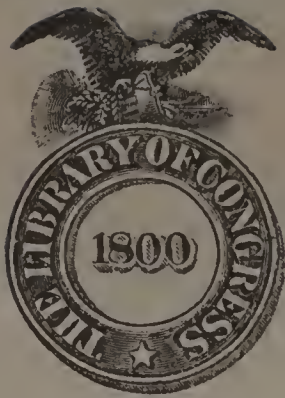


ESKIMO ISLAND and PENGUIN LAND

BY ROY J. SNELL



NORTHLAND AND STRANGELAND
BIRD LIFE COMBINED



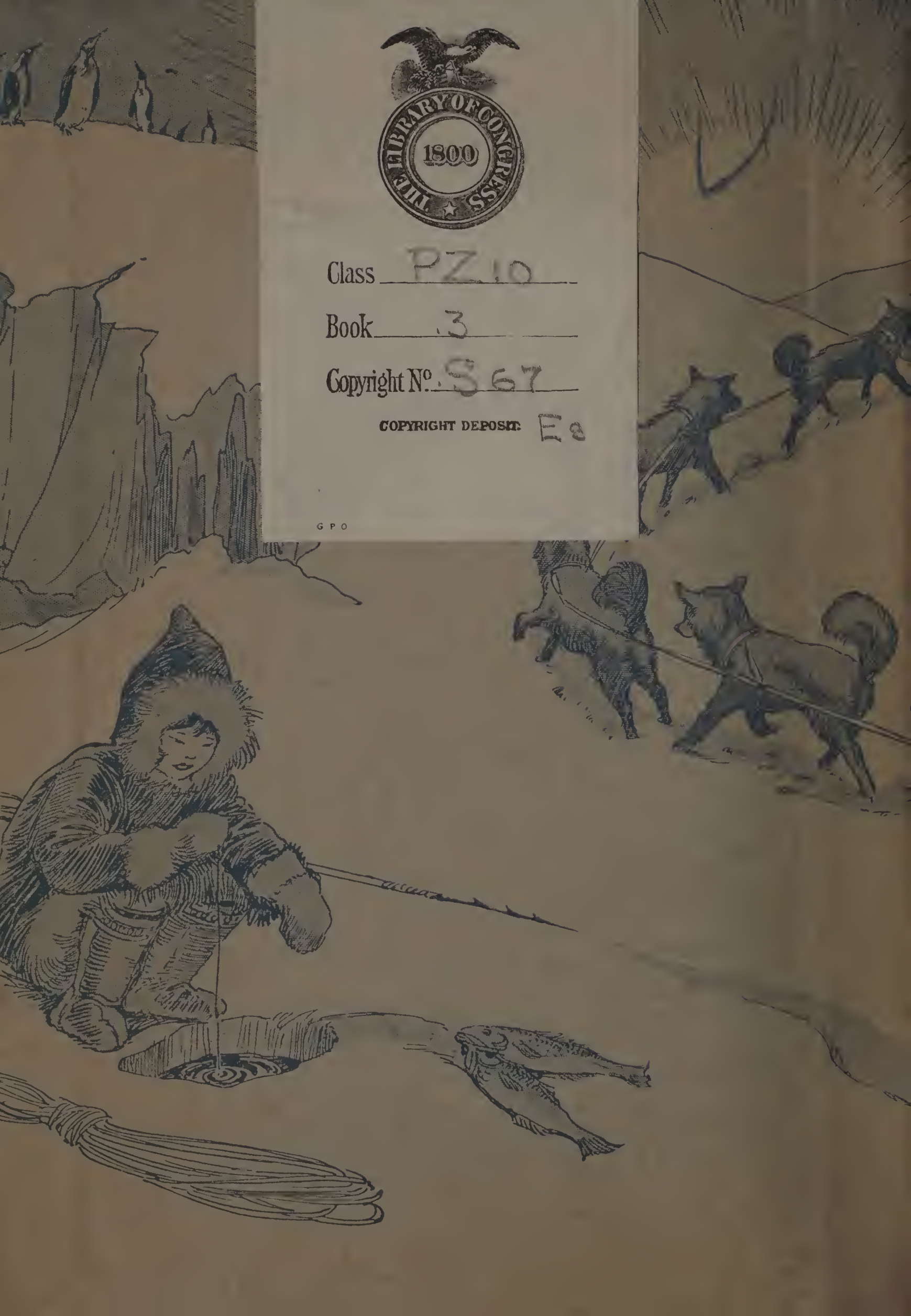
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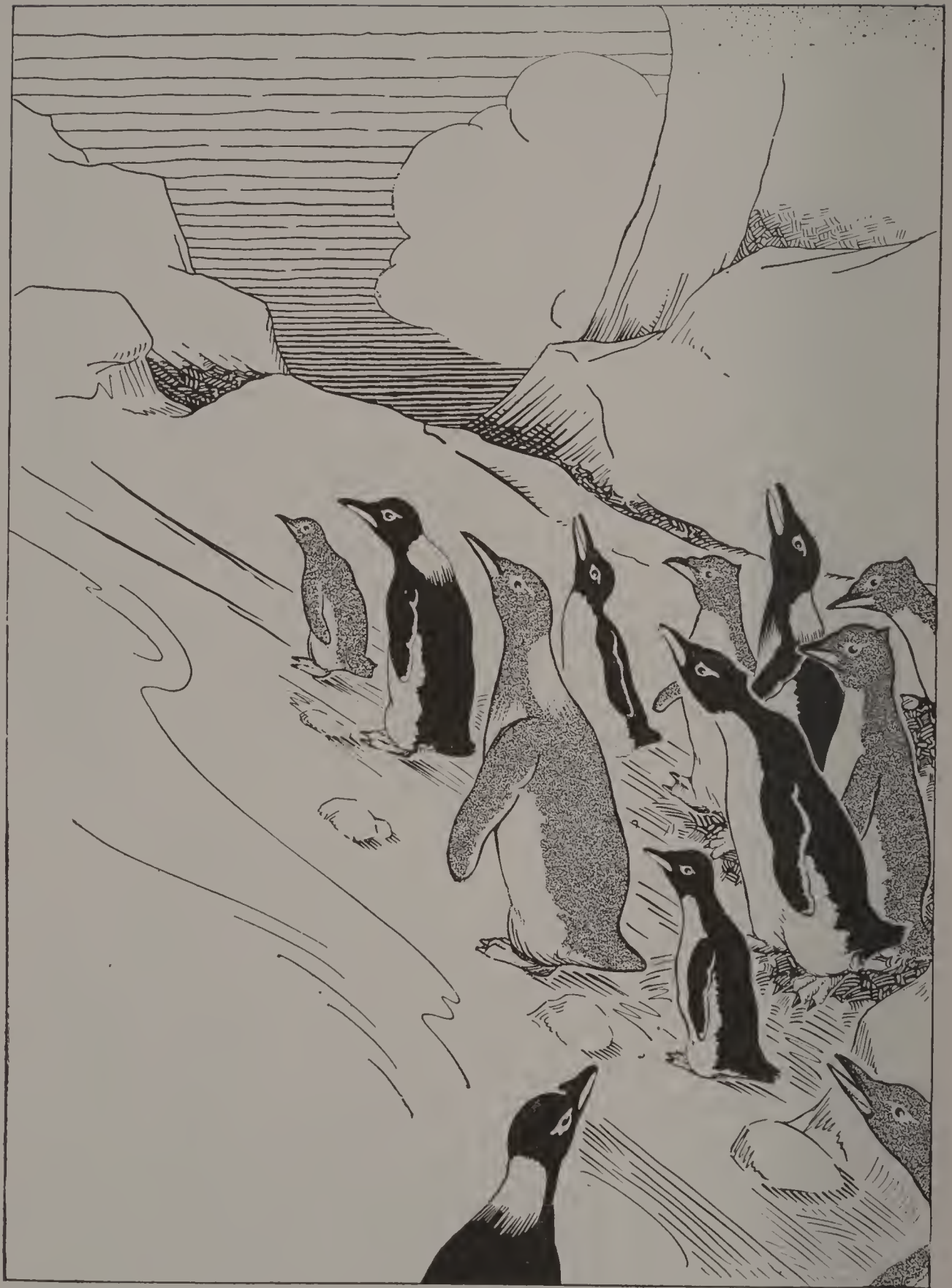
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*Eskimo Island
and
Penguin Land*





They Looked a Very Bold and Imposing Company
(From the Story to Catch Sheathbill)

*Eskimo Island
and
Penguin Land*



By Roy J. Snell

Illustrated by Cobb X. Shinn

Albert Whitman & Company

Publishers

Chicago

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1928

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OTHER TITLES BY
ROY J. SNELL

SKIMMER, THE DARING
ICEBOUND IN THE SOUTH POLAR SEAS
THE DINNER THAT WAS ALWAYS THERE
LITTLE BOY FRANCE

57

A JUST RIGHT BOOK
PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

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JUN 22 1928

M. H. Jones 2. 3. 28



*To All Boys and Girls
Who Like to Read of Distant Lands and Strange People
This Book Is Dedicated*

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In they plunged.

(From Philander Gray Goose and Dungemess Crab)

The Northland Bird Life



THE BABY LAUGHING LOON, THE PUFFINS AND THE HUNTER

Were Little Baby Laughing Loon here, she could tell us in her way that on the sunny slopes of Eskimo Island there are the most wonderful wild-flower gardens that almost anyone ever saw! In this far northern country where there are months and months of night all in one long period of time, with

no sun at all, and where it is so cold that the icicles on the eaves do not drip for eight months long! This doesn't seem possible, to many of us. But it is true just the same, for Little Baby Laughing Loon saw them as she went for a walk on the hillside. It seems that when the sun did come out he must have felt sorry for the poor cold world and just as fast as he could spare the time he stayed longer and longer until at last he just didn't go to bed at all, but just stayed around and warmed up the earth and melted the snow and had the flower beds all ready; and before one would ever think it possible there they were—thousands and thousands of flowers; red and blue and pink and crimson, tossing their heads merrily in the sunshine! There never was a wild prairie full of cowslips and buttercups, shooting stars and lady slippers, that could compare with it, nor was any deep wooded garden full of anemonies and spring beauties its equal.

This day Baby Loon walked among them they had just washed their faces in a fresh cloud bank, and my! how finely they did nod their heads!

“Good morning, good morning, everybody!” exclaimed Baby in bird talk, as she trudged along. “How are you all today?” She couldn’t call them all by name, for no white man had seen them all to give them names, and the Eskimo people use many names for their own children. Baby didn’t mind that. She just trotted along happily, while hundreds of Puffins whirled by just over her head, practicing a song for their next grand concert.

While Baby Loon was among the flowers something strange happened on Eskimo Island that very day. The Puffin chorus were flying through the air having a fine time while they practiced the new chorus. If anyone on the hill above had been watching very, very closely they would have noticed that every now and then, as the Puffins skimmed along close to the ground,

some of them closest to the ground stopped suddenly as if they had struck something. They seemed to flutter there for a moment and then all together, three or four, or as many as ten of them, would go flop! to the ground, and though they seemed to be struggling to rise, they didn't leave the ground. Now, that would have looked very strange to the watcher. If he knew Little Baby Laughing Loon very well and had liked her as well as we would be certain to do, he would have hurried to her down there among the flowers and told her what he had seen and warned her not to go any farther. But the watcher was not there, so Little Baby Laughing Loon walked on and on, still nodding to the flowers and saying, "Good morning, good morning, everybody! How are you today?" Every now and then down would go more of the little Puffin folks, only to struggle and rise and to fall.

So Baby marched sturdily on and on until at last she was quite above the flower beds and was thinking of going back, when Zing!

something tumbled down on her head! It didn't seem very heavy. Perhaps it was just a clump of flowers that had been blown there by the wind. That was the way Baby thought about it, and she wasn't very much frightened at first; yet when she started to rise she found she couldn't, for though the thing was not heavy, it seemed bound tight to the ground and she could not budge. Then she was frightened! She twisted her head about and looked around her. Right close to her was one of the gay little Puffin singers. He was bound to the earth, too.

"Hello," said Baby in bird talk. "What has happened to us?"

"It's Omnok, the Eskimo hunter's terrible net!" exclaimed the little Puffin sadly. "I didn't see it till it was too late. I ran right into it, and so did some of the others. It flopped right down upon us and here we are. By and by Omnok will come around and put us in a close, evil-smelling sack, and then tomorrow he will make food of us for his family. I suppose we shouldn't

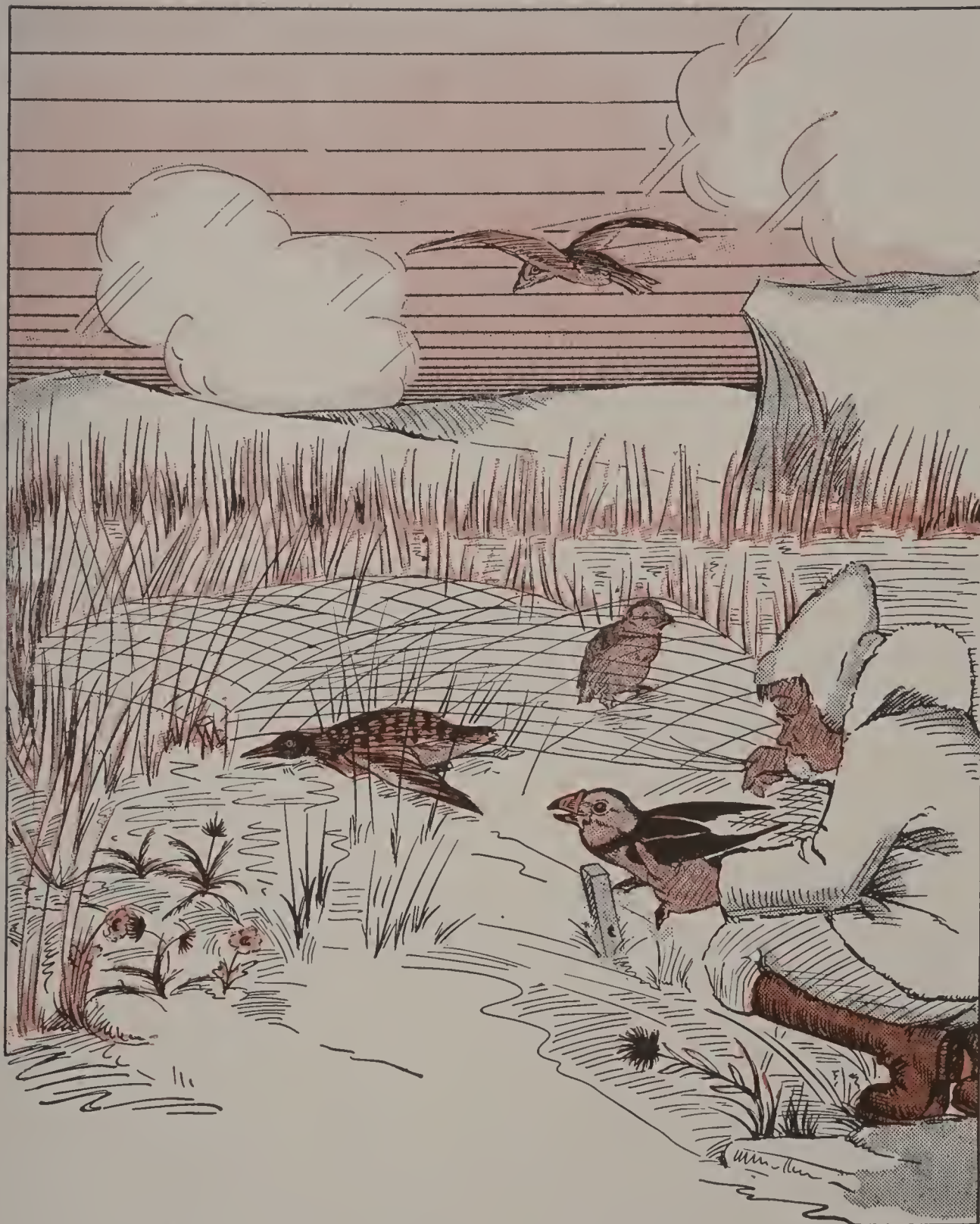
blame him, for if he did not hunt and fish his family would starve, for this country will not raise corn and potatoes, wheat and sugar cane, as other lands. It will raise only flowers."

"Can't we get away?" asked Baby hopefully. "I'm going to try, anyway."

"You might just as well while you may," said the little singer. "The net is very strong."

Indeed, Baby found this quite true, for it was made of fine threads of sealskin. She struggled and struggled toward the edge of the net, and at last she was one mesh nearer the edge. She kept struggling and again was two meshes nearer, then three, then four, and very soon she was very near the edge; right alongside, in fact. The outside strand of the net was very much larger than the others, and stretched very, very tight. Struggle as she might, she could not even so much as get her head under it.

"It is too bad!" said the little singer.



Can't we get away?

But Baby Loon did not give up. She just lay there quite still, and when Omnok the hunter came along you might have thought she was a stone or a block of drift-wood. Omnok came closer and closer. Every now and then he lifted the net and took a Puffin from beneath it. Then he would come a little closer to Baby and stop again. He was getting very, very close. We can be sure that he hadn't seen Baby or he wouldn't have done as he did. For he lifted the net to take a Puffin out and raised it quite high for a second. A second was enough, for Zip! out whirled Baby Laughing Loon and away she flew like a streak.

"Ah-ne-ca!" exclaimed Omnok. "I have lost the best one of all. She would have made me a good meal all by herself. I wonder how she came so close to the edge of the net?" Baby Laughing Loon knew how she came there and she was glad. She had done the best she could under the worst circumstances, but she was very, very sorry for her friends, the little Puffin singers.

TOMMIE SPECKS, GRAY GEESE AND THE CRANE



There was a great company of the young bird people gathered on the Eskimo Island beach that day. There was Little Baby Laughing Loon with her brother and sister; there were Tommie Specks and his sister of the Eider Duck family, and there were the six Gray Goose children who had recently come to the island. They had all played until they were quite tired out; then they had found a sheltered place between two rocks where the sun peeped warmly through, and where the sand was warm and

dry. There they were having a very fine time drying themselves and brushing the sand off their feathers.

Tommie Specks was making himself quite mean, as he often did, by strutting about and showing off his splendid bathing suit and his wonderful broad-rimmed glasses. "See! See!" he seemed to exclaim, as through his glasses he looked in an over-proud way at the newly arrived Gray Goose children. "Look! Look! What very plain-looking folks they are!" Now, of course, this made the other bird folks very much ashamed, for they liked the odd little strangers. As for the Goose children, they did not enjoy being made fun of. Then suddenly there marched in among them another stranger, who was to receive some of Tommie Speck's joking comments.

Tommie just stood and stared at the strange bird for a full moment before he was able to say a word. Such an odd bird this stranger was, anyway! He was almost as tall as the rocks beside which they were



Tommie just stood and stared.

resting, and as for being slim, it was true there wasn't a bird among them who was half as high as this stranger, for, of course, it is well known how plump young Duck folks and young Gray Goose folks are, and Little Baby Laughing Loon was of just the same kind. But as for this stranger—why, if they had known anything about living skeletons they would have called him that at the first glance.

“Look!” exclaimed Tommie, but that was as far as he could go because of his astonishment.

The stranger was as awkward as he looked, every bit of it! When he stooped to get a better look at the other bird folks he really looked as if he might fall over; and to make matters more strange, he drew one of his long legs up under his ragged coat, which was not a bathing suit at all, but a kind of a great storm coat. They all thought he would surely fall over, but he didn't. He just stood there on one foot and

swallowed his Adam's apple one or two times, then he said:

"My name's Dannie Whooping Crane. Want to hear me whoop?"

He didn't wait for them to say yes or no, but just opened his mouth and gave six of the loudest whoops one ever heard: "Hoop! Hoop! Who-ooop! Who-o-op! Who-oo-ooop! Who-ooo-ooop!"

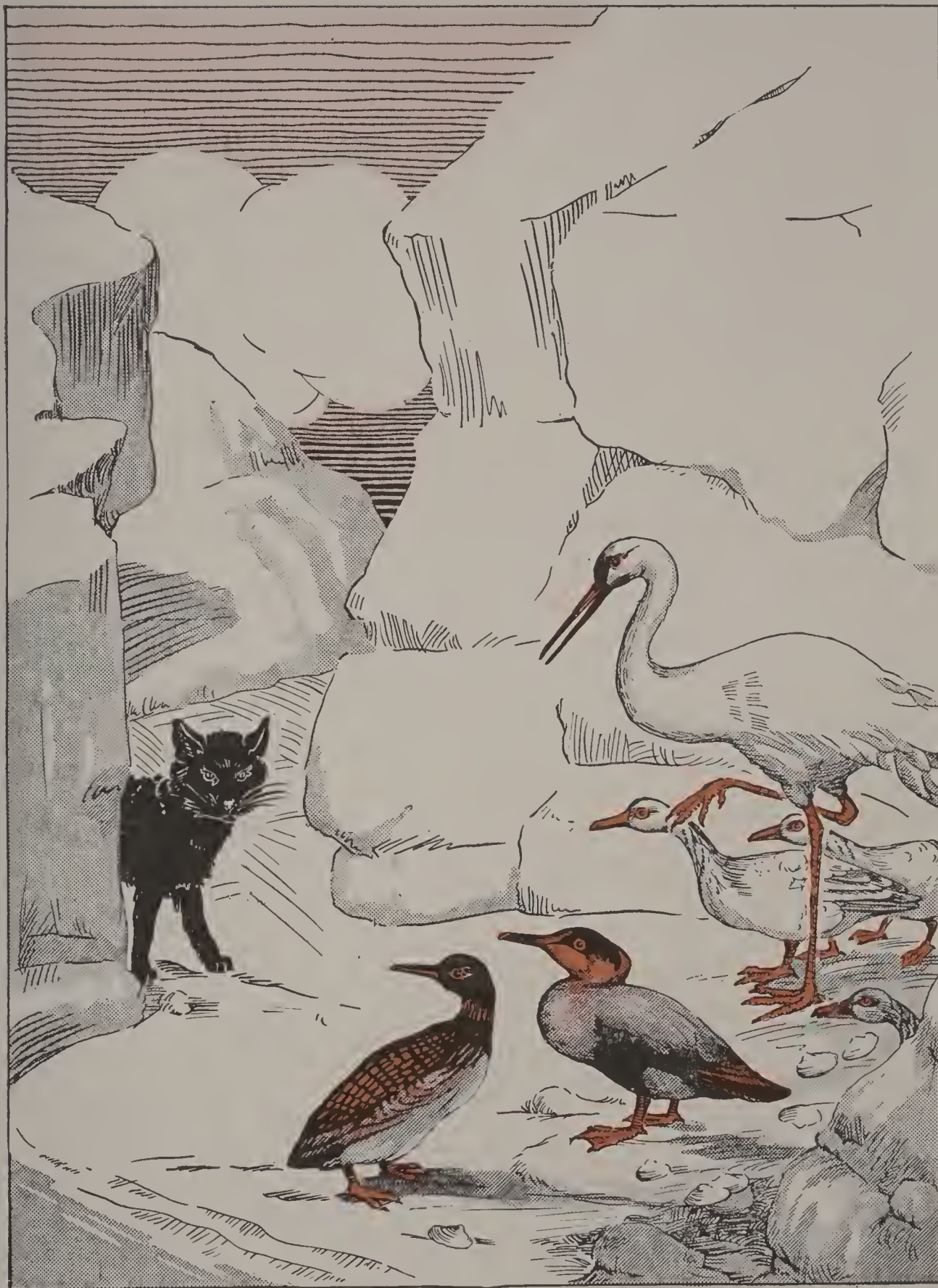
"Well! Well!" exclaimed Tommie. His spectacles were on crosswise, but he was so excited that he did not know it.

The stranger swallowed his Adam's apple four more times, then he stood there awkwardly as could be, and nobody seemed able to say one word.

Just then another stranger came around the corner who was not half as welcome as Dannie Whooping Crane. A black, black nose, very sharp and very keen, was followed by two cruel eyes and some sharp and terrible teeth. Old Black Fox was standing grinning an ugly grin at all the little folks, and here they were shut in on

all sides by the rocks except on the side where he stood! The birds did not know what to do. If they started to fly he would snap them up by the heels and toss them right over his back. If they tried to reach the ocean, right there he was ready to seize them by the neck! Here was a terrible situation, indeed! Tommie Specks didn't seem to know any more what to do than the rest. Indeed, he tried to hide behind Little Baby Laughing Loon. Little Baby Laughing Loon and the new Goose children were afraid, but they stood right in their places and tried to act not a bit frightened.

Dannie Whooping Crane hadn't moved, either. He hadn't even put his other foot on the ground. The one which was down didn't tremble the least bit, either. For quite a while Black Fox didn't seem to notice him. Perhaps he took his leg for a bit of driftwood sticking up in the sand. But when Dannie made a little gurgling sound in his throat, Black Fox looked up surprised, and when he saw who it was he



Black Fox didn't seem to notice him.

seemed more surprised than ever. Indeed, strange to tell, he seemed to remember that he had important business on some other part of the island, for he turned right about and trotted away!

For two or three moments nobody said a word. At last Tommie Specks stepped out from behind Little Baby Laughing Loon, and, looking through his glasses, said, "Well, well, what were you all frightened at? You didn't think he'd dare attack all of us at once? Not while I was around he wouldn't."

But all the bird folks were looking up at Dannie Whooping Crane, who had not yet put his other foot down on the sand. He didn't say a word, but just looked at some clams on a rock which the little bird folks had been trying to eat, but couldn't, because their shells were too hard. Then he stooped over and gave a clam one crack with his long beak, and the clam burst right in two!

"Well! Well! What a strong beak!" exclaimed Tommie Specks, edging toward the

water. In a moment he splashed into the sea and disappeared 'round the corner.

Dannie Whooping Crane just looked and cracked another clam. He cracked them and cracked them till there were quite enough for the whole company; then he went stalking away over a sand pile.

"A very fine fellow!" exclaimed one of the Gray Goose children.

"Not a bit proud, though he is so strong!" said Tommie Specks' sister, who was not pleased that day at her over-proud brother, and quite pleased with the actions of the tall young bird stranger.

That night, as she slept, Little Baby Laughing Loon dreamed that she was a big Black Fox and that Dannie Whooping Crane was trying to peck her eyes out with his long, strong beak.

MOTHER SPECKS' NEST

“Hurrah! The day’s just right for a swim!” cheered Tommy Specks, as he turned a somersault from a rock into the sea. Tommy was dressed in his bathing suit, and a wonderful bathing suit it was, too. It looked like the downy edge of a silvery cloud sewed to a bit of the deep blue sky. And his cap was more wonderful still—the deep blue of a sea cave and the golden green of the sunset. Astride his nose were the widest rimmed spectacles that ever a boy gloried in. It was these spectacles, worn by all the men of his family, which gave the Specks their name. For Tommy was the youngest son of Madam Specks of the Spectacled Eider Duck family.

“Yes,” Tommy’s mother agreed; “the day is just right, and you may take your sister for a romp on the waves.”

Now, a romp on the waves on such a day was as much fun as a Fourth of July picnic, for there had been a great storm on the Arctic Sea and now the waves were rolling gloriously. Away scampered the children, and Mother Specks settled herself down on her nest for the day.

Mother Specks, however, had been alone a very short time when she, too, became restless. There was no reason at all why she might not go for a little swim herself to catch a red-faced shrimp or two for her breakfast. Her eggs would not get cold, for had she not torn her heavy winter coat into little downy bits and covered her eggs deep, deep with it? And so, giving her nest a little tuck here and there, she glided down to the water’s edge and was soon enjoying a fine plunge.

As Mother Specks made her third dive, who should come along but Miss Swan?



"Good morning," she said.

Miss Swan had not yet gone to housekeeping. Her mother thought her too young for that. But she was very large, much larger than Mother Specks, and far too sedate and graceful to play with the smaller youngsters.

"Good morning," she said, bending her graceful neck in a stately bow. "How are your eggs?"

"Doing nicely, indeed," replied Mother Specks, bowing as gracefully as she could; "I have them well covered and am going for a bit of a swim."

"You won't leave them long, will you?" inquired Miss Swan anxiously. "I beg your

pardon—I recall now that the Family of Specks have a very deft way of covering your eggs. It is too bad that we have never learned it..’

“Oh, yes, they will do very well for an hour or so,” said Mother Specks, pleased at the compliment. “How is your mother? As beautiful and graceful as ever?”

So Mrs. Specks and Miss Swan were enjoying each other’s company very much when someone presently came in sight round the point. Indeed, it was no other than our old friend Little Red Fox! He and his mother had followed Big White Bear across the ice during the winter and had come over to Eskimo Island to live. The bird folks didn’t welcome them very heartily.

Mother Specks watched Little Red Fox very sharply as he drew near her nest.

“He looks like a very dangerous fellow,” said Miss Swan. “I shouldn’t wonder one bit if he were a meddlesome thief.”

“Some of his folks are,” replied Mrs. Specks mildly, “but he is young. Let’s not judge him too harshly.”

When Little Red Fox discovered that wonderful downy nest, he was delighted. Never before had he seen anything that looked so comfortable. He was tired, and here was the very place for a good rest. Ah-ha! when he touched the nest with the tip of his toe, how warm it felt! What a wonderful find it was. If he had not been so tired he might have smelled the eggs at once and got himself into trouble; but as it was, he just curled up in the nest in a little ball and in second was fast asleep.

Mrs. Specks and Miss Swan had been watching him closely all this time.

“If I were you, I should go right up there and make him leave,” declared Miss Swan decidedly.

“Oh, I think that is hardly necessary,” said Mother Specks cheerfully. “He won’t do any harm, he’s such a little fellow; and besides,” she added, “if he keeps the eggs

warm, I shan't have to, and can stay for a longer swim."

Miss Swan said no more, but felt very much worried over the eggs. It nearly spoiled her visit, for in spite of herself she kept looking up to the place where Little Red Fox was sleeping on Mother Specks' nest.

"Oh, Mrs. Specks!" she called at last.

Little Red Fox, wakened very much refreshed from his nap in the cozy nest, and the same mischievous Little Red Fox of old, had smelled the eggs under the fine covering and was tossing that splendid covering to the winds fast as his nimble toes could fly!

With wild screams, Mother Specks dashed through the water and up over the sand as fast as her trembling legs could carry her. Her screams, however, were as much lost on Little Red Fox as if he had been deaf. Mrs. Specks' legs were trembling, not from fear, but from anger, as Little Red Fox found out soon enough. And as there isn't



In a minute Little Red Fox was racing away.

any one in the world who can box ears better than Mother Specks when she gets started, she made good work of it. In a minute Little Red Fox was racing away home, wondering if his head were really broken.

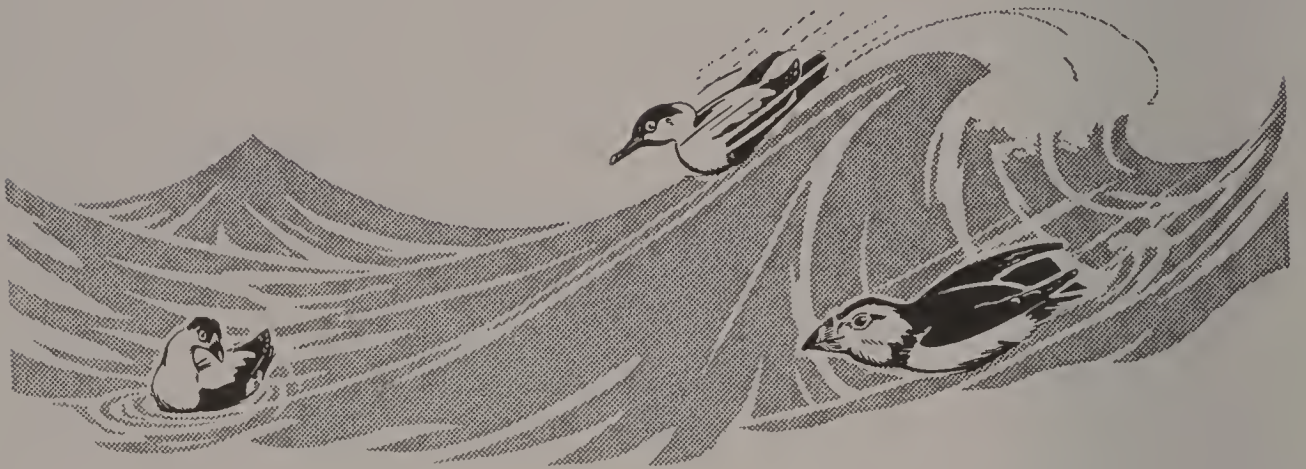
Poor Mother Specks! She hurriedly gathered up all the pieces of her warm winter coat that she could find, but they had been blown far and wide, and most of them had tumbled into the sea and been carried away. There were hardly enough left to cover the eggs and not nearly enough to keep them really warm.

“Serves me right!” she sighed at last, as she settled down once more on her nest. “I should not have trusted someone else to do my work. Now I shall have to miss all my fine swims till these eggs are hatched, and like as not I’ll go hungry many times besides.”

Miss Swan, as she swam away, thought about Mrs. Specks’ disturbed nest. Then she sailed away quickly for home to see how her own patient mother was getting along with her housekeeping.



THE TOMCOD FAMILY REUNION



While Mother Specks was having her pleasant chat with Miss Swan and her distressing experience with that young rascal, Little Red Fox, her children were having fun out on the great rolling sea, sliding down this wave and that one.

Down in the valley, between two waves, they had discovered a little playmate. Miss Puffin was her name. She was a very plain little body, with a dull drab bathing suit and a very large nose, but she soon proved

to be as friendly as she was plain, and the three were having a joyous time coasting on the waves.

“Listen!” said little Miss Puffin suddenly, as she reached the bottom of a wave. “I think I hear voices.”

Miss Specks listened sharply. It might be the voices of Ivory Sea Gull and his pirate crowd, she thought.

“Yes, I hear them, too,” she said, “many, many little voices. They must be down in the sea.”

True enough, as they looked into the blue water, they saw hundreds of little people swimming about, all talking as loudly as they could, and all talking at once. It was the Tomcod family, gathered for a reunion.

“Hush!” cautioned Miss Puffin. “They are talking about where they will hold their celebration.”

They held their breath, listening, and this is what they heard: “I think under the great brown rock is the place.”

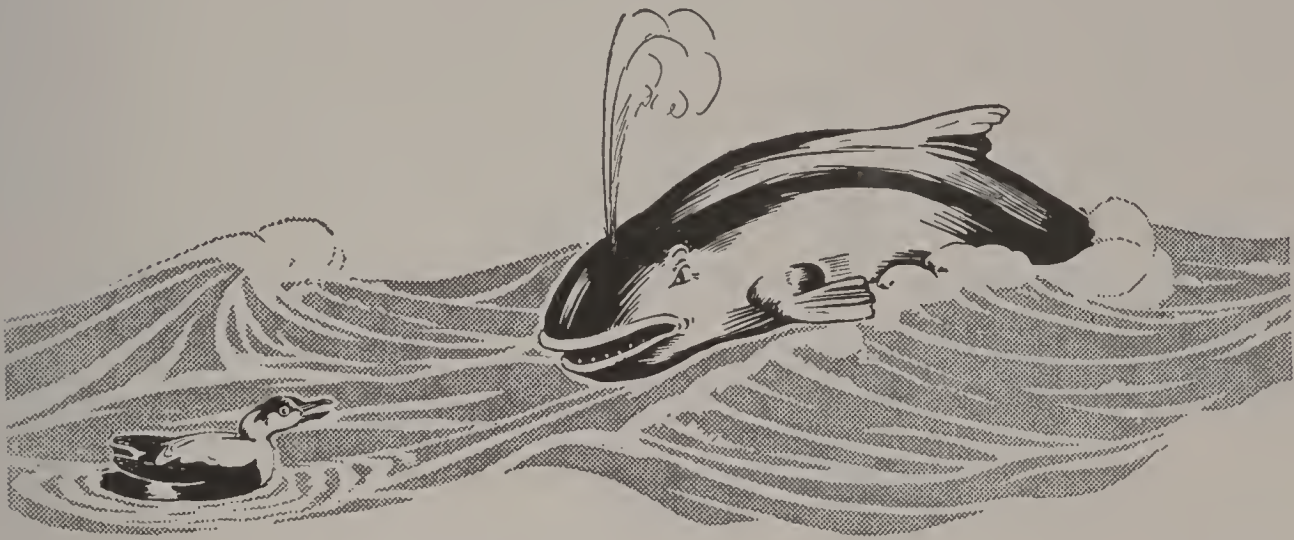
“No, no, you’re wrong, all wrong! Over on the sand bar’s the place.”

“No! No! What do you fellows know about it? Over in the seaweed grove’s the very place! There we have shade and plenty of sand grass.”

“You’re all wrong—” and so on and on they went, all talking at once, just because they had no leader.

“What a silly, foolish crowd they are!” said Miss Specks. “I feel sorry for them. People like that very often get into a great deal of trouble because they have no one to lead them.”

The Tomcod reunion party soon drifted out of sight and the three friends went on with their play. They had just reached the crest of a splendid wave when the water suddenly turned dark, as if a cloud were passing over the sky. They looked up, but there wasn’t a cloud to be seen and they were wondering what had happened, when up spouted a great rush of water from the



I just had to sprout that water out.

sea, tossing them high in the air and frightening them nearly out of their wits.

“What’s that!” screamed Miss Specks in terror, as she tumbled back into the ocean with her bathing suit sadly mussed.

“Pardon me!” came a great, heavy voice. There, with his head out of the water, was the biggest fish they had ever seen—the biggest, indeed, that anybody in all the world has even seen. “I didn’t mean to disturb you,” apologized Old Giant Whale. “But you see I just had to spout that water out, and I didn’t know you were there.”

“Oh, I see,” said Miss Specks, with a sigh of relief; “you had to breathe, so you came up and spouted all the air out of your lungs at once and that is what gave us such a tumble.”

“That’s just where you’re wrong, and a lot of other people are wrong, too,” Old Giant Whale corrected her. “I don’t spout when I breathe. It is only when I need more room in my banquet hall that I spout the water out. Now, just a moment ago, for instance, the Tomcod family reunion party came along and were all mixed up about where they should hold their reunion. I just opened up the door to my banquet hall and said, ‘Please, folks, won’t you step inside?’ and inside they stepped. Then, of course, I had to spout out the water so there’d be room for them all.”

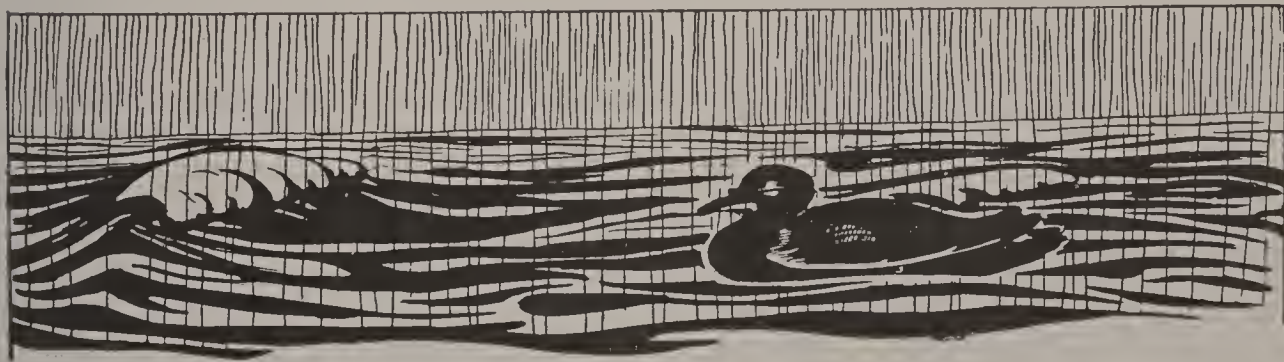
“My!” said Miss Specks, after a moment’s thought, “I think I’d rather not go to a reunion in your banquet hall!”

“There isn’t much danger of it,” Old Giant Whale reassured her, with a ponderous

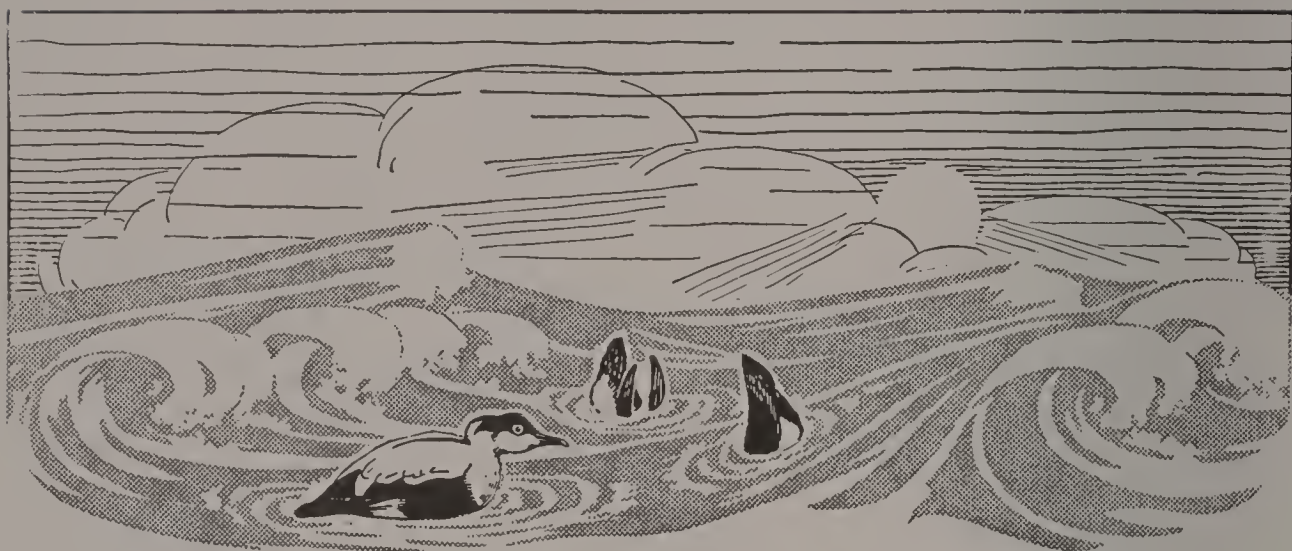
wink of his oily eye. "Folks with good parents and advisers seldom rent it, and I am told you have a very wise mother."

"You're quite right—she's a very wise mother, indeed," said Miss Specks proudly, "and I must be going back to her very soon, for it is nearly time for lunch."

With that, Miss Specks returned to her friends for one more good romp. She could not help thinking, however, of the unfortunate plight of the Tomcod reunion party, and wondering whether Old Giant Whale would ever open the door of his banquet hall and let them out. Somehow she felt quite sure that he never would.



TOMMY DISCOVERS OLD SEA SERPENT



After Old Giant Whale disappeared under the water, Miss Specks and her brother Tommy and their friend Miss Puffin invented a new game. It was called “dive deeper than you can.” Miss Puffin couldn’t play it nearly as well as the other two, for they were the most skillful divers among all the families who had their homes on Eskimo Island. But she was a cheerful body and did the best she could. She seemed to enjoy the sport quite as much as her friends.

Tommy could dive straight down and pick up a shrimp twenty feet below the surface of the water, and his sister could do almost as well, sometimes quite as well, so among them they had a great time.

As the two young ladies were preparing for their final dive before going home, one which they were quite sure was going to be the very best yet, Tommy's eyes seemed suddenly to pop out of his head, and with a gulp he cried, "Old Sea Serpent!" diving with a mighty splash.

"Sea Serpent!" echoed Miss Specks, following him.

"Sea Serpent," murmured Miss Puffin, almost too scared to move, but diving after them at last.

It is told that of all the folks that are supposed to live in the great, broad ocean, Old Sea Serpent is the most to be feared. Old Giant Whale, who can turn a boat upside down in a jiffy; Tusks the Walrus, who can tear up a boat with his great powerful

tusks; Mr. Shark, with his rows and rows of terrible teeth—none of these is so terrible as Old Sea Serpent. Nobody has ever really caught any member of Old Sea Serpent's family, but many and many a seaman sailing the silent sea, has declared he has caught sight of him, and we may feel certain it is just because he has never been caught that Old Sea Serpent seems so terrible. All the little sea folk are as much afraid of him as sailors are, and the hearts of our three young bird friends were beating very, very fast at the thought of meeting this dreadful monster face to face. True, no one but Tommy had seen him, but Tommy had looked so scared that the others had never thought of doubting that he had actually glimpsed the sea fellow.

They couldn't stay under water very long, however, for the sea bird folk can't hold their breath nearly so long as Little Brown Seal or Tusks the Walrus. And of course they couldn't talk, either. They could only make signs and talk with their eyes. As soon as

Miss Specks had recovered a little from her fright she began to doubt whether, after all, Old Sea Serpent really was about. Presently she said with her eyes, "I'm going to get my breath and see if he is really there."

Up she went. And down she came again with only half a breath of air, her eyes bulging just as Tommy's had done and saying much more plainly than words: "Yes indeed! It is Old Sea Serpent, his very own self!"

What were those three timid little people to do? There they were, down under the sea and not able to breathe at all, and yet afraid of their lives up where there was plenty of air! But Little Miss Puffin was a very strong hearted young person, so she finally decided to go up and see for herself. Back she came, too, with the very same story to tell.

"Yes indeed!" she said in the sign language, "I saw him too. There were his great, white fearful fangs and his awful mouth; and there was one hump, two humps, three humps on his back, and then there was his awful tail."

By this time they just had to have some air, so they decided to all go to the surface together. If they had to be eaten, they might as well be eaten all at once. So up the three went, and down they dove again, just as frightened as ever.

“Did you see him?” Miss Specks signaled.

“Yes, indeed!” said Tommy. “And there were four humps on his back!”

“Four humps!” signaled Miss Puffin. “I saw only three.”

“You’re both wrong!” signaled Miss Specks. “There were five!”

“No,” Tommy signaled emphatically, “only four!”

Tommy didn’t settle the matter, however, not certain, for Miss Specks was sure there were five humps and Miss Puffin was equally sure there were only three. Miss Puffin, plain and timid as she was, could be very positive when she felt sure she was right.

About that time a strange thing happened. When the three little comrades began to ar-

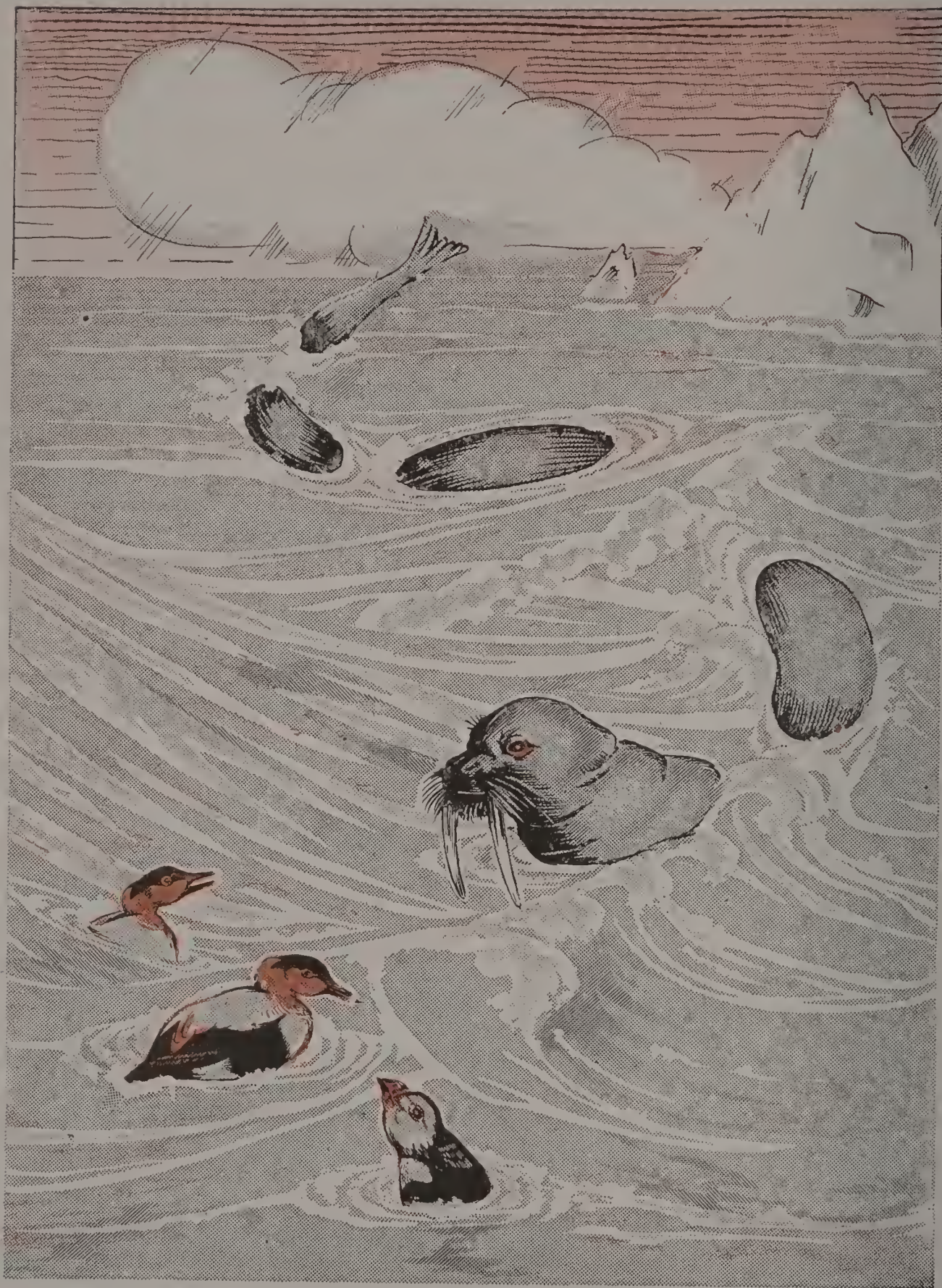
gue about the number of humps they forgot all about their fright and decided to go up and find out who was right. So up they came, each determined to stay long enough to see for himself, and stay up they did, though they were afraid.

“There, I knew I was right—there are three!” cried Miss Puffin.

“There, I am right—there are four!” chimed in Tommy.

“You’re both wrong, there are five!” shrieked Miss Specks.

Then all three began to look and look; then they began to laugh, and they laughed, and laughed, and laughed. For Old Sea Serpent was just Tusks the Walrus and his four brothers playing sea serpent. Tusks, you see, would stand on his hind feet in the water and poke his head out, looking very fierce. At the same time his oldest brother would dive head first and leave just the bend of his body above the water to make one of the humps, the next three brothers made the



The terrible old Sea Serpent.

other humps and the little brother diving and leaving his hind feet sticking out of the water close together, made the tail.

That was the terrible Old Sea Serpent which had so frightened our little friends, and is probably the only sea serpent that the sailors and the little folks of the sea have ever seen.

Miss Specks and Tommy and Miss Puffin were not angry with Tusks and his brothers, for though they had been frightened, they were very good natured, and they knew enough to take a joke. So the day being fine, they stayed and watched the antics of the big black brothers and admired their deep sea diving till the waves began to cast long, long shadows and they knew it was time for all young Bird people to hurry home.

BABY LAUGHING LOON STRAYS AWAY



Over on one corner of Eskimo Island, where the Specks family lived, there was a strange little hallway, long and narrow and all roofed over with grass and rushes. Mrs. Laughing Loon, who had built it, sat gazing down the narrow hallway to the edge of the sea, and smiling contentedly. Her nest was snug and safe, and every day she could slip down to the water for a bit of a swim.

In a day or two some downy little folks would follow Mrs. Laughing Loon down that lane, to plunge with her into the sea. No wonder her heart was glad. Already under one wing she felt the movements of another

baby Laughing Loon, and she felt sure there would be two more babies soon. But the day was warm for a world usually so cold, and in her cozy retreat she grew very drowsy. Her head nodded and nodded until it seemed as if her beautiful green cap must tumble off. Her graceful neck in its glistening collar bent, bent, and at last Mrs. Laughing Loon was fast asleep.

From under Mrs. Laughing Loon's wing there appeared a tiny head covered with a fuzzy-wuzzy, woolly-cotton hood. Baby Laughing Loon was taking her first look at the world. She thought it was a very long world indeed and a very narrow one, for all she could see was the long hallway. Presently she crept out a little farther and again looked about. There seemed to be something at the other end of the hallway, something that murmured, murmured, murmured, and kept going "Swish, swish, swish!" She wondered what it was. Her mother was still asleep. She tried her legs and found they would hold her up and carry her about. She

slipped from under her mother's breast and went wandering down the hallway.

Suddenly she saw a sharp pink nose poke its way through the wall and two pink eyes looked at her very sharply. Presently two white feet followed the pink nose and the pink eyes. Of course they belonged to our old friend, Little White Fox. That young scamp with his sharp nose and his twinkling eyes, was between Baby Laughing Loon, and her mother. What should she do? There was only one thing to do, and she did it at once: she ran to the end of the hallway and tumbled into the sea.

Now Baby Laughing Loon didn't know one thing about swimming, but somehow she found herself right side up in a moment, and in another second her feet were going swish, swish! through the water, just as if she had been swimming for ages and ages. And her fuzzy-wuzzy, woolly-cotton bathing suit kept her perfectly dry!

Of course Mrs. Laughing Loon had wakened by this time and missed her baby,

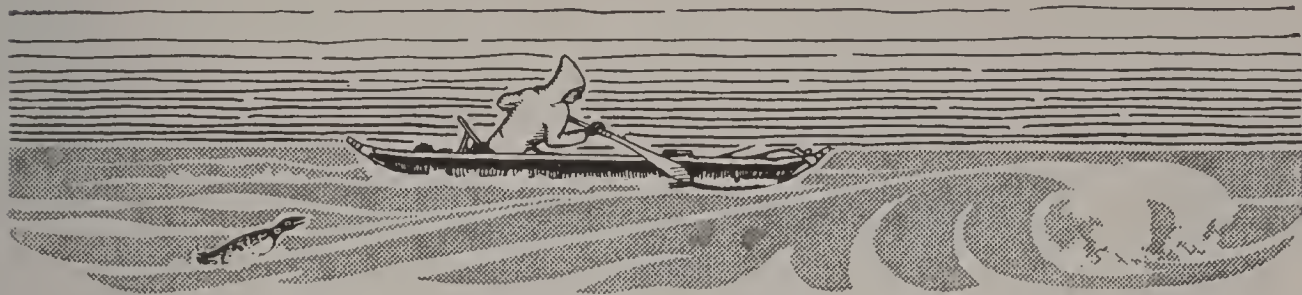
and her heart was filled with worry for her baby bird. What could she do? Here were two other little folks just ready to break out of their shells, and if she left them to look for her wandering child they would become chilled and die.

Out on the ocean, which seemed to grow broader and broader every moment, little Baby Laughing Loon was growing very, very lonesome indeed. She longed for her mother and yes, that surely was her mother, just over the third wave, and coming nearer. "How large she is," thought Baby Laughing Loon in surprise. Then to her dismay this big mother began going away from her, and Baby Laughing Loon followed fast, as fast as ever she could.

"What a strange foot my mother has!" she said to herself as she hurried along. "First she puts it out on one side of her and kicks, kicks, kicks, then she puts it out on the other side of her and kicks, kicks kicks. I am quite sure my feet do not go like that."

Just then this big mother turned her head and smiled at her and it was such a kind smile that Baby Laughing Loon was convinced that it really must be her mother. She was beginning to feel comfortable and sure that she would soon be once more under her mother's breast, when very close to land this mother came right in two in the middle! Half of her stayed in one place and the other half went wandering around in the water. Then the half that had been closest to the water was picked up by the other half and carried right to the land.

Baby Laughing Loon could hardly believe her eyes, and no wonder, for this remarkable "mother" was Kituk, the Eskimo boy. He had been paddling in his kiak boat, and it was his paddle that Baby Laughing Loon had thought was her mother's foot. He got out of his kiak and carried it to shore. Then he looked at Baby Laughing Loon and laughed at her for following him.



Began to paddle away.

“Well,” he said, “I think I know what to do with you—I’ll just lead you back to Eskimo Island.”

He climbed into his kiak and began to paddle away, and sure enough, Baby Laughing Loon once more thought he was her mother and went swimming after him.

Soon they were at Eskimo Island, and there oh, joy! Baby Laughing Loon knew at last that this big thing was not her mother, for over there in a little quiet place was her very own mother, swimming round, and right by her side two little folks dressed all in fuzzy-wuzzy, woolly-cotton bathing suits.

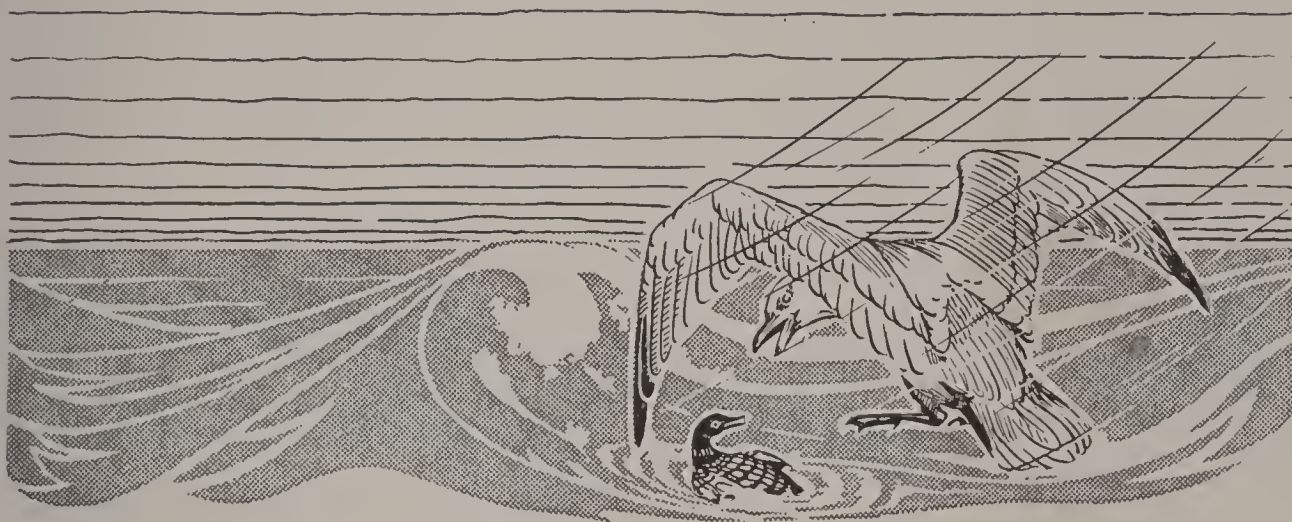
When the mother saw her lost baby and Kituk, how she did scream to her! And how fast they all did paddle away!

“They needn’t be so frightened,” said Kituk with a smile. “I wouldn’t hurt them.”

Mrs. Laughing Loon had had sad experiences with some of Kituk’s relatives, and she cautioned her little daughter never, never to run away again.



PIRATES SPOIL THE PUFFIN CONCERT



The day was a glorious one for romping on the sea. Fluffy white clouds whisked across the blue sky, and the sea was even bluer than the sky, while everywhere little waves whispered, "Come in! Come in! Come in!"

Little Baby Laughing Loon was happy as could be. She was all dressed up in her fuzzy- wuzzy, woolly-cotton bathing suit and was going to a wonderful concert. This time

she wasn't going to become lost. Her mother and her two little brothers were going with her to the concert, to hear Signor Puffin, a cousin of Little Miss Puffin, sing, assisted by all the choirs of Puffin folk on Eskimo Island. And there were many, many choirs of them, too.

"Come on," called Mrs. Laughing Loon, giving her splendid polka dot silk bathing suit a pat here and there. We perhaps think it strange that people should attend a concert in bathing suits, but a bathing suit is quite the proper costume for the bird folks on Eskimo Island.

Such a concert as that was! The singers didn't just gather on a platform, as we do at our concerts. Some of them did, to be sure, gather on the cliffs of Eskimo island, but that was only a part of the chorus. A great, great many more were floating out on the blue sea, and still others were flying constantly about in the air. The words of the chorus, you see, were all about how the earth, the sky and sea all belonged to the

Puffin folk, and so they sang their choruses from earth, sky and sea.

How those Puffin folk did sing! First those on the cliffs sang—

*“The earth, the sea, the air’s our home;
Walking, swimming, flying, it’s our own.”*

Those floating about on the sea answered back—

*“Earth or air or the deep blue sea,
Dipping, diving, soaring free.”*

Then those soaring in the air took up the chorus—

*“We’re always happy! Soaring high,
Far above the sea we fly.”*

Then all rose in the air and joining in one grand chorus sang it all through again. What a wonderful thing it was! What a notable occasion it would have been if something unusual hadn’t happened! It wasn’t Baby Laughing Loon’s fault this time. No, indeed, it wasn’t at all. The other children were so much interested and wanted to get so close to the singers in the water that Mrs.

Laughing Loon was at her wit's end to keep them from getting right into the singers' seats. And that would never have done at all, for they couldn't sing a note. But Baby Laughing Loon had stayed right where her mother told her to. Her mother, however, had gone on and on, following the other too eager bird children beyond this wave and that, until poor Baby Laughing Loon was left quite out of her sight.

Suddenly the music stopped. There was a shrill scream, and in a moment all the Puffins were crying, "Pirates! Pirates!"

"Pirates! Pirates! Run! Run!" came from land.

"Pirates! Pirates! Swim! Swim!" sounded from the sea.

"Pirates! Pirates! Fly! Fly!" was echoed in the air.

All was confusion and noise, and in the midst of the commotion somewhere, alone, was Baby Laughing Loon.

Perhaps we believe that there are no longer pirates on the sea, but that is a mistake.



Pirates there certainly were.

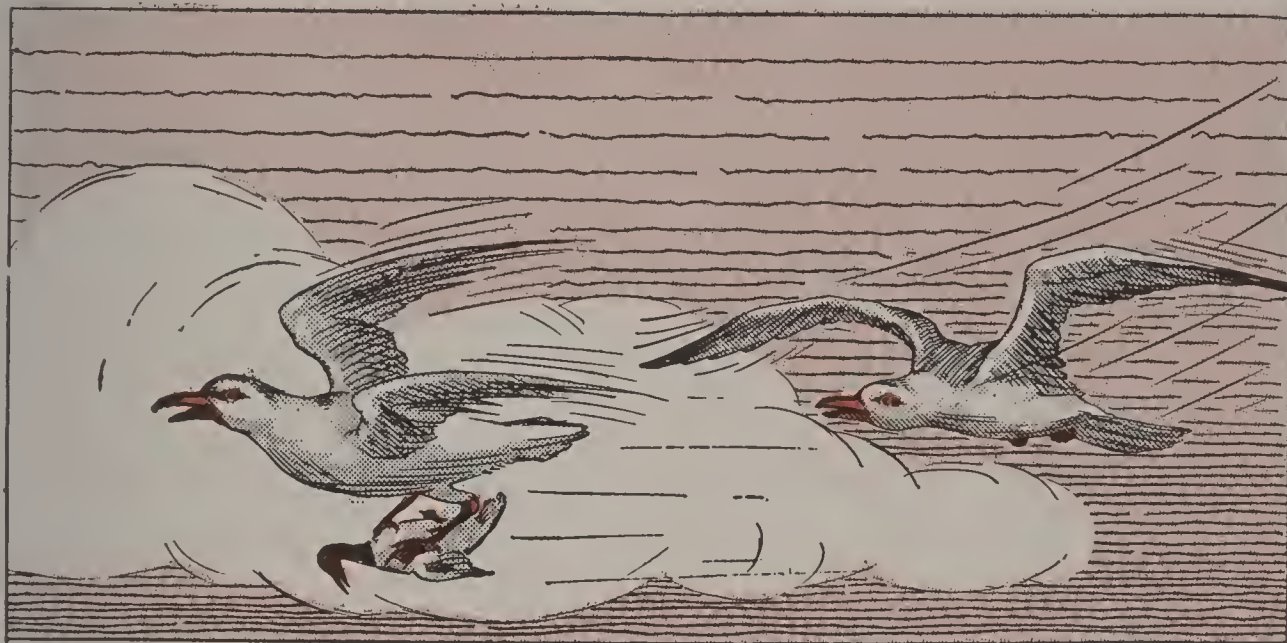
There are as many pirates in the bird land of the sea as there ever were, and very dangerous, fierce fellows they are, too! Their wings are their sails, their bosoms are their boats, and they still sail the broad, blue sea.

Pirates there certainly were, too, in Baby Laughing Loon's world at that very moment. While all the Puffin folk were flying and swimming away to hide in their homes under the rocks the poor child was looking up in terror at two fierce pirates soaring overhead. How she wished her mother would come! But mother didn't, so all the child could do was to scurry off on the waves as fast as

her little legs would carry her, while those terrible pirates, Ivory Gull and Kittle Wake, came closer and closer. How fierce they looked! And how hideously they did crack their bills!

Poor little Baby Laughing Loon! Paddle fast as she might, the two bold, fierce fellows came nearer and nearer. Now Baby Laughing Loon could hear the whirr of their wings, now see the gleam of their eyes. Now she could see every feather in their great sails. In one moment she would be carried away by the heartless pirates. And sure enough, suddenly Kittle Wake picked her up by her collar and whirled her away faster than she had ever traveled in her life before. It may seem strange that her fuzzy-wuzzy, woolly-cotton suit didn't tear right in two, but it didn't, for it was a very strong bathing suit. On and on they whirled. Would she never see her mother and brothers again in their cozy home on Eskimo Island?

Even pirates, however, fail sometimes to agree. For that matter, they seldom do



On and on they whirled

agree, and it wasn't long before Baby Laughing Loon became convinced that Kittle Wake was trying to get away from Ivory Gull. Which was exactly what he was doing. He was making very bad work of it, too, for he was much smaller than his companion, and besides, he had Baby Laughing Loon to carry. For a long time they had been far up in the air, so far it made Baby Laughing Loon dizzy to look down at the blue sea. But now they sank, sank, lower and lower, till her feet almost touched the tips of the highest waves. Then a strange thing hap-

pened. She felt Kittle Wake let go, and she dropped. The instant her feet touched the water, she dived! Dived deep! And it may be that Ivory Gull didn't even know she was gone, for he went right on chasing Kittle Wake.

Probably no one will ever know whether Kittle Wake had begun to feel sorry for Baby Laughing Loon and had dropped her on that account, or whether he thought he would come back and find her after Ivory Gull was gone. But however it was, he didn't find her, for she began to swim with might and main for Eskimo Island, and she reached home just as her mother, who had given her up for lost, was preparing a supper of shrimps for the other bird children.

It was a happy family that sat down to eat that night, you may be sure. And we may also be sure of another thing—that Mrs. Laughing Loon never tried to take her whole family to another grand concert unless Papa Laughing Loon went along to help look after the younger children.

LITTLE BABY LAUGHING LOON LEARNS TO PLAY SUBMARINE

Over on the corner of Eskimo Island lived Little Baby Laughing Loon and her mother. From this corner a long white sandbar ran right out into the sea. Not far away was a great black cliff, from the edge of which one could look down into the deepest, most mysterious sea cave ever seen.

Little Baby Laughing Loon had one brother and one sister—that is, these were all the younger children. There were older brothers and sisters, but they had taken mates of their own and gone to other parts of the Island to live. Baby's mother liked best of all to be with her eldest of the three younger children, Little Baby Laughing

Loon. Perhaps it was because Baby had peeped out from beneath Mrs. Laughing Loon's heavy bathing suit first of all, and perhaps it was because the very first thing she had ever done was to become lost from her mother, and narrowly escape a sudden death. However that may have been, Mrs. Laughing Loon always found time out of each busy day to teach Baby some new thing about the sand bar, the ocean, or the tundra.

"Today," she said, as she smoothed Baby's fuzzy-wuzzy, wooly-cotton bathing suit out very carefully, "today you must learn to play submarine."

"Play submarine?" exclaimed Little Baby Laughing Loon, as she frolicked with joy at the thought of some new game to be learned, "How do you play submarine"?

"Not so fast," warned the mother, as Baby tumbled head over heels down a sand bank. "You'll have to go to the ocean to learn to play submarine, and though it is a very fine game it is a hard one to learn

and only the Laughing Loon family have ever learned to play it well. It's a very good game to know, too, for it has saved many a Laughing Loon's life, I assure you."

Baby became quiet at these words, but she was still very anxious to learn the new game, and trotted along eagerly by her mother's side till they reached the water's edge.

"You stay here and watch me very closely," said Mrs. Laughing Loon as she went splashing away in the sea.

Baby watched her very closely as she went sailing grandly away to deep water. Then all of a sudden she rubbed her eyes and looked hard. She looked again and again. Her mother had disappeared! What could have happened? Had some great sea monster come along and seized her? Where could she be?

Just when Baby was about to give up for lost and was planning to hasten home to tell her poor little brother and sister, her

mother suddenly appeared in the water almost under her very nose. "Did you lose me?" asked Mrs. Laughing Loon, smiling gaily. "Well, now, this time you watch very closely, very closely indeed, and perhaps you will see me all the time."

She went sailing away as before, and disappeared as before, but look here and there, everywhere on the ocean, Baby could not see her till she appeared as before, very close to shore. "Well, I do declare!" exclaimed her mother, "I thought you had very sharp eyes, but here you have lost me again! This time I will do it very, very slowly, and you watch very sharply."

She swam out into the water again, and this time as Baby watched she saw the very least bit of her mother's bathing suit seeming to float like a bit of sea grass on the water, and just before it, was the tip of her mother's nose. That was all she could see. "Now I understand!" she exclaimed, as her mother came to shore, "You just pull yourself down in the water and



"I can do that! That's easy!"

swim away, don't you? I can do that! That's easy!"

"Oh! is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Laughing Loon, opening her eyes wide and looking very much surprised. "Well, then, suppose you try it, and I will see if I can find you."

Baby was all too willing to try it, and away she went out to deep water. She was very certain she knew how it was done, but when she tried it, to her surprise! she

couldn't make herself sink at all. She held her breath until she could no longer do so. She put her head down into the water, but then her feet stuck up. She tried every way she knew, but at last she had to give it up and come back to shore.

"Not so easy, is it?" laughed her mother good-naturedly. "Didn't I tell you that the Loon family were almost the only people in the world who could do it well? Come out with me and I will show you how it is done, but you will have to practice many, many times before you can do it really well."

Baby was eager to take her first lesson, so away they splashed. She worked hard and learned much that first day. We may be certain she was ready for a good supper of shrimp and clam chowder when night came. She was happy, as everyone has a right to be when he is learning some new thing and doing their very best at it.

It was not many days before Baby could play submarine almost as well as her mother. Then such good times as they did have try-

ing to discover one another as they went scooting through the water! Then the day at last came when this knowledge gave Baby very good help though she did not know it was going to. Her mother had been so happy teaching her that she had forgotten to tell her why her people really learned to play submarine.

Baby had been for a long trip out on the ocean when once more she heard that fearful cry, "Pirates! Pirates! Fly! Fly!" But Baby hadn't learned to fly. What could she do? In just a moment she heard that dreadful flap, flap of wings just over her head. She had escaped from the pirates once, but this time if they took her she felt very sure there would be no Little Baby Laughing Loon. She resolved to do her very best, so bravely she struck out for the shore. It wasn't going to be a bit of use, she was certain, for the pirates—there were four of them this time—were soaring closer, closer to her. Suddenly she saw her mother on the shore. She was screaming at the top of her voice, but

Baby could not hear a word she said. Her heart was beating so loudly and her feet made such a splashing as she paddled her best that the sound was quite drowned. Dare she stop for a second to listen? It was an only hope! Just one brief second she paused, then clearly across the waters came:

“Play submarine! Play submarine!”

For just a second Baby was puzzled, then she understood and instantly she disappeared as completely as if she had been swallowed by old Giant Whale. In vain the pirates skimmed along the water in search of her. They did not find her. But when at last they had given up the search Baby appeared on the water quite close to her mother's side.

Mrs. Laughing Loon kissed her a hundred times or more, and exclaimed, “I should have told you before! I should have told you before! But now you know what a valuable thing it is to be able to play submarine. Having learned it by this experience you will not forget it half so soon as you might



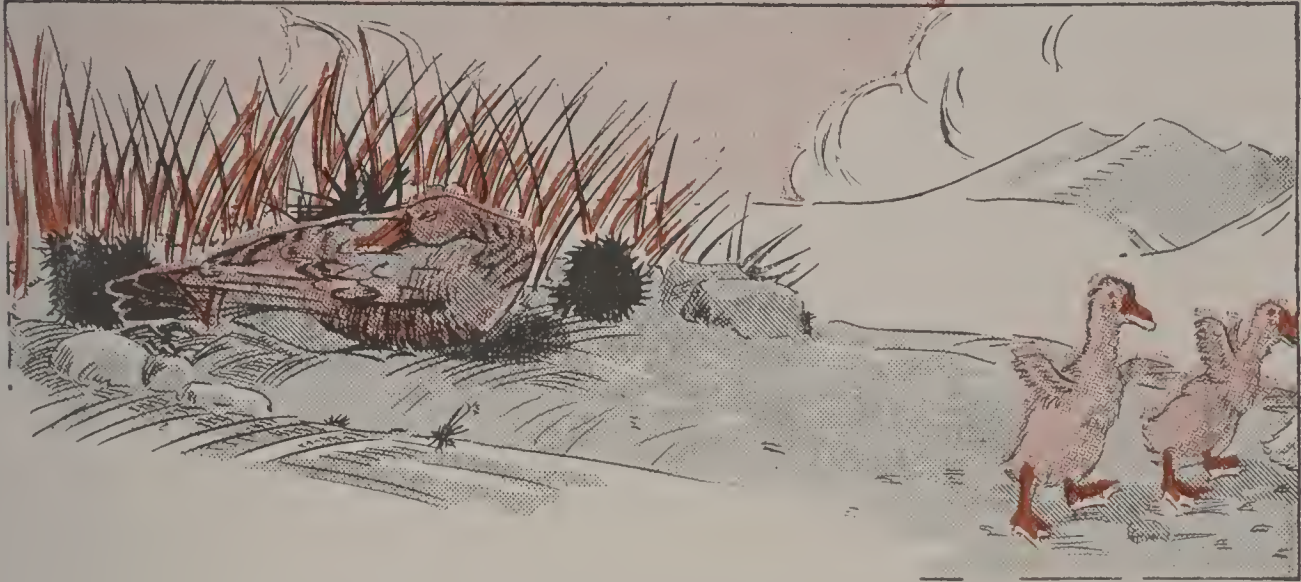
Able to play submarine.

have if I had told you of it in the first place. Now come home, we will have a cold bite and some muckluck grass tea," and away they splashed for the shore.

PHILANDER GRAY GOOSE AND DUNGEMESS CRAB



Over in another corner of the island lived Mother Gray Goose and her five Gray Goose children. The Gray Goose children were dressed in woolly cotton bathing suits just as Baby Laughing Loon was. Every day, after she had taken her afternoon nap, their mother took them down to the ocean for a swim and caught red shrimps for them to eat. Now these young Goose children were very impatient little fellows, as many young people are. Sometimes, almost always, in fact, they thought her nap lasted a long time. They didn't dare to wake her. My! No!



Those naps seemed very long indeed.

Philander, the largest of them all, and the one who always acted as their leader, tried that once, and after what happened to him then, he never cared to try it again.

But for all that, those naps seemed very long indeed, and the little Goose folks grew more and more impatient about them, until one day Philander said to his brothers and sisters, "I'll tell you what we will do. We'll just go down to the ocean and hunt our dinner for ourselves. We will get back in time to be here when mother wakes up, and then won't she be surprised when she finds some

shrimps and we say we don't feel hungry?"

Away they went then all in a straight row right down to the water, and in they plunged. They looked down into the water this way and that way very sharply, and very soon one of the youngsters spied a red-faced shrimp right down in the bottom on the sand, and down he bobbed, and up he came with the shrimp twisting in his bill. They all hurried over to the sand to feast on the shrimp. It was but a mouthful, however, and only made them more eager than ever to go hunting again. Out they swam, and they looked and looked and looked, but never another shrimp did they find. Pretty soon Philander said, "I see something brown sticking out of the sand!"

"What is it? What is it?" the others all called in a chorus.

"I'll go down and see," said Philander. Down he dove, and up he came with nothing in his mouth.

"What was it? What was it?" the others demanded.

"It's a young clam, a very young clam," said Philander, "and he has his shell open. I wonder, ——" he hesitated, "I do wonder if I dare put my bill in his shell and bring him up."

"O yes, you'd dare," exclaimed one of the other Goose children. "Let me. I'd dare."

"No, no," said Philander. "I'll do it," and down to the sand he dove again. Up he came again very quickly with the clam closely closed over his bill. Now we may think that he had a bad time getting that clam off his bill. But he didn't. He wasn't a bit worried. He just marched over to the shore, and when they were all gathered there, he gave a big yawn, and the clam shell just fell right in two in the middle, and the five Goose children gobbled up the soft juicy clam in mouthfuls.

But that wasn't all of the story. They felt very good and very brave after that, and Philander thought it was time they had a grand march out on the ocean, and sang

a song. So out they went, and round and round they swam, singing.

“Rimp! Dimp!

Caught a young clam and a shrimp!

Rimp! Dimp!

If we were lame we would limp!

Rimpety, dimpety, dimp-dimp!”

We may think that this was about as queer a song as one could sing. But it just suited them, for they were very young fellows, and liked things that were queer, as many youngsters do.

Just about that time old Mrs. Goose wakened, very much refreshed from her nap. But where were the children? With a start of surprise she rubbed her eyes and looked about. In just an instant she saw them out on the ocean, and in the next instant she was racing down the beach, calling at the top of her voice. Mrs. Goose had seen something over there on the sand bar right beneath the water where her youngsters were playing gaily about and singing,

“Rimp! Dimp!

Caught a young clam and a shrimp!”

What she saw would have looked to us very much like a rock with several sticks piled about on top of it, but it didn't look a bit like that to Mrs. Goose. She was far too wise a mother goose for that, so she went racing down the beach calling to her children as loudly as she could.

But it often happens that many youngsters are so very much interested in what they are playing, and making so much noise about it that they cannot hear their mother's voice. It was just so this time. The Gray Goose children just went right on singing,

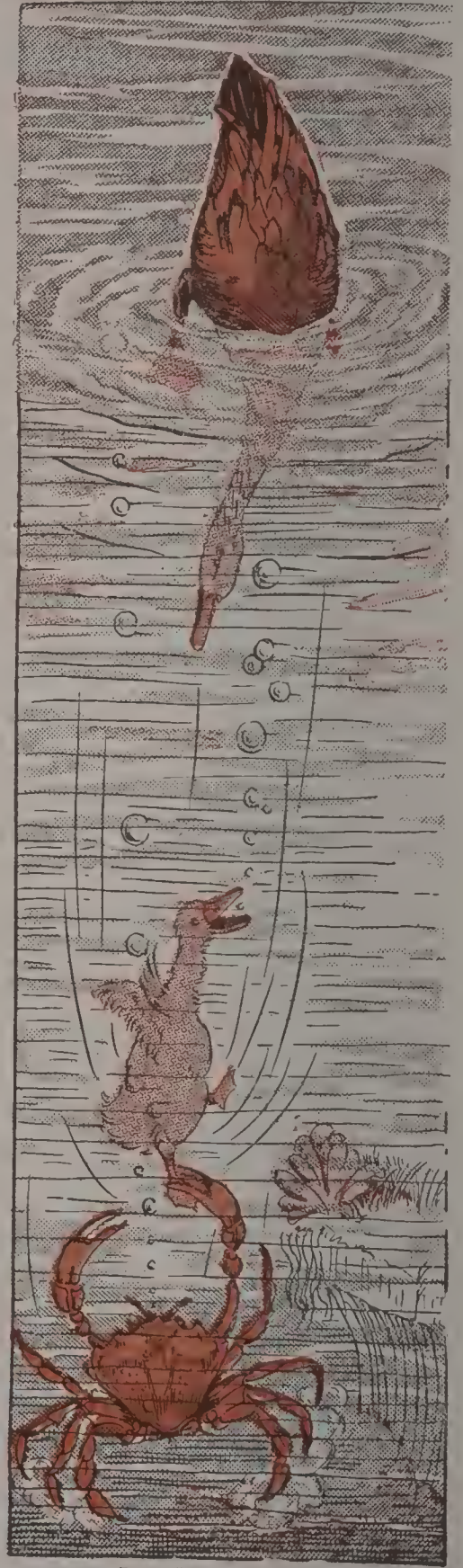
“Rimp! Dimp!

Caught a young clam and a shrimp!”
and never hear at all. And in just a moment they were right over that strange rock and those sticks. They didn't see them at all, but went swimming right ahead.

Now, old Dungemess Crab was usually content to dine of something much less fine

than juicy young goose, but when he saw five pairs of fresh red feet hanging right down toward him, he just couldn't resist the temptation to straighten out one of those hard, bony arms and open one of those hard, bony hands, and close up a pair of hard, bony fingers, so just as Philander Goose was singing his verse for the forty-ninth time, he gave a little startled scream, then a wild "Mother! Mother!" and with a little cough and a gurgle disappeared beneath the water.

Mother Goose saw it all, and was right out there in an instant. She went under the water with one plunge and very soon the water was all stirred



Mother! Mother!

up. Then she and Philander appeared at the top safe and sound.

Philander Goose didn't sing that new song of his for a long time after that, for to tell the truth, he was very lame. After awhile he was able to get about again as well as ever, but after this adventure he always waited patiently for his mother to finish her naps before he ventured forth on the sea.



STATELY MISS SWAN



“My mother says a happy childhood brings a cheerful old age,” exclaimed Tommie Specks, standing on his head in the water and kicking his feet in the air, “and I want a cheerful old age, so I’m going to have a cheerful time right now.” He went racing through the water, waving his arm and screaming at the top of his voice.

Stately Miss Swan looked at him doubt-

fully. "Do you think that's really true?" she asked.

"Of course it is!" exclaimed Tommie, turning a hand spring. "Why, of course it is. My mother says it is and she heard it from some great human who was a scholar, so it must be true."

"And do you have to stand on your head and run and scream and do all those things to be cheerful?"

"Of course you do," said Tommie scornfully, "else how could people know how cheerful you are?"

Miss Swan was puzzled. She wanted a cheerful old age just as badly as anyone, but all her life long she had been very, very quiet and dignified. Her mother had taught her that this was the way young Bird ladies should act. Now there was Tommie Specks standing on his head, turning handsprings and screaming at the top of his voice and telling her that if she didn't do those things she couldn't have a cheerful old age! Why,

she just felt bad all over at the thought of it right now!

She went off in a corner all by herself and began to think. She was sure she would look very absurd standing on her head or turning hand springs in the water. Oh! no, she could never, never do that! But,—but, her mother had said once that their family were sometimes known as trumpeters and enjoyed the reputation of being the greatest trumpeters in the world. She just wondered if she could be one too. She swam away and away from the other Bird children till she was quite by herself in a little cove of the sea. There she puckered up her face and uttered a little tiny note. Oh, it was ever so tiny! But she did have to admit it sounded rather fine, so she tried it again, this time a little louder. Ah! yes, she could trumpet! She could indeed! And now she would have a cheerful old age, for she would practice over and over again, and very soon she would come marching out

among her playmates trumpeting so loudly and so joyously that they would all cheer, "Miss Swan's going to have a cheerful old age!"

For several days after that, she spent every morning all by herself learning to trumpet, until at last she felt quite sure she was ready to trumpet before a king.

The next morning out she swam trumpeting at every bend of her graceful neck and every stroke of her dainty foot. How the Birdie children did look! Tommie Specks stopped turning hand springs and stared, while Little Baby Laughing Loon forgot all about playing submarine and stared too. In just a moment Tommie thought of just the right thing to do. He turned right in behind Miss Specks and in just a second there was a whole procession of little folks swimming round and round, led by Miss Swan trumpeting her very best. We may be certain that it was one jolly time, and it seemed true that there was not a little fellow in the group but was to have a cheerful old age,—



This was their song.

Oh, a very cheerful one, indeed! This was their song:

*Hi Away! Hi Away! Whoo-hoop away
home!*

*All the bright night and day;
Dark will soon come to stay
Hi away on.*

*Now some dashing wave,
Now some deep sea cave
Echoes our song.*

*Now round a crest we go
East way or west we know,
Soon again southward though,
That won't be long.*

*Oh! Eskimo Island dear!
Soon only you'll be here,
Sleeping alone.*

*Sleep then our northern isle
Neath moon's sweet silver smile,
Sleep, Island, sleep!*

*Wake then when spring has come,
Shake off the ice our home,
Wake, Island, wake!*

*Then it's Hi Away! Hi Away! Whoo-hoop
away home!*

*All the bright night and day;
Dark will soon come to stay,
Then it's Hi away on!*

Just then something happened to spoil their fun. Omnok, the Eskimo hunter, was far over on the other shore in his kiak, but so loudly did Miss Swan trumpet that he could hear her over there, and in just a second he had his terrible boola balls on their cords, and was making his paddle go swish, swish in the water right over toward Eskimo Island.

“Honk, Honk, Trumpet, Trumpet,” called Miss Swan as she sailed along at the head of the happy circle. “Honk, Honk, Honk.” Then she turned about a point of rock, and right there in front of them all was Omnok



In front of them all was Omnok.

with the terrible boola ready to whirl and throw.

“Run! Run!” shrieked Tommie Specks, diving and scooting away. “Swim! Swim!” shrieked Little Baby Laughing Loon, playing submarine and scooting away. But what was Miss Swan to do? She couldn’t dive very well and she couldn’t play submarine. She just hung her head and expected every moment to feel the terrible boola string wind about her. But hanging her head happened to be the very best thing to do, for just as she did it, Omnok’s arm went out and away whirled the terrible boola right over Miss Swan, and splash! right into the ocean it went! And before Omnok could prepare another boola Miss Swan swam swiftly away.

“Your rule does not suit me at all,” said Miss Swan to Tommie Specks next day. “I’d rather be quiet and dignified.”

Tommie couldn’t answer her. He was quite sure he had been right about a cheerful childhood bringing a cheerful old age, but somehow his rule didn’t seem to work right

that day, so he just said nothing, but went over to the land and looked for a shrimp for his breakfast.



LITTLE MISS SNOW BUNTING

“O Mother!” said Miss Swan as she came upon her mother preparing supper, “What am I to do?”

“Why, what’s the matter now!” asked her mother, almost laughing in spite of herself at the mournful face her beautiful daughter was wearing.

“Well,” said Miss Swan, looking more mournful than ever, “You see the other day Tommie Specks said that a happy childhood helped for a cheerful old age and he went skipping about in the water and turning handsprings and all that, and Little Baby Laughing Loon played submarine and everybody was having a cheerful childhood but me. There wasn’t one cheerful thing I could do. I could only go about and arch my neck and look at myself in the water. So I went off by myself and tried to learn to trumpet and by

and by I could trumpet very well. Then I went back and trumpeted for all the little folks. They thought it was so very nice that they all followed me about in a circle and we were having such a cheerful childhood. Oh! such a cheerful, cheerful childhood! Then all of a sudden Omnok the hunter came upon us and if I hadn't hid my face in the water you would never have seen me again, I am sure.

“After that, I decided I didn't want a cheerful old age if I had to be frightened almost to death and perhaps killed, so today I just kept quiet and didn't trumpet at all. I just floated about in the water while all the other folks were cheerful, but they weren't very cheerful, for they thought I ought to go about and trumpet for them and be cheerful too. But I didn't, and by and by I became very sleepy. I thought it wouldn't be a bit of harm for me to take just a little nap with all the other little folks all about me. So I put my head under my wing and went to sleep. And O Mother! if someone hadn't bit me on the toe just when



Soup for Little White Bear's supper.

they did I would have been taken home to make soup for Little White Bear's supper. Now, what am I to do? If I am cheerful and try to have a cheerful childhood Omnok tries to catch me and if I am quiet and don't make any noise at all I get sleepy and Big White Bear tries to carry me off." Miss Swan looked down at her pink shoes as sadly as Goodie Two Shoes must have looked at her one shoe.

“Well,” said her mother in a very gentle tone, “That is a hard problem, isn’t it? All little folks have problems which are much harder to solve than we older people think. This is the way it seems to me. Tommie Specks was quite right when he said a cheerful childhood stood for a cheerful old age. But,—” Mrs. Swan looked very thoughtfully at her young daughter, “does it really seem necessary to make a loud noise all the time to be cheerful?”

“No-o, I don’t believe it does,” said Miss Swan, after thinking hard. “I never thought of that.”

“Well, then,” said her mother, “try being cheerful and not making much noise, especially in places where there may be dangers lurking. Trumpet all you care to but trumpet softly. Some of the very sweetest notes in the world are so very soft that the least breath of wind bears them away and you do not hear them at all.”

Miss Swan thought about what her mother had said all that evening, and next morning

she sallied out bravely to meet her young playmates and tell them how it all was. They were glad to see her and gladly, too, they formed in line and followed her about while she trumpeted to them in the lowest, sweetest notes they had ever heard. Of course Tommie Specks had to turn a handspring now and then, but he did it very gracefully. Little Baby Loon was graceful too, when she played submarine, and even the Puffin children were more graceful as they played airship and went skimming over the water when the others swam too fast for them. So they were all having a fine time when all of a sudden they heard a voice coming from the shore of Eskimo Island. It was very close to them and sounded out so very sharply, "Chee! Chee! Chee!" that they were all about to scurry away in fright when Miss Swan spied the little person who was calling to them. Anyone would then have laughed, at their fear. The little Bird lady was perched on the least bit of a willow twig, and it didn't bend down one bit! She was no larger than Tom-



Was perched on the least bit of a willow twig.

mie Specks' head, and not nearly so tall as Miss Swan's boot, but she was such a chic little body, and held herself in such a ladylike poise that the other Bird children could not help but open their mouths and stare.

"Who are you?" asked Miss Swan at last.

"I'm Little Miss Snow Bunting," replied the other very politely.

"What can you do to be cheerful?" asked Tommie. "Can you turn handsprings or play submarine or can you trumpet?"

"I can do none of those things," said Miss Snow Bunting. "I have no bathing suit and I am not large enough to trumpet, but I can sing." At this she sang them a shrill cheerful little song about the snow in the cold winter time.

"Don't sing so loudly, please," said Miss Swan.

"Well, why not?" asked Miss Snow Bunting.

"Someone might come along and want to catch you."

How Miss Snow Bunting did enjoy this!

“Why!” she exclaimed after a while, “no one ever wants to kill me. I sit right near Big White Bear and talk to him. I’ve done it many, many times, and I sing right by Mrs. Fox’s door step. I waken Omnok, the hunter, and send him out to find his breakfast, but never once did any of them want to kill me. I think it is because I am so very small, and then perhaps they really like to hear me sing.”

Well, all the other little folks wondered what to think of that, but by and by Tommie thought of another question to ask. “Why did



How Miss Snow Bunting did enjoy this!

you sing about the snow in the cold, cold winter time?" he asked. "You were never here in the winter time, were you?"

"No, I am too young for that," smiled Miss Snow Bunting, "but my mother has lived here for several winters and she learned the song so she could teach it to me."

"You won't stay here all winter, will you?" asked Tommie, opening his eyes wide.

"Indeed I shall," said Miss Snow Bunting, bobbing her head vigorously. "Mother says it's the best time of all the year."

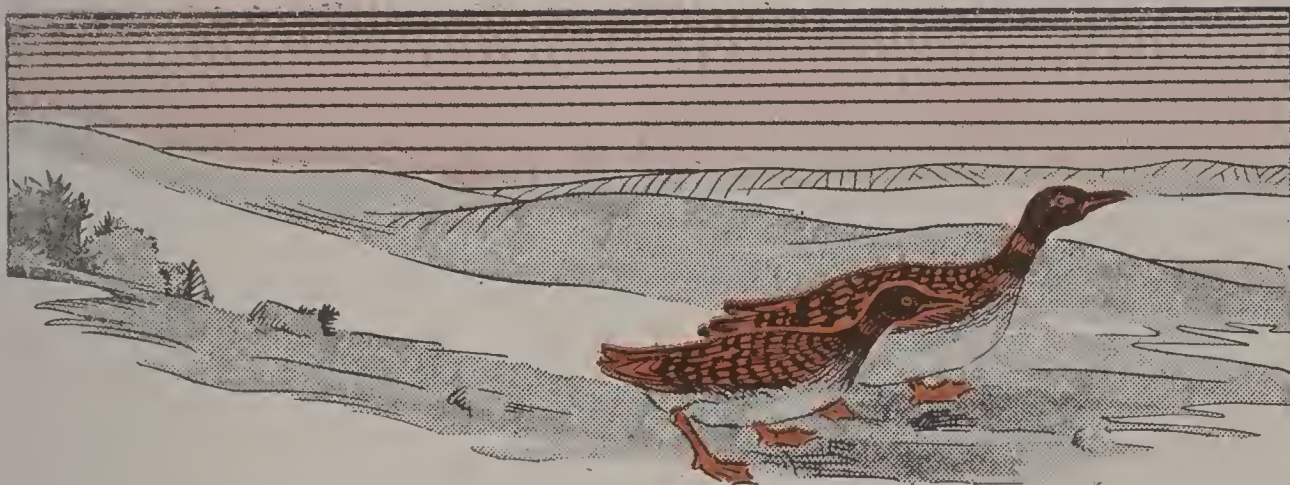
"I'd like to know what's nice about all ice and snow and no sun and cold, cold all the time," said Tommie in a mean way. "That's just the way it is, for I heard Mrs. Fox telling little White Fox about it one day when they didn't know I was about."

"Oh! but that isn't all," said Miss Snow Bunting very mysteriously. "There's God's moving pictures!" She whispered it so awesomely that all the young folks sat quiet and wanted her to tell them more about it. "I don't know much about it," she whispered,

“but I heard Old Mrs. Big White Bear telling her son all about it and her voice wasn’t a bit gruff when she told him. I heard Mrs. Fox telling Little White Fox about it one evening when it was bed time, and her voice was very gentle, indeed. I heard even the black ravens croaking quite sweetly about it, so I know it must be very wonderful and grand. I wish you could all stay and see God’s moving pictures; I really do! But I must hurry home to tea,” and away she flew.

There was no more trumpeting that day; no more handsprings, and no more submarines nor aeroplanes. The little folks were all thinking of God’s moving pictures and making up their minds to stay and see them. We may be sure their mothers had something to say to them about that, for none of them ever said another word about staying. Only Tommie Specks said to himself, “Perhaps Miss Snow Bunting will tell us all about it when we come back in the spring.”

OLD TRAMP STORMY PETREL



Far in the western sky great crowds of fairy bird folks were skimming, their filmy gowns white as Miss Swan's bathing suit. Little Baby Laughing Loon sat with her feet dangling in the water, dreaming of them and wondering why she could not join them.

"I wish I wasn't so much afraid of trusting myself to the air," she thought wistfully.

Behind these airy, cloudy visions of fairy bird folks were dark heads popping up now and then. "They are black pirates of fairy bird lands," thought Baby. "I am quite sure I should be very much afraid of them,

for these fairy birds always scurry along so fast that the black heads can do no more than appear far in the distance beyond them."

Just when she was thinking hardest and her dreams seemed most real, she heard the clap-clap of wings.

"Good! Good!" she almost cheered. "They are fairy bird folks! They are, for I hear their wings!"

In just a second she had another thought. If the fairy bird folks were real, were not the black old pirates real also, and wouldn't they go after Little Baby Laughing Loon, who was not half so swift as these fairy bird folks?

At that she called, "Mother! Mother!" and started to swim away. But just then she realized that these wing claps did not really come from cloud land, but from very much closer—right over her head, in fact, she could see the fellow who was doing the clapping. She was very much more frightened now, for after all, real things sometimes frighten us the most, and this fellow

As she was about to go racing away Baby caught a look at the stranger's face. It was an ugly face, but at the same time such a good-humored one that Baby concluded that the stranger was not a dangerous fellow after all. So she waited to see what would happen.

“Don’t know me, do you?” said the stranger, winking at Baby, while a most engaging smile spread across his face.

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Stormy Petrel.

“Why shouldn’t I be?” exclaimed the stranger. “I haven’t a care in the world. Not a care!”

“What’s your name?” Baby asked timidly.

“Stormy Petrel. Some people call me a tramp, but I’m not really a tramp. I’m just a wanderer, a traveler, if you like it that way better.” The stranger’s face grew suddenly dreamy. “It’s a great life I lead too,” he mused, his eyes half closed. “I am going just now to a little cliff I know of far north of here, and there while the summer is hot and stuffy in other lands I shall camp out for a time. But when the first sharp winds of winter come, I shall take the breezes south. I shall catch the wake of some sailing schooner or a steamer from Nome, and the sailors will be glad to see me, for they say I bring them good luck. I shall sail along in their wake and they will gladly feed me. Far to new southern lands rich in spicy breezes I shall go and then on and on, no one knows where, but always on and on, till summer comes again and I seek my

cliff in the Arctic lands. Does it not all sound very fine?"

It did sound fine indeed to little Baby Laughing Loon.

"I tell you what!" exclaimed Stormy, coming quite close to Baby and nudging her in a manner that Baby did not quite like, "I'll tell you what! You'll be flying when I come back here in the autumn, and you and I'll go on a trip together. A child is always handy for a traveler like me. What do you say?"

Baby was too full of thought to answer, so the stranger rose and soared away. That night in her home Baby said to her mother, "Mother, I'm going to be a tramp, or a traveler, or something when I grow up—just such a person as Stormy Petrel is."

"All right," smiled her mother. "You may be a traveler like Stormy Petrel, or a tramp, as he really is, but first I must tell you just the kind of life he really lives. Doubtless he told you all about the happy side. Well, listen closely while I tell you the rest. It is true that the sailors are very glad

to have him follow their ship, and they do feed him very well. These great ships travel far over the wide seas where there are terrible storms, and many times when the storm is raging wildest the sailors cannot get out to throw food to Stormy Petrel, and he is too far from land to go to find it, so he suffers from hunger. Very often in these wild storms he becomes weary and then he rests on the waves and falls asleep. When he awakes fog has covered the sea, and his ship is far away. Then he is alone on the great wild sea. If he perishes of hunger, there is no one to mourn him; no one to bury him, and by and by the red-faced shrimp children pick his bones. That's the other story to being a traveler like Stormy Petrel."

Baby was silent then, and very soon she was fast asleep. The next morning as she played with Miss Swan, she said suddenly:

"I'm not going to be a tramp like Stormy Petrel."

"Who said you were?" asked Miss Swan.

Baby did not answer, but went bobbing away playing submarine.

LITTLE BABY LAUGHING LOON MEETS LITTLE BROWN SEAL

“Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Yak! Yak! Yak!” Little Brown Seal seemed to laugh rolling his funny round head about in the water, till Little Baby Laughing Loon thought it would certainly be twisted off and go floating about all by itself.

“You needn’t laugh!” exclaimed Baby stamping the water with her dainty feet. “It’s no laughing matter!”

Little Brown Seal only laughed the harder, and he was so very good natured, and his little round head looked so very much like the hoola-hoola ball with which Kituk the Eskimo boy played, that Baby Laughing Loon had to enjoy looking at Brown Seal in spite of herself. Then, of course, she felt better, even if she were a bit ashamed that she had taken such a tumble from the

mountain top when there was someone about to see her.

Days and weeks, and even a month or two had passed since Little Baby Laughing Loon had followed Kituk in his kiak, and thought he was a great mother, and since she had been lost at the festival of the Puffins and nearly been carried away by the pirates. She had changed her fuzzy-wuzzy, woolly-cotton bathing suit for a realy-truly grown up suit of feathers, and in truth she was almost as large as her mother. She might have been very, very happy, as most young people are when they are just blossoming out into real grown folks, but one thing she could not forget. She had heard the Puffins' chorus sing:

"The earth and the sea and sky's our home," and she knew it was true, for had they not walked and swam and flown away? But all three, "land, sea and sky," belonged just as much to the Laughing Loon family. Her mother had often said that they did. The land? why yes, that did belong to her.

Did she not wander about among the great mysterious grass forests or beneath the great towering willows? Was it pleasant to lie in the sun when it was not too warm or to play about in the shade of an afternoon? Yes, indeed,—the land was hers. The sea? Did she not swim and dive in all its wonderful blue of water and mist and storm? Did she not hunt the red faced Shrimp children to their homes beneath its surfaces? Yes, the sea was hers also. The sky? Well, that was altogether different. Try as she might she could not make herself feel that the sky was a safe place to be! Sometimes it seemed not to be there at all and always it seemed to be going this way or that. How could one be supposed to ride in it and dive in it or lie about upon it? Would it not let you fall, far, far down and go crashing on the rocks, or would it not carry you far away from your friends to lands unknown? These questions came to Baby Laughing Loon and every time she thought of going out upon the sky, she was afraid. The

wild soaring of the Puffins and of her own brothers and sisters could not assure her.

This day she had grown brave. She **would** soar away in the sky. She just would! So she climbed far, far up the side of the mountain to the top of a great cliff. She thought that surely from here it would be only a step right out into the sky. But after she had clambered, puffing and panting, to the very top the sky seemed no nearer than before. Such a strange thing this sky was anyway! The land now, was always much the same and so was the sea. Oh, yes,—the sea turned black at times and green at others and sometimes it was gray, but anyway it was always there. As for changing of color why her mother's splendid square checked bathing suit changed too when the sun shone upon it. But the sky! Why even now it was changing color and going away fast. How could she be expected to take a ride upon it?

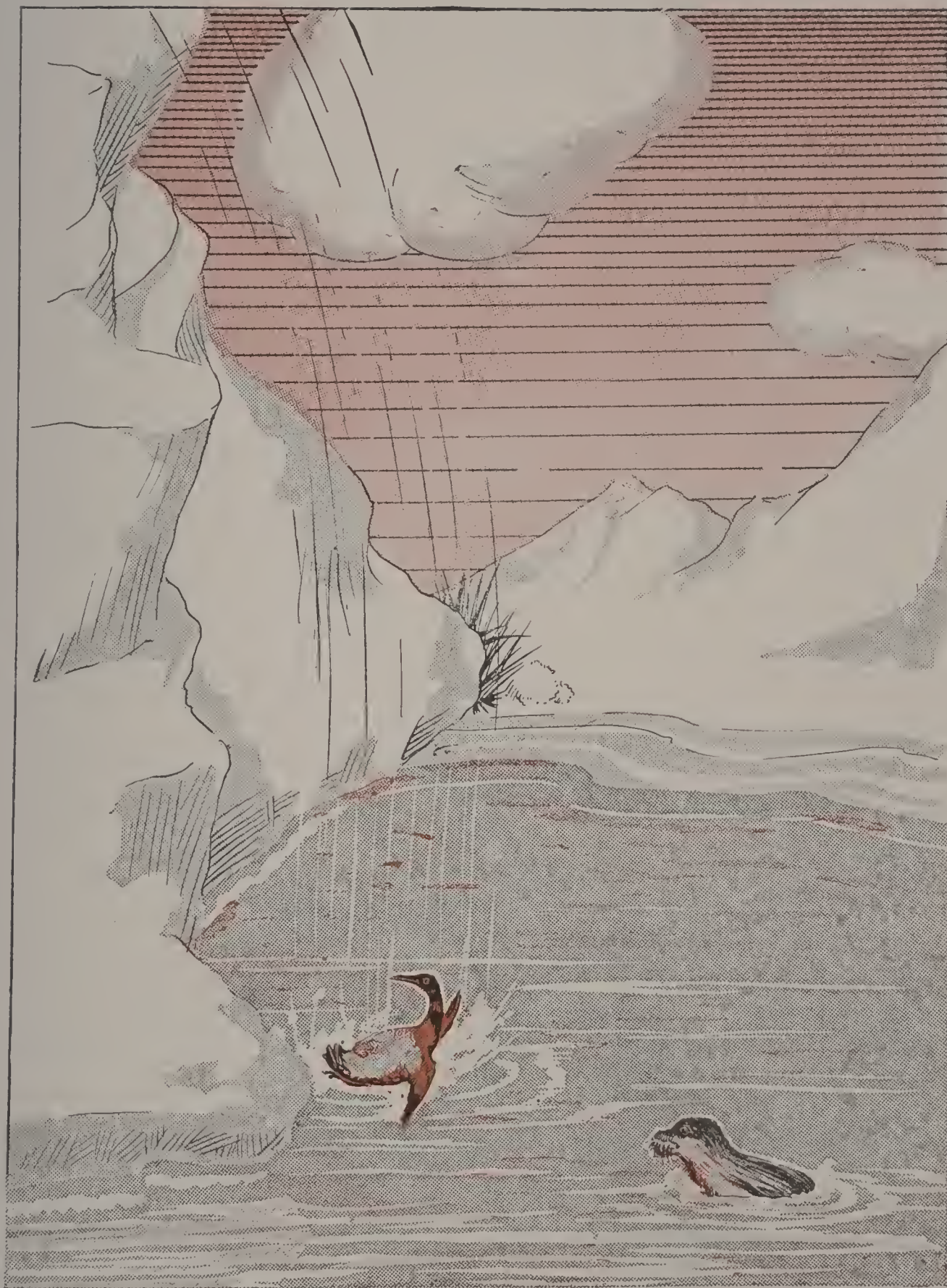
She had waited and waited and waited until a little bit of the sky came quite close

to the cliff and she had thought she might jump out upon it. Holding her breath hard she had spread her wings and given a great leap. Alas it would seem that there was no sky there at all for down, down she came and if there hadn't been an arm of the kind old ocean there to catch her she would certainly have been killed. As it was she had an awful fright, and was all shaken up, and to make it worse here was Little Brown Seal, a very new companion, laughing at her. Was it not all very mean?

Now as we know, Little Brown Seal looked so comical with his hoola-hoola ball head and his whiskers, like the white man's cat, that Baby Laughing Loon just had to feel joyful in spite of herself.

"Well," she said to herself, "anyway here is someone who looks as if he would make a good playmate and I don't believe he thinks for a moment the sky is his so I think we may have some good times together."

Some good times they did have after that; for Little Brown Seal hadn't the slight-



Spread her wings and given a great leap.

est notion of trying to fly and though he had his doubts about the wisdom of Baby Laughing Loon's not trying to make the sky her own, he was far too well pleased with her company to suggest that she try again to climb out upon the sky.

So the days fled swiftly by and one fine morning when the night had been growing longer and the winds colder Baby Laughing Loon awoke to find all her feathered friends gone. They had vanished like the parts of the sky which had so disappointed her.

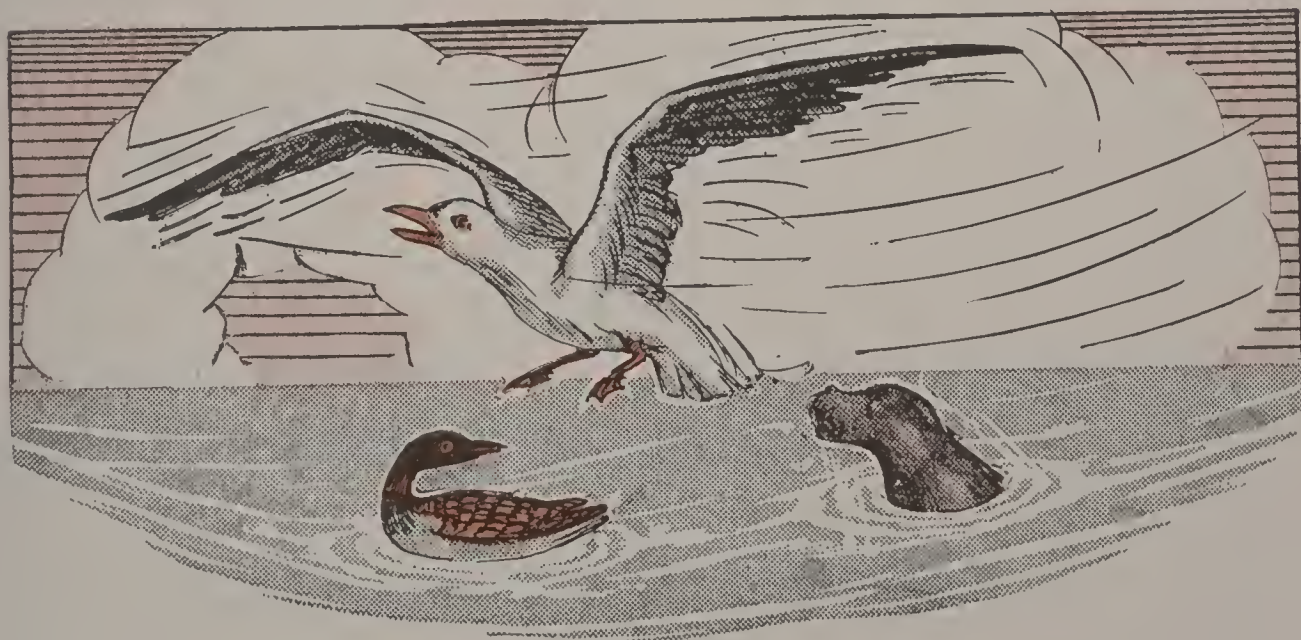
"Where can they be?" she asked Little Brown Seal in great distress.

Little Brown Seal was a very kind hearted fellow, and besides he didn't feel just right about encouraging Baby to play so long with him while the fine days were passing, but he was also an honest fellow and so he said, "They have all started south. Your people never stay in my land during the long cold winter, so I suppose you must go too though I shall miss you very much."

Then we may be very sure that Baby felt badly indeed.

"Its all my own fault!" she bravely said, "I should have found out how to make the sky my own but it looked so very hard! Now there is nothing for me to do but to swim and the way seems very long. Perhaps there are many dangers in that strange sea."

"I will go a long piece with you," said Little Brown Seal generously and away they swam together. Sometimes Little Brown Seal was on top of the water and sometimes underneath, but never far away.



PIRATES AGAIN



“What was that?” Baby Laughing Loon looked and listened. There it was again Clap! Clap! Clap! Surely it was the sound of wings. Whose wings could it be? Her own people and all the Puffins people as well as Mrs. Swan and her family must be far, far south by this time for she and Little Brown Seal had journeyed on the sea days and days already and their journeying had been slow indeed. Once there had been a great storm and a strong current.

That time they swam hard two days and only just succeeded in getting beyond a great gray rock that stuck out into the sea. For a moment Baby hoped it was one of her brothers or sisters or even her mother who had come back to help her along. But this hope very soon vanished and in its place came a dark, dark fear. What if it were the two gray pirates, Ivory Gull and Kittle Wake? What if it were? Baby was afraid! If it were, how soon her pretty bathing suit might be scattered in little shreds here and there on the dark water which even now reflected the clouds above.

She didn't have long to wait. A darker shadow floated over the waters. Baby did not dare look up. A new sound came to her ears and told her plainer than words that she was in danger. It was the two gray pirates; she heard their savage teeth grating as they soared above her, ready at any moment to swoop down upon her.

Wildly Baby looked about her. Where was Little Brown Seal? She had not seen



A darker shadow floated over the waters.

him for hours. Had he left her in this moment of her need? It must be so for he was no where to be seen. Baby scolded herself for trusting him. Had he not allowed her to go on playing about on the sea? Had he not encouraged her to hope she might go on and on over the water to her southern home? Now he was gone! How she wished she had tried harder to make the sky her home as well as the sea. But there was no help for sad thoughts now. In just a few moments she might be no more. Already she heard the cold snap! snap! of Ivory Gull's teeth close to her head. Well, they should not catch her very easy. She dived again and again. But each time her strength grew less and less and each time the bird pirates managed to come closer and closer to her as she rose.

She had just given up hope and was about to cease diving and allow herself to float on the surface when she heard a different noise. There was a savage snap many times louder than Old Ivory Gull's savage teeth

could make, right close to her. Very much closer it was to Ivory Gull for with a wild frightened scream, he rose high in the air and disappeared among the clouds. Kittle Wake had not seen and when the snap came again he left two long feathers floating in the water.

"I almost caught him!" exclaimed a voice close to Baby. It was Little Brown Seal.

"Yes,," panted Baby, "but why were you so long in coming?"

"I was right under the water all the time," said Little Brown Seal, "Sometimes it takes a great deal to keep away such bold fellows as those and I thought it would be better for you to tire them out a little before I came up. If they come back, there are likely to be a whole lot more feathers floating on the sea."

The two companions traveled on together all that day, but the pirates never were seen by them again in those waters. They had been sufficiently frightened and had prob-

ably concluded that Baby was too well protected for them to catch her.

Night came on at last and with her fright and the long, long day of travel Baby Laughing Loon was glad enough to tuck her head under her wing and go fast to sleep, "rocked in the cradle of the deep." While she slept strange changes were going on up in the sky, changes which at first she would not understand.

She awoke at last "to a world unknown." While she slept everything had turned white. Everything but the sea and that was looking very gray at the sight of things about it. Beneath a hood of white, Little Brown Seal was cheerfully looking at her. She had half a mind to be frightened, the sky looked so very strange, all white as it was. As she looked she saw that it was all made up of little particles.

"Oh!" she exclaimed clapping her wings in her excitement, "the sky has all come to pieces and is falling down!"

Little Brown Seal enjoyed this more than ever. He was very much older than Baby and wouldn't make such a queer mistake. He was just going to tell her how it all was when Baby said something which told him it might be much better to let her find things out for herself, a little at a time.

"Good! good!" she exclaimed, clapping her wings louder than ever, "I believe I can get thousands and thousands of those little pieces under each wing and go flying away over the sky which is all falling down!" This was such a strange idea that Little Brown Seal had to laugh in spite of himself, but Baby thought he was just laughing for joy and felt more sure than ever that she could do it.

"I shouldn't be at all surprised if you could," said Little Brown Seal after a while. "It would not be strange at all."

Then, with her heart beating very loudly Baby gave a great spring out of the water at the same time spreading each wing over

thousands and thousands of pieces of the sky. Up she went right into the air just jumping from one thousand of pieces to another with every fresh flap of her strong wings. Away, and away she went till she was hid by the bits of sky and Little Brown Seal saw her no more.

“She is just like a great many other people in the world,” said Little Brown Seal to himself, “She needs to think she has something a little extra to hold her up. Those little bits of snow wouldn’t hold up the least bit of moss blown about by a summer breeze, but she didn’t know that. Her wings were strong enough all the time and now she will go flying home to her friends and her mother. I shall miss her very much but winter will be here very quickly and she would have starved on the ice while I can have my home right where it is thickest. Next spring I shall see her again.” Then he gave a little flip and was gone.

On and on Little Baby Laughing Loon went fast as the wind. Such fun as it was

jumping from bit to bit of the falling sky! Then at last she began thinking of Little Brown Seal, and how kind he had been to her and quite forgot where she was. At last she looked about her and saw everything strange. The falling sky was all gone and she was sailing through just nothing at all, or that's the way it seemed to her. Whe'e'e! she was frightened just for a moment but then she thought to herself, "If I can go along here I can go anywhere so away I go," and she went spinning on faster than ever. That is how Baby Laughing Loon discovered what the sky really was and how she might make it her home.



GOD'S GREAT MOVING PICTURES

It was Autumn now and far away in her own northern land was little Miss Snow Bunting, and near her in their snug home were our little Eskimo friends. Down from the north had stolen the cold, cold winter time. So silently had he come upon the land that he caught all the willow shrubs with their summer dresses on and all winter long they shivered and sighed as they were tossed about by the winter blasts which rustled their summer gowns. To Miss Snow Bunting this was the most happy time, indeed, for she hid herself away beneath the skirts of a short chubby willow, and behind these protecting covers, she defied the fiercest blast. All night long as she heard the ice crackling and booming away, as winter sewed the blanket over even the black old

ocean, she was snug and warm. Then the sun left and the many, many stars, the twinkling golden snowflakes of the sky, came out and stayed all day and night. Miss Snow Bunting was very happy in her winter abode, and there were things to eat, too. Oh! Plenty of things to eat! There were whole fields of spicy flower seeds stowed away in little pods on the hillsides, while at the foot of the hills were bushes and bushes of luscious frozen blueberries, and the tundra was waving red here and there with dried salmon berries. This living in Alaska land in the long, long winter time is not without a most wonderful reward.

We must not forget that the little Eskimo boy and girl had said that it would be nice to stay in this, their own land for a very, very special reason. Well, one night when the golden moon was circling low, almost touching the blanket of old ocean, and the golden snowflakes were winking, winking at one another and at Miss Snow Bunting, there came a moment when all the frozen land

seemed to be expecting something, something very grand, indeed! As she put her baby fox to sleep, Mrs. Fox might have been whispering, "Sleep now, for by and by you must waken." So the little folks hid their eyes and went right to sleep, for indeed they must be wide awake by and by. In her snug home under the skirts of the willow, perhaps Miss Snow Bunting was saying to herself, "I'll just take one little nap now, just a quick nap; then I'll be fresh and bright for seeing and understanding it all." The black ravens did not forget, nor Black Fox, nor his relatives, Red Fox and Silver Fox, nor Violet Blue Fox nor Cross Fox. They all remembered. Tusks, the walrus, burst a hole through the solid blanket of the ocean to see and Little Brown Seal breathed on his air hole to keep it open so he could peek out. Everyone, everywhere, even Omnok, the hunter, put down the thing he was working at and seemed to be waiting, waiting for something great and wonderful to happen.

Now and then Mrs. White Bear looked out of her ice palace toward the northern sky. Little Miss Snow Bunting looked too, and so did all the creatures of the northern world except the children who were asleep.

At last it seemed to be coming. Something was appearing in the northern sky. What was it? The little Eskimo boy and girl were awake and whispered, "Is it going to be beautiful?" The mothers and fathers only put their hands over the children's mouths, and said, "Sh! don't talk; just look."

"I wonder if it is really coming?" the little girl whispered as she put her hand over her heart to still its beating.

Far in the northern sky something **was** coming. Something very great and far more wonderful than the golden sun or the silvery moon. It grew brighter and brighter, till at last one could tell just what it was.

"Yes, yes," whispered the little boy, "it is coming; there is the curtain. It is coming." They sat quite still, half hiding under

the warm folds of their mother's deer-skin porka.

Before them hung the mightiest, most beautiful, most wonderful curtain that ever man or creature saw. No king's palace was ever hung with curtain half so magnificent. A light golden yellow its folds were at first, with the deep gray of an autumn sea hidden behind them. Turning like the rays of an autumn moon, it grew golden as harvest, and all the time it spread across the sky a thousand miles high and wide as the world is wide. Slowly the colors changed to a golden red while behind its folds deepened the dark, dark green of some long-lost ocean cave. The little girl hid her face for awe of it. We may be sure all the little foxes and the little bears, all the reindeer and caribou, all the wolves and the ptarmigan came out to see, and before this great and mysterious curtain stood in silence, longing for God's great moving pictures to appear, yet fearing almost to look, and indeed fearing very much to



Turning like the rays of an autumn moon.

move or to say one word lest the great wonder might vanish.

Slowly the curtain began to rise. Up, up, slowly it rolled up, up, while all eyes stared, all hearts beat high, all lips were still. But right here we must stop, for only to those brave people and those hardy creatures of the far northland is it given to know what is done in God's great moving pictures. If you would know, you must go to live there years and years and years. It can not be truly told, and the creatures of this arctic land could never tell.

All that can be told is that after hours and hours of grandeur and splendor, the people all went back to their homes silent, not saying one word, but just thinking. We may know this; to the great and powerful the pictures meant something very different than they did to the meek and gentle, but to each there was a message just as there would be to any one of us if we were to live years and years in that strange, silent, lonesome land. If we were to guess, we would say

that to the great and strong the pictures would tell of the greatness and strength of God, and to the meek and lowly ones they would tell of God's great goodness.

As for the little boy and girl, they crept away back into their cozy home, and were not sorry—no, not sorry at all, but glad as glad could be that they were not with the bird folks in their southern winter homes. They felt that the glory of this one night was worth all the darkness and the lonesomeness and the silence they had endured in this their own land, and we may be sure that is just the way we would feel if we ever went to live in that wonderful land.

If, on some cold winter's night you chance to be looking away toward that northern land, and you catch faint glimpses of some lights shooting toward the sky from far, far away, and men tell you it is the aurora or the northern lights, just remember that this is the time when the folks of that cold land are viewing once more, as often before, the wonders of God's great moving pictures.

BOOK TWO



STRANGELAND BIRD LIFE



*"Watch Your Step," Shouted Stormy
From Story Old Giant Whale.*

The
STRANGELAND
BIRD | LIFE
THE BOOK OF ANTARCTIC BIRDS

STORMY PETREL



STORMY PETREL stood first on one foot, then on the other. He cocked his head on one side, the better to catch the howl of the wind, then closed one eye and squinted away at the whirling snow which swept by the door step to his cavern in the sea's rocky cliff. Stormy Petrel has been called the tramp among the birds of the sea. Whether he would answer to the name I cannot tell. This much he would admit, and I don't doubt he'd be a bit

proud of it—that is, he is a wanderer. Just at this moment he was going dreamily over the journeys he had taken across the wild and restless sea. The cold and rock-bound coast of Greenland, the stormy English channel, the balmy southern isles—all these and many more passed before his vision. O yes, Stormy was a traveler; and tramp or no tramp, he wasn't such a bad bird, after all. He never robbed the homes of his comrades. Oh, he might take a bite to eat now and then, but that was customary, you know. Stormy never looked into windows at night or jumped out from bushes to frighten little children, and he never prowled about homes when the men folks were gone, so you may well guess he was a very model sort of tramp, if tramp he were at all.

But Stormy was troubled just this moment. Here he was, far, far to the north in Alaska. Here he had camped during the short summer,



I'll Just Oil Up My Wings and Sail Away

and a very delightful time he had made of it, too. For two long months there had been no nights at all, and even when the sun did begin to set it stayed down only a very short time, and only served to make the sunlight and twilight the more delightful. But now, so very early, it seemed to Stormy, here was a snow-storm whirling before his door, and the wind singing wild songs of winter and famine!

"I'll just oil up and sail away the moment it stops," he said to himself, beginning at once to prepare for his departure.

“I’ll stop on my way south at Eskimo Island. I think some of my old friends, Specks, the Eider Duck, or Little Baby Laughing Loon, or Mrs. Gray Goose will be there, and if they are I shall be certain of a fine dinner of shrimp and clam chowder. How good some of that chowder would taste right at this moment!”

But when Stormy arrived at the island a few days later he found not a creature there to greet him. All the beds in all the homes were mussed and some of them were all damp from the spray that had blown in from the terrible storm. The doors of the Puffin homes were blocked with snow, and there was not a scrap of anything left to eat. Stormy suspected Little White Fox and the long-nosed Mice children of having looted the village when the people had gone away. In this being alone, Stormy felt the cold wind blow through his thin jacket all



He Found Not a Person There To Greet Him

the more keenly for the lack of friends and food. It's all very well to be a wanderer when the sun is shining and when you are among people, but when you are on a desert island and the wind is howling mournfully about you, it is very different. Very different, indeed!

"Next year I'll settle down somewhere," said Stormy to himself, "and I'll stop this roving life. If I can find a real bird town somewhere and find steady work of some kind, I will stay there."

But just then he spied something down on the beach which warmed his heart. He could look right into Big White Bear's kitchen, and as usual there was a great quantity of cold meat waiting for the next fellow who came along. The next fellow this time was Stormy Petrel, and when he had eaten his fill he didn't feel nearly so lonesome nor half so cold. And when, three days later, as he wheeled along before a wild whirling storm and was passing through the straits which separate the Old World from the New, he sighted a whaling schooner laden with rich ivory, skins, and tons and tons of whale-bone, making its way to the southward.

He made haste to ascend and catch his breath in the lee of the sheltering whaler. Right then he forgot all about his fine plans, for if there is anything a member of the wandering Petrel tribe likes better than any other, it is to sail along day after day, in the wake of some great steamer or schooner. Every day the



He Sighted a Whaling Schooner

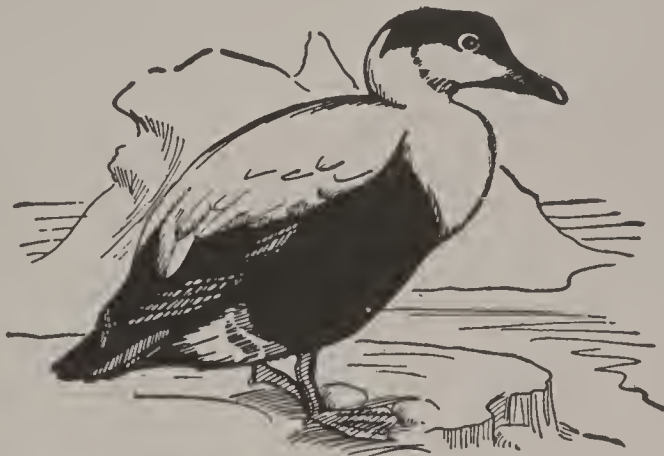
cooks throw out quantities and quantities of choice morsels, and if these are not enough, there are always the sailors who love the little wanderers and care for them very well. “For,” they say among themselves, “if Mother Carey’s chickens are with us we must have a safe voyage, else what would come of the dame’s precious chicks?” The sailors call the wanderers “Mother Carey’s chickens,” which I am sure you will agree is an odd name for a sea tramp, but then sailors are a jolly strange crowd anyway.

STORMY PETREL LOST



HERE am I?" said Stormy, stretching himself, and at last rubbing one eye open to look about him. All about him was lumber. The smell of it was pleasing. He had a mind to turn over and take another little nap.

"Must have slept late," he thought to himself as he blinked at the sun high in the heavens. He tried to think what had happened the night before. He had reached a fine southern port, with the whaling schooner, and immediately out in the bay he had come upon some of his friends from the north land. There was Tommie Specks, the Eider Duck—Tommie had grown to be quite a gay fellow—and



Eider Duck

there was a great number of the Puffin folks and some of the Gray Goose family. A gay party it must have been, to be sure. And a gay time they had of it, he was certain. But somehow, he seemed to remember faintly that the party was ended by a fight, and he felt rather certain that he had been fighting himself. When he felt of his head he was very sure of it, but who the other fellow had been he had no notion at all.

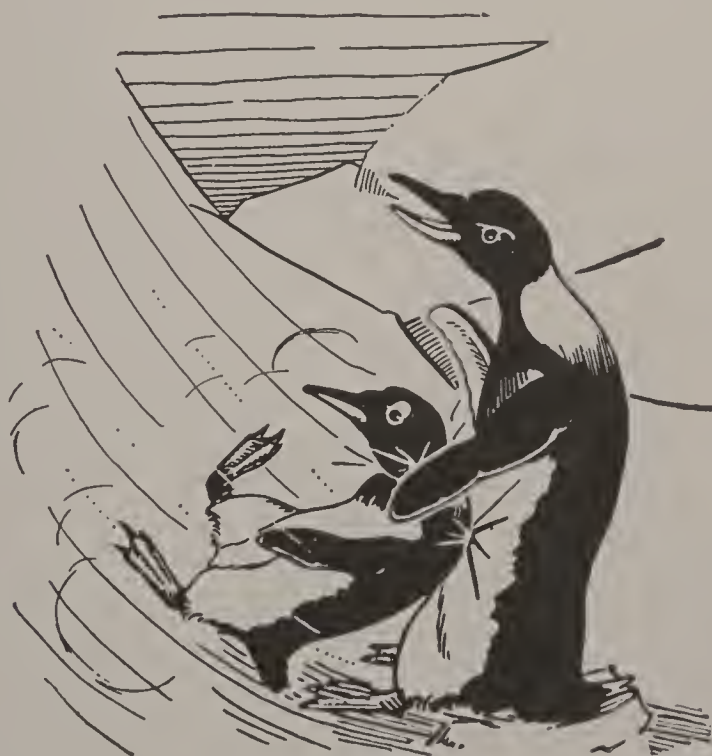
“How that sun does jump about!” he ex-

claimed, suddenly startled. Leaping to his feet, he walked a bit unsteadily to the end of the planks he had been sleeping on. He looked right down into a sea of tumbling waves!

“Well!” He scratched his head. “Well! Shanghaied!” And shanghaied it was. (Shanghaied is a sailor’s way of saying “carried out to sea against one’s own wishes.”) The day before he had looked over all the crafts in the harbor and tried to choose between a splendid coastwise schooner and a great liner bound for the Orient, and here he was on board a poor, rough lumber schooner bound for some unknown place. He had gone to sleep on board her and she had sailed out to sea in the night.

“Serves me right enough,” he reflected. “I have no business being out late nights and getting lost. O well, anyway the sailors on

these rough craft are a kind enough lot, and it might be a great deal worse." At this he stretched out his stiffened wings and went soaring away to find his breakfast in the wake of the ship, and to announce to the sailors that he had been a stowaway in their rough schooner. And right gladly he was received, you may be sure.



STORMY AT THE BIG CANAL



TORMY looked lost and very much alone in the world. And indeed he was alone in a strange land. He wouldn't have minded that so much, but to add to all this it was hot, burning hot! His wings drooped pitifully as he walked along the baking sand of the beach.

“I wonder where it could have gone to?” he said to himself. He was thinking of the lumber schooner which he had followed for days and weeks and perhaps for a month. He could keep no track of time. He only knew that it was time the weather was growing cool in all the lands he had visited before, but that here it had been growing warmer and warmer



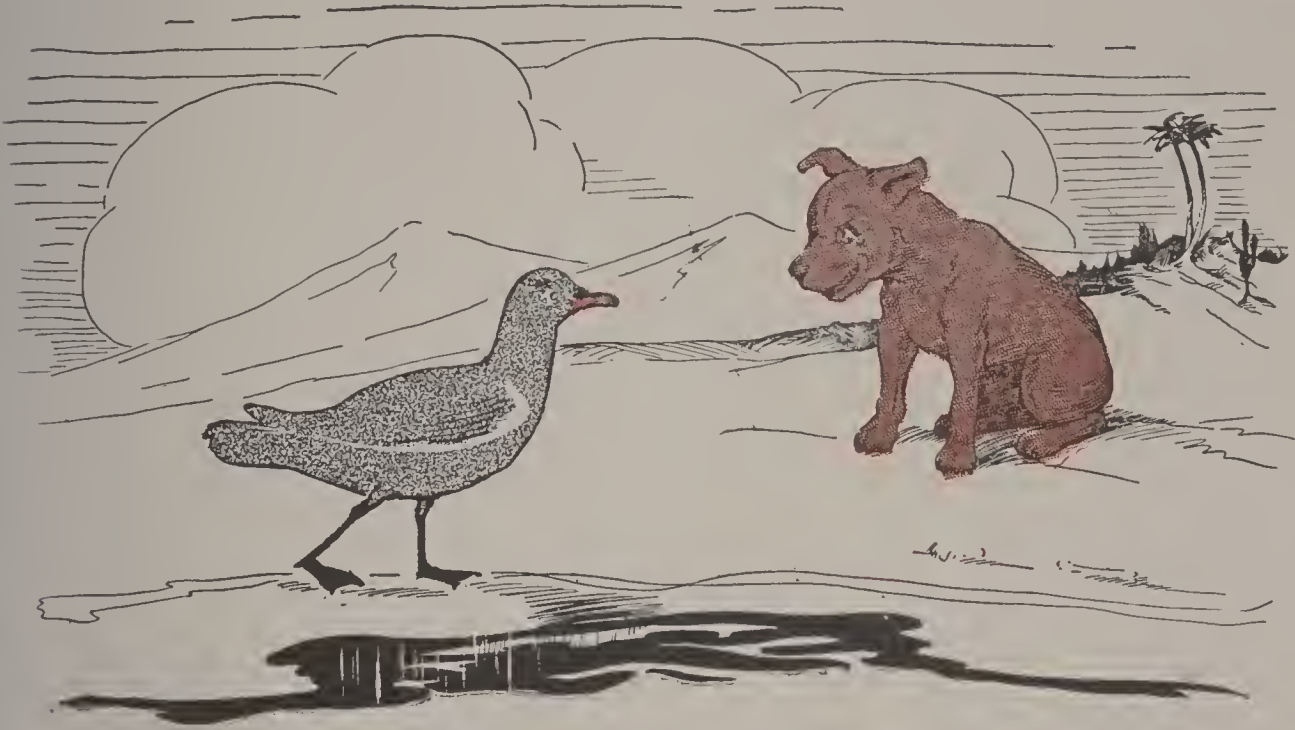
His Wings Drooped As He Walked Along the Baking Sand of the Beach

every day he journeyed south, and now at last his ship had put in at a port, and though he had watched the port carefully, the ship had disappeared in the night, and he was unable to tell where it had gone.

“Those were good sailors, and I always had plenty to eat. I am sorry I missed them,” he said thoughtfully to himself. “Have they gone out of the harbor into the open sea? Where could they have gone?”

The worst part of it was that he had found no one to ask about it. So many folks down here spoke strange tongues! Almost all of them did, in fact, and Stormy could see as he watched them that half the time they could not understand even one another.

But just as he was walking down the beach trying to solve these new life problems he heard someone shouting in a language he understood. It was a brownish dog who had come down to



"Hello," Said the Dog

the beach to hunt for dead fish washed in by the waves. Whether he was attempting to sing, or was calling to a companion Stormy could not tell, and did not care, for at last here was someone of whom he could ask questions about this strange land.

"Hello," said the dog, as Stormy came drooping up. He recognized in Stormy an old friend.

"Hello," said Stormy, standing on one

foot, and trying to assume a natural air in spite of the heat. "What are you doing down here?"

"My master brought me down. He's looking after some things in connection with the big canal."

"Oh!" said Stormy, trying hard to make the impression that he knew all about the canal, which he didn't.

"But what are you doing down here?" asked the dog.

"I came down as guest on a lumber schooner. Came ashore to find something to eat and lost her. I wonder where she could have gone to?"

"Probably through the big canal," said the dog, grinning, for he knew at once that Stormy didn't know a thing about the canal, or he would have known that the lumber schooner would be going that way, as all lumber schooners did these days.

Well, Stormy had to admit at last that he was very ignorant of this strange land, and was glad enough to have the dog tell him all about the warm canal zone and the great Panama Canal, through which the greatest ships of all the earth could pass from one ocean to the other. But the dog could tell Stormy nothing of the land which lay still to the southward.

“I don’t think I should care to take a trip through the canal,” said Stormy. “I have heard that some of the bird folks of the land are very dangerous fellows, and would rather destroy and eat you than to look at you—Old Baldy, the eagle, and Grey Coat, the hawk, and such as they.”

Stormy took a friendly farewell of this old acquaintance, who went on hunting dead fish while Stormy went out on the ocean where it was cooler to think things out. Here he was

in a warm, warm country, and nearly all the ships were going right through the land where he did not care to follow. His friends on the lumber schooner were far away on some other waters by this time, so he need never hope to see them again.

What was he to do? Should he join some ship coming out of the canal and going back to the land from which he came? Should he go still farther south? He was quite sure that he could not endure a much warmer country than this. If it grew warmer and warmer as he went on southward he was quite sure he would perish. But somehow, he felt that the sailors could not stand more heat than he could, which was right.

He didn't know just what would happen, but anyway he felt that there would be a change of some sort if he kept going south, and he was very, very eager to discover what that strange



He Wheeled High in the Air, Circled About and Lighted on Its Lee

change could be, and he was also very eager, as every wanderer is, to see some new lands and have some new adventures. So when he saw a little steamer pull out of the harbor and turn to the southward, he wheeled high in air, circled about, and lighted on its lee. He was at once greeted with cheers from the strange sailors, and thus began his further trip into the land where the days grew warmer and warmer.

GOING SOUTH INTO THE COLD



“MY!” said Stormy to himself, as he dropped to the water and fanned himself with his wings, “If this keeps up another week I shall surely perish.”

They had been traveling steadily southward, for days and days, and always it had been growing warmer. But just at that moment he noticed the sailors acting very strangely on deck. They seemed to be doing things to the new men and at last one of them looked out at the open sea and shouted, “See! There it is! There it is! The Equator! The Equator!”

Stormy looked and looked and looked, but he could see nothing but little black waves such as there were everywhere, and bits of drifting sea plants which were not uncommon at all. "I wonder what they were talking about," he said to himself as he spread his wings and prepared to continue his journey.

Three days later Stormy lifted his face to a breeze that was coming from the south. "I do believe it really feels cool!" he exclaimed. "A cool breeze from the south!"

A week later he was very, very sure the weather was becoming much cooler and they were still journeying southward. The strangest part of all was that they were now at that time of year when, in the lands he had visited before, it should be growing warmer and warmer toward the hot summer time, yet here they were every day going on and on into cooler and cooler climes. He couldn't figure it

out, but it was so very delightful after the great heat he had endured that he just drifted happily on the waves or skimmed along in the vessel's lee, and refused to puzzle much about it.

On and on they traveled, day after day. Sometimes his ship turned back to the north, but at such times he waited for another little steamer which was going south. Always he found a welcome from the strange sailors, though he could not understand a word of the strange tongue which most of them spoke.

“Rock me to sleep, mother,
I'm going round the Horn.”

Stormy heard a stray English sailor singing it as the sun went down one night. He wondered what it meant, that song of the sailor. He was going to find out, but not right away.

He went to sleep that night safe on the waves. The wind was contrary to the sailing vessel he was following, and he felt quite sure



On and On They Traveled, Day After Day

he would have no trouble in finding it in the morning.

But when morning came, a strange thing had happened. The ship had vanished! Strain his eyes as he might, and look this way or that, he could not discover it, and there was not the least fog on the sea at that!

Hastily he spread his wings and flew swiftly southward, "For," he said to himself, "there has been no port in sight and they must have gone south."

But when he had sailed on and on to the southward for hours and hours, and had not

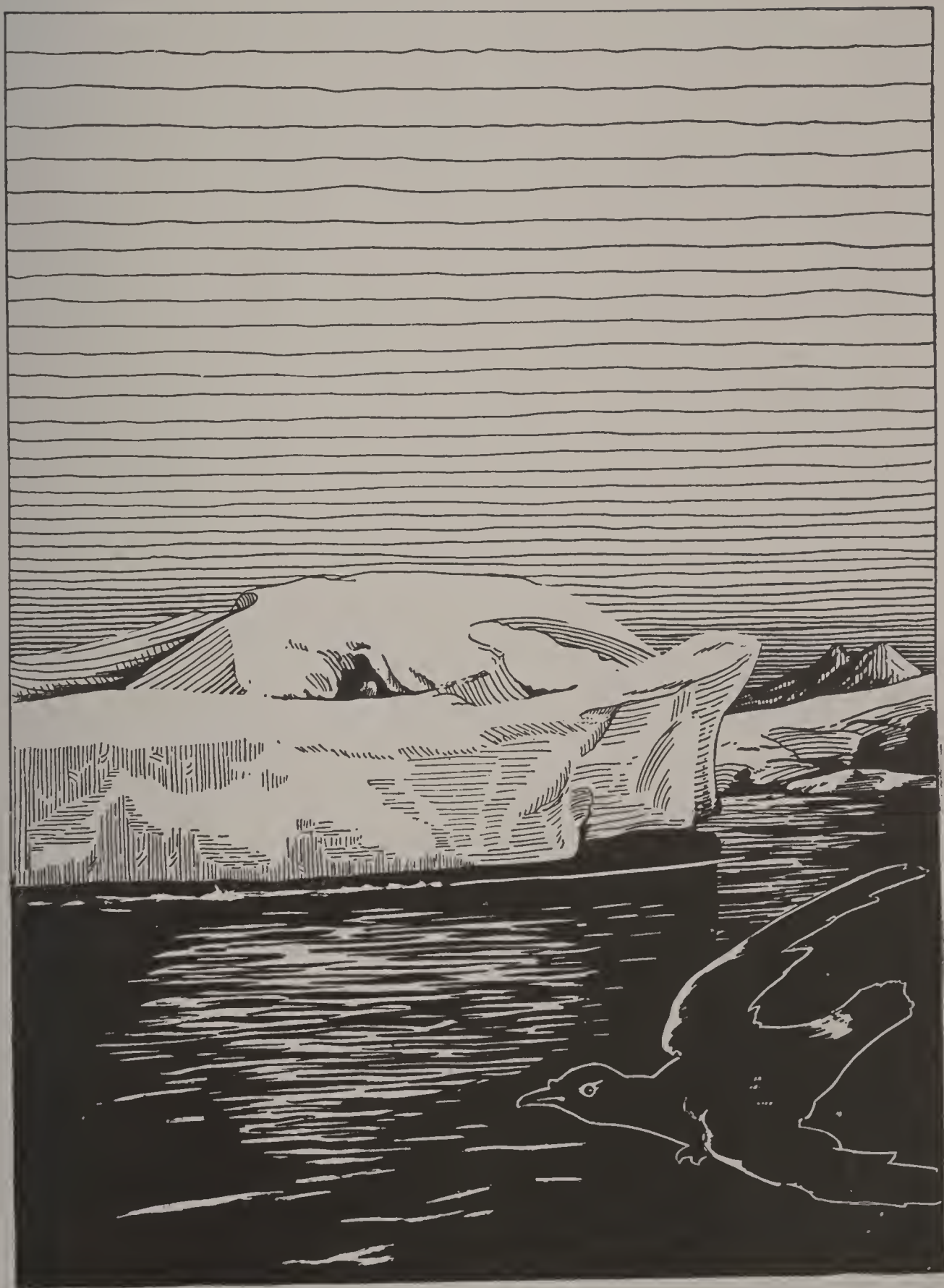
sighted them he gave up and settled down on the water, a very lonely old traveler in the midst of a dark, dark, old ocean which now every day was growing colder and colder till Stormy found it difficult, indeed, to keep his toes warm.

“And the strangest part of it all is,” he said to himself, “that it is June and should be warm even in the far, far northland.”

But his usual strong heart gave him courage, and he felt sure that should he continue southward things would be different. He would come to some new land, and find some new ship to follow.

And at last he did come to a land. But such a strange land as it was! Cold and bleak and barren! Not a soul in sight, and no ships! Just such a land as Arctic region and Alaska.

“I must have come back to the land of Big White Bear, Little White Fox, Little Miss Snow Bunting, and the rest,” Stormy said to himself, as he lighted on a pinnacle of ice to look about. “But where can they all be? I do



But Such a Land As It Was—Cold and Bleak and Bare

not so much as see a trace of them anywhere. There are some tracks right over there, but they do not look like the tracks of anyone I have ever seen. I'll just go over and look at them."

Stormy did go over, and just as he was bending over to examine them very, very carefully, he heard a strange voice, and looking up, beheld a great company of large birds walking solemnly toward him. They were all dressed in long robes and caps like monks, and were quite as silent. They looked a great deal like the Puffin folks. But they were large! Why some of them must have been four feet tall!

Stormy rubbed his eyes and stared. "I must have got some sea water down my throat. It is making me see things!" he said, rubbing his eyes again and again. But every time he looked, the strange procession was still there and coming closer and closer.

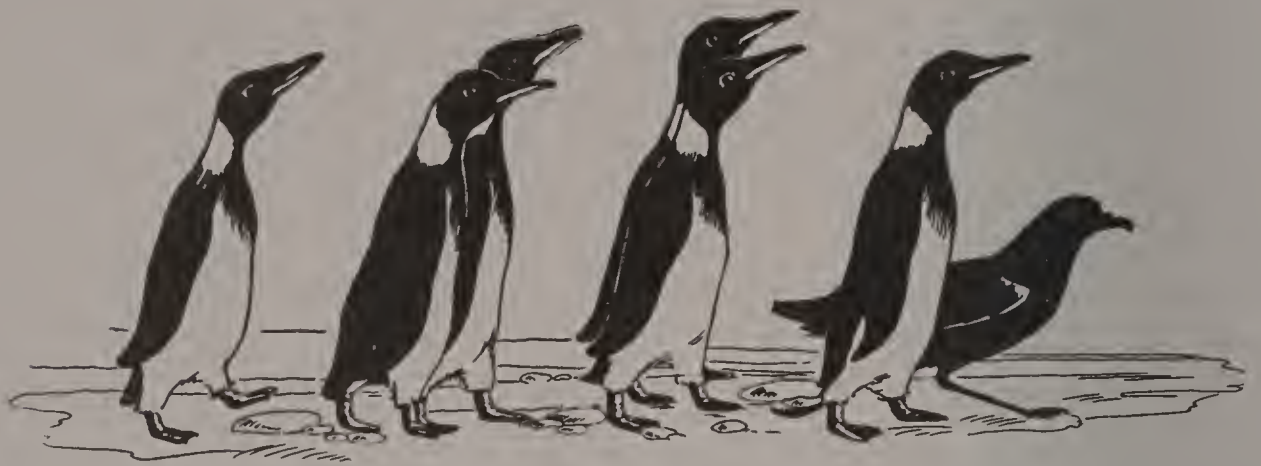
"I might as well start out to meet them and see what will happen," said Stormy to himself, and started toward them.

HUSKIE, AN OLD FRIEND



WITH slow steps and wondering mind, Stormy approached the great host of strangers. "How strangely big they are!" he thought to himself, "Why! some of them are more than half as tall as a man. And how dignified they look!"

But he was far too curious about this strange land to allow either fear or wonder to keep him back and beside he was getting to feel lonesome as everyone must who is in a strange land where he does not know a single person, so he tramped forward to meet the strangers and was soon standing face to face with the tallest and gravest of them all. Behind the leader stood the great host in respectful silence, looking for all the world like a great



Soon They Were Marching Out in An Orderly Array to Meet a New Stranger

choir in some lofty cathedral, for it seemed to appear that every one of them wore a long black robe and a light gown beneath which showed where the dark folds fell back.

Just as the tall, dignified stranger came close to Stormy, who, odd little tramp that he was, did not know what was going to happen, the stranger made a dignified bow, then he made three more dignified bows, then he began to make a speech. It turned out to be a very long speech indeed, but whether it was a sermon on the evils of being a tramp or just a plain speech of welcome Stormy will never



The Stranger Made a Dignified Bow

know, for he understood never a word of this strange language. One word he heard over and over again and as we now know, he was a very bright fellow. When the speech was quite finished he screamed the word, "Penguin" at the top of his voice. And all the host screamed their delight. He had guessed their names, for these, indeed, were the Penguin folks. After that Stormy repeated his own name, "Petrel, Petrel," many times to them and they repeated it after him, "Petrel, Petrel," and then of course

they all felt very well acquainted indeed, for did they not know one another's names? Then nothing would do but Stormy must go home with them for lunch. And a splendid feast it was, though Stormy could not have named one of the dishes set before him.

Next morning just as he had finished eating his breakfast with his host, the greatest Penguin, who looked very much like some mighty ruler and was in fact a very Emperor Penguin, Stormy saw his host rise suddenly and go out as if to look after some urgent business. He followed, and found the whole village assembled as when he had appeared among them. Soon they were marching out in orderly array to meet some new visitor. Stormy was so short that he could see nothing among these folks about four-foot high. But when they came to a stand-still he crowded out from among the throng, and in just another moment heard a voice say to him:

“Hello! hello!” in perfectly good English.

“How are you!” exclaimed Stormy, overjoyed to meet an old friend. It was none other than Huskie, the Malamute dog, whom he had known in Alaska some years before. Huskie seemed to be grinning from ear to ear. But the Penguin folks, not understanding what had been said, were as solemn as owls. And very soon the Emperor began his long speech, of which Huskie understood very little, but to which he listened very attentively out of respect, no doubt, for the customs of the country. When this ceremony was finished, the company broke up into little groups and Stormy edged his way over toward Huskie. He was sure now that this was Alaska, for if it were not how could Huskie get here since he could not fly? There were many, many questions he wanted to ask Huskie about his strange adventures.

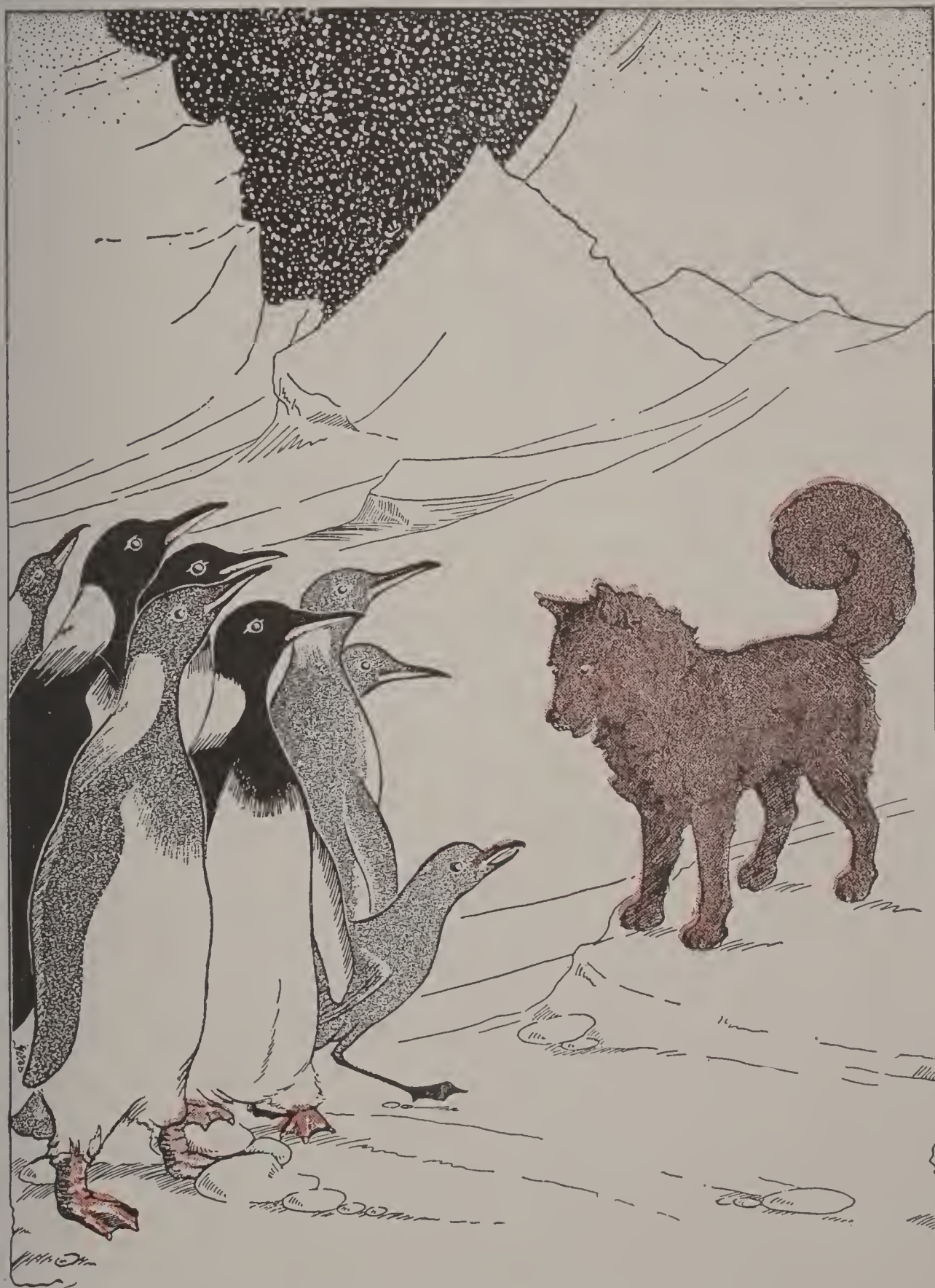
“Now,” said Stormy, after he had told all his strange experiences, “I want to ask you some questions.”

“Go ahead. Ask as many as you like,” said Huskie, grinning from ear to ear. “I shall be glad to answer all of them.”

“What I want to know, in the first place,” said Stormy, standing on one foot and scratching his right shin with the toe of his left foot, “is, how could I get north by going south?”

Huskie wanted to laugh right out loud at this, but he didn't. So he politely said, “Why, you didn't. You're not north now, you're south.”

“South!” exclaimed Stormy, more puzzled than ever. “Isn't this Alaska? But if it is, where is White Bear, where's Little White Fox, where's Tusks, the walrus, and Tdariuk, the reindeer, where's all the rest of the folks I used to know?” Stormy had grown quite excited,



"Ask As Many As You Like," Said Huskie

and was staring at Huskie as if he were likely at any moment to jump up and pinch his nose.

“Do not ask your questions so fast,” said Huskie, “and I will explain. This isn’t Alaska, and none of the people you speak of have ever lived here. This is almost a new world altogether. When you knocked at Mrs. Eider Duck’s door and found her not at home you were very near the Arctic Circle. Now you are very near the Antarctic Circle, and those two circles are thousands and thousands of miles apart, and though they run round the earth for ten thousand years they’ll never be one foot nearer together anyway, that’s what my master, the geography man, says, and he ought to know, for he spends all his time making strange drawings on paper to help small children with when they go to school.”

“Oh-h!” Stormy took a long breath, and tried to get the world turned right side up in

his own mind. "A cold, cold country and no White Bear, no Tusks, the walrus, no Little White Fox, no Tdariuk, the reindeer! What a strange land and how lonesome it must be!"

"Oh, no, you're wrong," said Huskie, seeming to read what was in Stormy's mind. "It's not so bad. There are many people living here, especially in the summer time. And the most interesting people in the world are these same Penguin people you have just been staying with. But you must come right home with me. My master will be more than glad to see anyone from his home town. He brought me down here to keep him company and to show him about in this cold land, but I sometimes think he even grows tired of me in these long, long nights. But never mind, by the first of October it will be very fine and warm indeed, and by Christmas it will be splendid summer

time," he added with a merry wink, seeing how confusing all these strange conditions were to poor Stormy who had always lived in the northern hemisphere.

Huskie's master was a tall, strong, white man, a scientist and an explorer. He was glad to see Stormy, but instead of making him a long speech as the Penguin people had done, he threw him a choice bit of blubber, which pleased Stormy very much better than the speech.

When Stormy had had a good night's sleep he felt quite ready for any new adventure and quite sure he would like this country very well, if ever he had his difficult geography lesson learned.

"Huskie says these Penguin folks are the most interesting people in the world," he said to himself, "and I shouldn't wonder a bit if he was right."

PENGUIN VILLAGE



A GREAT red beam of sunshine was slowly lifting the sun out of a dark blue pool of ocean. Stormy Petrel, our jolly tramp of the sea, watched it till it sank slowly into the sea and left the sun to roll by itself along the blue waters. Stormy had long since learned his geography lesson of the South Polar Sea, and had learned much of the language of Penguin land as well, and now he was going with these staid and solemn folks to their summer home where, they had assured him, they would build real houses of stone, lay out streets, and live for all the world like humans.

The days had grown longer, water had appeared here and there on the ice floes. Stormy

knew it was coming spring, and he was anxious to be away. Already his friends, Huskie the malamute dog, and the Geography man, had packed up their camp and gone to the northward. Stormy had liked his Penguin friends so well that he stayed behind, but now he was glad to be on the move. He took his place in line, and away they marched single file, making quite a solid roadway as they traveled. Stormy had no trouble in keeping up the gait walking till his companions came to a steep hill. Once at the top they lay flat down on their stomachs, and with their heavy robes for sleds, went tobogganing to the bottom in a hurry. This left Stormy far behind, but he was not long in starting to fly, and soon he was airshipping along far over their heads, and did not stop till he was at the top of the next hill, from which he could watch their slow-winding progress, which reminded him of nothing half so much as the gold seekers of his own Alaska as they made their way to some new diggings.

“I am going to live in a real feathered folks’ town,” Stormy exclaimed joyously, as he watched the long line of people toiling up the hill, “a real town, with streets and houses and all the home comforts. If I had just been brought up in a place like that, perhaps I should not have become a tramp. But perhaps it was so lonesome way out in the country that I just couldn’t like it. But now, I hope I can give up my wanderings and settle down with these sensible, quiet people in their real town.”

“It must be grand to live in a real town,” he repeated to Emperor Penguin, as he reached the crest of the hill before his companions.

Emperor just looked at Stormy and said nothing. Someway Stormy couldn’t help thinking there was a rather odd look in his eyes as he flopped down on his stomach and went tobogganing down the hill toward that real town with streets and hundreds of houses.

“We have now reached our place,” spoke the Emperor a few days later. He said it rather



Went Tobogganing to the Bottom in a Hurry

cheerfully, as he looked about over the great level stretch of land before them.

“But where’s the town?” asked Stormy in surprise.

“We will have to build that,” said the Emperor, seizing a fair-sized stone and making for the level land. He established himself on the highest, driest place, and soon all the Penguins had grouped themselves about him, all at short distances from one another, and were



Men and Women Alike Carrying Stones

all busy bringing stones from the beach with which to mark their claim. Stormy was obliged to admit that when they were all in their places things began to look very much like the beginning of a town.

Very soon indeed, there were streets well laid out and trampled down by the hurrying feet of the busy workers as they marched back and forth, male and female alike carrying stones for their new homes. They worked industriously for some time, but by and by they seemed to be growing tired, and one by one they paused in the midst of the new houses to



Rubbing One Another's Necks

rest, and it was not any time at all before some of the younger people began billing and cooing and rubbing one another's neck. Now, the walls were not built much higher than their boot tops, so when Stormy saw them he said to the Emperor, "Why don't they wait till the houses are built all the way up?"

"Oh, that's about as high as we build our houses," said the Emperor. "They are only summer houses anyway, and that is our young folks custom."

Stormy was surprised at this as he had

thought their town was to be a really grand place and with many rules, and here was his friend, the Emperor, telling him that there were very few rules for the young people and that all their houses were to be very little more than low walls after all.

But just then Stormy saw something that made him look very sharply. He wasn't quite sure, but it seemed to him that he saw Emperor's next door neighbor reach over and steal a stone from Emperor's wall while he was looking the other way. He watched sharply out of the corner of his eye and sure enough he did! The other fellow reached right over and took a second stone from the Emperor's wall.

"Ha! Caught you at it!" exclaimed Stormy, more shocked than ever.

The only answer he received was a bang across the side of his head that sent him spinning way over three lots into another fellow's backyard. He was not wanted there either, so a lusty kick sent him right into the middle of



He Saw Emperor's Next Door Neighbor Reach Over and Steal a Stone

another yard. Here he was seized quickly by the ear and sent spinning right out of town.

“Well!” he exclaimed, when he had about recovered his breath to realize what had happened. “Well! I don’t believe that I like living in a town near as well as I thought I should.” Just then he looked over where his friend Emperor was standing and saw him steal a stone from one of his neighbors when his back was turned.

“Well!” said Stormy, straightening up. “These people certainly have queer habits, and

I don't like them for that. I'm going back to my old friend Huskie and the Geography man. I'll come back later though, and see if I can't get a boy to take with me on my travels. A boy's good company for a tramp to have traveling with him," and away he sailed back to Huskie and his master.

Emper or



Penguin

THE SNOW STORM



PENGUIN TOWN was not after all as bad as Stormy Petrel thought it. People who live in town very often get along well enough among themselves, but a stranger finds it rather hard to come in and join their group in peace, especially if he is a tramp and seems to desire to meddle with other folks' habits. The Penguin people did steal without shame from one another, but then everyone expected it, and it had become a game of wits among them each spring. In due time things settled down to the natural life of a small town, and very soon there was a large egg in every home. Then Father and Mother Penguin took turns about holding the eggs on their knees to keep it up from the cold, damp earth. This, with the



Little Mannie Penguin

hunting for food, kept them busy enough most all of the time.

It was a very well-ordered town, then, into which Little Mannie Penguin, the Emperor's son, awakened one fine morning when the sun was shining all day and all night. He was dressed in a dark woolen suit and a black hood that covered everything but the tip of his nose and his two eyes. But his head was so very, very heavy that he was unable to straighten it up and look about him. He was so very sleepy that he soon closed his eyes and slept on his mother's knees, half hidden by the folds of the great warm robe she wore.



Soon There Was a Large Egg in Every Home

From time to time he was moved from his mother's lap to his father's without being wakened at all. At last, after many hours he awoke again feeling very hungry. His head did not seem so heavy. With a great effort he lifted his head and looked about him. Then he tried to say he was hungry. His proud parents understood, and he was at once fed by his mother while his father looked smilingly on. Very soon he was toddling about his little home, bidding fair to grow large and strong very rapidly and be just the kind of a boy old tramp, Stormy Petrel was looking for to take with him on his



How the Wind Blows!

wanderings, though this, I am sure you will agree, would not be the right thing at all for Mannie Penguin to do.

“How the wind blows!” exclaimed Mother Penguin one day, “I do believe we are going to have a terrible blizzard.” She tucked her warm robe about Mannie till nothing could be seen of him but his nose and his sharp little eyes. She turned her back to the wind, but in spite of all that, she felt the keen bite of the wind through her robe and gown.

“I think we are going to have a hard time of it,” she shivered, “but you just never mind.

Your mother will not desert you. She bent down and tucked Mannie in a little closer and gave him a fond pat. Nobody in the world is more fond of her children than Mother Penguin is, and no one will fight longer and harder to protect them from danger.

Wilder and wilder the wind blew. Soon sharp bits of snow went cutting through the air.

“Whew,—whew,—” they sang, “Through,
through,

Straight from the mountains, too.

Hide your heads little Penguin chicks
Under the robes so nice and thick.

Whew! Whew! Through! Through!
We’re coming through!”

Soon the air was so white that when Mannie looked out he could not see to his neighbor’s door-step. Soon the snow was piling up all about them and already it was almost up to his nose.

“We’ll be buried,” he whispered to his mother.

“It will be well if we are,” said his mother. “If not we may freeze.”

“But I will smother,” he whispered back.

“Oh, no, said his mother, “I’ll reach down now and then and make a little passage for the air to reach you. Do not be afraid. You will be snug as anything down there all covered with the downy flakes.” Nevertheless, she did wrinkle her brow, for in these terrible blizzards no one could tell how deep the snow would bury them, and it might easily be that the snow would go over her head. Then she knew that she must choose between leaving her child or dying with him.

Deeper and deeper the snow piled, louder and louder the wind howled. But only Mrs. Penguin heard it; Mannie’s ears were buried deep in the snow, but still right down to his face came a little passage which his brave mother, shiver as she might, kept open all the

while. In Mother Penguin's mind the question came over and over again, "Will it not stop soon? Will it not stop soon? Is it not growing less now?" But always the answer came from the wind;

Whew! Whew! to you, to you!

Wild wind and snow, too,

Coming to cover you.

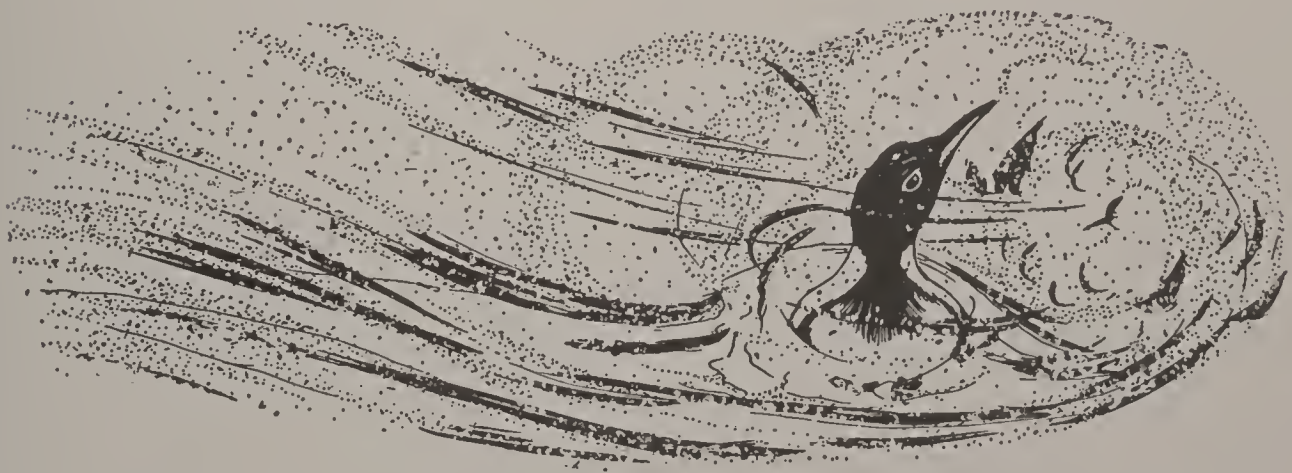
Whew! Whew! Whew!

Long ago, Little Mannie had fallen asleep in his snug bed. "Will he ever awake?" Mama Penguin whispered to herself. Just then the wind paused to listen, and I think it understood, for slowly, slowly, when the snow was almost above the tip of Mother Penguin's hood, it stopped altogether and the sky became so clear that Mother Penguin could see the sun shining through.

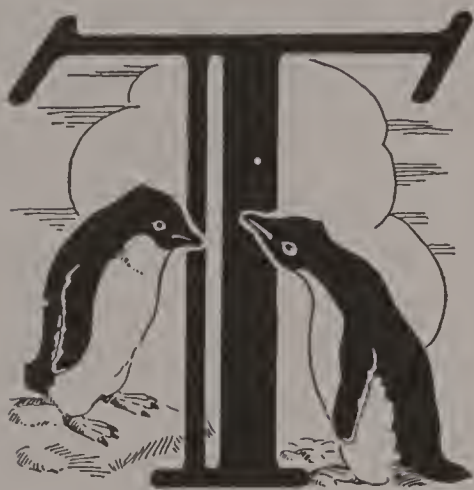
They were safe, but it was a long and tiresome time before the snow melted away enough for Mannie to leave his once warm nest, which was now quite flooded by melting snow, and

go with his mother to a dry, safe place where Father Penguin could bring them food.

They were very happy. But in their own happiness they could not help feeling sad, for where there had been a happy home next to their own, was one great drift of snow with never a sunken place in it, and that meant that some mother and her child had been buried there, or that the poor little fellow had been left to smother while his parents sought safety for themselves. Mother Penguin gave Mannie an extra loving tuck before she hid him away to dry, and gave three hoarse calls to her mate to come and bring them food.



ARRIVAL OF THE ADELIE PENGUINS



HE sun had been shining warm for days. The snow had melted and run away down the streets in little rivers, and the town was dry and comfortable again. Mannie was very happy and well-fed in his home. He was looking dreamily off toward the dark blue sea when he heard strange voices, many, many of them just down the street a short distance. They were coming closer and closer. Soon there appeared hundreds and hundreds of short, squatty fellows, not nearly as large as Emperor Penguin and his town's folks. Had Mannie been but a real man he might have imagined them as wearing wooden shoes and smoking long-stemmed pipes. Then, too, he might have seen them carrying strange, foreign looking bags and bundles, and the women with

shawls tied over their heads. But he wasn't a real man, so he just thought of them as people very much like his own father and mother, only smaller and squattier than they.

Very well behaved people they were. As they marched up the streets they did not move a pebble or molest a person. And well they might not, for if they had shown the least idle curiosity, not to say meddlesomeness, they would have had their ears soundly boxed by thrifty housewives, I am sure. Mannie watched them as they made their way to the higher land above their town.

"I believe they are going to build up a town all of their own," he said to himself, "or, perhaps, it is to be an addition to our town." He liked to think of it that way, and felt very proud of himself and his family as he thought of this great addition to their village. "Why," he thought, "if this keeps up, Penguin Town will soon be a city and we can put in electric lights, water works, and street cars."



Very Much Like His Father and Mother

“Who are all those new folks?” he asked Father Penguin that evening.

“They are the Adelie Penguin tribe,” said his father. “They are very good folks, but they always come late to their summer homes so they get the worst place to nest. However, they are very proper people, and we never object to their going through town to get rocks for building.

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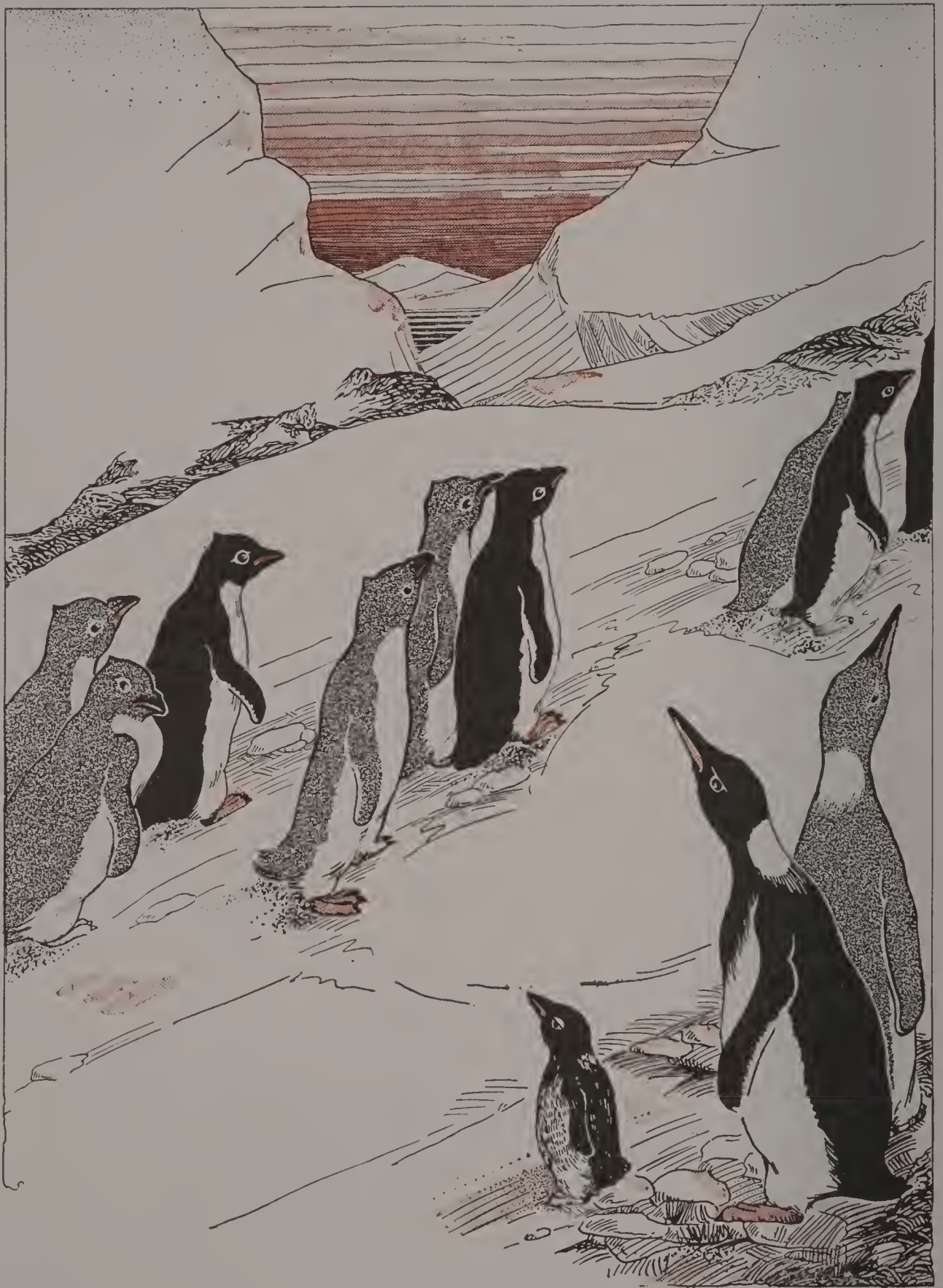
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“There’s three red stones on the wall nearest the ocean, three red ones and one white one on the side nearest the hill there are three white

stones and one red one. I mustn't forget that." Mannie turned and counted them again to make sure. These stones were in the wall of his own home. He was going out for a ramble. His father and mother had both gone out to fish in the sea. They had told him to remember about the stones, for if he didn't he would never be able to find his way home. It was much easier to find his home than to find his parents, for they were dressed so very much like all the other folks of the village that occasionally there was a great squabble over whose children certain youngsters were anyway.

He counted the stones once more, then went waddling away toward the upper edge of the village. He had taken little trips about his own part of the town, but to-day he felt sure he was going to make a visit to the south addition which the Adelie Penguin folks were building.

On and on he waddled, looking this way and that, and enjoying the splendid sunshine



Very Much Like the Other Folks

until he came to the outer edge of his own village, and at last, right into the Adelie Addition. He found the people busy at work building their homes. It was a long journey down to the beach, and they were all tired and fussed up as each come panting back bearing a stone in his beak.

“Lot’s of work, isn’t it?” said Mannie to a broadfaced, chubby little fellow, who grinned at him good-naturedly.

“The work is fine,” said the stranger, “but the stealing’s mean. To-day I have carried six stones and all I have left is the one I brought just now. Oh, well,” he sighed, “I’ll just do as the rest do.”

“What’s that?” asked Mannie.

“Watch and see.”

Mannie did watch. The stranger stood up straight in his home and seemed to be fast asleep with his nose under his right arm. But his eyes were not covered up. Very soon his sharp-eyed neighbor rose and went toddling

down the hill. Then this wise fellow opened his eyes and began taking stones from his neighbor's wall and adding them to his.

"There," he said after a time. "I think that makes my home complete."

"Did he take your stones?" asked Mannie.

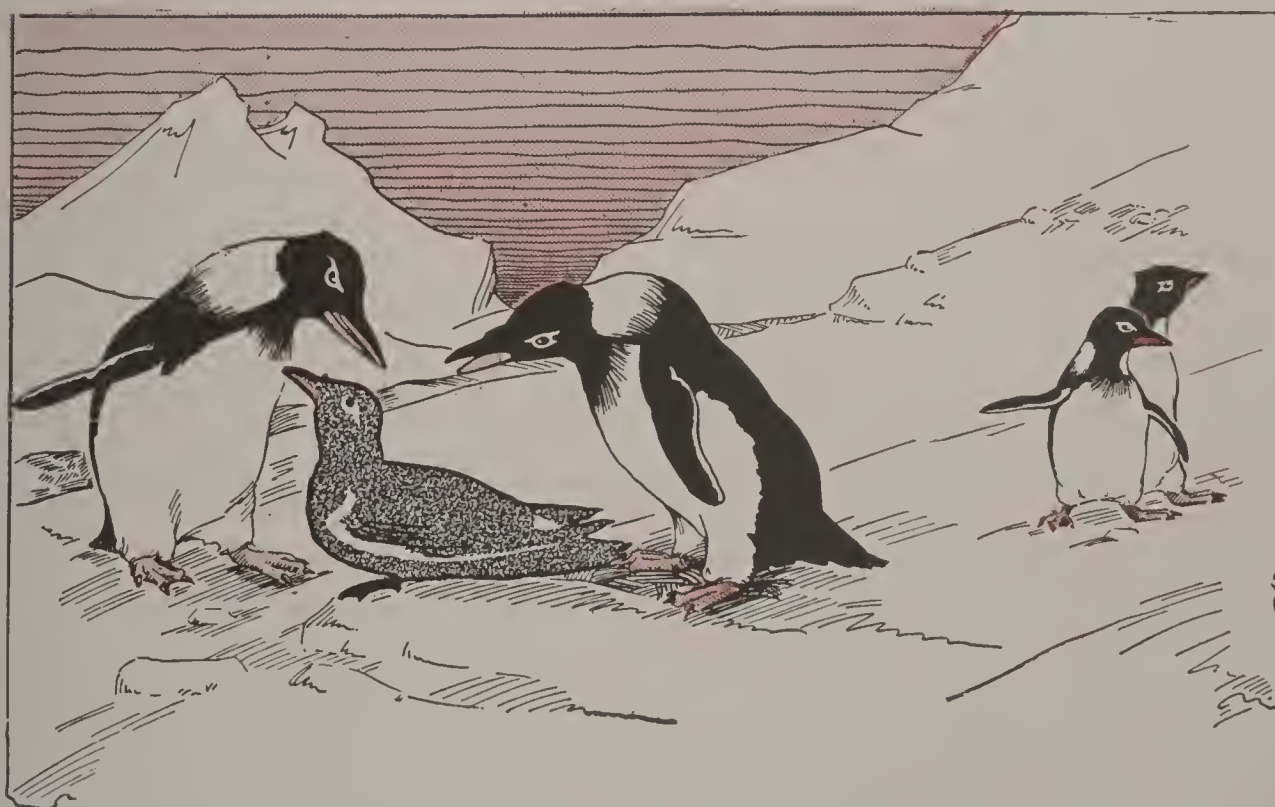
"Somebody did and I had to get them back," grinned the other. "You see," he said, "Our people have the habit of stealing stones to build their houses with, and if you didn't steal at all you'd never have a house. I don't like it. I hope some time our people will grow to respect the rights of one another just at the humans do."

Mannie went down the hill to his own village where he searched out the house with the three red stones and one white one next to the sea, and three white ones and one red one on the upper side. He found his mother and father there, with a good supper all spread.

"Father," he said that night, "these Adelie folks are right stupid. They keep stealing one

another's rocks which they build houses with. Don't you think that is very unkind and stupid?"

His father only smiled wisely and said nothing. His mother said some time this foolish habit will change and told Mannie to have another fish biscuit.



THE POLICEWOMAN



H, hah!" exclaimed Old Tramp Stormy Petrel, rubbing his hands together, and nearly losing his balance as he lowered himself to the ground. "Just as I hoped it would be. Here, down by the river are half the young people of the village with no old folks to stop a fellow who wants to talk to them."

He had just reached the ground by this time, and in a very few moments he walked up to the group of Penguin boys and made his very best bow.

"How do you do?" he said smiling. "You're a fine lot of young gentlemen." The boys all blushed and twisted their hands awkwardly behind their backs, but said nothing.

"My name's Petrel, Stormy Petrel," said the old tramp, sitting down on a large rock

and crossed his feet. "I don't suppose any of you know me. I know all your folks very well. I was over here a month ago. Had a fine time, too, I must say. Very clever folks, your people are." Stormy spread his wings and tried to look his very best, but the boys still twisted their hands behind their backs and said nothing.

"This is a fine day," said Stormy, "the river's fine, why don't you take a swim?"

"Our bathing-suits are not finished yet," ventured Mannie Penguin, having lost his embarrassment. "Mother says they won't be done for three weeks."

"Well, now I call that too bad!" said Stormy, seeming to feel sorry for the boys, but in truth, feeling more sorry for himself, for if the fact were known, he had come back to Penguin Village to get a boy for a traveling companion, and it did not please him a bit to find that none of them had their bathing-suits finished.



"Our Bathing Suits Are Not Finished Yet," Said Mannie

Stormy shifted uneasily about on his seat. He saw he was in a bad business. Any tramp is in bad business when he is hunting up a boy to travel with him, and he knows it. Stormy knew it, too, and was nervous. "But I may as well make a good impression on them now," he thought to himself, "then, when they get their bathing-suits it won't be the least trouble in the world to get one of them to go right away." At that he cast a dreamy spell over his visage and began;

“The truth is, boys, I’m what’s known as a globe trotter.” He paused to allow the words to make an impression. It was evident that his listeners did not understand. “Well, you see,” he continued, “it’s like this, I travel all over the world. Doesn’t that sound interesting?” Didn’t you ever get to wondering what was just beyond the clouds you see all red at sunset? It is very strange! Well now, I’ve been there. And a great many other places I’ve been, too. When you look over at the red, red sun when it rises up out of the sea in the morning, don’t you ever wonder what is beyond the sunrise, and what it is? Well, I’ve been there. I’ve been almost everywhere. It’s great to travel, to go here, there, and everywhere over the earth!” The Penguin boys were listening now with all attention. What one of them had not looked away at the golden sunset or at the red sunrise, and thought of the lands beyond it all?

“And besides all that I’m an adventurer,” said Stormy. “I’ve done all sorts of daring

things. I've robbed robbers in their dens. I've robbed Old Ivory Gull, the pirate, of his ill-gotten booty. Why!" he exclaimed, to further win his hearers, "There's no one I'd be afraid of."

"Look out, mister!" cried one of the boys, "Here comes the police woman."

"Police woman!" cried Stormy, in a fright. "Where?" Then he suddenly thought of the great speech he had just been making to the boys, and sat down again to appear not afraid.

Now, truly enough, a police woman was coming. The Penguin people are ever watchful of their children. Though most of them had gone fishing, they had left their children in the care of two police women. It was one of these who was coming just now. And a very strong person she looked to be, too. She was dressed in light yellow bloomers with a bright golden collar, a grayish-blue cape and a black hood. She came marching along with as much dignity as the Emperor himself.

Poor Stormy! He was very small indeed, beside her, and his conscience did not add one bit to his courage, for as we can see, he realized that he was in a very bad business. But he put on his best face and waited for the police woman to come up.

She looked him over from his head to where his toes were. Honest, you'd have been sorry for Stormy if he hadn't just been up to such bad tricks, the way she looked at him.

"What you doing here?" she demanded, moving very close to him.

"I will explain," said Stormy, twisting uncomfortably, "you see, I'm quite a traveler, and—"

"I wouldn't doubt it. You look as if you were," said the watch woman wisely. "And I suppose you'd like to get some of these boys to travel with you?"

That was such a good guess that Stormy had not a word to say.



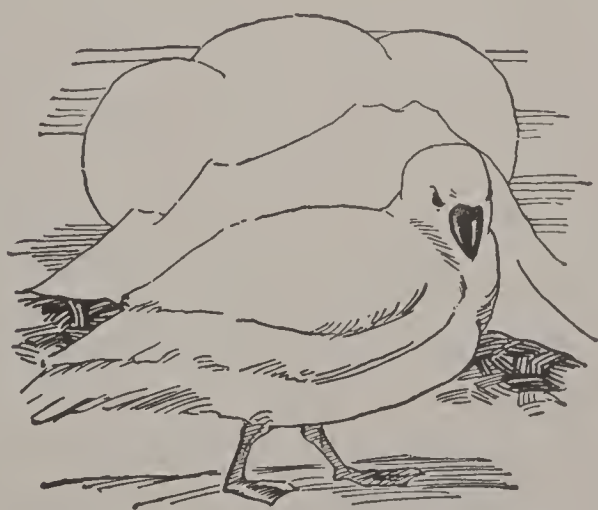
“Now!” She Exlcaimed, Giving His Ear a Sound Box

The police woman went up to him and took him by the collar. She set him on his feet with a jerk and marched him over two hills before she let him go.

“Now!” she exclaimed, giving his ear a sound box, “You get out and don’t you come back.” And we may be sure that Stormy was glad enough to go.

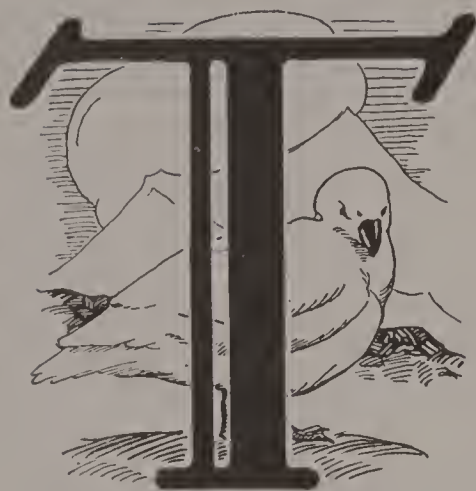
It would have been better for Mannie Penguin if Stormy had obeyed her orders and stayed away, but he didn’t.

That night, in his own home, Mannie was thinking of the strange tales of this wanderer. "How fine it would be to go way out beyond the sunset and way over beyond the sunrise," he thought to himself. He sat there, and thought and thought and thought till his mother told him to go wash his feet and be off to bed.



Sheath Bill

SHEATHBILL, THE ROBBER



THE morning after Old Tramp Stormy Petrel had told the Penguin boys about his wonderful travels, Mannie Penguin stole out of bed very early and went out to watch the sun come up over the hills. His father and mother were out for their morning swim, so no one missed him. What a glorious morning it was! The mosses all sparkling with the morning mist, the white hill peaks just turning to red fire brands under the red glow of the morning sun, and the sun himself just coming over the hill, a great jolly giant!

“He said he’d been way over beyond where the sun rose,” said Mannie to himself. “That must be grand!” He stood for a moment and thought.

“I think I’ll just go to the top of that hill

over there," he said. "Perhaps I can see how far it is beyond the sun, and by and by, when I am bigger, I'll go right over there all the way."

He straightened up and marched along very dignified in his first trip away from the village. This went very well half way up the hill, but when he came to a place where the side of the hill seemed to cave in, and he was obliged to go down hill to get higher up, he tumbled awkwardly on his stomach and went tobogganing down to the bottom of the hollow. Then up he rose again and waddled on his way.

"It didn't seem such a long way just to the top of that hill," he mumbled as he trudged along. "I believe I am growing hungry already." But he was a persistent little fellow, and went trudging on till he came to another place to slide down, then down he went only to find a third place to climb. Whew! how tired his feet were by the time he reached the top of this hill! But when he came to the very crest he was no more able to see over the top than he had been



What a Glorious Morning It Was

before. Right before him towered a great wall straight up and down. So steep it was that he could neither climb up it, nor if he were able to do this would he have dared to toboggan down it. What was still worse, the red giant face of the sun had disappeared altogether, and the wind whistled round the rock dismally.

“How cold it is up here,” Mannie shivered.

But not to be beaten even at this, he started going along the edge of the cliff. “Surely

there's a door through somewhere," he said to himself, "or Stormy Petrel could never have gone round behind the wall to the place beyond the sun." So he plodded on and on, his feet growing more tired and getting hungrier at every stride. But, at last he came to a door right into the rock. But it had such a high door-sill that Mannie could not climb over it, try as he might. Three times he tried it, and at last slipped and slid a long way down the hill. But he was plucky and climbed all the way back again.

"There's a little ridge over there," he said, "I believe I can see over the door-sill and can tell what is beyond if I climb up there." Up he climbed, and then turned to look. He nearly fell over backward for fright at what he saw! But he steadied himself and looked again, and by this time he was so surprised that he could not have moved from the spot.

The door led into a broad hallway. It was a very wide door, and you could see about

all there was in the hall. It was the home of old robber Sheathbill! There was the bed he slept on, and there were his two white eggs. But the bad thing about his house was his bed. It was all made of the bones and skulls of little Penguin folks! He had discovered a real robber's den, and here he was just a little fellow and all alone! What should he do?

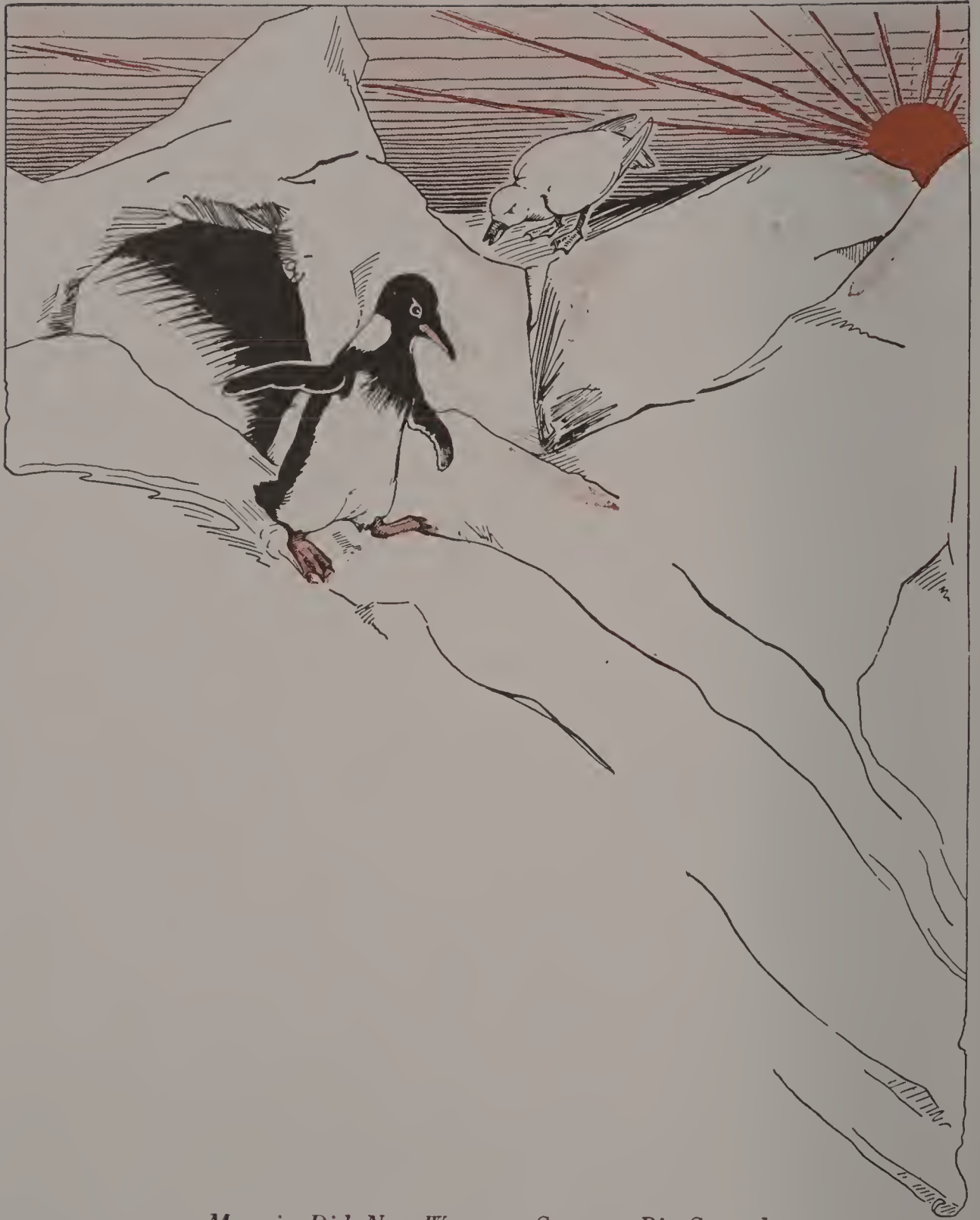
It was evident that he was not going to see the land beyond the sun this morning, even if it was only from the distant top of a hill. He had just come to this conclusion and was about to climb down from the little ridge and make for home as fast as his feet would carry him, when all at once he felt a cold shiver run down his back. A hoarse voice came over the next ridge. What an angry voice it was! He looked and there, looking at him with a wicked grin was the robber himself, not twenty feet away!

Mannie didn't want to seem a bit scared, so he turned and walked down the hill with all the dignity he could command. But it

wasn't much dignity after all, for his hands were shaking and his knees were trembling and he could feel the robber's eyes staring right down the middle of his back.

The old robber must have known this for in just a moment he charged right at Mannie, and if Mannie had not made a misstep and begun to slide, I am afraid the story would have ended right here, and the old robber would have had more bones to add to his nest. But Mannie began to slide, he tried to hold himself but he couldn't, so down, down he went, sometimes head over heels, and sometimes back side first, and sometimes on his nose, but always tumbling and sliding, ziz, ziz, ziz—how he did go! The old robber followed him for a distance, but it wasn't a bit of use. Mannie was traveling far too fast for him! He wasn't able to catch Mannie at all. So he turned back hoping to catch Mannie another time.

“Ug! Gup!” All of a sudden Mannie tumbled right into something. That something



Mannie Did Not Want to Seem a Bit Scared

happened to be the stomach of an Emperor Penguin. I forgot to tell you that not only Mannie's father was called Emperor, but all of Mannie's folks, both men and women.

"Excuse me," said Mannie. But the Emperor was far too much out of wind to say anything, so Mannie hurried to join a group of boys and lost himself from the Emperor's sight. "He might be a bit angry when he get's his breath," he thought to himself. "But I wonder how I got to our village by sliding straight down the hill? When I climbed up the hill I went over two ridges to reach the top."

But he was too hungry to bother his head about that very long. His breakfast must be cold by this time. He would hurry right over to that house with three red stones on one side, and three white stones and a red on the other. But where was it, which way should he go? He decided to go right through the town and look both ways. This did no good. "I'll just

have to go up one street and down another till I come to it," he said to himself. This would take a long time, but there was nothing else for it. He was sorry he had ever ventured forth to find the land beyond the sun. But up this street and down that one he tramped, thinking every moment he would come to his own home. Up and down, up and down, till his feet hurt more than ever, but at last he came out at the other edge of the town and never a look at his own home had he had.

"What am I to do?" he asked himself, "I'm very hungry and,—" Just then he caught sight of a Mrs. Penguin coming from fishing, with a splendid fish in her basket. "I believe that is my own mother!" he exclaimed, and went toddling after her asking for his breakfast. But was it his mother? It is very easy to think most any good woman is your mother in Penguin Land when you are very hungry.

TO CATCH SHEATHBILL



OTHER, mother, I'm hungry. Give me my breakfast," cried Mannie Penguin, as he ran after the large Mrs. Penguin with the fish in her basket.

"You run away, little fellow, I'm not your mother," smiled the large Mrs. Penguin.

But Mannie did not run away; he followed right on her heels and kept crying, "Give me my breakfast. I am your child. I am Mannie Penguin. Give me my breakfast."

But the lady only laughed loud and long, and called back at him, "Go hunt your own mother. I am not your mother."

But Mannie was too hungry to go hunting anyone else. Was not here a fine mother with a large fish? And did she not look like the



Was Not Here a Fine Mother With a Large Fish?

mother who had always fed him? Why, then, should he run away to hunt some mother who, perhaps, had no fish after all? So on and on he ran, chasing the lady with the basket faster and faster until she began to puff and puff, and was soon quite out of wind.

“Give me my breakfast,” said Mannie, coming up very close.

Now it is true that all Penguin people are very near-sighted, and when Mrs. Penguin sat down to rest she took a better look at Mannie. “Why!” she exclaimed, “if you don’t look for all the world like my little son.

I am so near-sighted that I really can't tell! So here is the fish even though you are not my son!"

Mannie ate the fish with great relish. But when this particular Mrs. Penguin returned to her home she found a hungry child waiting for her, and knew she had fed someone else's boy.

But when Mannie had eaten his breakfast and wandered back to the village to continue his search for the house with three red stones on one side and three white stones on the other, he at last sat down by the side of the street and began thinking of his adventure of the morning, of his narrow escape from old robber Sheathbill. It all seemed so real to him now that he began to bug his eyes out in fright at the thought of so narrow an escape.

"Hello, and what are you bugging your eyes out so about?" asked a policeman who came along just then.

Mannie was startled at the policeman's question, but decided to tell the truth.

"Why," he said, wiggling his arms and

feeling very nervous, "I was just thinking of something I saw up on the hill this morning."

"And what was that?" asked the policeman resting his club on his knee.

"It wasn't much of anything," said Mannie modestly, "I just saw a robber's den with some bones of little Penguin folks in it, and a great many eggshells, and by and by the robber, old Sheathbill came along and chased me. I slipped and came sliding down here, that's all."

"What's that?" asked the policeman's son, who was standing near him. "What's that, you saw a robber's den and the robber chased you?"

"What's that?" demanded a short chubby little Adelie Penguin before Mannie had had time to reply. "You saw a robber's den and the robber, old Sheathbill, chased you?"

"What's that?" called a short boy, in knee pants, the Adelie Penguin's son, "you saw a robber and he chased you?"

So many of them asking him questions all at once confused Mannie so very much that he

could not answer any of them. And all the time, more and more people were gathering around him and all talking at once. They asked questions of one another and of him, and made such a hub-bub that in just a few moments the whole town was talking about it. Grown people and children were calling at the top of their voices. He could hardly have created a greater excitement if he had announced that the whole town was to be attacked by a great band of robbers at the very next moment.

But it was not much to be wondered about that his discovery had created such a commotion, for this very robber had done great damage to this very village. Many a Penguin mother was childless because her egg had been stolen by this bold fellow, and those bones in his nest were the bones of children stolen from this very village.

Mannie was led away by the Policeman to the Emperor, and in just an hour the whole

village was preparing to go to the top of the hill and destroy this bold robber and his home.

A very bold and imposing company they made, too, as they marched along all in good order. First, there were the Policemen, and then the Emperors, then the wives of policemen and emperors, then all the children of this part of the village. After these came the hundreds and hundreds of dutchy little Adelie Penguins, followed by their wives and children. Of course, it was not expected that these little people would do much fighting, but they would come in handy if it was necessary to lay siege to the place, for they could dig trenches and build stone walls.

“We’ll catch him!” shouted the Policemen. “We’ll catch him!” answered the emperors. “We’ll catch him!” echoed the chubby little Adelie Penguins. “We will, we will!” shouted all the women and children in a chorus, and so they marched along with Mannie in the front row showing them the way.

INTO THE ROBBER'S DEN



YOU couldn't keep an army of Penguins quiet if they were stealing upon a fortress in the dead of the night. Up the hill they marched singing, shouting and singing again, making enough noise to frighten a lot of robbers. And always marching along in front, making as much noise as the rest, was Mannie, feeling very keenly his importance as guide to the whole party.

At last they reached the top of the hill, and Mannie pointed out to them the hole in the wall and the high doorstep in front.

"Now," said the policeman very bravely, "we will all march up close to the door. Then I will go up and knock. If he answers, I will call upon him to come out and fight. If he does not answer, I'll climb over his high door-

sill and go right in. But you must be all ready to follow me and back me up. There might be a whole band of robbers in the cave."

"We'll follow you," shouted the other policemen. "We'll come right after you," shouted the short dutchy Adelie Penguins; "We'll be right there," shouted all the women and children in a chorus, as they moved close up to the doorstep in solid ranks.

Rap, rap, rap! went the policeman's club on the door-sill, but there came no answer. Rap, rap, rap! it went louder than before, but still no answer. RAP, RAP, RAP! louder than ever, but still no answer.

"I'll have to go in and bring him out," whispered back the policeman. "Be ready!"

"All right. All right," whispered the others in one breath.

The policeman made a sudden rush and started over the sill. Just when he was about to tumble over inside his foot slipped and back he came tumbling head over heels, and right

into the crowd he rolled knocking them down like so many ten-pins. In a moment all was confusion and the Penguin army was tobogganing head over heels to the bottom.

"Halt! Halt!" shouted the policeman, who had gotten on his feet at last. "You're a foolish army I must say!" he exclaimed, as they turned about and clambered back upon their feet as best they could.

"Did you see him?" exclaimed the other policemen. "Did he attack you?" asked the chubby Adelie Penguin. "How did he look? How did he look?" called all the women and children in a chorus.

But the policeman was too much annoyed to answer any of their questions. He just ordered them all back up the hill again. And soon he was ready to try climbing over the door-sill once more. But again he slipped, and again sent Penguins spinning in every direction. But this time they were much braver and held



In a Moment All Was Confusion

their ground. A third time he attempted it and again went rolling.

“Foolish!” exclaimed a chubby little Adelie Penguin. “Where did you see the den?” He turned to Mannie. Now! it is true that though the Adelie Penguins are very short and much smaller than the Emperor, yet there are no braver little people in the world, and none so impatient of delay.

“Right over there on that ridge,” Mannie shivered a bit at the thought of his experience. “You can see right into the den from there.”

He had hardly finished speaking when the chubby fellow was stomping stolidly up the ridge and that without orders from the big policeman.

“Here! Come back there!” shouted the policeman. But the little fellow never stopped; right up the ridge he went, and if he had been charging right into the cannon’s mouth I doubt if he would have hesitated a moment.

Right to the top of the ridge he marched.

Then up on his feet he stood, and in a moment began to wave his arms and speak. But no one understood what he said, for he had hardly opened his mouth when up flew his feet and down he went ker-flop, and like an arrow he shot right down the ridge. But he didn't go the way Mannie went. He shot right down toward the robber's den! He struck the door-sill with a flop and a bounce! Right over into the den he tumbled!

Then what a shouting and screaming there was! "The robber will hurt him!" shouted all the Penguins. But ten other Adelie Penguins, in spite of the danger, began stolidly climbing the ridge. And in just a moment, bravely, without a tremble, they threw their feet in the air, and went tumbling all ten right into the robber's den just as their companion had done. How the other Adelie Penguins cheered. But, the Emperor policemen, not to be outdone, marched up the hill and took the slide too. And in just a few moments there were so many

people in the robber's den that they could hardly turn about.

And what do you suppose they found? Nobody home! Nobody home at all for the old robber had heard them coming up the hill and had made his safe escape. But there was his bad bed made of little Penguin bones and egg-shells. They took his bed and his own eggs as well, and they buried the bones of the little Penguins, then they marched in triumph down the hill.

It had been a great day in Penguin Land, even though they had not captured old robber Sheathbill, their ancient enemy. Let us hope that they may be more successful in the future, for he is really a very bold, bad fellow.

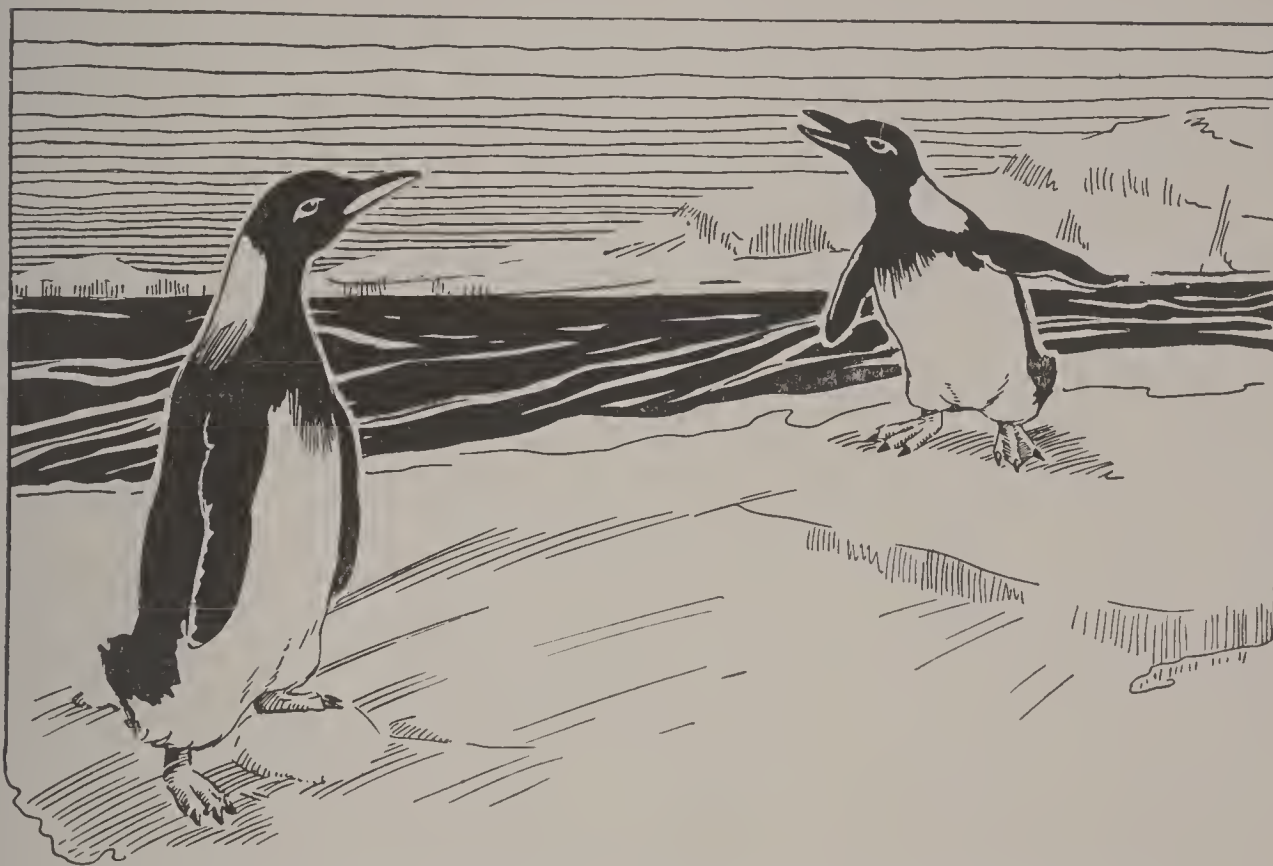


THE STRANGE MOTHERS

“OH my! I want my mother, I do!” called Mannie Penguin, standing first on one foot and then on the other, and at last toppling over in a heap on the ice.

It's all right for little folks to be wandering about all by themselves when the sun is shining brightly. They feel safe enough then and quite happy, but when the long shadows begin to stretch and stretch and stretch across the ice, and it's getting dark, dark, dark, then they begin to think of their mothers, if they have any, and Mannie had one. He knew he did. If he only could find her.

“Here, I'll be your mother,” whispered a big motherly Penguin. Mannie looked at her and didn't say anything. He didn't really know whether she was his mother. He only knew that her house did not have three red stones on the lower side, and three white ones



"There, I'll Be Your Mother," Whispered a Big Motherly Penguin

on the upper side. He was very much bewildered, and so unhappy! Where could that house be anyway? He had hunted all morning for it when the sun was shining brightly. What could be the use of looking for it now?

He didn't have long to think of it, for the motherly Penguin seized him and dragged him up under her warm gown with his feet on top of her broad feet. It did feel good to be off from the cold, cold ice, and he was half in mind

to sit right still and go to sleep, just as he always had done with his really-truly mother.

But he was not allowed to do that, for the moment the other childless Penguins saw what had happened there was an uproar. We know that the old robber had stolen many eggs from this Penguin town, and had caught some of the little folks that lived there, so that there were very many childless mothers. And there are no more motherly people in the world than these very Penguin women. If they have no child of their own they are altogether too willing to take some other person's child to nurse. That was just where the trouble arose and things indeed went very bad for Mannie.

"You can't have him, you give him to me," said one motherly old dame.

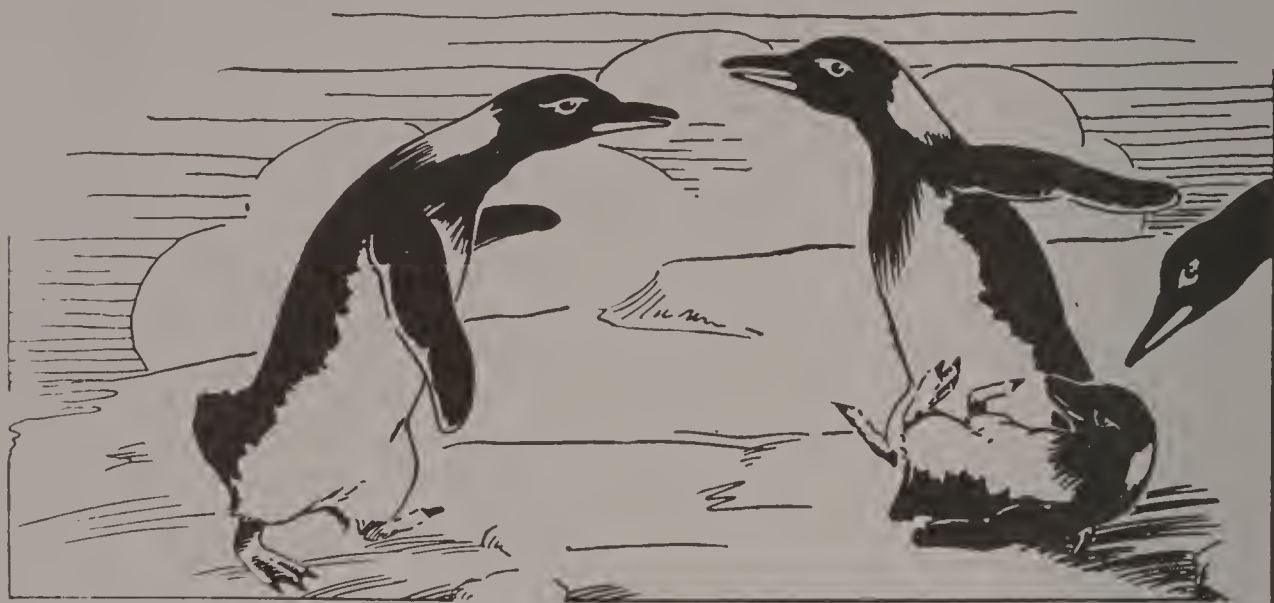
"I won't, he's mine," said the one which was holding him, poking her nose at the other. That was a sign for battle, and in a moment Mannie found himself tumbled out on the ice,

while the two dames went at one another flipper and beak in a very savage fashion.

“Come here, I’ll take care of you,” whispered a third dame, pushing Mannie before her out of the fray. Mannie did not know that this arrangement would only get him into further trouble, as he was very young and could not be expected to reason that out.

When the other Mother Penguins saw this they were upon the third dame in a trice. And so it went on until there were no less than fifteen trying to win the care of Mannie. A dame would stand up straight and swing her arm for a blow, when someone behind her would strike her over the head, and down she would tumble. It was indeed one of the strangest things that ever happened in a peaceful Penguin village. Mannie, as soon as he could, ran away from all those fighting birds to escape being torn almost to pieces by their loving embraces.

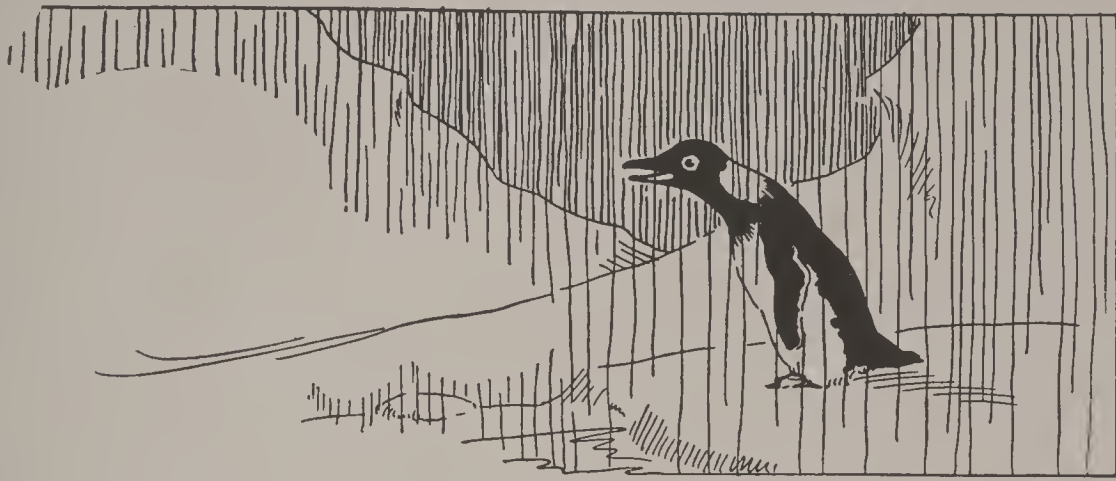
“Where am I, and where shall I go?” cried



And in a Moment Mannie Found Himself Tumbled on the Ice

the poor little fellow, as he came out into the dark. "I want my mother, I do!"

Well, it was very cold so he had to keep moving to keep himself warm. He went away and away from the village, over one little hill and another little hill, and good enough! He came to another Penguin town. And as he looked closely, it seemed to him that it looked very much more like the town in which he was born than the one he had just left. He began wandering up the streets in the moonlight, and joy of joys! He came right to the house where



"I Want My Mother, I Do!"

there were three little red stones on the lower side and three little white ones on the upper side, and there sleeping all alone was someone whom he knew was his very own mother! He just crept right into bed without waking her up and was fast asleep in a jiffy.

Next morning he had many strange things to tell the people of his own town; the finding of the robber's den, and the strange Penguin town, and all about the finding on the robber's den, and all about how he had been treated by the mother Penguins in that strange town.

The mothers of his own village were very indignant to think that any child should be treated as he had been by the dames of that other town, and were for going right over and punishing them good. But when they went to the Emperor to see what he thought about it, he said;

“They did just what you would have done in the same circumstances! They acted just as Penguin women always do! You’d better all run home and forget about it!”

They didn’t thank him for this advice, but after all, they saw the wisdom of it, so they went waddling off each one to her own home, leaving Mannie to get over his hurts as best he might, and his mother to mend his clothes. But you may be sure it was some time before Mannie went over the hills again to see what the land was like beyond the sun.

THE SEA LEOPARD



ALL the bright, golden snowflakes which flew to the sky and stayed twinkling there all night had faded away, and it was morning again.

“A very bright morning, very bright indeed!” said Mannie Penguin, tightening the string to his bathing suit. Mannie was very happy, and well he might be, for at last his bathing suit was finished, and his mother had said he might try it out that very day, so he gave a hop and a skip and turned a back somersault, as he tobogganed down a slippery hill.

But Mannie wasn't quite as happy as he would have been if he had not tried going away from home all by himself before. He didn't feel quite certain about things, but when he caught sight of the water, all blue and white

in the morning light, and touched with gold here and there, he could not resist running right to it, and plunging in without one care. Then away he went diving, dipping, swimming to his heart's content. There's nothing the Penguin folks like better than swimming. They cannot fly, so they can go faster through the water than any other way. Mannie did not have to learn. He just knew how, that was all, and I am quite sure he never stopped one second to question how he came by all this good fortune. For I am sure we could not help counting it a very good fortune, after all the times we have gotten water into our eyes and ears and noses trying to learn.

Here and there Mannie came upon other young Penguin people swimming about in the water. They were all young folks like Mannie. The older folks were having new bathing suits made. Their old ones were old and ragged, so there was nothing for them to do but mope about home until the new ones were finished.

Mannie felt sorry for them when he thought about it, but he was mostly too much taken up with his own joy at being able to swim to think much about it. Anyway, he paddled away and away, and very soon he found himself quite far from anyone, over among some great icebergs which floated about in the water, a great many more of them being under the water than on top. Mannie liked them, they seemed so huge and good-natured, and so silent. The sun shone on their sides, and painted one side pale yellow, while the other side was left deep purple shadows where there might be almost anything hidden, but where there was probably just nothing at all.

Mannie was fancying all sorts of things about these great bergs, when all of a sudden he heard a swish, swish in the water. He looked about quickly, and something told him that the person he saw was a very dangerous fellow. That something was an instinct, I think, for hundreds of years the Penguin folks have been

afraid of Mr. Sea Leopard. He has been one of their worst enemies. And just now he was coming right at Mannie, his rows and rows of sharp teeth gleaming wickedly in the sun.

“Save me! Save me!” called Mannie to the great icebergs.

But the icebergs were as silent as ever and seemed to offer no assistance at all. They seemed farther away, too, and Mannie felt he could never reach one before the monster would swallow him up. He must try though, so bravely he struck out.

Swish, swish went old Sea Leopard’s paddles in the water. Never was there a land leopard in the world more dangerous than he. Never did little young Penguin swim more bravely than Mannie. But he could see that it was not going to be a bit of use to try to reach the friendly old bergs for, swim as he might, they seemed to go back farther and farther in the distance. Closer and closer came the leopard. Now Mannie could hear his hoarse gurgle

as he swam. But suddenly a little cake of ice appeared in the water. It wasn't more than ten feet square and not thick above the water at all.

"If I can only reach that!" panted Mannie, as he put forth all his effort. And just before the leopard reached him he climbed panting onto the ice and was safe.

"Why, hello!" said a voice right beside him. He nearly fell into the sea again.

"Why, why," he stammered, "it's Stormy Petrel."

"Yes, that's who it is," said the other, moving along on the cake of ice. "That was a narrow escape. Why didn't you fly?"

"Our folks don't fly," said Mannie sorrowfully, at the same time wondering how he was going to get back to land and to his home.

"Well, now, I call that too bad," said Stormy, sympathetically. He spoke twice for himself and once for Mannie, for he had hoped very much that here at last was the very boy



And Just Before the Leopard Reached Him He Climbed Panting Onto the Ice

he wanted for a traveling companion. But if he couldn't fly, why what use could he be to him? So Stormy stood on one foot dejectedly, and leaned against a little pile of ice, looking for all the world as if he had lost his last friend, while Manny thought and thought how he was ever going to get back to land and away from this terrible water which had seemed so grand to him but an hour before.



OLD GIANT WHALE



HE little cake of ice rocked slowly up and down with the wash of little waves. Up and down it rocked, up and down, and Mannie had almost been rocked to sleep when Stormy Petrel moved over close to him.

"I wish," said Stormy, "that you could only fly so that I could show you a gay time." With that he nudged Mannie in the ribs and grinned gleefully, as any care-free tramp might.

Mannie didn't like being nudged. He wasn't used to it. When Stormy said something else and nudged him again, he felt himself growing a bit angry.

"I don't like being nudged!" exclaimed Mannie, as he nudged Stormy in return so violently that Stormy quite lost his balance and went sprawling on the ice, for it is told



Stormy Quite Lost His Balance and Went Sprawling on the Ice

that there is no one in the world who is quite so good at that game of nudging as the Penguin people. Even Husky, the malamute dog, and the Geography man knew this to their sorrow.

“Beg your pardon, I didn’t mean,—” Mannie began.

“You did it on purpose,” growled Stormy, getting on his feet as best he could. But he had hardly managed this before he and Mannie both went sprawling. You might have thought there had been an earthquake if it had been on land. Such a shaking up as they received!

You might have guessed it was a giant wave that did it, if there had been a cloud in the sky but there was not.

“What did that?” Mannie asked, rubbing his knees and struggling to rise. But he was no more than half way on his feet than there came another shock and he almost tumbled into the sea.

“Be careful!” screamed Stormy. “That’s Old Giant Killer Whale. He’s trying to shake us off this cake of ice, and if he does he’ll eat us in a second’s time!”

“Old Giant Killer Whale!” Had not Mannie heard of this great monster? Hadn’t stories of his cruelty been often told in Penguin Town? Where was there anyone more to be feared? Would any danger on land drive one of his family to sea when they thought Killer Whale was about? And yet, here he was on a small cake of ice far, far from land and Killer Whale was coming up beneath the cake and trying to tumble him into the sea.

He didn't have long to think about it, for in just a second there came another shock, and down he went. Stormy had managed to get on his feet and spread his wings. Away he sailed high in the air, from which safe distance he shouted encouragement to his young companion. What a terrible experience it was! Now Mannie was on his feet and gaining in the hope that the monster was gone, but just then down he would go. Now he was standing on his head with the cake of ice standing on its edge in the water. Now he was on his back looking up into the blue sky where Stormy soars aloft. Now he was rolling over and over, and frantically waving his feet to get some hold on the slippery ice surface. It surely looked as if Mannie Penguin would be among the missing children of his little village, and that his family and friends would go back to their winter home mourning this happy little member of their family.

But suddenly, as he scrambled to his feet, Mannie discovered that one of the great friendly icebergs which had seemed so far away, now was quite close, very close indeed! The little waves had pushed his cake of ice closer and closer until it was hardly any distance at all. If he only could stay on the cake of ice a little longer, he might make a bold dash and be safe! So with good courage, he took the next tumble and held himself as near the center of the cake as possible. Now, in just a few moments he would come bumping against the iceberg and he would be safe. Now he could hear the wash of the waves against the berg. And now it seemed that he could almost touch it. But suddenly, as if realizing that he was about to lose his dinner, the great whale gave a terrible bump, and the little cake of ice split in two. Over tumbled Mannie into the dark waters almost within grasp of the cruel monster.

“Look out!” shouted Stormy, hovering near.

Mannie did act quickly. He gave three masterly strokes, and in just a second he was scrambling up the side of the iceberg, just as Killer Whale went ker-whack against it. Let us hope he hurt his nose and broke out half his cruel teeth. Anyway, Mannie was safe for the time, and he stopped to catch his breath and to look at the beautiful blue of the iceberg. No, it didn't make much difference to him whether this temporary home was all ice or not, for he had a warm bathing-suit and he was very chubby and fat, so he could stand the cold. And there never was a Killer Whale in the world who could even make this splendid berg so much as tremble. Yes, Mannie was safe for now, but there was no food to eat, and it was a long dangerous way home over the sea. Perhaps, too, the berg was drifting out to sea. What, after all, was to become of our young friend who was on his second adventure in the great wide world?

SAFE AT HOME

MANNIE PENGUIN did not know when he would get back to land from that iceberg which was floating out and out to sea. So he hoped that he would not be caught by old Killer Whale, or Great White Gull, the fierce pirate, or by a Sea Leopard. He watched the shore fade and fade, and every hour he grew more restless. Every hour he paced up and down on the iceberg, and every now and then he would climb to a high point to see how far he really was from his own dear home and every time he grew more alarmed. He was getting really very far from home for a young fellow who was just trying out his first bathing-suit, and had only that very morning taken his first swim. So he paced up and down faster and faster, and looked at the shore more and

more anxiously. But, at the same time, he did not dare go into the water to paddle home, for might not Killer Whale be just hiding behind some ice-cake to get him? And would he not swallow him at one big gulp? No, no, that would never do! At the same time, one could never expect his people to come after him in a skin canoe for they never had any such things. What could he do?

Well, by and by, the sun crept down to the very water's edge, then went down, down till he could not be seen any more, and then the golden snow-flakes took their places in the sky and twinkled, twinkled ever so brightly. They did cheer Mannie just a little bit, but it grew cold, oh, so cold! Mannie wished he was home in his own little bed with the covers all tucked in about him. And he began to grow very hungry, for he had been so eager to try his first swim that he had not waited for his break-



There Wasn't a Thing to Eat on the Iceberg

fast. He had had no dinner and no supper, and here it was way late at night. There wasn't a thing to eat on the iceberg, so what was he to do about that?

Well, at last Mannie became more brave.

"I might as well be caught at once by Killer Whale as to starve on this iceberg or be carried away to some strange land," he said to himself, as he stumped stoutly up and down.

"I just believe I am going to try to go home!" he exclaimed bravely, as he gathered in the corners of his bathing-suit and "splash" into the water he tumbled, and paddled bravely for shore.

But it was a long, long way, and every now and again something black whisked along behind him, which he was sure must be a terrible Killer Whale; then again, something white and spotted like a Sea Leopard went swish, swish behind him, while great white things skimmed along overhead, and they were Great White Ivory Gull pirates, he knew.

“I must keep going fast!” he breathed, looking over his shoulder, then holding his breath and paddling faster than ever.

Finally, when Mannie came close to land he imagined that old robber Sheathbill was waiting to catch him and he was almost afraid to go right to land. He was afraid to stay in the sea, and afraid to go ashore! But as nothing came after him in the sea, and as he swam the shore, he discovered that what looked like robbers were only bits of snow shining in the moonlight. And so, after all, it must have been

that there was nothing in the sea that night but little black-pointed waves and little white-crested ones, which Mannie took for Killer Whale and Sea Leopard, and there was no one in the sky but some innocent white clouds, which had gone scurrying along and had seemed like terrible pirates. But then, we must remember, that Mannie was very young, and it was night and he was far from home.

But at last he scrambled upon the shore and waddled home as fast as his legs could carry him. I don't know for sure, but I think his mother was waiting for him with the lamp burning low, and that she set a cold bite out for him and rubbed his bruised knees with seal-oil ointment, and tucked him into bed at last, just as any loving mother should. Anyway, he found himself snugly tucked in bed when the sun shone again next morning.

TO MIGRATE HOME



“WELL, son,” said Mannie Penguin’s father, the old Emperor, after Mannie had had his breakfast, “now that you have tried twice going out to see the world for yourself, how do you like it?” His voice was kindly and not scolding a bit.

“I don’t like it,” said Mannie, speaking frankly, just as a son of an emperor should always speak.

“Well, then,” said his father, “supposing you don’t try it any more all by yourself. You must wait two weeks longer till all of our people have their bathing-suits done, then we will take a long journey to our home. Perhaps there won’t be much adventure about that, but when we are all in our winter quarters and the autumn work is done, then you and I shall go



What Do You Think of That?

on many a long winter excursion. We can't leave this Antarctic land of ours as Stormy Petrel can, but there are a great many beautiful and wonderful things to see in this land of ours. There are God's great moving pictures, the great ice-palaces, and many other things. What do you think of that?"

"I think that's wonderful!" exclaimed Mannie, turning a somersault in his delight.

Well, one fine autumn day, about the first of April, in this strange land, all the lady Penguins packed their best hats in band-boxes and gave the boxes to their sons to carry, and all the emperors packed their suit-cases and car-

ried them for themselves, and away they went marching toward the south, quite a stately procession of them, and all feeling very good about the move, though I am sure Mannie and some of his comrades were sorry at leaving such a comfortable town. But then, they would all be coming back to it in the next spring, and meanwhile how about those long adventurous journeys which all emperors and their sons take in the long glorious winter time? So they trudged gladly along, after all, and none was more stately and proud than Mannie as he trudged along beside his wise and dignified father, the Emperor.

In the distance, on a pinnacle of ice, sat a forlorn little figure. His chin was in his hand and his knees were crossed. He looked very much alone, indeed. It was old tramp, Stormy Petrel. He had no home and no family. There was no winter home for him and no summer home. He was a child of the wild sea wave. And he had known this little town of



"Ah! Well," Said Stormy to Himself

people for a whole summer. He had thought about them a great deal, and who knows what he was thinking of now?

But Stormy is a stout-hearted little wanderer, so up he rose in the air in search of new fields when, joy of joys, he sighted a sail! It was the ship of the Geography man, who was going back to a land of real children of the human race. He was taking back a great many charts and maps and things to help their young minds with.

"And now I'll get to return to other seas in the wake of his boat!" exclaimed Stormy gleefully, as he speeded along.

He was soon under the lee of the bark and eating happily from the rich repast spread out for him by the sailors, who were overjoyed



Stormy Petrel

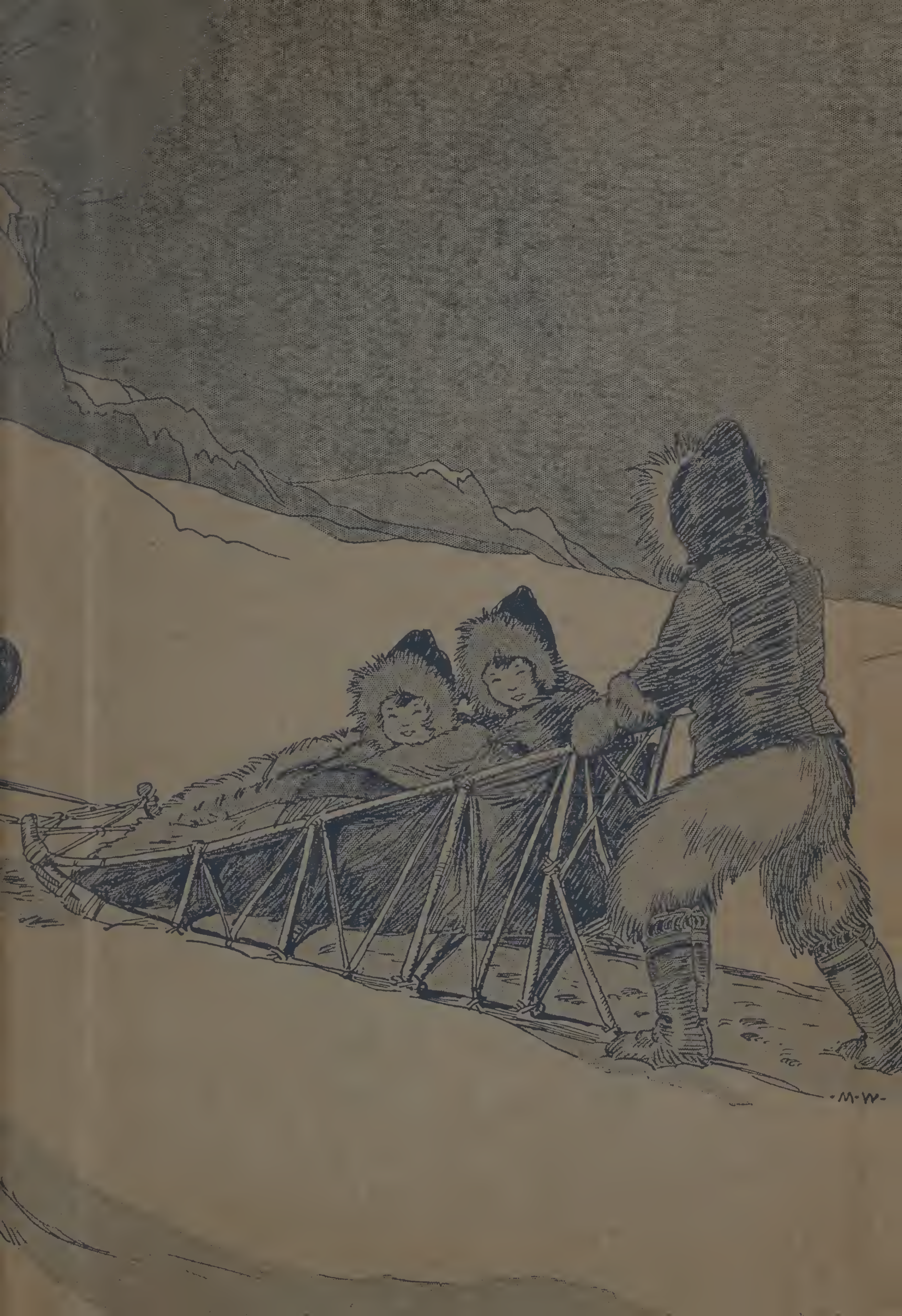
at seeing him, for said they, "It foretells a safe journey home. We could never be wrecked by Mother Carey so long as he is with us, for what would become of her chicken?"

"Ah! well," said Stormy to himself, "I think there is a place in the world for all of us, though these slow-going, steady Penguin folks would hardly be willing to grant that there was any real place for me. Life in the town has its trials and so does life in the country, and so does life on the stormy sea, but there is happiness for all of us if we seek it in right places, but the stormy sea for me!"

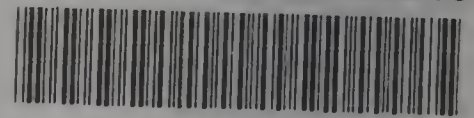
At that, the Geography man's ship began to move away from the white Antartic land, and the land faded and faded from sight till there was nothing to be seen but the dark old ocean everywhere, and then the sailors and Stormy Petrel were happiest of all, for that was home to them.







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