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THE NORTHLAND BIRD LIFE

By ROY J. SNELL



Illustrated By
COBB X. SHINN

THE STORY BOOK OF ARCTIC BIRDS

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GPO

Arctic
Fox

Puffin

Raven

Swan



Walrus



Grey Goose



Gull



Loon

Snow
Bunting



Polar
Bear



THE
NORTHLAND
BIRD LIFE





Had their Home on Happy Island.

THE NORTHLAND BIRD LIFE

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF ARTIC BIRDS

BY ROY J. SNELL

AUTHOR OF - STRANGE LAND BIRD LIFE,
THE DINNER THAT WAS ALWAYS THERE,
LITTLE BOY FRANCE, ETC



JUST RIGHT BOOKS

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Strangeland Bird Life
The Book of Antarctic Bird
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**The Dinner That Was Always
There**
The Eskimo Land story is en-
dorsed as one of the best books
for children.

Little Boy France
This story of a little French
Boy and his Dog Missy, lost in
No Man's Land.



A JUST RIGHT BOOK

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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 Happy 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 Happy 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 morn'ing, 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 Happy 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-oop! Who-o-op! Who-oo-oop! 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 Happy 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

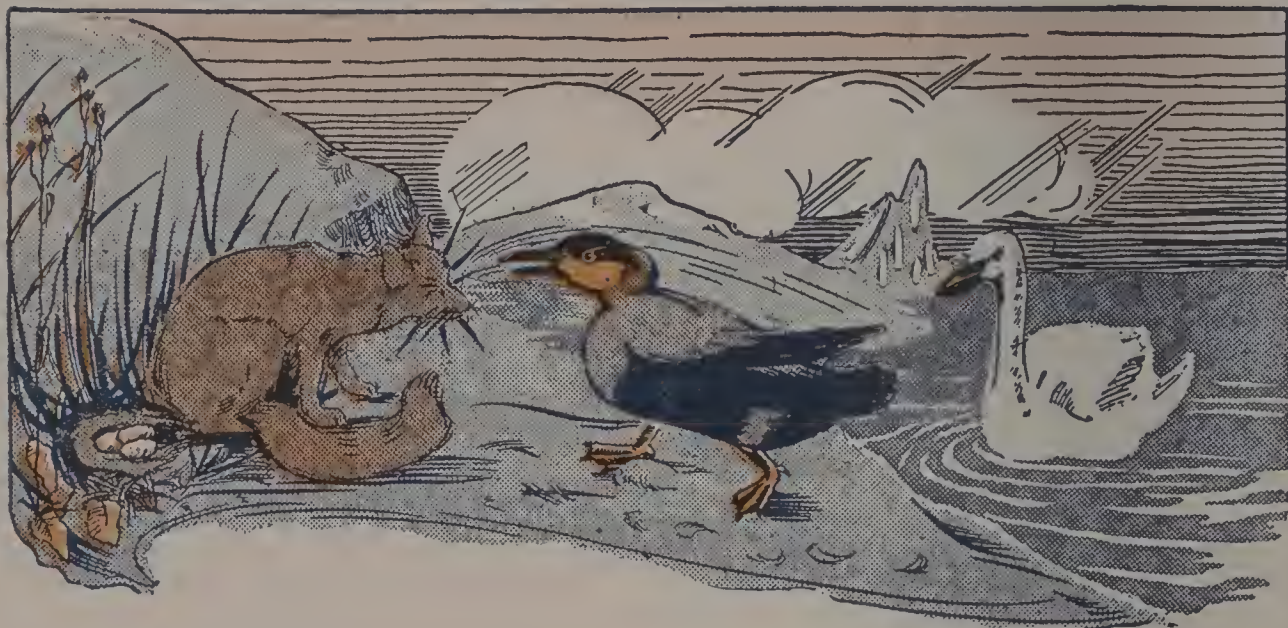
warm, I shan't have to, and can stay for a longer swim."

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 Happy 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 Happy 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 Happy 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 Happy 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.

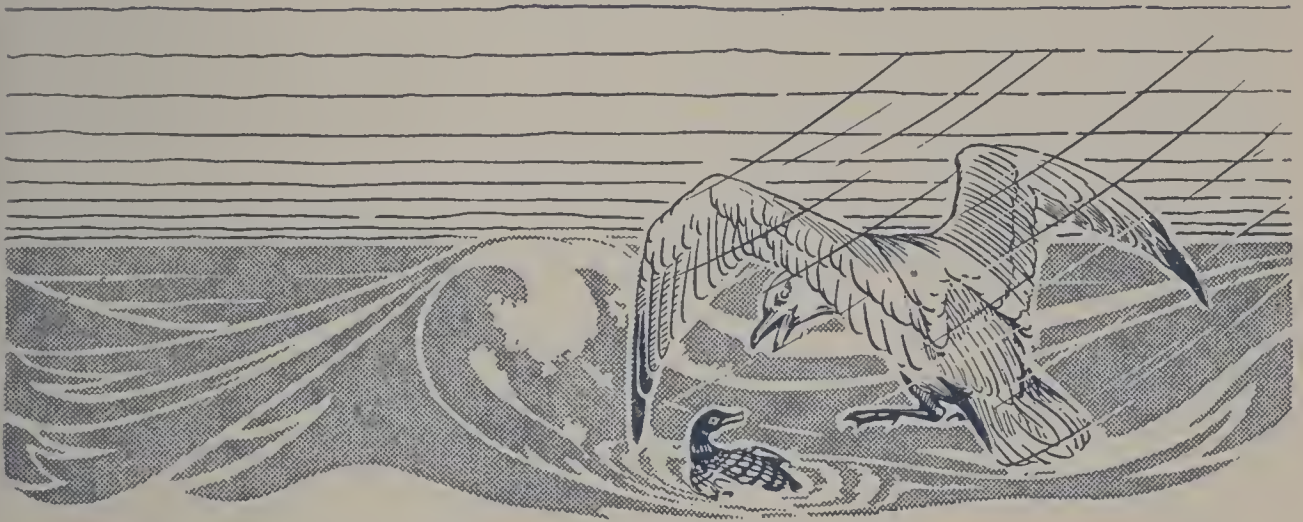
When the mother saw her lost baby and Kituk, how she did scream to her! And how fast they all did paddle away!

“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 Happy 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 Happy 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 Happy 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!"

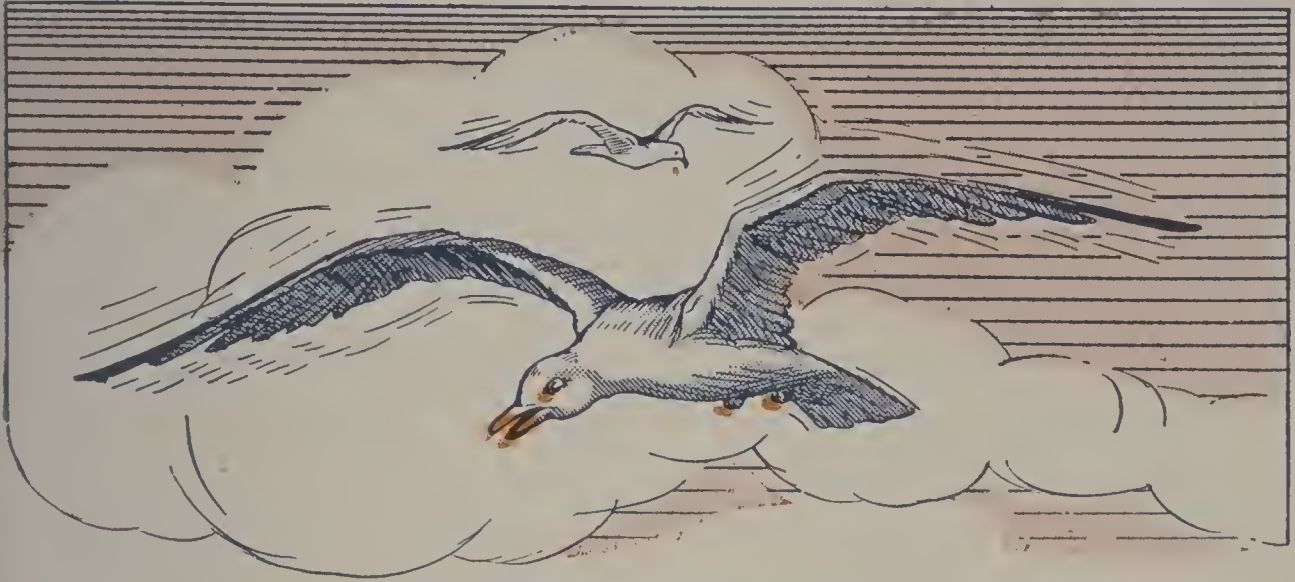
"Pirates! Pirates! Run! Run!" came from land.

"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.

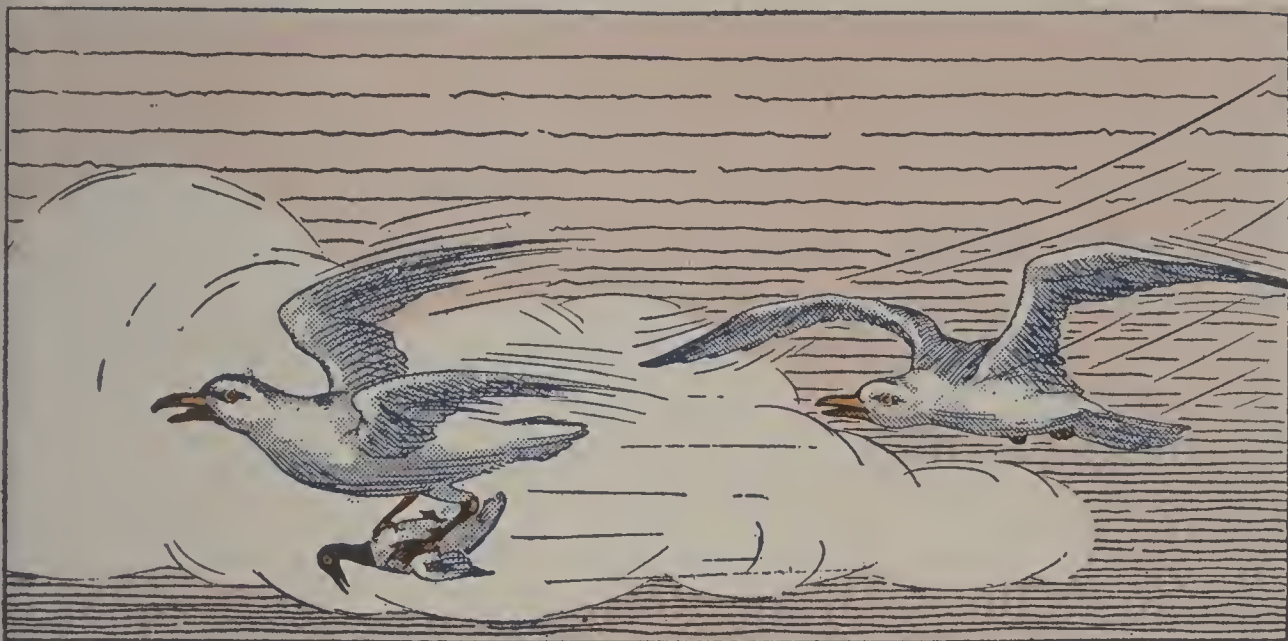
There are as many pirates in the bird land of the sea as there ever were, and very dangerous, fierce fellows they are, too! Their wings are their sails, their bosoms are their boats, and they still sail the broad, blue sea.

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 Happy 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 Happy 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 Happy 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,

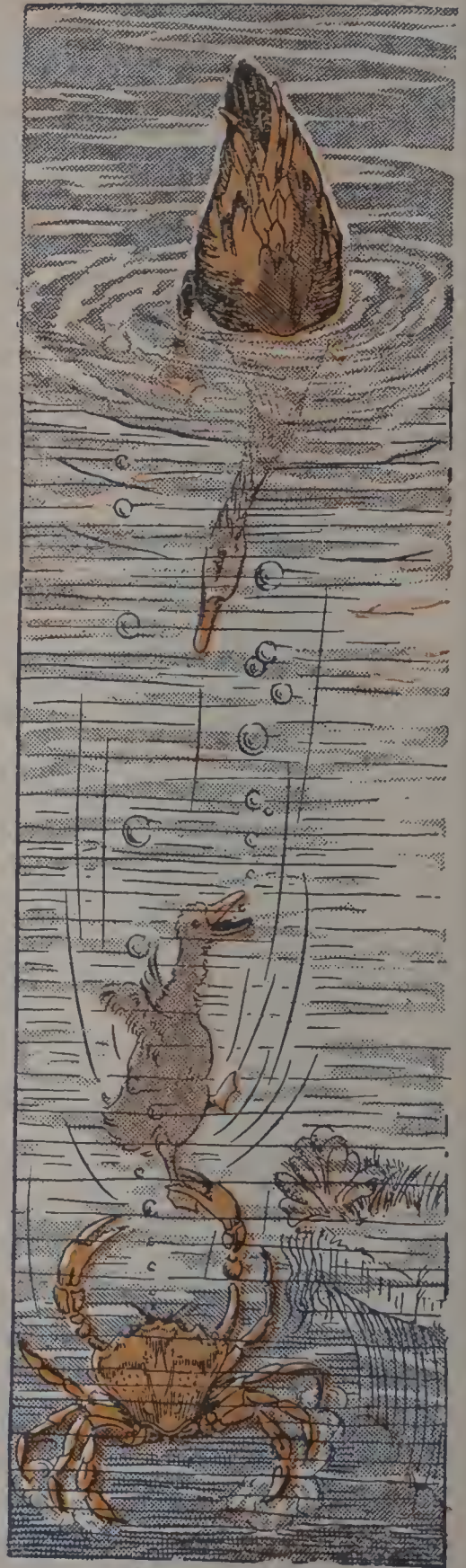
“Rimp! Dimp!

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. No where 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! Happy 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 Happy 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



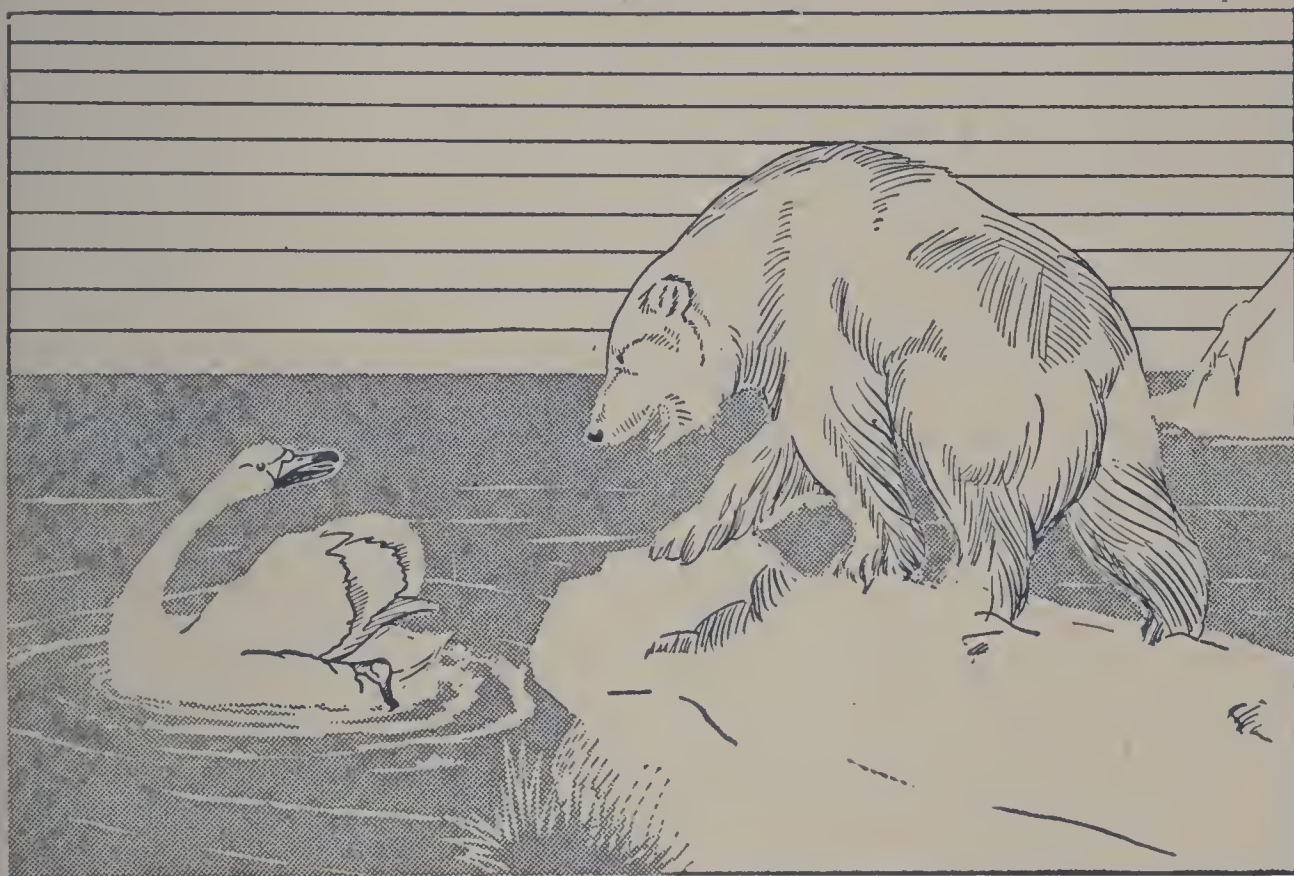
“O Mother!” said Miss Swan as she came upon her mother preparing supper, “What am I to do?”

“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 Happy 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

did look so much like Ivory Gull and Kittle Wake, the grim sea pirates.

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.

"Good day," said the stranger, lighting on the water in such an airy fashion as not to disturb it to a single ripple; so gently, indeed, that Baby was half minded after all to run away, thinking this one of the airy sea pirates she had been dreaming of but a moment before. But one glance at the stranger's jolly face reassured her, and she settled back in her place and made her most mannerly bow.

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

"No, but you're a jolly looking fellow," said Baby, smiling back.



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.

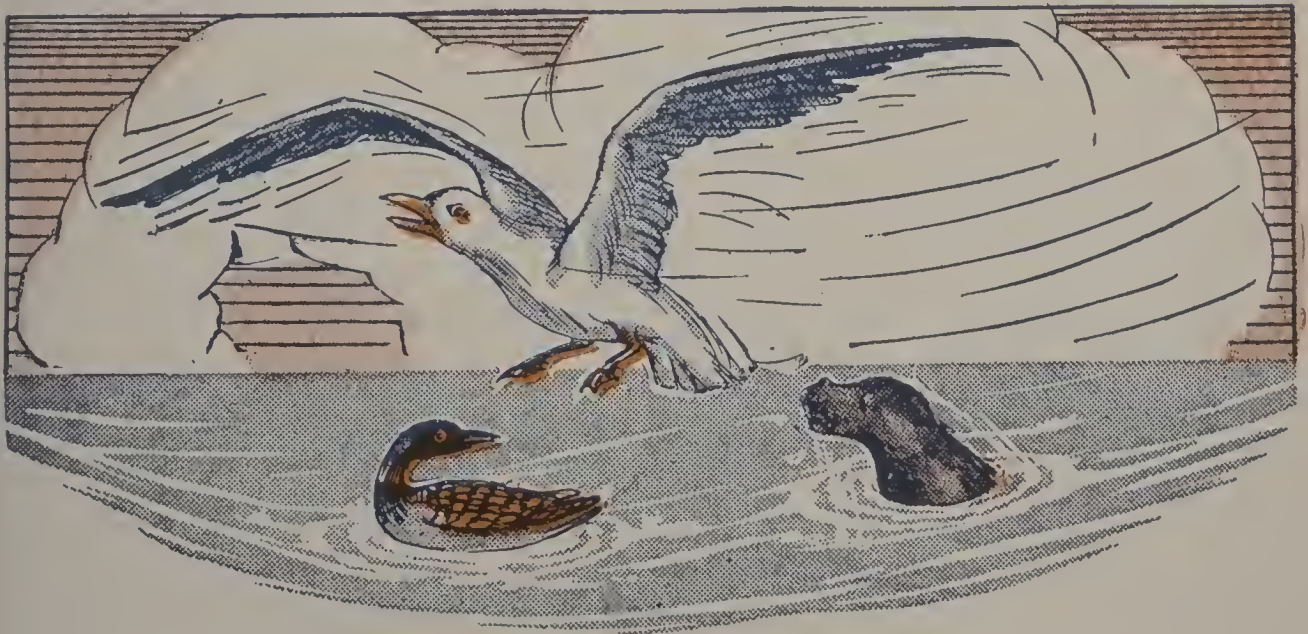
"Where can they be?" she asked Little Brown Seal in great distress.

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 make 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."

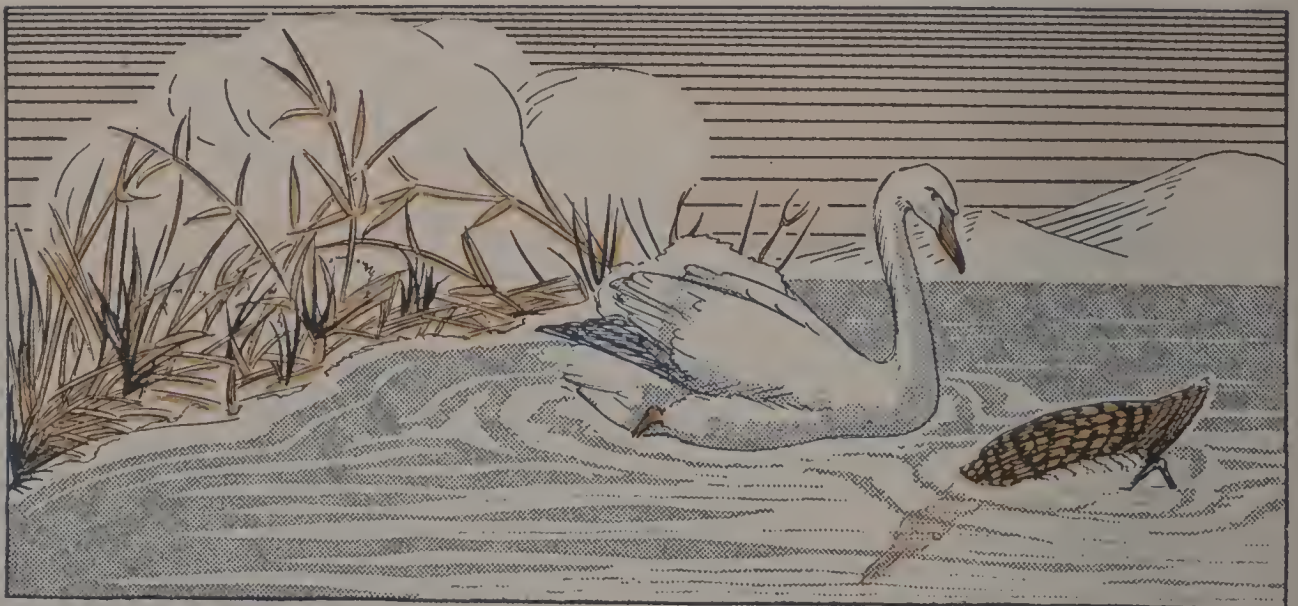
Then, with her heart beating very loudly Baby gave a great spring out of the water at the same time spreading each wing over

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.

FINIS



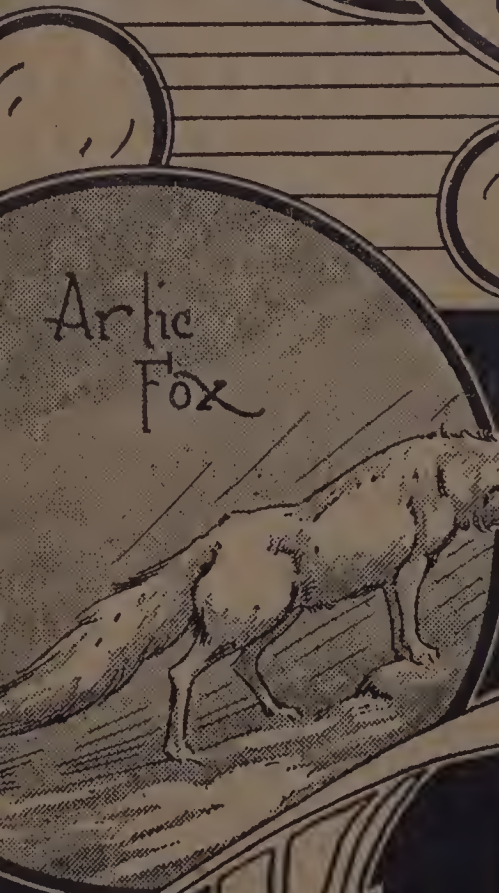
Seal



Whooping
Crane



Stormy
Petrel



Arctic
Fox



Eider Duck



Puffin



Raven



Swan



Walrus



Grey Goose



Gull



Loon



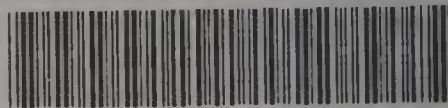
Snow Bunting



Polar Bear



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