

THE RED ARROW

By Elmer
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"Go. I will wait," replied White Otter.

Sun Bird reached the timber in safety, and spent some time listening to the sounds from the camp. The monotonous throbbing of the war drums and the confused clamor of the dancers came to him with amazing distinctness. He waited until there was a momentary lull and then he sent his message through the night. Three times he raised the signal. Then he listened for some sound which would tell him that his brother was still alive. But as the time passed and he heard nothing which he could interpret as a reply he began to lose hope. When three-fourths of the night had gone he left the grove and made his way across the plain with a heavy heart.

The Pawnees were still beating their war drums, and it was evident that the celebration would continue until daylight. Sun Bird would have given much for a peep into the camp, but he overcame the temptation and continued resolutely on his way, for he had promised White Otter to take no unnecessary risks.

As he neared the spot where he had left his friend, Sun Bird stopped and imitated the quick, sharp bark of the little gray fox. Almost instantly he received an answer from the base of the ridge, and he knew that all was well. A few moments later he found White Otter awaiting him at the edge of the plain.

"I will ask you what is in your heart," said White Otter when they had entered the timber and seated themselves beside the little spring.

"I will tell you about it," replied Sun Bird. "Like before, I went near the Pawnee camp. I sang the song of the great night-bird with the yellow eyes. Then I listened a long time. I heard the Pawnees beating their wardrums and making a noise; I heard the wind moving in the trees; I heard the little night-people running through the grass. But I did not listen to those things. No, I was thinking, 'Pretty soon I will hear something better—Little Raven will send me a sign.' I waited a very long time. Then I felt sad. I was thinking, 'Perhaps my brother has gone on the Long Trail.' I prayed to the Great Mystery to tell me this thing. Then I listened. But I heard only the things which I have told you about. Then I came here. I do not know this thing; it is bad. My heart is filled with clouds."

"I have listened to your words. We will wait here another sun. Perhaps we will see a sign. If we do not see anything, then we must creep to the edge of the camp. Perhaps we will see Little Raven. If we do not find him, then we will run off two good ponies. Then I will go into the camp and look for the Red Arrow," White Otter declared.

"You are a brave warrior; we will do as you say," agreed Sun Bird.

CHAPTER XV The Captive

For a long time after Little Raven was brought into the Pawnee camp his lot was a hard one. The Pawnee's bitter hatred of the Sioux made him a tempting target for all manner of abuse and insults. He was compelled to do much of the camp drudgery, and was imposed upon and harassed by young and old alike. In fact, his life was made so miserable that he believed his captors intended to eventually kill him. Still, he realized that to resist would only hasten his fate. The one hope which he never abandoned was that some day his people would come to his assistance. With this thought to sustain him, he bore his trials with a calm indifference which finally earned the respect, if not the good-will, of his enemies.

Then he found an opportunity to gain the favor of the great war-chief, Two Moons. Straight Feather, the chief's son, a lad about the age of the young Sioux, was seized with cramps while swimming in the river which flowed past the camp. At the time Little Raven was collecting firewood along the shore. When he heard the piercing cries from the river

and saw the Pawnee lad raise his hands and sink from sight, the Sioux plunged into the water and swam to his assistance. Reaching the spot where Straight Feather had disappeared, Little Raven dove and brought the unconscious lad to the shore, where he was speedily revived by his people.

Two Moons was sincerely grateful for this act of generous heroism, and from that time Little Raven's lot was more endurable. He and Straight Feather became friends, and they spent much time sitting together, conversing in the sign language. As their friendship strengthened, however, it became necessary to find an easier means of expressing their ideas, and it was not long, therefore, before each learned the dialect of the other.

"It is good; now I can tell you what is in my heart," Straight Feather said, in Sioux, when they felt that their education was complete.

"Your words are like the songs of the birds to my ears," Little Raven replied, in the Pawnee tongue.

"Then I will tell you something. You are a Sioux. Your people are my enemies. My people are your enemies. There will be much fighting. When I become a warrior I shall probably kill many Sioux. But you have saved my life, and my heart is friendly toward you. Whatever happens, I will never kill you. I have said it."

"I have listened to your talk. You have spoken like a good friend and a brave warrior. When you fight with the Sioux you will prob-

ably be killed. But I will tell you what is in my heart. Whatever comes, I will never try to kill you," replied Little Raven, as he offered his hand.

As the months went by the Sioux lad was gradually taken into comradeship by the young Pawnees, and it was not long before he became prominent in their sports and pastimes. His prowess with the bow and his superb horsemanship soon gained the admiration of the older Pawnees, and they looked upon him as one destined to become a great warrior. They were careful to afford him no opportunity to escape, however, and as he had been warned not to go beyond bowshot of the village he was debarred from the hunting parties organized by his companions.

(To be Continued)

Makes Long Swim

Last Sunday a girl made a record in long distance swimming that is said to be the greatest ever performed. Ida Eliowski swam around Manhattan Island, a distance of about forty miles, in 11 hours and 35 minutes. She was accompanied by her brother, Henry Eliowski, but he came in so far behind her that she had to wait for him. A boat load of reporters went along to make an accurate account, and many people were very interested.

Two Pests

There is a gink that I despise,
For in the morning when I snore,
At 5 A. M. he doth arise
And gaily trundles his lawn mow'r
And then there is another pest,
With me I think you will agree;
'Tis he who breaks your morning rest
With his gay whistling in high G.
J. W. M.

Likes to Ride Pony



MISS MURIEL VANDERBILT. (CITY-CLIP SERVICE)

Miss Muriel Vanderbilt and her mother have been attending the Western Polo Tournament at Del Monte, Cal. The photograph shows Miss Muriel in cowboy "chaps" riding one of the ponies entered in the contest.

The Sandman Story for Tonight

THE WIDOW'S SON

It was terribly hot. Little Hassan sat in his chair under his banyan tree and watched his mother washing clothes in the stream. Across the hill rose the great white Court of Justice, its wide porch upheld by ten beautiful pillars. All about it was a lovely lawn and playing fountains.

Hassan in his hut was a sad object. He was thin from a long sickness which had taken all the money the widow earned. Their daily fare was a few spoons of rice and a cup of milk. But up the white road was the castle of the lord who owned the land. "I must hasten to wash the linen by noon," said the mother, as she carried the heavy basket out of the door, "the lord wants his clothing for a feast tonight and I need the money for our supper." So she gave Hassan a bowl of rice and milk, then took her way to the creek, where she stood for hours in the hot sun beating the linen to snowy whiteness. Then as the shadows crept from the west, she brought the work home.

The boy was weak, but with the aid of a small wagon he pulled the bundle to the back yard of the great lord's castle and delivered it to a maid. Then with three silver coins he hastened home to his weary mother.

About 9 that night there came a knocking at the door and two policemen entered. "We have come to arrest you for the theft of the lord's linen," they said as they dragged the poor woman to the jail. In vain she protested her innocence—they locked her up and left poor Hassan at home alone in tears.

The next morning the mother was brought into court, where the lord told in a loud voice that he had given her his finest linen to wash and she had stolen half of it, that while two dozen pieces had been given her, she returned only twelve.

The widow stated with tears in her eyes that she had given the maid all the linen intrusted to her care.

"That is absurd," thundered the lord. "She is a thief and a liar. I want back my linen and she must stay in prison till the goods are returned."

"I did not take the linen," protested the woman to the judge. "Will you not believe the word of one who has always been known as an honest woman?"

"Honest?" laughed the lord. "Why I am sure this woman cannot tell anything right. Let her state to us here how many pillars there are on the porch of this court."

Of course the woman, who had never counted the pillars, did not know the number.

"There now," exclaimed the lord triumphantly. "You see what a stupid thing she is—though she has lived opposite this court for years, she does not know the number of pillars, so why should she know how many pieces of linen she returned?"

At this the judge said the lord was right and that the woman must go to prison for a year. Up sprang Little Hassan, and, walking bravely before the judge, he said:

"If you are going to condemn my mother for not knowing the number of pillars, will you please tell me how many steps there are on the porch, steps up which you walk every day?"

The judge turned red and hung his head, for he could not reply.

"Well," continued Hassan, "You are unfair to punish her on grounds which you fall on yourself. My mother is an honest woman, as all neighbors will testify."

At this the judge rose and said that he would let the woman go free as no theft had been proven against her, but hardly had he ceased speaking when a servant ran into the court.

"The linen has been found, my lord," he exclaimed, "part of it had fallen into a box under the shelf."

"If that is so, exclaimed the judge, 'I rule that this lord, who has caused so much trouble must pay to the widow and her wise son ten pieces of gold at once.'"

So with this money the happy mother and boy returned home to enjoy a good meal and live in comfort. Hassan got strong, and in his

manhood he became a judge himself and was always careful not to judge hastily by appearances, for he remembered how unjust had been the decision in regard to his mother and the pillars.

Economy Scouts Ready to Drill

Economy has been put on the map in the Boy Scout world by the new troop which has formed there in the last few weeks. The boys boast that they are going to have not only the best troop in the County, but also in the whole state, and with P. O. Beckman for Scoutmaster, and W. B. Brumfield, the school superintendent and principal, as Assistant Scoutmaster, the boys promise to make all other Wayne County Scouts beware.

As soon as they get well started in scout craft, they are planning to take up portable field wireless, wall scaling and bridge building. All the boys are very enthusiastic and seem to show the real scout spirit in everything.

The Economy girls are also anxious to show their merit as well as the boys, and a meeting to organize Camp Fire Girls is arranged to be held the first of the week. If the girls prove as enthusiastic as the boys the rest of Wayne county will have to take off their hats to that little town.



BARN SWALLOW (Hirundo erythrogastra)

Few barn swallows are left now, for the cold nights have killed most all the insects which they live off of and they have had to go



south for the winter. But once in a while you still see one or two, swiftly darting through the sky, wheeling and circling above the barn which is their home.

There are several kinds of swallows that look almost exactly alike, but the barn swallows have a very forked tail which shows plainly as they fly. They are beautiful little birds, and if you ever have a chance to see them closely, as they perch for a moment on a low wire, make the most of it. Their back is a rich dark blue, while the breast is rose color, shading out to grey. And their feet are so small you can scarcely see them, for swallows fly all the time so now their feet are too weak to walk on, and they only use them when they perch on a wire or limb.

A swallow's nest is a mud basket which the bird sticks onto the side of a barn rafter. But since now days we do not have many mud holes left, so that the swallows can find material for their nests, and since the barns are made so tightly that the birds cannot get into them, the poor barn swallows are growing more and more scarce, just because they can find no place to make their homes.