, ha! Crooked legs! Now I have you,” said the Indian grimly. “I’ve caught you — eating my corn.”

“But there’s plenty of corn for us both,” said Rabbit, trying to get out of that net which tangled him up so.

“Not if you eat it all up,” said the Indian. “See! The ears are just forming — and you killing the stalks.”

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

“Oh, I’m sure there’s enough for us both,” said Rabbit. “But I won’t eat any more if you’ll let me go.”

“Not a bit of it,” said the Indian. “Black Eyes will cook you in the fire.” Black Eyes was the little black-eyed squaw.

Then suddenly Rabbit remembered that game.

“Oh, goody!” he said joyously. “I’ll be glad to get into that fire. I have been almost freezing here this morning.”

Now the sun was very, very bright that day, and extremely warm. The tall Indian was surprised.

“Well,” he said, “if you like fire so well, perhaps I’ll try water.”

“That’s even better,” said Rabbit. “I’ve been nearly choking for a drink this morning, and the spring was a long ways off. Just carry me over there, and throw me into the spring.”

“Umph!” said the tall Indian. “Perhaps I’d better not. I think I’ll throw you over in that brier patch.”

“Oh, no, no!” exclaimed Rabbit. “Not in the brier patch! It’s cold in there at

### *Rabbit Tries That Game*

night, and there's no water there, and no grass roots, and the prickly briars catch my fur —”

“That's where you go!” said the Indian. And he pulled Rabbit out of the net, and caught his four feet together. Then he carried him over to the brier patch and threw him in. And a brier patch is Rabbit's home, as everybody knows.

Rabbit pattered straight into the midst of the patch. Then he perked his ears up saucily, glanced up through the briars at the tall Indian, and laughed.

“Ho, ho, ho, ho!” laughed Rabbit. And it was not many minutes before he was back in his own tepee.

“My dear,” he said to his wife, “I'll move, I think. Perhaps you had better begin packing.”

## IX

### RABBIT REJOINS THE COUNCIL

**R**ABBIT had hardly made up his mind where to go, but the very next morning, bright and early, he heard a clear, loud “Caw! caw! caw!” up in the tree shading his tepee. Sure enough, there was Old Crow.

Rabbit came out and waved his paw. Old Crow flew down to the ground and stretched himself — first one leg and then another.

“I’ve come from the council, Rabbit,” said Old Crow. “We all want you to come back and camp with us.”

“Well — I don’t know — I —” began Rabbit in confusion. He couldn’t forget how they had laughed at him when he stole Otter’s coat.

“Yes, I know,” said Old Crow kindly.

### *Rabbit Rejoins the Council*

“Forget all that — and come back to us. Why, the Animal People have laughed at Fox so that he has turned red.”

So they talked it over, and as Rabbit was going to move his tepee anyway, he thought he would go back and camp with the others. Old Crow told him just where they were.

“It’s in a beautiful valley,” he said, “with a cold, clear mountain stream running through it. The meadows are all red and yellow and pink and blue and white with wild flowers. There are clumps of oak trees here and there, and a few fir trees, too. Raven and I are very fond of fir trees. There’s plenty to eat in that lovely grassy valley.”

So Rabbit went — that very day.

Old Crow came down on the ground and hopped along, every now and then, when Rabbit stopped to get a bite as he went along, chatting pleasantly. He told Rabbit that a large camp of Indians had pitched their tepees very near the Animal People in that valley.

“I go over there in the evenings, often,” added Old Crow, “and perch up on the

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

tepee poles and listen to them. It's very interesting."

When Rabbit and Old Crow reached camp, there was real excitement. Raven had called a council, and Rabbit and Old Crow reached there just in time. The Animal People had gone up the valley, among a clump of trees, where the Indians wouldn't see them.

"Wren has news for us," said Raven, after they had smoked the council pipe very seriously.

And Wren surely did. She was hopping around from one branch to another, just the happiest little bird anybody ever saw.

Now Wren is the messenger of the Bird People, as everybody knows. She gets up early in the morning, and goes around to every tepee, to find out what the news is, for the next council meeting.

"There's a new baby in that Indian camp," said Wren joyously.

Every one of the Animal People said, "Oh!" Then they began to ask questions.

"Is it a bow or a meal sifter?" asked



### *Rabbit Rejoins the Council*

Old Crow quickly. Raven asked at the same time, "Is it ball-sticks or bread?"

That was the way the Bird People asked whether it was a boy or a girl. It was the boys who played with ball-sticks, and shot with their bows. And it was the girls who sifted the meal and made bread.

"It's a meal sifter," said Wren. Wren was very happy. She liked meal sifters much better than bows or ball-sticks.

When Wren said that, all the Bird People began to sing. It was a very pretty song. It was :

"Thanks! The sound of the pestle!

In her tepee I shall surely be able to scratch where she sweeps."

It's easy to understand what they meant. When an Indian woman pounded the corn with the pestle, little bits flew out on the ground. When those were brushed out on the ground outside, the Bird People could scratch around and pick them up. Of course, no one of the Bird People would go into an Indian tepee. That would be rude.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

The Bird People also had a song that they sang when the new Indian baby was a bow or ball-sticks. It was not so pretty. This song was :

“Alas! The whistle of the arrow! My shins will burn.”

Cricket had a special song for a ball-sticks. Cricket sang,

“*Gwa-he!* He will shoot me! He will shoot me! He will shoot me!”

That was because the little boys made little bows and tried to shoot crickets and grasshoppers, just to show their skill. But for a girl, Cricket had a lovely song :

“Thanks! Thanks! I shall sing in the tepee where she lives.”

But the very next day, that Indian camp moved away. And that gave the Animal People a new idea.

## X

### THAT NEW IDEA

**N**OW, as everybody knows, crows pick around the old, deserted camps of the Indians. And always they liked to perch on the tepee poles, in the smoke hole, where they can hardly be seen, yet hear much of what is said.

Old Crow used to do this a great deal. He said it was necessary to know what the Indians were planning. And the very night after Wren had given her news to the council, he heard something about "moving on."

"I wonder if they are going away," said Old Crow. And the very next morning, very early indeed, he went over to the camp, which was only half a mile away. The Indians were gone. All the tepees were down, the horses had disappeared, and there was just a little rubbish lying about.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

"I'll come back later, and look over that rubbish," said Old Crow, as he flew back to the camp of the Animal People with the news. Raven called a council at once. Old Crow announced that the Indians had "moved on."

"I heard them talking about it yesterday afternoon," he said, "so I went over early this morning to see. They're all gone."

"Ha!" It was Rabbit who suddenly spoke up. "Let's have a ball-game, like the one they played yesterday."

"Perfectly splendid," said Old Crow. Raven fairly hopped about. Eagle said "Grand." They all felt that way about it.

"And we all know how to play the game," said Old Crow. "Haven't we sat in the trees and watched them, over and over again? Of course Rabbit only saw the one game yesterday. But we've seen it many times."

"We'll have to have two sides," said Old Crow thoughtfully. Raven answered at once, "Why, of course! Let the Bird People play against the Animal People."

## *That New Idea*

“Just the thing,” they all said. Then Robin added, “We’ll have to have a feast and a dance first.”

That was right, too. So they talked it all over, and decided to make their ball-sticks that afternoon, and play the game the next day. But of course the feast had to come that day. Nobody can play a hard game after a feast.

And this was to be a hard game. The Bird People and Animal People were saying to each other, “Our side is going to win, of course.” Both sides said just that.

Old Crow went back to the rubbish heap around that camp, to see what he could find. The other Bird People began to dress up. They had almost finished preening their feathers, and smoothing them out and fluttering about, when they saw Old Crow come flying back.

Old Crow was very handsome in his shining blue-black coat. All the birds admired him. And now, as they saw him coming through the fresh summer air, his coat gleaming in the bright sunlight, they all said, “How handsome Old Crow is!” And

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

suddenly they saw something red in his bill.

“Just look what I have found,” said Old Crow joyously, as he set down, very carefully, a bit of bark on which was piled some red paint.

“Oh! oh! oh!” cried some of the Bird People. “Just what we wanted — exactly!”

Eagle was sitting about, and he said disdainfully, “I don’t want any red.”

“Neither do I,” said Old Crow. “I had bother enough with my old white coat not to want any color except black. But some of the Bird People —”

“Well, I want some,” exclaimed Woodpecker. Picking up a bit of twig, to use as a brush, he spread some of that paint carefully over his head. After that the Bird People called him the Red-headed Woodpecker.

“Robin, you take some,” said Old Crow. “Your coat is so brown.” Robin was such a cheerful little chap, that everybody liked him. So Robin took some of the paint, as he remarked, “I just want a little on my

## *That New Idea*

vest.” Robin put some on a twig and went to a little quiet pool of water where he could see himself. There he painted that lovely red vest, — oh, so carefully. After that, they always called him Robin Red-breast.

Old Crow’s cousin took a little of what remained, and spread it out carefully on the tips of his wings. “I think it will show more there,” he said, “and it’s a beautiful red color.” So then they called him the Red-winged Blackbird.

There was hardly the least bit left, when little Gray Woodpecker alighted on that tree. They offered it to him, because Wren had refused it.

“I like being just a quiet brown,” said Wren. “I have so many errands to do, I think it is better not to be showy.” And there really was good sense in that. But little Gray Woodpecker had no errands at all, so he took the wee bit that was left and made a faint red mark just above his ears on each side. It was just a faint red, but it was lovely with his gray coat.

And just at that moment Deer came calling through the forest. Deer had a loud

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

voice, so he was herald for the Animal People.

“Robin! Robin! Robin! Old Crow gives a feast,” he called. That was the regular invitation for a feast. The Animal People taught the Indians to give feast invitations in just that way.

“Raven! Raven! Raven! Old Crow gives a feast,” he called outside of Raven’s tepee.

“Rabbit! Rabbit! Rabbit! Old Crow gives a feast!” And so Deer went about, calling every one to the feast.

Every one, of course, had dressed up. Rabbit had cleaned his vest nicely, and pattered about in the damp grass to get the dust off his coat, and the Bird People looked their best, especially those who had used the red paint.

Every one was quite excited over that red paint. And they praised Robin’s red vest enough to have turned the head of any one else. But Robin was such a happy little chap, he was pleased that they liked that new vest.

And all through that feast, the Animal



### *That New Idea*

People and the Bird People talked about the game of ball they were going to play the next day. Every single man had his ball-stick ready. It was just a long pole, with a hooped net at the end — but one could play an exciting game with it.

## XI

### THE BALL GAME

**T**HE very next morning the Animals met near the river, in a smooth grassy field. The Birds met in the tree top, over by the ridge.

The leader of the Animals was Bear. He was very strong and heavy. All the way to the river he tossed up big logs to show his strength. Bear boasted. Terrapin was with the Animals — the first Terrapin he was, and very large. His shell was so hard a heavy blow could not hurt him. On the way to the river he rose on his hind feet and dropped heavily again. He boasted. He said, "Thus will I crush any of the Bird People who try to take the ball from me."

Then there was Deer. He could outrun all the others. And there were many others, including Rabbit and Hare.

## *The Ball Game*

Now the leader of the Birds was Eagle. Hawk was his helper. They were very strong of wing and strong of flight.

They had a little dance first, out there on the green grass. Just as that finished, two tiny little animals, no larger than field mice, climbed to the branch where Eagle sat. They crept out on the branch to Eagle.

"We want to play ball," they said.

Eagle looked at them. They were four-footed. He shook his head.

"Why don't you join the Animals?" he asked. "You belong there."

"The Animals make fun of us," said these wee things. "They won't let us play. They drive us away because we are small."

Eagle did feel sorry for them, yet he said, "But you have no wings!"

Old Crow had been sitting near by. "We can make wings for them," he said. And he called to Hawk and some of the other Bird People.

At first they could not think just how to do it. Then somebody said, "The head of our drum is made of thin leather. We can make wings from that."

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

Well, that was just the thing, of course. They cut two pieces of leather from the drum and shaped them for wings. They stretched them with cane splints, and fastened them on the forelegs of one of the little animals.

Thus they made Bat. Bat had never been made before.

Then they began to teach him. First they threw the ball to him. Bat rose and circled about in the air on his new wings. He didn't even let the ball drop. "Fine!" said Old Crow. And the Birds all saw at once he would be one of their best men.

Then they looked around for the other wee fellow. "What are we to do?" asked Robin anxiously. He hoped something could be done, but there was no more leather and no more time. The Animals who had been tossing the ball among themselves were coming over to the grassy field where they were to play.

"We can do this!" said Old Crow. And without explaining what, he and Raven took hold of the little fellow from opposite



Martin caught it and threw it to Bat, who was flying near the ground. *Page 55.*



## *The Ball Game*

sides with their strong bills and stretched his skin. So they made Flying Squirrel.

Eagle threw the ball to him. At once Flying Squirrel sprang after it, and caught it in his teeth. He carried it through the air to the nearest tree.

“He’s another good man,” said Old Crow.

Then the game began. Almost at the first toss, Flying Squirrel caught the ball and carried it up a tree. Then he threw it to the birds, who kept it in the air for some time. When it dropped towards the earth, Bear rushed to get it, but Martin darted after it — quick as a flash. Martin caught it and threw it to Bat, who was flying near the ground. Bat doubled and dodged with the ball, and kept it out of the way of Deer. At last Bat threw it between the posts.

So the Birds won the game. Bear and Terrapin, who had boasted so, never even had a chance to touch the ball.

Then everybody went home. But the Animals were a little bothered.

“I don’t understand it at all,” growled Bear. “Why, we didn’t have a chance at

*Old Crow and His Friends*

the ball. Those new men of theirs were admirable players."

"Well," remarked Rabbit, as he leaped about, "they wanted first to play on our side."

And then, with two or three jumps, Rabbit was right at the door of his own tepee.



## XII

### WHY FOX BECAME RED

**I**T began to rain one afternoon, and Rabbit poked around his own tepee until he was tired of that. Besides, in leaping about in his usual fashion, he had upset about everything in the tepee, anyway. So he went over to see Old Crow.

“What makes Fox so red nowadays?” asked Rabbit. “He didn’t use to be so very red.”

Old Crow didn’t answer at all for a moment. He laughed — and laughed — and laughed. Then he told Rabbit all about it. And this is the way it happened that Fox is red, even to this day.

One day Fox said to his children, “I am going to get some eggs.” So off he went to the woods, and after climbing a high hill, he saw Eagle sitting on his nest in the top

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

of a tall tree. Fox couldn't climb that tree. He knew that. So he sat and thought a while.

Then Fox put some grass stalks in his ears, and shouted to Eagle. He said, "Throw me down an egg. If you don't, I'll knock this tree down."

Eagle saw those grass stalks, and they looked very terrible, indeed. Yet they were nothing but grass. But he was so frightened, he threw down an egg.

"Throw down another," said Fox.

"Oh, that's enough," said Eagle.

"Throw down another," shouted Fox fiercely. "Else I'll knock the whole tree down."

So Eagle threw down another. Then Fox laughed. He said "Ho, ho! Didn't I fool you well! How could I knock down a big tree with grass stalks?"

Eagle felt he had been a great goose. He was angry with himself and also with Fox. In one minute he swooped down upon Fox, caught him in his talons, lifted him high in the air, and flew off. So he flew — and flew — and flew, far out to sea,

## *Why Fox Became Red*

and then set Fox down carefully upon a small island.

“Now,” said Eagle, “don’t ask for any more of my eggs.”

Fox wasn’t likely to ask for any more eggs, out there alone on that island. He lived there a long while. Nobody came to rescue him, and the Animal People couldn’t think what had become of him. Then Fox suddenly thought of something.

Fox began to sing magic songs. He sang — and sang — and sang. At last a whole herd of seals, and walrus, and whales appeared near the island.

“Why did you call us?” they asked. “What are you singing about?”

“I’d like to know this,” said the cunning Fox. “Are there more animals on the dry land, or in the waters of the sea?”

“Why, there are more in the waters of the sea,” answered the Sea People. They all said that. They were so surprised. They said, “Why! The idea of his asking such a question!”

“Well, let’s see about that,” said Fox. “All of you come up to the surface of the

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

water, and form a raft from this island to the land. Then I will walk over you and count you all.”

“That’s a good plan,” said the Sea People. So they all came up to the surface of the water — the whales, and the sharks, the seals, and porpoises, and all the fishes, even the codfish, and formed a great raft. As soon as the raft was quite solid, Fox ran over them to the shore, counting them as he went. But there were so many he couldn’t count them all; he couldn’t go high enough in numbers. So he told them how many he had counted, and then jumped ashore and went home.

The next day Fox met Eagle. “Don’t let’s fool each other any more,” said Fox. “I’ve had enough of it.” And Eagle said “All right.”

Fox hoped that nobody would know anything about it. But everybody said, “Why, where have you been!” and after a while the truth leaked out. It all came out, some way or other, at a great council, when the Animal People all sat in a great circle in the green forest, and smoked the council

## *Why Fox Became Red*

pipe, just as they had taught the Indians to do.

There they all were, laughing at him. And there was poor Fox! They laughed — and laughed — and laughed, until Fox grew red because he was so ashamed. And he's red even to this day.

## XIII

### THE SNOW-STORM

**A**LL the Animal People waked up one summer morning to find the Wind People running about through the camp, and everything covered with heavy snow. And every now and then some of the Wind People would climb up to a smoke hole, and shout down to the Animal People.

“Ha! ha! ha!” they shouted. “How do you like this?”

“We don’t like it at all,” shouted Old Crow back to some of the Wind People. “Go home and let us alone.” But the Wind People didn’t go for two whole days. Then they went home, and the snow melted, and the Animal People called a great council at once.

“We don’t want any more of *that*,” said

## *The Snow-Storm*

Old Crow firmly. Old Crow was just as firm as ever, though he never lost his temper. "Why, that's as bad as when Stealer came down from Sky-land, in the long ago, and stole the Summer Birds."

Of course, everybody knew just what he was talking about. They had had such an awful time with the Summer Birds gone.

"Where did that snow come from — in midsummer?" asked Rabbit. "How did it happen?"

Nobody knew. Nobody had any idea. And the very next day, when it should have been bright sunshine and blue skies and warm air, there were the Wind People again, and another snowstorm.

Rabbit didn't like snow, but still he leaped right through it, quite easily, as anybody can see by a rabbit's tracks on a winter morning. So he went straight over to Old Crow's tepee the next morning, and found Red Squirrel there, and Raven, and several others. And just then Wolverine came in.

"Oh, Wolverine! You're the very person!" Everybody spoke at once.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

“When you went up to Sky-land to get the Summer Birds, in the long ago, Wolverine,” asked Old Crow, “did you find anything up there like snow?”

Wolverine thought for a few minutes. Then he said, “Well, you remember that after we freed the Summer Birds and they began to fly down through the hole in the sky, Stealer’s men chased us.”

Of course. Everybody knew that story. Wolverine had told it over and over again, around the tepee fires. In the long winter evenings when some of the Animal People were playing games, others were telling stories, just as the Indians did. Raven had told the story of how he became black over and over and over again. Everybody liked that story. So they all knew just what Wolverine was talking about.

“And so,” Wolverine went on, “there wasn’t much chance to see anything. But I do remember this.

“Sky-land, you know,” he said, “is just like the Earth-land. The grass, though, is very long, and hangs downwards toward the earth. And the grass is filled with snow.



## *The Snow-Storm*

Now when the Wind People go all over the upper air, and blow that long grass, it loosens the snow. Then it falls down."

"And they spend a good deal of time in the upper air during the winter," remarked Old Crow wisely. } "That is why it snows. But this is summer time."

They piled logs on the fire, and talked a long while around Old Crow's blazing fire, while Mrs. Crow made some tea for them. At last it was decided to send Eagle into the upper air, to see if he could find out what was the matter. And then, because it was already dark, everybody went home.

Old Crow flew around next morning, cold though it was, and with the Wind People running about, to ask Eagle to go up into the upper air, and find out what was the matter.

That very afternoon, Eagle returned. He went straight to Old Crow's tepee, almost buried in the deep snow, and in through the entrance. Raven and Rabbit, and some of the others, were there as usual.

"Oh, come in!" said Old Crow, the moment he saw Eagle's head in the entrance

*Old Crow and His Friends*

flap. "Come in, and tell us what you learned."

"Not very much," said Eagle. "The Wind People are not in the upper air, or in Sky-land. Everything up there is lovely. Sun is shining, and he asked me, 'What's the matter with the Animal People, on the Earth-land? Their tepees are all buried in snow.' I told him I was up there trying to find out."

"Hm-m-m-m!" said Old Crow. "This is serious. We must find out —"

Just at that moment Red Squirrel came dashing through the flap, all covered with snow, and shivering.

"*The Wind People are on the warpath,*" shouted Red Squirrel, as soon as he could get his breath.

## XIV

### A RAID ON THE WIND PEOPLE

**R**ED Squirrel had just escaped. He made that clear in a few minutes. He had been trying to find the camp of the Animal People in the snow. Suddenly he saw a large war party of the Wind People coming toward him from all sides.

The wind was blowing such a gale Red Squirrel could hardly get his breath. When they showered their arrows upon him, they struck him all over. And they were sharp, too. Wind People use fine hail and sleet for their arrows, and everybody knows how sharp they are.

“How did the Wind People get here?” asked Old Crow suddenly. “Their country’s a long way off. They didn’t walk, I’m sure.”

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

Everybody sat up straight and began to think. Nobody had thought of that at all. Old Crow was just as wise and clever as ever.

Now Rabbit had gone out, without anybody's noticing it. He was rather quiet, anyway, and he had gone in one long quiet leap out of the door. Just then he came in, chuckling.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Rabbit. "You ought to have seen me spring over one of their sledges! I nearly scared the driver!"

"Sledges!" said everybody, in dismay.

"The woods are full of their sledges," said Rabbit.

It wasn't possible to call a council, so the Animal People who were spending the afternoon in Old Crow's tepee had to settle the matter. The only thing to do was to stay in their lodges, and keep bright fires burning, until the Wind People went home. Everybody knew the Wind People couldn't attack them if they kept the smoke hole closed, and the entrance flap closed.

So the Animal People lay low for several days, keeping close in their tepees. They

## *A Raid on the Wind People*

waited with tightly closed flaps and bright fires until the Wind People at last went home. But they shouted as they went, "We will come in another moon!"

At once Old Crow sent out a call for the Reindeer chief, and the Mouse chief. Old Crow had been thinking all those days what to do.

When Reindeer came, Old Crow asked, "Are you afraid of ice and snow and cold?"

"Not a bit," said Reindeer. "None of my tribe are."

"Are you afraid of the spears and arrows of hail and sleet, or of the winds that blow one's breath away?" asked Old Crow.

"Oh, not a bit!" said Reindeer. "What surprising questions!"

"Well, you see," said Old Crow, "you don't come often to the councils, because you live so far away in the north. We shall make war upon the Wind People. We shall go to their lodges in the north. We shall depend upon your tribe."

Reindeer was delighted. That pleased him, and he sent out a call to all his tribe. Old Crow told Rabbit and Red Squirrel

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

to make sledges, either of oak or of pine or of poplar, because they knew those trees so well. Rabbit made his of poplar bark, bound together by withes, strongly. Squirrel made his sledges of cones, gummed together with rosin, and then bound all around by wild grapevines. They, too, were strong.

But Old Crow also talked with the chief of the Mouse tribe. "Are you afraid of cold?" he asked.

"No," said Mouse. "We really like warm, snug nests, but we can gnaw frozen things just as well as warm ones." Mouse said his tribe could be depended upon. So Old Crow felt the war party was ready.

One dark night, with Fireflies lighting the trail, Old Crow's war party started off. Raven was in it. Rabbit and Squirrel were also, because if the sledges broke, they could mend them. Old Crow drove, and the Reindeer almost flew over the snowy hillsides and mountains. There was no moon or stars, because they had not yet been made. They were made afterwards, and all because of this night's work.

## *A Raid on the Wind People*

They traveled on all day, and the snow became deeper and higher, and the cold more severe. The Wind People lived far to the north, as everybody knows, and this was dangerous work. Then they traveled all the next night. They had some pemmican and camas roots and wapatoes with them, and that was enough. Camas roots and wapatoes are Indian onions and small red potatoes, as everybody knows.

They reached the camp of the Wind People the second night, because the Reindeer tribe traveled so rapidly. When they knew the camp was near, because some of the Wind People were on guard and the air was much colder, they stopped their sledges.

Old Crow flew to the lodge poles, just where they cross at the smoke hole, and looked down. He did that in several tepees, and every time he would come back to the ground and whisper to one of the Mouse tribe. Then Mouse would slip softly into the tepee, and with his sharp teeth cut the leather thongs of their sledges, and gnaw the thongs of their moccasins, and of their leggings, and all the harness they had.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

Into one tepee and then another the Mouse People crept and gnawed everything to pieces. Then just as Sun came up over the edge of the Earth-land, everything was done and everybody hurried back into the sledges. When they were ready to start, old Crow gave the war whoop.

“Caw! caw! caw!” he shouted.

“Whoop! Whoop!” yelled Reindeer and Raven and the others, as they started off.

Those Wind People were awake in a minute.

“The enemy is among us,” they shouted to each other. “Arm and fight!” That was what they really said. But at a distance it sounded like, “Whoop-ee-ee-ee! Whew-ew-ew-ew!” just as the wind sounds when it blows in among the trees.

But arm and fight! Dear me! There wasn't anything left, those Mouse People had been so thorough. Everything cut to pieces, and the sledges quite useless!

All they could do was to stand in the flap of their tepees and watch Old Crow's sledge, far, far away in the distance, with the Reindeer lightly bounding over the snow.



## *A Raid on the Wind People*

The Wind People never recovered from that blow. It took them a long while to make new sledges and new leather thongs, and new leggings.

“We will not go on the warpath again, against the Animal People,” said Wind chief at a great council. “It is too expensive.”

## XV

### THE FIRST MOON

**I**T was after they had returned from the Land of the Wind People that Old Crow spoke of something.

“It ought not to be so dark at night,” said Old Crow. Everybody sat up straight and began to think.

“Oh, pshaw!” said Hare. “We have the Firefly tribe. They’re very obliging. They will always show one the trail.”

“But the Fireflies are here only in summer. They sleep all winter,” remarked Raven.

“It was dark enough,” said Rabbit, sitting up very straight on his haunches, “it was dark enough when we went to the Land of the Wind People.”

Then Old Crow said again it ought not to be so dark at night. “After Sun goes

## *The First Moon*

over the edge of the Darkening Land," he said, "it is black."

It surely was black. So the Animal People began to think what they could do to make a light at night.

"It will have to be something that will burn," remarked Raven.

"But if it burns too brightly, then there will be no difference between day and night," said Old Crow.

Hawk spoke then of a swamp where he had been that day. "It was full of tule reeds," he said. "And they were all rather damp."

At once all the Animal People thought that a good plan. It was evening then, and they were sitting around the fire in Old Crow's tepee. But the very next day Coyote went into the swamp, after Hawk told him where the reeds were, and cut a large bundle of them.

Old Crow and Raven and Coyote and Hawk all made a big round ball of the tule reeds, binding them together with wild grape-vines. The Animal People found the vines of the wild grape very useful, indeed. Old Crow had remarked one day,

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

as he cut off a piece with his sharp bill, that the vines were just about as good as a ball of twine.

Toward evening, Eagle took the tule ball in his strong beak, and Hawk took some flints which he had found around the old Indian camp, and together they flew away — up — up — up, into the sky. When they were quite high, Hawk made a light by striking the flints together, and set fire to the ball. Then Eagle let go of it.

“Stay right where you are,” said Hawk. And the tule reed ball stayed there all night. The reeds were so damp, they did not burn brightly. They gave a dim, white light.

Old Crow and Raven were watching from the ground.

“That isn’t light enough,” said Raven. “It ought to be a brighter light.”

“Well,” said Old Crow slowly. “It’s a great deal better than no light at all. Perhaps it will burn brighter as the reeds dry out.”

Old Crow and Raven watched the tule reed night after night, and Rabbit sat on



Hawk made a light by striking the flints together, and set  
fire to the ball. *Page 76.*



## *The First Moon*

his haunches and watched it, too. One night it began to give out much more light.

"I told you so," said Old Crow. But for once Old Crow was not clever. And for once, Rabbit was.

"The moon is burning up," said Rabbit. "After a while it will be dark."

Sure enough, after a while the moon grew dimmer and dimmer, and then suddenly became dark. A few minutes later, right at Old Crow's feet, there fell a large round ball of something soft, all black and smoking.

"Hi-yi!" called Old Crow excitedly. "Somebody bring a light."

Rabbit dashed into Old Crow's tepee, lighted a torch from the embers of the fire there, and leaped out with it. Rabbit always dashed about in an excited way.

Well, there it was. The burned-out tule reed ball, all black and smoking — just a bundle of ashes held together by grapevines. And the night was as dark as pitch.

"Oh, shucks!" said Old Crow, in disgust. "Isn't that provoking?"

And then it was so late everybody went home and went right to sleep.

## XVI

### THE NEXT MOON

**O**LD CROW and Raven sat on the topmost branch of a tall fir tree the next morning. Raven was chewing twigs excitedly, and Old Crow was hopping about. They were talking, of course, about the tule reed moon that had burned out.

“We’ll have to make a moon of something harder than that,” said Raven seriously. “And I think, Old Crow, that we should have little, wee, tiny moons all over the Sky-land, too.” Raven meant stars, of course, but he didn’t remember the name.

“We don’t need those,” said Old Crow, “because when the Star People light their fires at night, that used to give light.”

Raven remembered then, but he said,



## *The Next Moon*

“We don’t see the tepee fires of the Star People all the time!”

And then he and Old Crow thought about things for a long time. Then Old Crow remembered how to make Moon.

Old Crow took a large dish, and filled it with water. He sang a magic song, and it became gleaming ice. Then Old Crow sang another magic song and threw the round ice ball to where the Earth-land and the Sky-land are woven together.

Old Crow threw the ice ball first to the west. It rose in the sky, and then slid back. Then he threw it to the north, and it rose and slid back again. Then to the south. At last, he threw it to the east. Moon rose higher and higher in the sky until at the highest point in Sky-land, just where Sun stopped every day to rest, as he went over his trail, it began to slide down towards the edge of the Darkening Land.

Old Crow said, “You must follow the trail of Sun. You shall go up over the edge of the Earth-land, as Sun goes down over the edge of the Darkening Land.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

You shall travel the trail by night, even as Sun travels it by day."

And Moon did so. There was no man in the moon then. Nobody lived there at all. Many people live in the moon now, but no one lived in that moon.

Night after night Old Crow and Raven would waken, and come out to the door of their tepees, and there was Moon — a big, gleaming ball of white, shedding a white light on the earth. And both were very happy.

(Now, as they all sat around the fire in Old Crow's tepee one evening in autumn, Rabbit suddenly asked, "Has anybody see Moon lately?"

"What a surprising question!" exclaimed Old Crow. "Why, Moon travels his trail every night."

"We-ll-ll," said Rabbit after a pause. "Maybe he does. But he doesn't give light any more."

Big-Horned Owl had come in that evening, as he rarely did, for a cup of tea. He answered at once.

"Moon has been getting smaller and

## *The Next Moon*

smaller for a long time," he said. "I was glad of it, because I do not like the light. There is no need of having a light at night."

Well, that very night, Old Crow and Raven went out and watched for Moon. It was very dark, indeed. Moon should have been on his trail long before. At last Raven said, "There he is!"

There was Moon, sure enough. He was so small and so dim, he gave no light. Old Crow had to look hard to see him at all. But at last Old Crow and Raven both went to sleep, puzzling over the queer way in which Moon was acting.

The next morning they were both on the topmost branch of the tall fir tree.

"You will remember," said Raven, as he threw away the twig he had been chewing, "what a hard time we had with Sun at first. But at last we succeeded."

"Oh, yes," said Old Crow. "Nobody ever thinks of bothering Sun now."

"And he never thinks of getting off his trail," said Raven.

And suddenly Old Crow whooped. Then

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

he cried, "Caw! caw! caw!" He had had an idea.

"What is it?" asked Raven anxiously.

"Talking about Sun made me think of it," exclaimed Old Crow. "Sun's trail gets very hot, when he passes over it, and—"

"And Moon is made of ice!" interrupted Raven.

Then they both understood. Moon really had been doing his best to light the world at night, but he had gradually melted away. And he was too far up in the sky to make anybody hear him call—especially as everybody was asleep.

In about a week there wasn't any Moon left. He had melted entirely. And Earthland at night was in blackness.

"Oh, shucks!" said Raven impatiently, one day. "Let's forget all about it and have some fun."

## XVII

### SHINGEBISS AND THE NORTHWEST WIND

**I**T was really some time before Raven could have the fun he wanted. But up in the north, Shingebiss, the Duck, was having a game of his own. And it was all because of those Wind People again.

Northwest Wind went up to visit the Wind People, not long after Old Crow and Reindeer had been there. He found them all working very hard, making new leggings, and new harness, and new sledges. But they were all very gloomy, too. So they told him all about it. They were careful not to say much about their trying to freeze the Animal People.

Northwest Wind thought for a long time. Then he said, "Hm-m-m. I think I'll go on the warpath against Shingebiss, the Duck. He lives not far from here."

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

And off went Northwest Wind, with a whirl, and a roar, making even the Wind People shiver.

Now Shingebiss, the Duck, lived all alone in his tepee, on the shore of the lake. Winter came early that year, and it was very cold. Ice had frozen over the top of the water. Shingebiss had but four logs of wood in his tepee, but each one would burn a month. And there were but four months that were really cold for him.

Shingebiss went out every day, even on the coldest days. He looked for places where rushes and flags grew up through the ice. He would pull them up and dive for fish through the broken ice. When he had fished for a while, he would go home, dragging long strings of fish behind him on the ice.

Then Northwest Wind came around one day. He shook his rattle and the wind blew colder. Snow drifted high. Shingebiss kept his fire burning. And on the coldest days, he would still a-fishing go.

Northwest Wind noticed that. He said, "Shingebiss is a strange man."

## *Shingebiss and the Northwest Wind*

That very night Northwest Wind went to the door of Duck's tepee. Shingebiss had cooked his fish and eaten it. He was lying before that blazing log, singing songs. This is what he sang :

“Spirit of the Northwest Wind,  
You are but my fellow man.”

Duck sang that because he knew Northwest Wind was standing at his door. He could feel his cold breath. He kept right on singing that song.

Northwest Wind stepped back a little. Then he banged the entrance flap. He shook the whole tepee. He roared around the smoke hole and rattled the lodge poles. He shrieked and he whistled, and kept things crashing for a while. He yelled threats to Duck. Then he stepped back to the entrance flap.

Duck was lying before the blazing log, — lying on his side, — and singing a song. He sang :

“Spirit of the Northwest Wind,  
You are but my fellow man.”

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

“I don’t understand that,” said Northwest Wind. “He ought to be scared. Shingebiss is a strange man.”

Then Northwest Wind stepped right inside the tepee, and sat down at the back side. Duck got up and poked the fire, making the log blaze more cheerily than ever. The tepee became very warm. At last Northwest Wind said, “Oh, I can’t stand this. I’ll have to go out.” And he went out, saying, “Shingebiss is a very strange man.”

Northwest Wind called all his tribe together, after that. They made terrible storms come. All the flag roots were frozen in hard ice. The ice was very heavy; and there was much snow and wind. Still, Duck went a-fishing. He bit off the frozen flag roots, and pounded and hammered the hard ice until it broke, and he could fish. He went home dragging strings of fish behind him, on the ice.

“We’ll have to give it up,” said Northwest Wind to his tribe. “We can’t scare him. Shingebiss is a very strange man.”

So he let him alone. The winds died



*Shingebiss and the Northwest Wind*

down, and the ice became softer, and there was less snow. And Shingebiss still cooked his fish before his fire, and stretched out before the log, blazing so cheerily, and sang his happy songs. He refused to be afraid.

## XVIII

### BLACK BEAR

**B**LACK BEAR came into camp one day, fairly snorting. Now everybody expected Grizzly Bear to go around snorting and growling — that was nothing unusual. So one morning early, when the Animal People heard some one growling, “Woof! woof! woof!” Old Crow remarked to Raven, “There’s Grizzly again.”

But it wasn’t Grizzly at all. And when all the Animal People saw it was Black Bear snorting so, they were so surprised. Everybody said, “Why, Black Bear! What is the matter?”

Black Bear couldn’t talk at all for a while. Then she told them all about it. Some of the Animal People said, “Oh, that’s a shame!” Old Crow started to say that.

## *Black Bear*

When he got as far as "Oh," and his mouth was open, he started to laugh. And he laughed — and laughed — and laughed.

Well, this was what had happened.

Now a tall Indian had a large field of corn ripening near Black Bear's den. Rabbit, of course, began to ask at once whether it was his tall Indian, with the little black-eyed wife. The Animal People all said in a minute though, "Keep still, Rabbit. We want to hear Black Bear." So Rabbit never did find out.

Well, this tall Indian wanted to look at that corn one day. He told his wife he wanted to see the whole field. So he went just outside the field, and climbed up on a big stump. The corn field was beautiful. The tassels were just out, waving in the breeze, and it was really a lovely day, with the sun shining and the sky so blue.

Now that stump was hollow; but the Indian did not see that. Worse than that, it was Black Bear's home. She lived there. The Indian was so interested in his corn field, he stepped back a little, to where it was crumbly. The crumbly part

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

gave way — and down went that tall Indian into Black Bear's den. And she had two little cubs down in there!

Well, the cubs began to yell "Mama! Mama!" Black Bear heard them, and she guessed what was the matter, because she had been watching that tall Indian. She rushed to the stump, climbed up it, and then began to climb down inside.

Of course, Black Bear had to climb down that stump backwards. When she got halfway down, the tall Indian caught her hind leg and yelled something to her. She didn't know just what it was. Anyway, she didn't remember it. But with the cubs calling to her from the bottom of the stump, and that Indian yelling at her, Black Bear thought she'd better get out and get help.

So she began to climb out again. And didn't that Indian hold on to her hind leg, so she had to pull him up to the top of the stump with her! When he could catch the top of it, he pulled himself up, — just as boys do with a trapeze, — and ran home.

## *Black Bear*

That Indian hadn't hurt anything — so Black Bear thought. The cubs seemed all right. But the idea of his making her pull him out of that stump! Oh, Black Bear was so indignant!

## XIX

### COYOTE OFF FOR SKY-LAND

**O**N all the hot summer nights, the Animal People sat around a little lake, where they spent their summers. It was a lovely grassy patch. All the grass was alight with the Firefly tribe, and the water, too. Sometimes the Animal People sang, sitting there in the early summer evenings. This very evening they had been singing a song to Firefly. It was :

“Flitting white-fire-bug,  
Flitting white-fire-bug,  
Give me your light before I go to sleep.  
Give me your light before I go to sleep.  
Come, little waving fire-bug.  
Come, little waving fire-bug.  
Light me with your bright torch.  
Light me with your bright torch.”

## *Coyote off for Sky-Land*

That is truly the very song the Indians used to sing to the fireflies. And if they did not learn it from the Animal People where did they learn it?

Well, this very evening, Coyote was sitting there on the shore of the lake, and Raven, and Old Crow, and Rabbit, and — oh, nearly all the Animal People were there, except Grizzly. Grizzly was camping out near a berry path, that summer. The Firefly tribe were sparkling about, flitting here and there in the grass, and gleaming like wee stars in the water.

Coyote watched the sparkle of the tiny Fireflies in the water. Then he looked up at the bright sparkle in the Sky-land above. That, of course, was from the tepee fires of the happy Star People. Coyote watched again the Fireflies, then the fires of the Star People above, and their sparkle in the water below.

Coyote was thinking. Suddenly he said, "Old Crow, I believe I would like to visit Sky-land."

"Which way are you going?" piped up Rabbit, before anybody had a chance to

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

speak. Rabbit took it as a matter of course. He didn't realize it was a little hard to get there.

"I've been thinking about that," said Coyote. "I believe I'll go through the crack this time."

"Then you're not so likely to fall — eh?" said Old Crow with a grin. Everybody laughed. Everybody remembered how Coyote had fallen off the shoulder of Evening Star, and come down — down — down, to the earth, and hit the trail — oh, so hard!

"If I were going there," remarked Eagle, "I think I would go through the hole in the sky."

"You might go up on the Rainbow Trail," remarked Raven. He had been chewing a twig he picked up, and that showed he was thinking.

"The hole which Wolverine made when he went after the Summer Birds is all sealed up tight," said Coyote after a while.

"Well," said Old Crow, "then your choice must be between the crack, the Rainbow Trail, or the hole in the sky."



## *Coyote off for Sky-Land*

Everybody went home then, but they were all talking it over. "I think it is foolish," said Eagle. "I could get through the hole in the sky any day, but I don't care enough about it to try."

Coyote went to see Rainbow a few days later. That really seemed the easiest way, as well as the prettiest one.

"Not a bit of it," said Rainbow firmly. "I'd like to be obliging, but Little Turtle, since she has lived in Sky-land, has gone over my trail so much that some of the colors are all worn, and faded out. And the blues and greens have almost run together."

Coyote took a good look at Rainbow then, and he saw that the blue and green did seem to run together; and so did the orange and red. So Coyote did not press the matter.

"That leaves me a choice of going up through the hole in the sky, or of going through the crack. If I take the first, I'm likely to have a tumble. If I take the second, it will be a long, long journey."

Yet Coyote finally decided to go through

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

the crack. He told the Animal People so a few nights later, when they were sitting beside the lake, watching the Firefly tribe.

“But I don’t want to go all alone,” said Coyote. “Don’t some of you want to go with me?”

“I’ll go,” piped up Rabbit. “So will I,” said Raven unexpectedly. But here Eagle broke in.

“What’s the use of your taking that long road, Raven?” he asked. “If you want to go to Sky-land, we might go up together through the hole in the sky.”

Raven thought for a while, and decided that would be better. But the truth is that Coyote’s way was such a long, long journey, and Eagle’s route through the hole in the sky such a very short one, that Eagle and Raven had spent a week in Sky-land, and had gone back to the Earth-land before Coyote and Rabbit even got through the crack.

## XX

### THINGS IN SKY-LAND

**N**OW the Sky-cover fits down over the Earth-land just as a big blue bowl fits down over a plate. Everybody knows that. All the Animal People knew it, of course. And they knew, too, that the blue Sky-cover was made of stone. But every day, when the tides ebb and flow, the cover tilts just a little bit. Then one has to slip through, oh, so quickly, before the cover bangs down.

Well, off started Coyote and Rabbit. They walked — and walked — and walked. They walked far to the north until they came to the edge of the Earth-land, just where the Sky-cover fits down.

Of course, they had to walk along the seashore, and some of the Sea People would swim along, as they walked, talking

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

with them. The Sea People were just telling Coyote, one day, how Flounder tried to get through the crack. He was too slow, and the tide turned, and down, *bang!* came that Sky-cover. It surely did flatten out Flounder. Look at any flounder today and see how flat he is. And that's the way it happened.

"What makes the tides?" piped up Rabbit again. He had been asking a number of questions, just like that.

Whale looked amazed, and so did Salmon.

"Why, — it's the hole in the sea," said Whale. And then he found even Coyote did not know anything about that.

Long before, Great One had discovered a big rock in the bottom of the ocean. He built a house under the rock, and then made a hole through the rock. He fitted a lid to that hole, and put a man in charge. Twice every day, that man opens the lid, and the water rushes down — and down — and down, away down beneath the Earth-land. When the man closes the lid, the water rises again.

"Why, everybody knows that," said

## *Things in Sky-Land*

Whale, again surprised. And really, the Indians did know it, because the Sea People had told them. But Coyote had never heard it.

At last Coyote and Rabbit stood just where the Sky-cover tilted. They waited quite a while, and then they began to sing. Soon they saw the cover begin to tilt. When it was just wide enough, Coyote yelled, "Whoop-ee!" Rabbit answered, "Hi-yi!" Then they both dashed through.

*Bang!* went the Sky-cover, just a moment later.

Then up — and up — and up went those two. They walked up on the outside of the Sky-cover, which they found was really a hard blue stone. Soon they came to a charming little lake.

"Why!" said Coyote in surprise, as he stopped for a good cold drink.

"You need not be surprised at seeing me," said Lake. And Coyote found that some of the big stars were not the fires of the Star People, but small lakes, which gleam at night. There were a number of such lakes.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

Then they began to walk up again. You see, they had to go right up overhead, for that is where the Sky People live.

"I wonder how much farther it is," said Rabbit, when they had walked a long way.

Coyote was thinking about that, too. He pulled out a hunting knife, and scraped a hole through the Sky-cover. He put his eye to it and looked down.

"Nothing but water down there," he said. They were over the ocean. Then Rabbit looked. They both sat down and rested.

"I wish we were near enough just to see the tepees of the Sky People," said Coyote, after a while. And at once, as he looked up, there were the tepees.

Now every wish comes true in Sky-land, as everybody knows. But people forget that. And it is one of the rules that nobody must tell anybody else. But Coyote guessed it.

Coyote winked at Rabbit, and said, "I wish we were both right among the Star People." And at once they were there.

## *Things in Sky-Land*

Now in Sky-land there lives Great Bear. He used to live on the Earth-land, but some hunters were after him one day, just when the leaves were turning red, and he ran up into Sky-land. He's there yet. Then Fisher lived up there. He had gone up into Sky-land with Wolverine, you know, to rescue the Summer Birds. When Stealer's men shut the hole in the sky, he had to stay there. But he said he liked it up there.

Coyote was amazed when the Sky People told him that Eagle and Raven had been up there a few days before. They had flown right up through the hole in the sky.

"Now look," said a Sky Man in great glee, "look what Raven did!" And he pointed out to Coyote the rivers of Sky-land. They ran every day, the water flowing down them rapidly, yet they never ran dry.

"Our rivers used to run dry," said the Sky Man. "We had to carry water up above, and pour it down; but it ran right off."

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

When Raven saw one of the rivers running dry, in that way, he picked up both ends of the river, and bent it together. He made a circle out of that river in Sky-land. Because of that, all the streams, even on the Earth-land, keep on running, although they run every day.

The House of Sun looked just as it did when Mink was up there. The Mother of Flowers lives there, and every spring she sends down all the young, new flowers to the Earth-land. There are four brothers, who live there, always busy in carving and painting. The four brothers used to teach the Indians, in dreams, how to make boxes, and canoes, and how to make their tepees. They taught them how to carve and paint them.

Coyote found that the Sky People had built a wide trail for Sun. It was really a wide bridge. Sun stopped and chatted a while one day, because he and Coyote were old friends. Sun said the new wide bridge was much better than the old narrow trail, with so many steps. In summer Sun walks on the extreme right-hand side of the bridge ;



### *Things in Sky-Land*

in winter, on the left-hand side. That is why Sun is warmer in summer than in winter.

Just as Sun started on, Rabbit began to yell, "Hi-yi! Hi-yi!"

Coyote turned to see what was the matter.

Three sisters were coming across the plains of Sky-land. Their faces were black. One of them struck two red flint stones together. The flints struck fire, in long streaks and lines. The second sister was making thunder, by rubbing two sealskins together, and singing a magic song. The third sister was pulling a big sealskin full of water across the floor of Sky-land. The bag was leaking, and down in the Earth-land, the Animal People were saying it was raining.

"Hi-yi," shouted Rabbit again. "Is that the way they make thunderstorms!"

And it really was, in those days, as everybody knows.

But the very next day, Sun told Coyote that the three sisters said they were tired of making thunderstorms. They were

*Old Crow and His Friends*

going away — way off. “And all the Sky People,” said Sun, “are wondering what to do. They can’t have any more thunderstorms.”

Henq, the Thunderer, helped them. And this is what he did.



It was the Thunder Bird. *Page 105.*



## XXI

### THE THUNDER BIRDS

**H**ENQ did what any one would expect. He told South Wind one day to catch a whale. South Wind did so, and then cut it across the back.

At once, the great black fish changed into a great black bird. It was the Thunder Bird. The bird's wings darkened Sun's light. The flapping of its wings shook the earth. His eyes flashed fire.

Hunters in the mountains once shot at a large black bird flying over their heads. At once thunder rolled through the ravine. Lightning flashed all over the mountain top. The Indians ran away, with great speed, because they knew they had shot at the Thunder Bird.

Some other hunters, one day, climbed a

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

cliff. At the top was an enormous nest, with immense young birds in it. The hunters were at once afraid it was the nest of the Thunder Bird. And it was, too. They were frightened. The hunters said, "What do your father and mother do when they come?"

"When they come," said the young birds, "it blows, and there is thunder. When it is mother, it rains. When it is father, it hails."

The Indians hurried down again, but the Thunder Birds came before they were at the foot of the cliff. The sky grew black, the thunder crashed, and they could see the flashes of fire from the eyes of the angry birds. They could feel the air blown against them, by the beating of the great wings.

Down on the Earth-land, far out on the great plains of the west, there are some wonderful trees. The Thunder Birds often come and rest there. They make a trail of fire, which leaves four paths on the burnt grass. One goes towards the north, one to the south, one to the east, one to the west. The Four Winds guard these trails.

## *The Thunder Birds*

The old Thunder Birds have grown to be very wise. They said, after a while, to each other, "Why should we strike people? If we want to send lightning down upon the earth, we will strike the mountains and tall trees." And they do so.

The large Thunder Birds never do any harm nowadays. It is the young birds which do all the mischief. When it thunders, the old Thunder Birds give the first loud peal; then the little birds repeat it.

Thunder Bird likes much to go a-whaling. But he does not like to have people see him when he is fishing. If anybody looks at him, he gets quite angry, and thunders and storms very hard. He sends a great wind across the Earth-land. That is why it so often storms when the Earth-people go fishing. Thunder Bird thinks they are watching him.

## XXII

### HOME AGAIN

“**I** THINK we had better go home again, Rabbit,” said Coyote, one lovely day. } Sky-land is just like Earth-land, as everybody knows. Coyote and Rabbit were sitting under the trees, by a beautiful stream, with the blue sky all underneath them, and light every where.

“Shall we wish ourselves down the Sky-cover?” asked Rabbit. Then he added, with a sigh, “But, Coyote, it’s *such* a long walk, even after we get through the crack.”

“Let’s wish something else,” said Coyote. Then he said, right out loud, “I wish we could get right down to the camp from here — straight down.”

At that very moment, one of the happy



## *Home Again*

Star People came to them and said, "They tell me you want to go home. Don't you want to go straight down from here to the camp of the Animal People?" Then Coyote knew surely that all wishes come true in Sky-land.

The Star Man took Coyote and Rabbit at once to a large house. Then when they were inside, there was a large box. "Open it," said the Star Man.

"Dear *me!*" said Coyote, as he stood up on his forepaws and looked down. Rabbit gave a spring, and sat on the edge of the box.

"Look out, Rabbit!" shouted Coyote. "You will fall through!"

They could both see down through the box, clear to the Earth-land. It had no bottom. "That is the short cut to the Earth-land," said some of the Star People, who were standing around. "When we go down that way at night, people talk about falling stars."

A rope made from berry vines was coiled there, with a basket at the end. The Star People told Coyote to get in, and as soon

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

as they had begun to lower him down, they told Rabbit to get into another that hung there.

“This surely is an easy way of getting home,” said Coyote, looking up at Rabbit. “What a pity we cannot get up that way!” But the Star People had told him that nobody ever came into Sky-land that way. “You see,” one of them explained, “so many people would be coming into Sky-land, that it would keep us busy pulling them up. Or else we would have to put in machinery.” And Star People, as everybody knows, do not like machinery. They like things quiet, and beautiful.

“If your basket stops,” said the Star People, as they started, “it is because it gets stuck in a cloud. Just give it a little shake. But be careful not to tip over.”

Oh, there were so many Cloud People. Coyote had never been very close to the Cloud People before. At least, that was what he called up to Rabbit.

There were the great, fleecy white clouds, piled high in the blue sky. Those were real mountains and valleys and lakes

## *Home Again*

for the Cloud People, so Coyote saw. There were many bridges between the mountain peaks, so that the Cloud People could go from one peak to another easily. They are so small the Animal People had never seen them from the Earth-land.

There were the plains, too, of the Cloud People — very, very flat. A great many busy Cloud People lived there. It was their work to go down to the Earth-land and bring up water. Then when the Animal People or the Indians needed rain, they would call up to the Cloud People. The Indians would sing to them. They would sing,

“White floating clouds! Clouds, like the  
plains,  
Come, water the Earth-land. Come and  
work for us.”

Then the Cloud People would pour out many vases of water, and the soft summer rains would come down to the Earth-land.

Coyote was just thinking about all this, when he saw Rabbit's basket pass him and go on down.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

“What’s the matter?” he shouted. “Are you falling?”

“Not a bit of it,” shouted back Rabbit. “You are stuck in a cloud.”

And that was really so. Coyote’s basket had caught on the edge of a cloud and stuck there. He gave it a little shake — then another, harder shake, just as the Star People told him to do. Then his basket went on down, and soon he and Rabbit were close to each other again.

Still, Rabbit reached the Earth-land first. He jumped out the minute his basket touched the ground, and shouted, “Hi-yi! Whoop-ee! Hi-yi!”

Well, everybody heard Rabbit shouting, and they said, “Why! What’s that? Rabbit is still up in Sky-land!”

By the time the Animal People got to the hill top when the baskets had stopped, Coyote’s basket had reached the ground. He had jumped out. And there he was, whooping and shouting, just like Rabbit. Both were shouting, “*Whoop-ee! Hi-yi!*” — just like that.

And the Animal People got there in time

## *Home Again*

to see those light baskets going right up into the air.

“Is *that* the way you came home?” demanded Grizzly Bear. And in a minute Grizzly began to shout, “Halloo — there! Wait a minute, Star People! I want to go up and visit Great Bear!”

But the baskets did not wait, although Grizzly shouted quite loudly. Everybody was sure the Star People must have heard him. But Coyote and Rabbit both thought that the Star People really did not want Grizzly up there. They felt quite sure about that. Grizzly was so very gruff, you know.

## XXIII

### THE INDIANS GO TO SKY-LAND

“**T**HERE are too many people coming up into Sky-land,” said a chief up there one day. “Ever since Coyote and Rabbit came up and we let them go down in the basket, why — other people want to come.”

The Sky People really were very friendly, but they liked things quiet and beautiful. And it did keep them pretty busy, letting the Earth People down.

“But it’s lovely up here,” said one of the Star People. “I don’t wonder they want to come. And, really, there is nothing to prevent them. Everybody knows now how to get through the crack.”

“Oh, yes, I know,” said the chief. “All they have to do is to take a long walk, out to the edge of the Earth-land, where the

## *The Indians Go to Sky-Land*

Sky-cover fits down over the round Earth-plain. Then they wait for the tide to tilt the Sky-cover, — and through the crack they slip!”

“Couldn’t we make rules about it?” asked one of the pleasant Star People. It was getting towards evening, and even as he spoke, he piled on some wood and made his fire sparkle in the dusk. All the Star People were doing that, because it does get chilly at evening, even in Star-land.

Down on the Earth-land, the Animal People were looking up at the Sky-cover, — some Indians were, too. They all said, “Oh, see the stars come out.” Of course the Star People were not coming “out” at all. They were all staying at home; and they were very happy sitting in front of those cheery, snapping, bright fires, which make such a pretty sparkle from the Earth-land.

Now these Indians were sitting up on a mountain top that evening, and it became chilly because Sun had gone down over the edge of the Darkening Land.

So these Indians built a little fire, and

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

cooked their supper there, and looked up at the Star People. The stars were big and bright, and they seemed very near, as they always do on a mountain top.

One of these Indians said, "Let's go to Sky-land. We know the way. It is just a good long walk to the edge of the Earth-land, and then slipping out through the crack. Everybody knows that."

And was not that exactly what the Star People had said!

Well, these Indians talked about it all the evening. The darkness grew deeper around them, and the stars seemed to grow brighter and brighter. It grew more chilly, too, and they piled more wood on their fire, just as the Star People had done.

So the Indians sat there, in the quiet of the evening, feeling the pleasant glow of their bright, crackling fire. And as the fire flames rose and fell, so great dark figures seemed to come out of the woods, and then slip back again. It was only the light and shadow of the trees, of course. But the trees seemed almost to walk about. Back in the forest behind them, it seemed very



## *The Indians Go to Sky-Land*

black indeed. And up in the Sky-cover were those other lovely fires.

The Indians kept their fires burning all night, of course. One always does that in camping on a mountain. They slept with their feet towards it, ranged around the pleasant blaze like the spokes of a wheel. They actually went to sleep talking about their journey to Sky-land. And all the time behind them, the breeze was singing a little song in the firs and spruces, but yet listening to what they said. And near by was a little mountain brook, which rippled along over its stones with a soft little song.

But Breeze told the Sky People about the plans of these Indians. He did it in a friendly way. He thought it would be pleasant for the Star People and all the other Sky People to know about it.

Well, the next morning the Indians arose, and brightened their fire, and cooked some breakfast. Then they said, "Oh, now we're off for Sky-land." So they started down the mountain side.

Oh, it was early yet. Dawn always comes earlier on a mountain top than it does in

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

the valley, but the sun had not yet risen even on the mountain top. Little misty filmy bits of white clouds hung on the tops of the firs and spruces up in the mountains. Down below them white masses of soft clouds lay in the folds of the hills, just above the tree tops, or even sinking down into them. It looked as though the soft white clouds had slept there all night. All the world was fresh, and the morning breeze was very fragrant.

So the Indians started down to the foot of the mountains. You see they had to walk up every mountain, and down every hill, and across every plain — way, way out to the edge of the Earth-land. And it was a long walk.

Of course, after they had walked long enough, they came to the very edge of the Earth-land. Only the Sky-cover fitting down so tightly upon the Earth-plain keeps people who live in that country from falling right off the edge. And where would they land if they did fall off? Nobody knows the answer to that question.

“Now wait,” said one of the Indians.

## *The Indians Go to Sky-Land*

“Don’t try to get through before the Sky-cover tilts. And when it does tilt, don’t, oh, *don’t* be slow in getting through!”

They all knew it was serious business.

It is serious work, as everybody knows — to get through a crack like that before the cover shuts down.

They waited — and waited — and waited. Then some of the Sea People called to them that the tide was just about to turn. So these Indians made ready to run.

“Now!” said the tallest Indian as he saw a faint motion at the crack. “One, — two, — three, — *run!*” he shouted a moment later.

And as the Sky-cover tilted, — just for a moment, — those Indians dashed through. And they were not a minute too quick about it. Not at all! One of them dropped his bow and arrow just as he cleared the crack and got safe inside. Then down came that Sky-cover, — *bang!* — and smashed that bow and arrow flat.

But the Indians all got safely through.

## XXIV

### HOW THE INDIANS CAME BACK

**T**HEN those Indians began to walk up the Sky-cover, on the other side.

Well, they walked — and walked — and walked. And they had walked a long ways, too, to get to that crack. Of course, they did not know that Sky-land is a place where pleasant wishes come true. It was against the rules to tell that! And nobody ever really wanted to tell, because they kept forgetting about it.

But at last one of them said, — they were sitting on a log, on the other side of that Sky-cover, eating their luncheon, — “I wish this Sky-cover was not so steep.”

And at once, it was not nearly so steep. Yet they hardly noticed it, for the moment, until another said, “I wish it were flat!”

## *How the Indians Came Back*

And that was so, too. They were still walking up on the Sky-cover that whole afternoon, yet it seemed flat. But not one of them thought to wish that they did not have to walk at all!

Then at last they came to Sky-land which is right up overhead, as everybody knows.

Now, when Breeze told the Sky People that these Indians were coming up, the Sky People were alarmed.

“Why, those Indians won’t hurt you,” said one of the Star People. “They are friendly Indians.”

“It is not that,” said the chief of the Sky People, “but if they come up, we cannot ask them to go away. No matter how long they stay, we cannot say, ‘We do not want you here.’ Now just suppose all the rest of the Indians begin coming up here — and staying up here! That’s the point! And all the Animal People, too, would come. It would be rather lonely down there. So after a while there would be nobody on the Earth-land at all. Everybody would be in Sky-land.”

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

That chief was very wise, indeed. Nobody had thought of that. Then one of the Star People spoke up, and said, "And it's the question of getting them down, too. We cannot spend all our time letting people down to the Earth-land. It's too hard work."

"And the berry vine rope would probably wear out," said another, "and perhaps the basket would wear out! [Then we'd have to make another."

"We will have to put a stop to this, some way or other," said the chief. "Besides, if they find out that Sky-land is a place where all pleasant wishes come true — why, what *would* we do!"

They were all dismayed.

Now the Indians reached the edge of Sky-land.

Sky-land was lovely. The sun shone softly and brightly, and little brooks were running here and there, over clean, stony beds, and those brooks were so happy that they rippled as they ran. Trees grew beside the brooks, and bright flowers were everywhere.] Just as far as one could see

## *How the Indians Came Back*

over the broad sweep of Sky-land, the wild flowers made a carpet of blue and red and yellow and white, with a soft, green grassy bed.

There were many birds in Sky-land, all very beautiful, and they were singing sweetly nearly all the time. They wanted to sing, just as the friendly Star People always wanted to be happy and to laugh. In the lakes were seals, and every kind of fish. And far off, there were herds of reindeer, and buffalo, and Indian ponies.

The Sky People were friendly to these Indians, and let them set up their tepees wherever they wanted, and to go anywhere they pleased. Over at one side of Sky-land was Sun's house — very bright and shining at a great distance. A big totem pole stood in front of it, with a big white crane on top. And if anybody went there, Crane would ask him what he wanted.

But after a while, these Indians wanted to go home. They told their wishes to the Sky People. They said, "We want to go home. Now what would be the easiest way?"

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

Now the Star People — and all the Sky People — wanted to tell them about that basket, but the chief had forbidden it. So they were obedient. The Sky People said, “Well, perhaps the chief will tell you how to go.”

Now the chief meant to be very firm. He did not answer their question as to the easiest way. He said, “There are two ways in which you might go back. One would be to walk down the Sky-cover, and go through the crack again, and the other —”

But those Indians did not even wait for him to finish, and of course they did not know how Rabbit and Coyote had come down.

One of them said, “I think I will go down as a squirrel.”

“Can you?” asked another in surprise.

“Well, I surely wish I could,” said the first, not understanding fully about those wishes.

But there he was, standing right at the hole in the sky — and a squirrel, too. He took a long flying leap. He went down — and down — and down! When he was



## *How the Indians Came Back*

about half-way down, he suddenly understood about that wish. "I wish I had wished myself a flying squirrel," he said, because he was falling at a terrible rate. But it was too late! He was out of Sky-land, and wishes didn't hold good in mid-air. Well, — that Indian came down so hard, and was so flattened out when he hit the earth, — even his own friends did not know him for a long time.

Now the next man had watched that first Indian. When the chief said, "How will you go down?" he answered, "I shall go down as an eagle."

And he flew out of that hole in the sky, looking exactly like an eagle. His wings were strong, and he loved floating about in the upper air, with all the fleecy white clouds up there, and oh, the Sky-cover was so blue that day, and the air so fresh. That second Indian stayed up in the mid-air a long while, and then he rested on a high mountain peak. But the moment he touched that peak, he was an Indian again. After that, he could not fly at all. And being only an Indian, he had to walk down from the top of that

### *Old Crow and His Friends*

topmost peak of all the Earth-land. And it was a very long walk, too.

“I will go down as a pigeon,” said the third. And immediately he flew out of that hole in the sky, looking just like a pigeon. But he did not want to float around, — away high up in the air, — as the eagle-Indian had done. He wanted to go right down to the Indian country, and flutter around the tepees, and pick up a few bits of meal that the Indian women threw out of doors. And down — down — down — he went, feeling so safe and so happy — straight down to the earth.

“Hi, look at that big pigeon,” said a little Indian boy, but the other boy said, “Where?” And when they turned to look again, there was no pigeon at all. But a tall Indian was just walking away to his own tepee.

So some of the other Indians came down as birds. Then when the very last one was up there, he said, “I will go down as a spider.”

And at once, he found himself crawling over the hole in the sky, and coming down,

## *How the Indians Came Back*

hand over hand, on a long, slender rope which reached all the way from Sky-land down to the Earth-land. Of course, that route took him a long time, and when he was in mid-air he thought perhaps it would have been better to have been a bird. But he was too late for that.

Now when the Sky People saw that all the Indians were gone, they felt much happier.

They all watched that last man go down the spider thread.

“That is not so very different from letting him go down in a basket,” said one of the Star People. “But it is much easier on us.”

“Just think,” said another, “how heavy those Indians would have been.”

Everybody thought that. And they said the chief was very wise.

And that evening, after the sun had gone down over the edge of the Darkening Land, and the Star People were all at home, with their bright, sparkling fires, the chief called a great council.

“We have got to do something,” he said, “to keep the Earth People out of Sky-land.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

We will either have to fix the Sky-cover so it does not tilt any more, or else stop the tides. It is necessary to take quick action.”

And it truly was. Not long after, the chief carried his point. Just which of those two things he did, nobody has ever known. But one thing is sure: nobody ever goes into Sky-land through the crack any more. Nowadays, very few people know there ever was such a crack.

But the hole in the sky, the chief left open. Not many people could come up that way, he said. And he spoke truly.

## XXV

### CHICK-A-DEE RETURNS FROM SKY-LAND

“**I** AM going out to see if I can shoot straight,” said a little Indian boy one morning to his grandmother. Of course, he meant to shoot with his bow and arrows — there was nothing else with which to shoot in those days.

“Grandson,” said his grandmother, “if your arrow catches in a tree and beyond your reach, don’t climb that tree.”

Well, that was the strangest thing to say, so the grandson thought. He went out and shot his arrow at a knot hole all the morning, just to see how well he could shoot.

“I’ll try my best arrow now,” he said, when he was almost ready to go home and get some dinner. “I ought to do well with that.”

So he shot that best arrow. The arrow

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

stuck in a branch just beyond his reach. And then that boy forgot everything his grandmother had said.

The first branch of that tree was low, and then there were other branches that were low, too, so it was an easy tree to climb. Up he jumped into the first crotch of the tree, but the arrow was just beyond him. Then he climbed up on the second branch, but still that arrow was just a little beyond his reach. So he climbed up on the third branch. He could touch the arrow with his finger tips when he tried hard, but he couldn't get hold of it.

That boy was so anxious to get that arrow, — his best arrow, too, — that he even forgot he had a grandmother.

He climbed up on the fourth branch — but suddenly he seemed to be very high up in the air.

“Why, I didn't know that fourth branch was so high from the ground,” he said. He had been looking upward all this time to that arrow. Now he looked downward. And he was the most astonished boy.

Away — way — way — down below him

## *Chick-a-dee Returns from Sky-Land*

was the green Earth-land. Why, it was farther away than the length of the tallest fir.

“I think I had better climb down,” he said, still forgetting that he ever had had a grandmother, or that she had told him anything about climbing trees. But he could not climb down.

That tree trunk had stretched! Truly, it had. And tree trunks can do that, as everybody knows. Why, the distance between the fourth and third branch, and third and second branch, and second and first branch, would have been, — each of them, — a long, wild leap. And the distance from the first branch to the ground was truly dreadful. No boy could ever jump it.

And that tree trunk went on stretching! Up — and up — and up — it grew, and all the boy could do was to hang on. He felt himself going up, very quietly, but very steadily. Then he passed the topmost peak of the highest mountain in all the world.

The boy looked down again! And behold, the tall firs of the forest were only as

### *Old Crow and His Friends*

large as arrows. The rivers were all tiny, silvery threads lying here and there upon a broad stretch of green. The mountains were little knobs, rising here and there. There was no sign of any people at all.

Then the boy looked up. "Dear me!" he said in dismay. "If this tree keeps growing, it will reach to Sky-land."

That tree kept growing. "Oh, dear, dear!" said the boy. "I shall bump my head against the Sky-cover in a few minutes." And there he was, that tree growing right up to the blue Sky-cover.

Then the tree touched the blue stone cover. The cover cracked just a little, then a little more, and then that tree broke a piece squarely out of it.

The tree kept growing until the branch on which the boy stood was on a level with the sky floor. Then it stopped. The boy jumped right off, and there was his best arrow, lying on the ground before him.

There was not a person in sight, so the boy set up his best arrow on end and watched to see which way it would fall. Then he decided to go that way.



## *Chick-a-dee Returns from Sky-Land*

But first, he looked back at the tree. The tree was not there at all. It had begun to shrink, and there was only a big hole in the lovely blue Sky-cover. The boy went back to see how far down the tree was, and he could look away — down — down — down, to the Earth-land, far, far below him. It was very pretty, too. The tall trees of the forest looked like a tiny carpet of moss, and those tiny silver threads were laid flat upon the soft, beautiful green.

“Don’t fall down,” said some one. The boy looked around.

“How did you know I was here?” he asked.

“You broke a hole in our sky-floor,” said the Star-man who stood there, but he spoke in a friendly way. And then the boy told him all about it, and they went to see the chief.

The chief told the boy at once about the way of getting back and forth to Sky-land through the crack. He had not closed it yet.

“But even if I did get through the crack,” said the boy, “I would not know how to get home.”

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

“Then you had better do as that party of Indians did,” said the chief. “You had better turn yourself into a bird and fly down. Because we do not want the Earth People up here,” he added. “This is our country. And we are going to close that crack very soon, too,” he added.

The boy said he would like to be a bird. “Oh, it would be much pleasanter,” he said. “Then a tree could never play such a trick on me. If a tree began to grow, I could fly off.”

And all the Star People said it really would be better. And then some men came up and said they had mended that new hole. It was easily done, you know; they stood there and wished it would mend itself, so as not to show the break. And behold, it was all mended! That is one of the advantages of living in Sky-land, when things break. It is so easy to mend them.

So, after a few days, when the boy had had a good time up there and plenty to eat, they took him over to the hole in the sky. He didn't know what he wanted to be.

“I wish I was a pretty little bird, with a

### *Chick-a-dee Returns from Sky-Land*

happy song," — that was his wish. And in Sky-land, you know, all pleasant wishes come true. And the very next minute, he found himself flying down — down — down — to the Earth-land so far below, singing a happy song.

"Chick-a-dee-dee-dee," he sang. "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!"

And every one who ever heard a chick-a-dee sing knows that he is a pretty little bird, with a very happy song.

## XXVI

### MORE SKY-LAND ADVENTURES

**W**ELL, the chief of the Sky People had closed the crack. So now the Sky People felt quite safe about so many strangers coming up into their lands. They really gave it no more thought at all. But, still, some of the Earth People had adventures even after that.

Now there were two Indian boys who liked to go swimming when the water was warm and the sun was bright. Nobody cared. They could swim so well, everybody knew nothing would happen.

Now one day they had been paddling and swimming around in the water, and then they climbed up on a big boulder by the river bank, — right out in the warm sun, — and went to sleep.

## *More Sky-Land Adventures*

And hardly were they asleep when that rock began to grow up. It grew up — and up — and up — and up! And nobody knew where they were at all.

Their families looked for them, and their tribe looked for them, but not a sign of them could they find. And there were those two boys sound asleep, on the top of that rock.

Some of the Butterfly People came down one day to the Indian camp. They fluttered around for a long time, until they could find the chief's tent. Then they went right in, and said to the chief, "Don't you know that there are two boys asleep on that rock by the river bank? The rock is growing so high that soon they will be scraping their faces against the Sky-cover."

And it was truly so. Those Butterfly People felt that some one must rescue those boys at once — and both were still sound asleep.

The chief said, "Perhaps those boys belong to our tribe. They went in swimming last summer, and we haven't been able to find them since."

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

The chief went out and told everybody about those boys on the top of the rock, and all the tribes went down and looked at that rock. Some one said, "Why, yes, that used to be a small rock by the river-side here!" But there it was, oh, so high up in the air!

They held a great council. Everybody went, and they talked — and talked — and talked — as Indians always do at a council. Then they said, "We cannot do anything. We shall have to ask the Animal People to help us."

Well, that very day the Butterfly People met Old Crow and Raven as they were flying about, and they told them all the news. Then the chief sent word to Old Crow, asking him to call a council of all the Animal People, and help the tribe get those two boys down.

Old Crow called a council at once. They held it on the bank of the river, just by the side of the great high rock, which was growing right up to the Sky-cover.

"We shall have to get those boys down, in some way," said Old Crow, "but first

## *More Sky-Land Adventures*

some one must go up to the top of the rock.”

Every one of the Animal People said they were willing to try to get to the top.

“Well, then, let us begin at once,” said Old Crow. “Because we have no time to lose. The rock is getting higher all the time.”

Mouse tried first to get to the top. She did so, because Old Crow told her to. But Mouse could only jump about as high as one’s hand. That was no help at all. Then Rat tried it. He could jump twice as high as Mouse, but that was all.

The Raccoon tried, and he jumped a little higher. Then Wolf, and Squirrel, and Rabbit tried. Yes, Rabbit tried, too. He made a long, long leap. But Rabbit was used to leaping outward instead of upward, and he didn’t manage it right. He took a long leap and hit that wall hard.

“Let me try again,” said Rabbit. “I can jump to the top.”

“Oh, no, you can’t, Big-Ears,” said Grizzly gruffly. Grizzly had come to that council, too. Old Crow said Rabbit could

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

try, but he did not want to, after Grizzly said that.

Well, after a while, it came Grizzly Bear's turn. He made a great big, sprawling leap up the rocky wall — and fell down flat on his back.

But what were they to do! The Indians said they couldn't get up to the top of that rock. And now the Animal People could not find any of their tribe who could.

"Let me try it," said a tiny, thin voice just then. Everybody in the council turned around in surprise. They couldn't even see the owner of the voice at first. Then Old Crow saw her.

"Measuring Worm," he said in surprise, "you are just the one, I believe. See how far up you can go."

Measuring Worm slowly crawled over to that great rock, and lifted up her head, and got hold of it and began to climb. She climbed — and climbed — and climbed, until she was past the highest mark reached by any of the Animal People. Still she climbed — and climbed — and climbed — and soon no one could see her at all.



### *More Sky-Land Adventures*

But everybody knew that Measuring Worm would get to the top of that rock. She did. It took her a full year, because she was so slow, and also because the rock was climbing, too. But the way to succeed, you know, is to keep everlastingly at it, whether you are fast or slow. Slowness doesn't matter, if you keep right on.

At last, Measuring Worm did reach the top of that rock. The Sky-land was not far off. If that rock had grown much higher those boys would truly have scraped their faces against the Sky-cover.

But Measuring Worm waked them up. And then the rock stopped growing. After a while it began to sink towards the Earth-land. So Measuring Worm climbed down to the Earth-land again, and the boys were saved.

## XXVII

### THE BIRD CHIEF

**I**T was not long after Rabbit and Coyote had returned from Sky-land, that some one said, "Eagle ought to be made chief of the Bird People. He strong of wing, and strong of flight."

Some one else said, "Why, no! Eagle is strong, but Raven flew up into Sky-land, too."

Thus they argued about it. Then they talked to Old Crow. They said, "We Bird People ought to have a chief, just like the Indians."

Old Crow said it did not matter much, he thought. But the more the Bird People talked about it, the more excited they became.

So at last, one day, the Bird People called a great council. They held it in the

## *The Bird Chief*

wide-spreading branches of a great oak tree, and of course it was a glorious day. The Bird People always looked out for good weather when they wanted a council.

The breeze was light, so they could hear each other plainly. The branches swayed just enough to be a pleasant cradle. And oh, the sky was so blue, with great fleecy, white clouds floating about.

They talked for a long while, then they said, "Whoever can fly highest shall be chief."

Well, the rest of that day, the Bird People did nothing but preen their feathers, and stretch their legs, and practice their wing joints. And the next day came the race.

All the Bird People perched on the tip-top branches of the big oak tree. One by one, the Bird People flew as high as they could, and then came back. Turkey flew only a little way. When he came back, Falcon remarked, "Why, you haven't any chance!"

"I know that," said Turkey, rather sharply. He always had wished he were not so clumsy.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

Well, so it went on, until they were all so slow that Old Crow said, "I think several had better fly together." And that gave Wren her chance.

Now Wren had been the messenger of the Bird People for a long time. (And she thought some of them asked too much of her.

"If I only could be chief," said Wren, "they would be more thoughtful." So Wren thought she would try a little trick.

When all the Bird People flew up together, as Old Crow told them, little brown Wren slipped under the thick feathers of Eagle's wing. Nobody saw her at all.

Eagle flew up — and up — and up — and up; high above all the other Bird People. Then when Eagle began to go a little slower, because he was so very high, Wren slipped out and flew much higher. ]

When Wren and Eagle came back to the Earth-land, all the birds, wing-tired, were waiting for them.

"Did any one fly higher than Eagle?" asked Old Crow.

"I went above him," answered Wren.

## *The Bird Chief*

The answer was clever, but Wren was very much afraid some one would find out. And Old Crow did.

“Did you fly all the way up, Wren?” he asked. All the Bird People were in council, you know, sitting around in a great circle.

Wren hesitated a while. Then she told the truth.

The council all said, “Oh!”

“Eagle is chief,” said Old Crow. “He not only flew higher than any one else, but he carried Wren under his wing, as well.”

So Eagle was chief of the Bird People.

## XXVIII

### WHY THE TURKEY GOBBLES

“**W**HAT’S become of Rabbit lately?” asked Pheasant one day, when he and Grouse were out for a walk.

“Up to his tricks again, I suppose,” answered Grouse. So they walked on, in the cool dimness of the woods, until Grouse suddenly said, “What’s that?” He heard a strange noise.

They didn’t know for a minute what the noise was, so they both crept carefully through the bushes to find out. There was only an Indian tepee, with an Indian woman pounding corn in a stone mortar just outside.

“Ho! Is that all!” said Grouse. Then he stepped boldly out, and said to the woman, “I can do that, too.”

## *Why the Turkey Gobbles*

“Pound corn!” said the Indian woman.  
“Oh, no, indeed you can’t.”

“Yes, I can,” said Grouse.

“But where’s your mortar?” said the woman. Her mortar was just a stone hollowed out, like a kettle. She put the Indian corn in that, and pounded it with a large, rounded stone, fastened to a handle.

“My mortar is in the woods here,” said Grouse. Then he slipped back into the woods, flew on a hollow log, and drummed with his wings, just as grouse do to-day. He did it so well, the Indian woman thought for a while he really was pounding corn.

After they went on, Turkey joined them.

Now in those days, Grouse had a good voice and Turkey had a very croaking voice.

Turkey said that afternoon, “Grouse, what would you charge to teach me to use my voice?” Turkey’s voice really mortified him.

“Give me some feathers for a collar,” said Grouse. “That will be pay enough.”

That was very easily done. Turkey at once gave Grouse a fine ruff of feathers. After that he was called the Ruffed Grouse.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

Then Grouse began to teach Turkey. He worked hard for quite a while. Then he said, "Now, I think you speak much more clearly. You must try your voice. Try calling to some one. Say, 'Halloo!'"

Turkey said "yes" at once. So Grouse said, "Well, I'll stand on this hollow log. When I tap on it, you must halloo as loudly as possible."

So Ruffed Grouse climbed upon a log, ready to tap on it. But Turkey was excited. When Grouse tapped on the log, Turkey was so excited that he bawled out, "*Gobble, gobble, gobble!*"

All of Grouse's teaching had been forgotten. That is why the Turkey gobbles whenever he hears a noise, even to this day.



## XXIX

### HOW RABBIT<sup>\*</sup> ESCAPED

**N**OW, as everybody knows, Dog and Wolf used to be brothers. And they were good friends. But this was away back in the Days of the Grandfathers. It was in the Days of the Newness of Things, when the Earth-land was first made.

One day Raven and Old Crow said to Dog, "Go live out on the mountains. Live in the snow and the cold. Live in the forests. That is to be your home."

They said to Wolf, "As soon as the Real People come, you must go live with them. You must sleep in front of the fire. You must travel with them. You must be their friend."

And it was so — for a while. But Wolf didn't like his work at all. Wolf didn't

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

like people. When he was stretched in front of the fire, and the Indians came near, he would snap at them. The Indians said, "Why! What shall we do?"

One night it was very, very cold. Dog came down from the mountains, and into the tepees, and crept up close to the fire. Dog did not snap at any one. The next morning he said, "There's a mistake somewhere."

"What do you mean?" asked Wolf.

"I don't belong out there in the mountains," said Dog. "It's too cold. I am going to stay in the camp."

"Well, you stay here then," said Wolf cheerfully. "I don't like it in the camp at all. I don't like these tepees. I should like much better to live in the mountains, and in the forests." So off he went to the mountains. Dog stayed in the tepees, and was always friendly.

The Wolf tribe hardly ever came down to a council meeting. They were rather wild, so the Animal People said. They surely were not friendly, even to the Animal People.

## *How Rabbit Escaped*

Now Rabbit one day was out wandering through the woods, when Timber Wolf saw him. At once he called his tribe. "Ha, ha, ha!" said Timber Wolf. "Here's that boaster again."

Now Rabbit heard the call. He looked up, and there stood big Gray Wolf, Timber Wolf, Black Wolf — all three. Rabbit was all alone, too.

"We're going to eat you up," said Timber Wolf. And all three drew back their lips and showed their long teeth.

"There's no hurry about it, at all," said Rabbit. "You'd better let me show you a new dance first."

"Good!" said the Wolf tribe. They knew Rabbit was a good dancer, and he knew more dances than anybody else in the whole camp of Animal People.

"Stand in a line right in front of me," said Rabbit. The Wolves did so. Rabbit pattered about with his feet, and then began to dance around in a circle, singing:

"On the edge of the field I dance about.  
Ha nia lil! lil! Ha nia lil! lil!"

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

Well, that was a good song, as anybody can see.

Then Rabbit stopped for a minute. He said, "Now when I sing 'on the edge of the field,' I dance this way." And Rabbit danced over in that direction. "Then when I sing 'lil! lil!' you must all stamp your feet hard."

The Wolves liked that. "That's going to be a good dance," they said to each other.

Rabbit sang the same song, dancing nearer to the field, while all the Wolves stamped their feet. Then he sang the song again, dancing still nearer the edge of the field.

The fourth time he sang the song, while the Wolves were stamping their feet hard, Rabbit made one jump, and leaped through the long grass.

Close after Rabbit raced all the Wolves. But Rabbit ran for a hollow stump and climbed inside. When the Wolf tribe got there, Timber Wolf put his head inside. Rabbit gave him such a whack he pulled it out again, very quickly.

### *How Rabbit Escaped*

Then the others were afraid to try, so they all went off and left Rabbit in the stump.

And it didn't take Rabbit very long to climb out of that old stump and race home, after the Wolf tribe went away.

## XXX

### RAVEN'S ADVENTURES

“**I** BELIEVE,” remarked Raven to Old Crow, one bright spring morning, “that I’ll take a little trip. I want to see if things are going all right.”

“That’s a good idea,” said Old Crow. And the very next day Raven started.

Raven went flying about on his journey, inspecting the Earth-land, to see if everything was going well. He got rather hungry by noon, so he sat down and fished awhile.

“That’s a fine string of fish,” said Raven. And he made a fire among the rocks, and put the fish on spits after he had everything all ready for his dinner. Just then, high up on a rock, he saw Gull.

“Halloo, Gull,” he said in a friendly way.

Gull flapped his wings three times, and then down he came to Raven, followed by all the Gull tribe, just as those fish were cooked.

## *Raven's Adventures*

There was a mistake somewhere. Raven told Old Crow that afterwards. The Gull tribe must have thought Raven had invited them to a feast. Anyway, they came down there, seizing the fish from the spits as soon as they were cooked, and eating greedily. They circled around through the air, crying, "*Qana, qana, qana, qana,*" just as gulls do to-day.

That Gull tribe ate every one of those fish. And in fussing around the fireplace, among the stones, they got the tips of their wings all black. Therefore gulls have black-tipped wings, even to this day.

After the Gull tribe had gone, Raven tried to get something to eat for himself. But the fish would not bite any more, so he had to go on. But he really was hungry.

Raven found some berries that afternoon, and later on, he went fishing again. So he had a good supper, because he was careful not to speak to any one, or call to any one, until he had finished it.

Just then, Raven saw a little marmot standing in the door of his hole, laughing at him. Marmot rushed out when he saw

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

Raven coming, then he tried to run in again, but Raven stood in his way.

“What were you laughing at, Marmot?” he asked. Now, really, Gull had told Marmot that very afternoon how his tribe had eaten Raven’s dinner. They had laughed about it. But Marmot hardly dared tell Raven. Of course, as Gull admitted, they got the worst of it, because now the whole tribe had black tips on their wings.

“I’ve heard that you are a fine dancer, Raven,” said Marmot, without answering his question. “If you will dance, I will sing.”

Well, Raven was good-tempered and he liked to dance, so he began, while Marmot sang,

“Oh, Raven, Raven, what a fine dancer you are!

Oh, Raven, Raven, how very well you dance!”

And that was quite true.

Marmot said, “I like your dancing.” Then he chuckled a little, as he thought of a game. “Raven,” he said, “when I sing



## *Raven's Adventures*

again, you dance around with your eyes shut.”

So Marmot sang,

“Oh, Raven, Raven, Raven, what a graceful dancer you are!

Oh, Raven, Raven, Raven, how very well you dance!”

It really was a good song. So Raven shut his eyes, and Marmot sprang right past him, and raced into his hole.

Then Marmot, poking his head out of his hole, sang, in just the same tune,

“Oh, Raven, Raven, Raven, what a goose you are!

Oh, Raven, Raven, Raven, how nicely I have fooled you!”

Raven opened his eyes, and there was Marmot, safe in his hole, poking his head out of the door, and laughing.

“What were you laughing at, Marmot?” asked Raven.

“Oh, never mind that!” said Marmot, and he ducked back into his hole. And as he went, he cried merrily, “Chi-kik-kik, chi-kik-kik, chi-kik-kik!”

## XXXI

### HOW RAVEN STOLE A LAKE

**R**AVEN went on, after he heard the last of Marmot's laughter, saying, "Now I wonder what he was laughing at." Then he said, "I believe I'll tease somebody."

Now teasing, as everybody knows, is a thing that doesn't pay. Sooner or later, the one who tries so hard to tease gets the worst of it. And Raven did too, just as everybody else does.

Raven was flying along one day, when he saw down below him, lying in a lovely hollow of the mountains, a beautiful little lake. It belonged to the Beaver tribe. Raven felt sure of that in a moment. There were a fish trap in this lovely lake, and several beaver lodges. And the points jutting out into the lake were red with cranberries.

## *How Raven Stole a Lake*

“I want some of those cranberries,” said Raven, “and some of those fish.” Then, after thinking a moment, he said, “I believe I will just pocket that whole lake.”

No sooner said than done! And there was not a Beaver at home to stop him. So Raven rolled up the lovely little lake with the fish traps and lodges and all, just as any one would roll up a small rug on the floor. He had hardly got it rolled up, though, before the Beaver tribe came home for dinner.

“Oh! oh! oh! What has happened!” said Great Beaver, in dismay. All the Beaver People looked around — and behold, there sat Raven in a tall tree, with the lake and all, rolled up, under his wing.

Well, every one of them made a rush for that tree. With their sharp teeth they began to cut it down, while Great Beaver said, “Raven, what does this mean?”

“It means that the Gulls ate up my fish dinner yesterday, and Marmot laughed at me, when I ate my supper,” said Raven. “Now I’m going to eat your dinner. I

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

won't break up your fish trap, or hurt anything. But I want some of those cranberries."

Well, just that minute, the tree began to quiver, and down it began to go! Raven had to fly away in a hurry to another tall tree. And really that lake was heavy. Water is very heavy, you know; and all those lodges, and the fish trap, and everything besides!

Away to that second tree ran the Beaver People, and began to cut it down, while Great Beaver sat down on the ground and told Raven to put that lake back where it belonged. While he was arguing, Raven felt that tree sway. It went down so suddenly under the sharp teeth of those Beaver People, that Raven nearly fell with it.

Off went Raven to another tree. That lake was getting heavier, all the time.

Now that happened four times. And when the Beaver People cut down that fourth tree, the lake was so heavy that Raven couldn't carry it any longer. He came down near the ground, and unrolled

## *How Raven Stole a Lake*

it in its place, just as one would unroll a small rug on the floor.

Nothing was hurt at all. The lodges were all there, and the fish traps. Even the tiny canoes that the Beaver People had made were not harmed. But of course the Beaver People were so indignant with Raven, because they thought he was trying to run away with their lake, that they wouldn't let him have even a cranberry! Not one! Nor a fish!

Raven flew along then, thinking. "It was my own fault," he said honestly. "If I had let their lake alone, and told them I was hungry, they would have given me all the fish and cranberries I wanted."

And that was really so.

## XXXII

### RAVEN AND THE WINDS

**I**T seemed rather warm to Raven, as he flew along. Suddenly he remembered.

“Dear me!” he exclaimed. “We haven’t had any wind in this Earth-land since we made war on the Wind People.” And that was really so. The Wind People had stayed at home, and never again gone on the warpath against the Animal People. As their chief had said, it was too expensive to have everything cut up so.

“We ought to have a little wind, at least,” said Raven, as he thought about it. And he flew along, feeling quite warm.

Raven stopped to rest on a big oak tree, when suddenly he spied something at the foot of the tree.

“Why, what’s that?” he said, and he flew right down to it.

## *Raven and the Winds*

There was Bear, sound asleep, with a bag on his back.

“Now, what do you suppose is in that bag?” wondered Raven to himself. “That’s the first time I ever saw Bear going around the country with a bag on his back.”

Raven was quite excited. He stood there and thought about it for a long time. Then he said, “I believe I’ll untie that bag and see what is in it. Maybe it is something Bear ought not to have. I’ll tie it up again carefully.”

So he untied it. But, dear me! The winds were in that bag, all shut up tight. Only two of them, though, East Wind and West Wind. They flew right out. First thing he knew, Raven saw the bag was empty.

“Oh, *my!*” he said in dismay. “Winds, get right back in that bag.” East Wind and West Wind paid no attention to him at all. They went up among the trees, and down by the creek, and over the valleys, having a good time.

“Oh, dear, dear, dear!” said Raven. “What a mistake!” And just then he saw

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

that Bear was beginning to wake up, and he flew right up into the air, and went on.

Bear waked up a little later, and found the winds were gone. "Oh, I don't care," he said. "I was tired of carrying them around, anyway." So he found a berry patch then, and forgot all about them.

But Raven did not forget. He thought about it as he flew along.

"If we are going to have winds at all," he said, "we must have all four. We can't have just East Wind and West Wind."

Now, that was very easy to understand, because the four points of the compass, North, East, South, and West, were sacred to the Indians. One had to have all four — not just two.

"Some way or other," thought Raven, "we have got to have a North Wind and a South Wind."

Well, Raven hadn't got very far, when he made South Wind. Nobody knows how he did it. Indeed, he would never tell. When any one asked him, all he would say was, "When South Wind climbs on top of a rock, he never ceases to blow."





CHARLES J. WINGGREN (CULL)


Away up on the top of a mountain, he made a house for  
North Wind. *Page 165.*



## *Raven and the Winds*

And that is really true. So long as South Wind stands on top of a rock, there is always a South Breeze.

Then Raven made North Wind also. He wouldn't tell how he did that, either. But away up on the top of a mountain, he made a house for North Wind. It had ice all over the roof, and icicles hanging down from the eaves. There was snow everywhere.

Then Raven went into North Wind's house and said, "Your house is all white." And that is why high mountains are white with snow, even to this day. 

## XXXIII

### FOX AND THE WARM WIND

“**W**HEW--EW--EW--EW!” said Old Crow one morning, shivering. And then without another word, he flew down to the ground, stirred up the embers of his fire, and put on fresh wood. The wind was cold and gusty, and blew the smoke up in his face.

It was so cold Old Crow tried to draw the tepee covering closer around the smoke hole, but that gusty wind blew the smoke this way and that, all around the tepee, instead of out through the crack Old Crow had left in the smoke hole.

Raven came in just then. “My fire blew out altogether,” he said. “I thought I would come over here and get warm.” So he and Old Crow worked together, to make that fire blaze and crackle and burn

## *Fox and the Warm Wind*

brightly, as it should. But that gusty wind did make it smoke!

"Something has gone wrong with the Earth-land," said Old Crow after a while.

"I thought we settled those Wind People," said Raven. [Just then Red Squirrel slipped in, and Rabbit, and Hare. Grizzly could be heard grunting around, trying to find a den where he could go to sleep.

"Something has gone wrong with the Earth-land," said Hare, putting some fresh tobacco in his pipe. Hare was the greatest smoker of all the tribes. And he said exactly what Old Crow had said before he came in.

"Let's call a council," said Raven. So they called one immediately, and though the wind was still blowing, in those gusty fits, yet the fire was burning better when they all got there. It really crackled cheerfully.]

They talked about things for a long while. It could not be the Wind People — they all felt sure about that. And the Summer Birds were still around, so they could not have been stolen.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

Now Hare had been thinking all the time he had been smoking. Finally he said, "Perhaps it is the People of the Heat."

"What do you mean?" piped up Rabbit.

"Perhaps the People of the Heat have captured all the warm winds," said Hare.

"I believe that is the trouble," said Old Crow, after he had thought it over. And Raven, after he had chewed a twig for a while, said he thought so, too. Raven could always think much better when he was chewing a twig, so he said.

Now Fox and Hare were great warriors. Everybody knew that. So the council said that Fox and Hare must go south, to where the People of the Heat lived, and find out what was the matter.

"Because," added Old Crow, after they had talked things over, "we have had to live with these chilly winds for weeks. And we can't even have a good fire, they are so fitful and gusty. A good straight breeze is a great help to a bright, crackling fire."

Fox and Hare made ready at once. They brought over their bows and arrows

## *Fox and the Warm Wind*

and looked them over carefully, and said they were ready. So off they started.

Fox and Hare traveled many, many days before they reached the lands of the People of the Heat. Sometimes they walked along on two feet, and when they were tired, they would walk on all four. Fox liked jumping about through the underbrush. He felt safer there, too.

“Give me the broad, open country,” said Hare. “No brush for me.” Still, they got along pretty well together, jogging on day after day.

At last they came to the large village, where the chief of the People of the Heat lived.

“Look close in his tepee,” warned Hare. “I believe you will find that he has caught all the warm breezes and put them in a big bag.” So when they went in to see the chief, they looked about for just such a bag.

There it was. They saw it in a minute as they entered the tepee — a big round bag hanging up on a post. It had all the warm breezes in it.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

The chief was not there, fortunately. Fox ran at that bag and hit it. *Whack!* Somebody outside heard the noise and knew in a minute what it was. Two or three of the Heat People rushed in at once.

Hare drew his bow and arrow and looked very fierce. Fox ran at the bag again, and hit it. *Whack!* said the bag again. Then more Heat People rushed in. But Hare had his arrow fitted, and he still looked so fierce, nobody dared try to stop Fox.

Fox hit that bag a third time. "The next time will break it," he said to Hare, because four was the magic number. So while Hare fiercely held off the People of the Heat, Fox hit it a big, heavy thump the fourth time.

The bag broke, and all the warm winds rushed out. Then Fox and Hare made long leaps, springing this way and that, just as foxes double on their tracks to-day, and hares leap about. So they escaped. The warm breezes started to go up to the country in which Old Crow and his people all lived, and Fox and Hare ran along ahead of them.



## *Fox and the Warm Wind*

Hare kept just a little ahead of the wind, — he could run faster than Fox, — but every now and then he would stop, and sit down, and smoke his pipe. Hare was the greatest smoker of all the Animal People. Fox was very much annoyed. He wanted Hare to run right along. But whenever Fox told Hare to hurry, he would sit down and smoke that pipe.

So Fox went on alone. He too, was swifter than the warm breezes. When Fox reached the camp of the Animal People, he dashed into Old Crow's tepee at once. Old Crow was there, and Raven, with Rabbit and Red Squirrel — oh, a great many of the Animal People were there, all of them cuddled down before the bright fire. Their fires wouldn't burn at all, with that gusty, cold wind, so they came over to Old Crow's tepee.

Fox dashed in, and said, all out of breath, "I am bringing the warm wind. You will be cold no longer."

"Where is it?" asked Old Crow in surprise, and Rabbit demanded at once, "Where is Hare?"

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

But Fox was so out of breath he couldn't answer everybody all at once, and before he could get his breath, in came Hare.

"Ha!" he shouted. "We succeeded! The warm breeze is coming." And Hare sat down and began to smoke that pipe again.

And just then there came a light, soft, warm breeze. Then another, and all the Animal People heaved a great sigh of relief. The warm breeze had come. And oh, the out-of-doors, — the forests and the lakes and the rivers, — were so much pleasanter with a warm, pleasant breeze, than in that cold, gusty wind.

Old Crow let his fire go out at once. Nobody needed a fire then. And the People of the Heat never again could capture all the warm breezes, though they did try to, as everybody knows.

## XXXIV

### GETTING FIRE AFTER THE FLOOD

“**D**O you know,” said Old Crow one day to Raven, as they were sitting on the topmost branch of the tall fir tree, “across the mountains, and across that great lake — away up there in the north they had a big flood — and they have no fire?”

“I heard that last night,” said Raven. And then he pulled off a twig and began to chew it, so Old Crow knew he was thinking.

“We must carry fire to them,” said Raven after a while. Old Crow shook his head.

“Coyote says it is not possible. There is a great lake, and high mountains. The fire would go out.”

“I can’t understand yet,” said Raven, changing the subject, “where fire goes when

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

it 'goes out.' Of course, I don't want any of the Animal People to know that."

"No-o-o-o, of course not," said Old Crow slowly. "But I don't know, either, where it goes, when it goes out! I wish we could find where 'Out' is. Is it an island, do you think?"

Coyote had brought the news, of course. Coyote really was a great traveler. And he thought a council should be called.

It was a chilly day, so they had the council in a big council tepee, with a bright fire of blazing logs. Old Crow came early, and he stood there, lifting first one wing and then the other, and then lifting one foot and then the other, because the warmth was so pleasant. That bright fire was very cheerful.

"And to think," said Coyote, after he had told them all about it, "they have no fire on chilly days, or heat with which to cook their food. Oh, it's dreary. I was glad to get out of that country, with its cold food."

"But, Coyote," asked Rabbit just then, "why didn't you teach them about the fire

## *Getting Fire after the Flood*

drills? Just as we taught the Indians, you know.”

“With *wet wood!*” demanded Coyote in astonishment. And everybody said, “Of course. We all forgot about the flood.”

Of course, as everybody knows, where there is no fire in wood, you cannot use a fire drill. And all the fire in the wood of that country, so Coyote said, had been put out by the flood.

“Doesn’t anybody there have it?” asked Old Crow after they had all been thinking.

“Just one old chief, who lives on the top-most peak of the highest mountain. The water didn’t quite cover that peak,” said Coyote.

“Then why can’t you get it for them, as you did before?” asked Raven. Everybody knew the story of how Coyote had gone to the tepee of the Skookums — oh, a long while before — and stolen fire, because at that time they had all the fire in the world.

“I can’t do a thing!” declared Coyote. “He knew all about how I got that fire for our Animal People and the Indians. The

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

minute he heard I was there, he began to shoot magic arrows. I had to run for my life!"

"Oh, dear! Then it will be dangerous," said Old Crow.

"If there's plenty of water in that country I can help," remarked Muskrat just then. He hardly ever talked in council meetings.

"Muskrat, that country would suit you exactly," said Coyote. "I thought of you when I was trying to get over some of those swamps and marshy rivers. I believe you could help."

Young Caribou spoke up then.

"I live in the north," he said, "and I ought to be able to help. I know that country well — or I did before the flood."

So Muskrat and Young Caribou made their plans, and some of the Animal People were to help them. Then they took a long journey to the land where the flood had been. They traveled until they reached the tepee of the chief. And he lived, you know, on the highest peak of the highest mountain in all the world.

Before the Animal People reached the

### *Getting Fire after the Flood*

tepee, — and they made no secret about it at all, — they put on their dancing masks and their dancing aprons, just as the Indians used to do. They were a little like the funny faces boys sometimes wear.

Then they went to the tepee of this old chief and told him they had come to have a dance there. Well, now, dancing is a pleasure. The Animal People liked it, and the Indians used to dance a great deal. So the old chief told them all to come in.

Still, the chief kept an eye on the crackling fire that was burning on one side of his tepee.

Now Young Caribou wore a beautiful mask, and fastened to his horns he had some pine shavings, all nicely curled. Little girls sometimes put on just such pine shavings, in playing party, and they do make beautiful curls. Every one told Young Caribou those curls looked well on him.

Then they began to dance — and of course they all kept time by singing to their own dancing. Young Caribou and Muskrat took positions in the dance, where one was on each side of that fire, but the old chief

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

watched them closely, especially Young Caribou.

Muskrat sang,

“Oh, shelte! Oh, shelte!”

which is a magic song. Therefore, the Indians sing that to-day, when they are near a muskrat swamp.

Now Young Caribou, as he danced, swayed his head this way and that — then he danced up and down, jerking his head hard, with all those pine shavings swinging about. Finally some of those shavings caught fire. At once the old chief ran up and put out the fire with his hands.

Then everybody began to dance again, and sing — oh, they sang so loudly. One couldn't hear anything with such a racket — and that was exactly what Muskrat wanted. Muskrat was busy as a bee.

Well, Young Caribou began that dancing again, swaying his head this way and that. The old chief did not like that dance at all, and he watched Young Caribou closely. At last the shavings caught fire again, and the old chief rushed up and put them out.



## *Getting Fire after the Flood*

He did not intend that any one should have fire, except himself.

And again everybody went on dancing, each one singing at the top of his voice. Oh, it really was a racket!

But Muskrat! While the chief was watching Young Caribou so closely, and everybody was dancing and singing so loudly, — why, Muskrat had been digging a tunnel almost under that chief's very feet. He dug it close to the fire, too, and when it was finished, he stole a bit of burning wood, and slipped down the hole with it.

The old chief did not see him at all. He was too busy putting out those burning shavings. So everybody still went on dancing.

Then, suddenly, as one of them danced toward the door and looked out, he cried, "Oh, look!"

Everybody looked. There was a great mountain, far away. A great column of smoke rose from it. Soon flames burst from the mountain top. Then flames burst from some of the trees around them.

Then everybody knew that Muskrat had

### *Old Crow and His Friends*

stolen the fire, and put it into the trees again. People could get it out, of course, by using fire drills, just as Coyote had taught them before the flood.

But that old chief was so disgusted!

After they had again traveled far, and everybody was back home again, Old Crow and Raven gave a real dance, because Young Caribou and Muskrat had given fire again to those Indians.

## XXXV

### COYOTE AND FOX

**O**NE time, at a council, some of the Animal People were talking about who was the best looking. This was a long time after Rabbit had run off with Otter's fur coat, and they had almost forgotten about that.

Fox said afterwards he was the best looking. There was no doubt about it at all, so he said. He had a beautiful long brushy tail, and his fur was soft and heavy. Coyote's fur was ragged looking. And Coyote knew it, too.

"Well — perhaps your fur is longer than mine," said Coyote, "but I am more clever than you are."

Grizzly Bear came up just then, growling about something that did not please him, so they did not finish their argument. And

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

that afternoon, each of them went out into the forest for a walk.

Now Coyote was wearing a blanket made of magpie feathers. It was really a very good-looking blanket, too, for the feathers were glossy, even if they were dark.

Fox was wearing a blanket made of silver-fox furs, with many of the tail feathers of the golden eagle as ornaments.

As they were going down the trail, Coyote met Fox, and Fox was singing happily,

“What a beautiful robe I have!  
How the eagle feathers shine!”

That was his song, and Coyote heard him.

Coyote took a good look at him, and Fox was handsome in that robe. The silver-fox fur gleamed in the sunlight, and the eagle feathers were very handsome.

“I’ll trade my fine robe for yours,” said Coyote, after he had seen how handsome Fox’s robe was.

“Exchange my fine robe, with eagle feathers, for *your* robe — yours of magpie feathers!” exclaimed Fox in astonishment. “Never!”

## *Coyote and Fox*

And he walked off down the trail and into the forest, paying no more attention to Coyote at all. That is, he did not mean to pay any more attention to Coyote.

But Coyote was cross that day, and whenever people are cross they make trouble for themselves.

Coyote made believe turn away, but as he passed Fox, he snatched Fox's blanket and made off with it. He kept his own, too.

Coyote came to a lake quite soon. It was a charming spot in the forest, with trees growing down to the water's edge, and wild flowers all about. When the breeze rippled the lake, it was all a silver sheen.

Coyote did not even see that it was pretty. Cross people never do see beauty. But Coyote did this! He took his own blanket of magpie feathers, and tore it all to pieces, and threw all the pieces into the water.

"What do I want with that old blanket," he said scornfully, "when I have such an elegant one as this!" And he strutted up and down along the lake shore, and then

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

went down among the wild flowers, trying to find a bit of quiet water where he could see himself.

There was just breeze enough to keep the water in motion, and he could not find a mirror-like bit of the lake. Then he said, "Oh, well. I don't care. I wish a good hard breeze would come, and flutter these feathers." Those eagle feathers were handsome.

Now Fox had been thinking. And he kept thinking about that blanket, and how to get it back. Then he began to make magic. Fox said, "I wish a hard wind would blow — and blow — and blow — very hard, indeed. I wish that wind would blow towards me."

Well, that is exactly what happened. A good stiff breeze came up, and blew — and blew — and blew.

"That breeze is too strong," said Coyote, as he walked back from the water's edge, through the wild flowers. "Oh, I don't like that at all. That breeze almost blows my new blanket off."

Then Coyote stood back and watched

## *Coyote and Fox*

the pieces of his old magpie robe flutter and dance about in the little waves that came up, because the breeze was blowing hard.

“Fox can have that old blanket if he wants it,” he said crossly. “I offered it to him, and he wouldn’t have it.”

The breeze blew harder. One end of his blanket flapped so that Coyote loosened his hold on the upper part to get hold of that flapping end. And behold! That breeze wrenched the whole blanket right out of his hands, and off his shoulders, and blew it straight down the trail to Fox.

Fox was waiting for that blanket to come back to him, too. He put it around him, and turned down the trail, and walked in the other direction.

But Coyote! He went back to the lake to see if he could get the pieces of his old magpie blanket. There were just a few pieces dancing about, away out in the lake. All the other pieces had sunk.

That evening, about sundown, when it is always chilly in the forest, Coyote unexpectedly met Fox on the trail. Fox was

*Old Crow and His Friends*

warm and comfortable, with that lovely blanket of silver-fox furs and eagle feathers.

Coyote had no robe on at all. He was chilly, too.



## XXXVI

### WOLVERINE GETS INTO TROUBLE

**I**T was not very long after that when, one day, Wolverine went out for a walk. He wasn't in good temper at all; and when people are not in good temper, they usually get into some kind of trouble.

Wolverine, in his walk, climbed a rather steep hillside. Halfway up, there stood Rock.

"Was it you who was watching me?" asked Wolverine sharply.

"No, I didn't even see you," answered Rock.

"It must have been you who was out walking just now," said Wolverine, bound to have a quarrel.

"No," said Rock. "I cannot walk."

"Well, I've seen you walking," said Wolverine sharply.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

“That is not true,” said Rock.

“It is,” said Wolverine. {“You are the very Rock I have seen out walking.”

Wolverine than ran off a little ways, and jeered at Rock. He shouted, “Catch me if you can!”

Then Wolverine went very close to Rock and hit him with his paw. He shouted, “See if you can catch me.”

“I can’t walk,” shouted Rock. “But I can roll.”

“That’s just what I wanted,” said Wolverine, and he began to run.

Then Rock began to roll. Wolverine raced away, and Rock tore after him, close to his heels. All down that steep hillside they raced.

Then Wolverine began to jump and leap. Rock rolled faster and faster, even touching his heels. Then Wolverine tripped over a stick and fell. Rock rolled right on top of him, and stopped there. He stopped rolling.

“Get off of me! You are breaking my bones!” yelled Wolverine.

Rock stayed right there.

## *Wolverine Gets into Trouble*

Wolverine yelled to the Wolves and Foxes to come and save him. They came at once, and gathered around Rock.

“How did you get under Rock?” they asked.

Wolverine said, “I dared Rock to run after me, and he rolled.”

“Serves you just right,” said Fox. They all said that. Yet they tried to push Rock away, but Rock stayed right there. The Animal People pushed — and pushed — and pushed. Rock did not roll off.

Then Wolverine shouted to Thunder and Lightning to come and save him. In a few minutes a dark cloud rushed up from the southwest. It made so much noise and was so black that all the Animal People ran away into the woods.

Lightning saw what was the matter. He drew back, and then rushed forward and struck Rock. Thunder crashed and roared. But Wolverine was free. Lightning had knocked Rock into little bits. But he had also torn Wolverine’s coat to pieces when he struck Rock.

Wolverine picked himself up, and saw

### *Old Crow and His Friends*

he was saved. Then he saw he had no fur at all. He could only find a few bits of his coat.

Wolverine said to Lightning sharply, "Well, you needn't have torn my coat all to pieces, just because I asked you to strike Rock!"

Wolverine was still cross.

## XXXVII

### THE REAL MOON

**C**OYOTE had been on a long journey and was coming home through the forest.

“Oh, my, but it is black!” said Coyote, trying to keep the trail. And truly it was as black as midnight in the forest. But it was almost as black out in the open country.

Coyote spoke of it to Old Crow and Raven the very next day. “There should be more light at night,” he said. And Old Crow and Raven said at once that they thought so, too.

“What can we do, though?” asked Raven. “We made a tule reed moon and that burned out. Then we made an ice moon, all gleaming, silvery white. But Sun’s trail was so hot, Moon melted away. Perhaps —”

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

“Perhaps we ought to ask Great One,” broke in Old Crow. And after Raven had chewed two or three twigs, and Old Crow had fluttered about awhile, they both said that was the thing to do.

They told Eagle about it finally. Eagle said, “Why, I had not noticed it was so dark. The tepee fires of the Star People give a good deal of light.”

“You’re so much nearer them, Eagle,” protested Old Crow. “You live on high mountain peaks.”

And Eagle said perhaps that was true. But Eagle said he would take their message and lay it on the highest peak of the Cloud Mountains, where Great One would surely get it.

So Old Crow and Raven hunted up that old quill of Porcupine, and wrote another note to Great One, telling him how dark it was at night. It was written, just like the other note, on a beautiful sheet of paper which White Birch gave them.

Great One understood at once, when he received that note.

“Even so,” said Great One. “I will be

## *The Real Moon*

helpful to our children." Then he spread his hand out, with the palm downward. Into all the wrinkles of his hand, he set shining yellow grains. In the dark they gleamed like fire. And Great One set those gleaming, yellow, shining grains all over the sky. And truly, the night became much lighter.

Now the new stars gleamed up from the water below, and Great One saw that. Then he said, "And even as these grains gleam up from the water, so shall seed like them spring up from the Earth-land." And thus he made the shining yellow grains the Indian corn.

Now the very next day, when the great masses of fleecy white clouds were floating near the hole in the sky, Great One reached down and gathered a great round ball of it. He kneaded it together in his hand, mixing it with light, so that the ball became very solid, yet with a silvery white light. Then Great One set that in the sky.

Now that very night, when the Animal People were gathered around the lake, Rabbit came suddenly among them, shout-

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

ing "Hi-yi! Whoop-ee! Hi-yi!" Rabbit was much excited. He had been on a high hill near by, and he had seen Moon come up over the edge of the Earth-land.

"What's the matter?" demanded everybody. "Wait and see. Hi-yi!" answered Rabbit. He was much excited still. So everybody waited.

Then Moon came grandly up over the crest of the hill, very stately, very beautiful. The tree trunks shone black against the Moon, but the leaves on the branch tips all looked like lace, even as they do to-day. And the lake shone with the gleaming white light of Moon.

"Great One has given us this," said all the Animal People. And they were so happy that ever afterwards they called him "Sky-Father."

So now the Animal People had at night the light from the little lakes, which gleam in the blue Sky-cover, and the light from the tepee fires of the Star People, and now this new light from the shining grains of gold which the Sky-Father had set in the Sky-cover. And, besides, the light of Moon.



## *The Real Moon*

The nights were really very beautiful now. But there was no Milky Way.

Now some of the Indians in the Southland had a great corn mill, in which they pounded their corn into meal. One morning, the chief said, "Who has been stealing some of our meal?"

Nobody knew, of course. All the Indian women said they worked hard, pounding that meal. And nobody took it during the day, that was sure.

The next morning, more meal had been stolen. Then a warrior said, "See! Here are the tracks of a dog!" And there they were — the tracks of a very great dog. He must have been very large. "To-night," said the Indians, "we will watch."

So four warriors watched that night. And very, very late, down from the Northland came a great dog. He went to the stone bowl and began to eat out of it. Then these four warriors sprang out and began to beat the dog, to drive him away. The dog sprang into the sky, and ran back to the north, dropping the meal from his mouth as he ran.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

Thus Dog left behind him the white trail, up among the Star People. White People call it the Milky Way. But the Cherokee Indians call it, "Where the dog ran."

At first, of course, there were no people living in Moon. After a while, a boy went up there. He thought he would like it better up there. But nobody knew where he had gone. Now this boy wore trousers of marten skins. When they searched for him, they found only the left leg of his trousers, caught on a sharp point on a lodge pole, right in the smoke hole. So they knew the boy had gone away through the smoke-hole of the tepee. The very next night, they saw the boy in the moon. His father and mother knew it was their boy, because the right leg was much larger than the left. The left leg, of course, had no trousers because they had been caught in the smoke hole.

There is a woman in the moon, too. Her name is Wala. She always carries large birch baskets on her back, and a birch bark snow shovel in her hands. She follows the trail carefully.

## *The Real Moon*

There is only one dog in the moon. He is dappled red and white.

There are great plains in Moon-land. Large herds of deer roam over them. There are some lakes there, where there are many seals swimming about.

## XXXVIII

### GETTING DOWN TO WORK

“**T**HE Animal People have all got into so much mischief lately,” remarked Old Crow to Raven, as they sat on the topmost twig of the tall fir tree, “I think they’d better settle down to work.”

Raven said he thought so too, but he did not say much else. He himself had been into mischief, as everybody knows. But it was only a few days later that Old Crow called a council.

It was early in October. Oh, the Earthland was beautiful. The sumachs were a brilliant crimson, and the oak trees were all red and green, and lovely browns. The maples were crimson too, but the birches were as golden as the sunlight, and that was saying a good deal. Sun, in the autumn,

## *Getting Down to Work*

sends down to the Earth-land a glorious golden light. And when he does that, he likes to have the sky very, very blue.

It was just that kind of a day when the council met, close to a clear mountain stream, rippling along over the pebbles, and singing to itself as it went towards Great River beyond. The grass was still green, and the air was soft and warm. All the Animal People really wanted to settle down to work.

Old Crow said to Grouse, "You ought to live in a place where it is a little wintry. You will always live in a place high up, so that you will have plenty of breezes." And that was exactly the work Grouse wanted.

Now Ptarmigan had come down from the far, far north. He loved the snow of that North-land. Old Crow said to him, "You know how to travel in the snow. You will be the maker of snowshoes." And that was really true. The Indians who lived in the far Northland learned how to make snowshoes by watching how Ptarmigan traveled over the snow.

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

Then Old Crow said to Robin, "You will be a good whistler. You will make people happy by your whistle." Robin said at once that that was work he would love. He was such a happy little chap. Why, when Robin hops across the front lawn, even before the snow is fairly off, or one hears his whistle, people say: "Oh, there's Robin! Spring's here."

Old Crow said to Blue Jay, "You have beautiful clothes. People will copy the color of your clothes. And you will be a great talker." And all of that happened, because Blue Jay went right to work at it.

To the little Humming Bird, Old Crow said, "People will enjoy seeing you. If any one sees you once, they will want to see you again." Humming Bird went right to work to be happy and beautiful.

Then Old Crow said to Eagle, "You will be very powerful and above all the birds. Your eyesight will be very strong." That is why the Indians think that the feathers of Eagle are worth more than those of all the other birds.

To Gray Screech Owl, Old Crow said,

### *Getting Down to Work*

“You will foretell cold weather.” When the night is to be very cold, then Owl cries out. It sounds just as though a person’s teeth chattered. When the Indians hear that, they spread out their warmest blankets, and they keep the fires burning all night.

Duck, Old Crow said, was to be the chief of the water. Woodpecker he made chief of the trees. Owl was the chief of the night, and Eagle the chief of the day.

Old Crow told Beaver he would always have to live in the water. But Rabbit spoke up at once. Rabbit said, “No, I want to live in the water.”

“Why, you can’t do it,” said Old Crow. Rabbit said, “Yes, I will live in the water.” And he jumped right in.

Well! Beaver and Otter had to jump right in after him.

When they pulled him out, he was all wet, but they made him stand still. Old Crow said, “You can’t live in the water. Your legs are too long. Even if you do eat willow like Beaver, you don’t swim about in the water properly.”

## *Old Crow and His Friends*

So Rabbit had to stay on dry land. After a while, though, he didn't care at all.

Squirrel wanted to be Bear. "Yes, I do," said Squirrel. "I want to be Bear. I want to be big, and stand up on my hind legs."

"You can't be Bear," said Old Crow firmly. "You can sit up on your hind legs if you want to. Nobody cares at all about that. But you wouldn't be a good Bear. You are too noisy. Bears must keep quiet, and not chatter as you do."

Squirrel began to weep. He wept — and wept — and wept. If you look at any squirrel to-day, you will see his eyes are very bright and swollen from weeping. He did learn to sit on his hind legs, though, when he is eating anything. And he said afterwards that he does like to chatter, when he is racing up and down trees, and he wouldn't want to be Bear if he had to keep so still.

And so Old Crow went all around the council. He gave every man his work. And just as soon as he finished talking, everybody jumped up and went to work.







BURGESS TRADE QUADDIES MARK

---

## OLD MOTHER WEST WIND SERIES

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

---

- I. OLD MOTHER WEST WIND.
- II. MOTHER WEST WIND'S CHILDREN.
- III. MOTHER WEST WIND'S ANIMAL FRIENDS.
- IV. MOTHER WEST WIND'S NEIGHBORS.
- V. MOTHER WEST WIND "WHY" STORIES.
- VI. MOTHER WEST WIND "HOW" STORIES.
- VII. MOTHER WEST WIND "WHEN" STORIES.

*Illustrated by George Kerr and Harrison Cady.*

*16mo. Each, \$1.00 net.*

---

Of a quality to be recommended for bed-time reading.—  
*A. L. A. Booklet.*

Amusing, well-written, well-illustrated animal stories for  
little human animals.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"Mother West Wind's Children" is brimming over with  
interesting things about Mother Nature's little ones. A more  
charming tale to be read to the small folks when the sleepy  
hour comes would be hard to find.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mr. Burgess' ability to combine a quality of whimsical  
delightfulness with much that is really informative about  
animal life has endeared him to his little readers.—*Continent,*  
*Chicago.*

---

LITTLE, BROWN, & CO., PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

BURGESS TRADE QUADDIES MARK

---

## BEDTIME STORY-BOOKS

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind Series," etc.

---

1. THE ADVENTURES OF REDDY FOX
2. THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY CHUCK
3. THE ADVENTURES OF PETER COTTONTAIL
4. THE ADVENTURES OF UNC' BILLY POSSUM
5. THE ADVENTURES OF MR. MOCKER
6. THE ADVENTURES OF JERRY MUSKRAT
7. THE ADVENTURES OF DANNY MEADOW MOUSE
8. THE ADVENTURES OF GRANDFATHER FROG
9. THE ADVENTURES OF CHATTERER THE RED  
SQUIRREL
10. THE ADVENTURES OF SAMMY JAY
11. THE ADVENTURES OF BUSTER BEAR
12. THE ADVENTURES OF OLD MR. TOAD
13. THE ADVENTURES OF PRICKLY PORKY
14. THE ADVENTURES OF OLD MAN COYOTE
15. THE ADVENTURES OF PADDY THE BEAVER
16. THE ADVENTURES OF POOR MRS. QUACK
17. THE ADVENTURES OF BOBBY COON
18. THE ADVENTURES OF JIMMY SKUNK

*(Other Volumes in preparation)*

Illustrated by Harrison Cady. 16mo. Each 50 cts. net

---

**E**ACH book in the series is devoted to the adventures of one animal, and tells of his pranks and his good times, his troubles, his enemies, and his friends. The same charm of style and illustration that made the "Old Mother West Wind Series" so successful is here displayed. Capital illustrations have been provided by Harrison Cady.





















