

# NED THE INDIAN



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## Ned, the Indian

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“**H**URRAH!” cried Ned, “A real Indian suit!” His eyes almost popped out of his head when he discovered under some papers in the same box an Indian tepee or wigwam.

Ned had wanted an Indian outfit for a long while because he had never been exactly satisfied with the suits he and Harry, his playmate, were able to make up from the old clothes in the attic that his mother had given him, so now on

this, his tenth birthday, no better gift could have been chosen than this gorgeous array that was to change him into a warrior, true and bold.

In far less time than it took him to get ready for school in the mornings, Ned put on the Indian suit and grabbing the tepee and new gun, off he rushed to settle camp.

He had just dashed through the doorway when another great surprise made him come to a sudden halt. There, as true as you live, running at full speed up the



garden path, flourishing a tomahawk and yelling at the top of his voice was another Indian. Seeing another Indian on the porch steps so unexpectedly he too stopped, but as soon as each had discovered that the other was friendly and not on the war-path, as at first was naturally supposed, Ned realized that through some kind fate Harry also was the proud owner of a new Indian suit.

With grunts of satisfaction exchanged they set off together to find





a good place for their camp and lost no time in putting up the tepee. Ned got an old kettle and hung it on a bough over the spot chosen for the camp-fire and as soon as this splendid camp was settled, a grand council was held.

Squatting beside the tepee they decided that hereafter Ned was to be chief, known always as Red Hawk, and Harry, because he was able to give such wonderful screeching war-whoops, took the name White Owl.

"Hugh!" grunted Red Hawk, the chief, "time to go on hunt."

"Hugh," returned White Owl, "me a great warrior and hunter. White Owl can kill."

"Now see here, Harry," cried Ned,

back to plain boys again, "you can't talk like that. Indians don't ever do that way. The chief always tells first about his skill, then the Indian braves are allowed to tell about theirs. You've got to keep still till I tell what I can do."

"All right, heap big chief, have your say," said Harry, "but let's get busy and hunt, anyway."

Ned agreed. "But first," added Harry, "let's smoke the peace-pipe."

"Can't," said Ned decisively, bringing



his fist down on his knee. "Wouldn't be real. Indian boys never, never smoked. I've read piles of things about Indians and they all tell how every kid Indian is made to do everything that'll help him grow into a big, strong warrior and they knew that smoking would stunt them so they never did it till they got full grown."

"Well," said Harry, good naturedly, "let's go hunting without the smoke."

Away they started, creeping in true Indian fashion through the tall grass up to the woods on the hill. There, having gained the shelter of the trees, they slyly and lightly stepped from tree to tree looking in all directions for game. Suddenly Red Hawk stopped and putting his fingers to his lips motioned to White Owl

to look toward an open spot just ahead. There, perched on top of a big rock, quite unaware of the presence of the dangerous hunters, was a little squirrel nibbling away at an old nut he had found hidden in one of the cracks of the rock.

Red Hawk raised his air-gun to fire and White Owl aimed with his arrow, but little Bushy Squirrel was too alert for them and in a twinkling had jumped off the rock and scurried into the thicket.

The hunters looked in vain for another chance to try their skill but soon decided that, either there

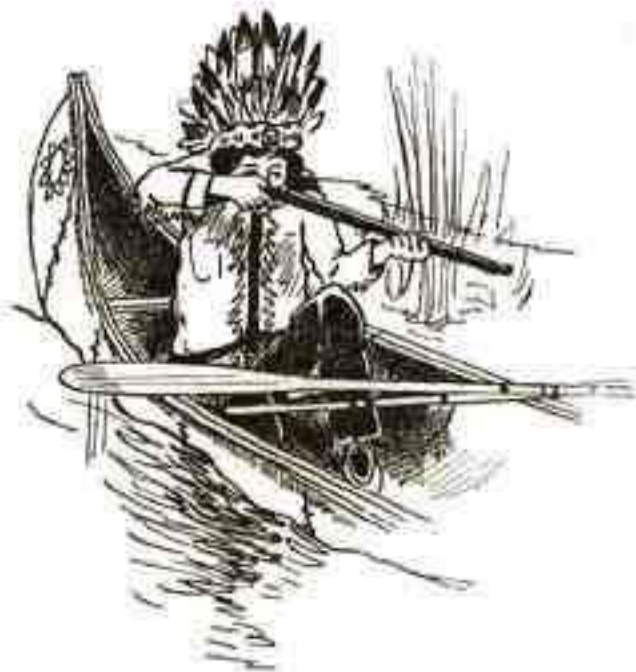


were no more wild things in the woods, or that the rascal squirrel had sent word broadcast for all his relatives and friends to stay under cover, so they made for camp, scouting on the way, determined to avenge their disappointment on the war-path.

“Whoop, whoop!” cried Red Hawk. “Who-oo-oo who-oo-oo!” screeched White Owl, as they fiercely danced the war-dance around the camp-fire.

Meanwhile, attracted by the savage noise, Jack Gardner, who had been playing Indian over at his house, was creeping stealthily toward the camp and with a vigorous yell surprised the unsuspecting White Owl and his chief. A lively skirmish followed, but two against one proved

too much and Jack had to surrender and become a prisoner though he was straight-way set at liberty upon his promise to join Red Hawk's tribe.



“Now,” cried the three savages, “let’s off on the trail.”

“If you’ll let me,” said Jack, now called

Wild Bear, "I can lead you to a settlement that we can attack and capture some real prisoners."

"Fine," cried the other braves, all ready to follow.

Crouching low, Wild Bear led the way through the thicket to the back of the Gardner house. Red Hawk crept along on his hands and knees, holding his head close to the ground so that he could surely discover, by sight or smell, the desired trail, but it was Wild Bear who brought the Indians to a halt and with an expressive grunt pointed through the trees to a small play-house on the Gardner lawn beyond.

At first Red Hawk and White Owl did not see much to interest them, but

when Wild Bear whispered, "Heap big squaw Betty and Ruth play papoose-dolls," they beamed excitedly and planned their fierce attack.

Slowly and stealthily, scarcely cracking a twig, the three warriors bold crept up behind the play-house where, all unsuspecting, Ruth and Betty were playing house.



Suddenly, with war-whoops and savage yells the three Indians bounded upon the little mothers, flourishing tomahawks and awful arrows fiercely enough to frighten men-folks. Betty tried with all her might and



main to close the door but Red Hawk forced her back and after a brave attempt at defending their house and babies the two girls had to give up and be captives.

“Umph,” granted White Owl, “what we do with white squaws?”

“Take back to camp to work for us,” commanded the chief.

So it was agreed, but the squaws were none too submissive. Ruth was finally put in a wheelbarrow in charge of White Owl who had to wheel her to camp because she simply refused to walk, and Betty, held firmly between Wild Bear and Red Hawk, found resistance useless and had to move calmly along on her own feet.

When at last they reached camp, a great

surprise awaited them. Ned's mother had suspected, strange as it may seem, that Indians get hungry once in a while and had slipped into camp while the warriors



were away and left a tempting-looking basket, big and full.

Red Hawk lost no time in inspecting

it. "Hurrah," he cried as he peered under the cover, "a lunch!"

All crowded about him and his prize, and in the excitement the captives were forgotten. But strange as it may seem, neither of the squaws ran away, but instead at once became busy preparing the feast.

Soon it was ready and a merry lot of Indians it was that were on the war-path to attack the generous piles of delicious sandwiches and many other goodies.

The End.



