

PICTURES, TALES AND VERSE FOR YOUNGSTERS



Pumpkin for Pies

By Temple Bailey

It was a perfectly beautiful pumpkin. It was round and a rich yellow, and so big that when Pat sat on it his feet just touched the ground. The boys of the neighborhood viewed it with interest.

Pat stuck his hands in his pockets importantly. "I'm going to sell it," he said, "and buy a turkey for Thanksgiving."

He went slowly back to the house and talked it over with his sisters. "The boys don't think I can sell it," Pat said, "not for enough to buy a turkey," and he sat down on the step in front of the house and looked at the little girls gloomily.

"Oh," wailed the three younger ones, "and you said we could have a turkey, and key and gravy and stuffing, and everything," and they dug their hands into their eyes and boo-hoed.

But Mary, the oldest girl, did not cry. "There's one way to do it," she said, "but I've got to ask mother about it."

And the next morning as Pat sat in the frosty field looking sorrowfully at his pumpkin, Mary came, and her cheeks were as red as the Winter apples, and her eyes shone in the sun.

"You are to cut the pumpkin up into little pieces," she said, "and bring it to the house."

The neighborhood boys came to watch Pat cut up his pumpkin. "Hoh," they laughed, "the idea of trying to sell a cut up pumpkin."

But Pat kept right on until he had a pile of yellow cubes that looked like gold, and when the boys had gone he carried it in to Mary.

There was a big fire in the stove and a porcelain kettle all ready to receive the pumpkin.

"Mother says we'll have to watch it carefully," Mary said, as the pumpkin began to stew. "or it will burn and that will spoil it."

The little sisters came and stood around the stove and sniffed. "I don't think it smells very good," one of them remarked, "just plain old pumpkin."

"Well, but you just wait," said Mary. "until there's eggs and spices and milk and sugar in it, and until it is made into pies, and then you'll think you never tasted anything so good in your life."

"Are you going to make it into pies?" the little girls asked. Pat shook her head. "No," she said, "but I'm going to stew it, and take it to market to-morrow morning, and sell it to other people to make pies."

So in the morning the pumpkin was put into two clean jars, and covered with clean, white cloths, and then Pat put the jars into his little express wagon and he and Mary started to market.

It was three miles to town, but at last the little girls came to the market and found a corner where they could put their jars and wait for customers. But no customers came. People glanced at them, but no one bought, except one old woman, who took five cents' worth and went on.

It was very discouraging, and at last Pat said, "I've got an idea, but I'll have to spend the five cents to carry it out."

"That's fine," said Mary, when he had told her, so he ran across the street and bought a big sheet of yellow cardboard and cut it in the shape of a pumpkin, and on it he wrote in big black letters:

"Here's pumpkin for pies, Here's pumpkin for pies, Come now and buy it, you who are wise."

Just add sugar and spice, And everything nice, And then you'll have beautiful Thanksgiving pies.

He stuck the sign up over the jars and waited.

A man came along and read the verses, and smacked his lips. "That sounds good, anyway," he said. "Give me enough for six pies."

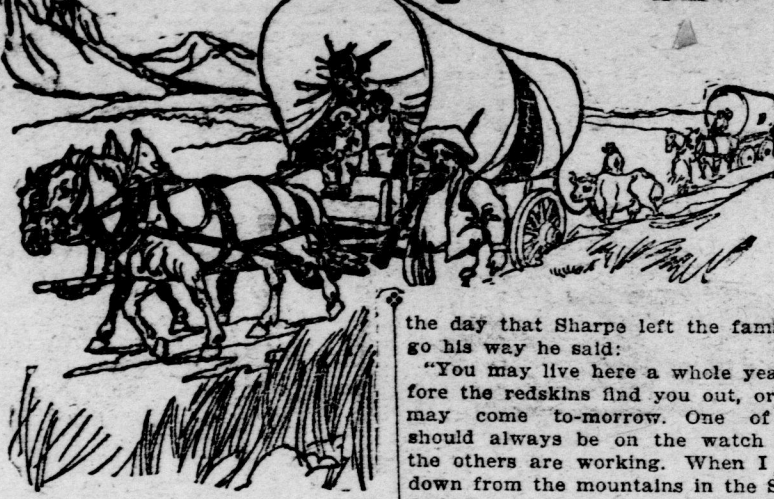
"Will they be like the ones my mother used to make?" he asked Mary, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Yes, I think they will," she answered gravely, as she ladled the pumpkin into little wooden plates and covered it with waxed paper.

Customers came then, and when they had read the sign they laughed and smacked their lips. Mary's cheeks grew redder and redder and Pat's eyes grew brighter and brighter as the little money box was filled with nickels and ten-cent pieces.

"There," said Mary, as she scraped the jar for the last bit of pumpkin to sell to a prim old lady for one

The White Horse Mine or the Pluck and Luck of the Pioneer Boys



CHAPTER V.

S HARPE told his people that while the Winters of Colorado were severe on the highlands, there were numerous valleys where the temperature did not get down much below the freezing point. The soil was extremely fertile and would grow anything, streams of water were to be met with every mile or two, and if they could manage to live through the first Winter they might be certain of large crops the following year.

The first move would be the erection of houses, and in this they must assist each other. As for the Indians, they must be watched for constantly, but it was likely that another party of pioneers would be along the next year. Three days later when the caravan had moved into Colorado about forty miles, five families decided to settle in a valley that promised to make them good homes. There was water and timber at hand and the party camped for two days to give the settlers a lift with their improvements. Twenty miles further on all the remaining families decided to settle in another valley—all but the Chudleigh family. Mr. Chudleigh had determined to press on nearer to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. He would pass one Winter in Colorado, and if he did not find the country to his liking he would press on towards California in the Spring.

Sharpe was a hunter and trapper by avocation. He would go on with the Chudleigh family and pass the Winter in the mountains collecting furs. It was a week before they were near enough to the mountains to satisfy Mr. Chudleigh.

The giant hills did not seem to be more than fifteen miles away, but as a matter of fact they were fully fifty. In a little valley that would be sheltered from the bleak winds of Winter, with water, fuel and grass in abundance, the big wagon was at last halted for good and the long journey was at last ended.

It was late in the year for planting, but some potatoes and corn were got into the ground at once. Then they turned to house building. As the timber was so handy, a log house was run up and covered with a sod roof within three days.

It contained only one large room and no floor nor glass windows, but it was better than some of the pioneer houses of those days. It would shelter them from the weather, and in case of an attack from the Indians they would hope to be able to defend it.

A shelter of brush was constructed for the horses, some of hay made for the Winter, and it may be said here in advance that before any frost came to that sunny valley the potatoes and corn ripened to help the family through the Winter.

There were great quantities of wild plums along the streams, and these were gathered by the bushel, as well as wild grapes, and stored away as provisions.

Not an Indian had been seen, and on



A log house was run up

pie, "there, that's all. How much money have we, Pat?"

Pat counted it. "Enough for the turkey," he said, "and all the fixings, and twenty-five cents over."

"What shall we do with the twenty-five cents?" Mary asked.

"Buy candy for the kids," said Pat joyfully; then they took hold of hands and ran to the butcher's stall and bought their turkey, a big fat one, with his legs and wings tucked in snugly, and they packed him in the

the day that Sharpe left the family to go his way he said:

"You may live here a whole year before the redskins find you out, or they may come 'to-morrow. One of you should always be on the watch while the others are working. When I come down from the mountains in the Spring I shall come this way and hope to find you all alive and in good health."

I have carried my readers along for a month and you have heard nothing about the "White Horse" mine, but you shall now. One of the horses in Mr. Chudleigh's team was a pure white. Few men like a work-horse of that color, as he is so hard to keep clean, and it is said that they tire sooner than a horse of any other color. In this case it was not so. "Ned," as the white horse was named, had done his full share of hauling and pulling on the long journey, and was ready for more work at the end of it.

Ponies and horses were hobbled out every night in the valley, and were sure to be found all right next morning. About the middle of September, however, the boys awoke one morning to find the white horse missing. He had broken his hobbles, and after being free the wolves had probably frightened him away.

There was no worry over his absence. If he did not return by noon the boys would mount their ponies and go in search. His tracks leading out of the valley were found, but it was not believed that he had gone far.

When noon came without the white horse having returned Joe and Sam set out to look for him. He had gone off on the gallop, and that showed that at least one wolf was after him. He had held a straight course for two miles, and then had turned for the mountains.

He was followed for seven or eight miles, and then the ground became rough and stony and all further traces were lost. The boys returned home to ask the father what should be done, and he replied:

"If Ned has escaped the wolves he will naturally come back here to the other horses. If he has been pulled down and devoured of course we shall never see him again. His loss just now, when we need the team so much, will be a calamity. We will wait until to-morrow morning to see if he does not return."

Another morning arrived but no white horse. Mr. Chudleigh felt sure that the wolves had got him, but Joe was not so sure of this.

"Old Ned may have got lost," he replied. "I know that a horse can find his way better than a man, but in this strange country, with so many hills and ravines, it would not be so queer if a horse got turned around. Again, we know that there are quicksands along many of the streams, and he may have got caught in one. I think that if Sam and I were to ride towards the mountains for ten miles or so, keeping our eyes open as we go, that we should find some trace of Ned. If he is alive and free of course we shall bring him back. If he is dead then we will know that we need hunt for him no more."

The father gave his consent for them to go, each one taking his rifle, and in the next chapter you will learn of the adventures that befell them.

(To be continued.)

Edmund and His Cow

By Doris Webb

EDMUND had a cow. First it was a calf. Most cows are calves first. When this cow was a calf it was very nice, but when it got to be a cow it was not. It was always hungry. It ate all the grass in Edmund's father's meadow and then it climbed the trees and ate off all the leaves. Then it jumped over the fence into the garden and in about five minutes it had eaten up every vegetable and plant. Then Edmund's father was grieved. He told Edmund to take his cow to the barn and shut it up. Edmund didn't see why. As long as the cow had eaten everything there was to be eaten they might as well have left it in the garden. However, he did as his father said. When he came back to the house his father and mother and sisters and brothers were looking very sad.

"Edmund," said his father, "I am sorry, but we can't have any Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow. We have



It climbed the trees.

nothing left but three pumpkin seeds." Edmund felt very badly, but he tried to be cheerful and said: "Please give me the pumpkin seeds." So his father gave them to him and Edmund planted them in the front garden. Then he went off to school and the rest of the family went indoors.

After school, when Edmund came home, he couldn't see his house at all.



Edmund was surprised.

In its place was a great waving mound of green leaves, loaded with pumpkins. Edmund was surprised. He didn't know what had happened. Suddenly an idea came to him. "I remember!" he said. "I planted three pumpkin seeds. They have come up and the vines have covered the house. It must be very unpleasant for my family inside." He went nearer the vines. "Hello!" he called. "Hello!" answered a muffled voice from within. "Is that you Edmund?"

"Yes," said Edmund. "Come out, father."

"Can't," said his father. "We can't get the door open, and even if we could we could never get through that forest of green."

Then Edmund tried to pick off the leaves, but they grew so fast he soon gave it up. Of course it would have been more polite to say "Your dinner is served," but the cow didn't mind. It was too pleased. It began eating the vines and leaves, but not the pumpkins, because they were not so tender. In about five minutes it had eaten up every bit of the vine and thirty-seven huge pumpkins were scattered around the garden. Edmund's father opened the

THE MOON-MAN'S SON

By H. IRVING KING



They climbed up to the house of the Man-in-the-Moon.

THERE came down to the Nass River from the town of Gunwa four slaves to gather firewood. There they were set upon by the people of Quando, their wood taken from them, and they were beaten and sent home. Thus began the quarrel between the towns, and in the war which followed the people of Gunwa, and such of the inhabitants as were not killed fled to the forest.

Among these were the widow of a former chief, and her daughter, whom they used to call the Princess of Gunwa. Far in the depths of the woods the two built for themselves a hut of cedar bark and lived in great hardship, supporting life on berries and small animals that they could catch in snares.

The daughter was as fair as the morning and as good as she was fair, and pretty soon the people who live in the forest began coming to the widow's cabin and asking if they could be of any assistance to her. They were magic people, the chiefs of the different sorts of birds and animals which lived in the woods, and some of the time they were like men—like Raven-boy.

The first to call was a youth short and stout, who came running in with a peculiar waddling gait.

"Hoh!" he cried to the mother, "I will be your champion and I will marry you on the town of Quando. Let me marry your daughter, the Princess of Gunwa."

"What will you do after you have married my daughter?" asked the mother.

"I will go to Quando, to one end of the town, and I will eat up all the people as I go through to the other end. I will eat them all up," and his little, beady eyes shone like coals of fire.

"Go away!" cried the mother. "I will not have you for a son-in-law." That was Grizzly-bear-boy.

The next day came a youth with crooked legs and said very politely: "Madam, I would like to marry your daughter, the Princess of Gunwa that

once was, and I will avenge you on the town of Quando."

"What will you do?" again asked the widow.

"I will tip the town over by digging under it with my teeth," he replied and smiled, showing a set of such large, sharp teeth that it scared the two women.

"Go away!" said the mother. "I will not have you for a son-in-law." That was Beaver-boy.

The following day came walking gracefully a tall, slim youth, with beautiful dark eyes, who said the same as the other suitors had, and, to tell the truth, he was such a good-mannered young man that both the mother and daughter rather liked him. But the mother asked: "What will you do when you have married my daughter?" and he replied: "I will run into the water at the end of the town of Quando and the people will all come out to catch me. Then some of them will get me into a canoe and they will begin quarrelling and fighting about me, and the townspeople will kill each other."

"Go away!" cried the widow again. "I will not have you for a son-in-law." That was Deer-boy.

The fourth day there came to the door of the hut of cedar-bark a tall, handsome youth, with a round and smiling face. He had a bow for a staff. Feathers were around it in one place. He held arrows in his hand and he had a quiver full of arrows slung at his back. He had on dancing leggings and wore a gable-crowned hat.

He did not say a word. Then spoke up the widow and asked "What are you going to do if you marry my daughter?"

"For reply the youth took a heavy step with his right foot. The earth cracked. "Stop! Stop, great chief. You are the one!" cried the mother. But the daughter said: "First he must win me by showing what he can do."



Ah! There remarked The Englishman. Kindly parse the Ammer. Alas! alas! Cried little Jane. I never studied Grammer!

a deer; and so for a week he kept bringing them food of all sorts.

Then he said: "Oh, Princess of the town of Gunwa! I am the son of the Man-in-the-Moon. If you will marry me I will rebuild the town of Gunwa, and there shall be peace between it and the town of Quando."

So the maiden joyfully accepted, and the three—the youth and the princess and the old mother—started to visit the Man-in-the-Moon.

They journeyed long, and they journeyed far, but the young man was strong and helped them over the rough places easily, until they came to a very high mountain and climbed it. There they found a ladder of moonbeams and climbed up it to the house of the Man-in-the-Moon.

When the Man-in-the-Moon had heard the story of his son's adventures he received the visitors kindly, and agreed that Gunwa should be restored.

That night he let down a house, all ready built. As the house struck the ground there was a sound of rattling boards, and the people over in Quando heard it, and said: "Ghosts are building houses in Gunwa."

The next morning they saw a house standing there. They went over to it and found no human being.

"This is magic," they said; "let us keep away from Gunwa."

So every night the Man-in-the-Moon let down a house until there was a whole town standing there—a new town of Gunwa.

Then the mother and the daughter and the son-in-law went back to earth again to the house which had been built in the forest, and the son-in-law called Grizzly-bear-boy and Beaver-boy and Deer-boy and sent them all through the forests to call together the people of Gunwa who had been dispersed, and tell them to come back to their homes again. So Gunwa was again inhabited, and the Son-in-law was chief of the people.

He made a treaty with the people of Quando that there should be forever peace between the two towns, and that peace endures to this day. And to this day the chief of the place is a descendant of the beautiful princess who fled to the woods and of the son of the Man-in-the-Moon.

A PATENT TIRE.



Mr. Bugg got very rich And bought an auto car. He found it real convenient When he wished to travel far.

He had a lot of trouble With punctured tires at first. But now he's found a tire That never gets less burst.

He takes the tire off and puts The earth worm in its place, And gulches it with a wink he's off At a terrific pace.