THE A.L
RIGHT STORY READERS

1345



THE WONDERFUL WHITE BOY

A. WOODWARD

No. 412

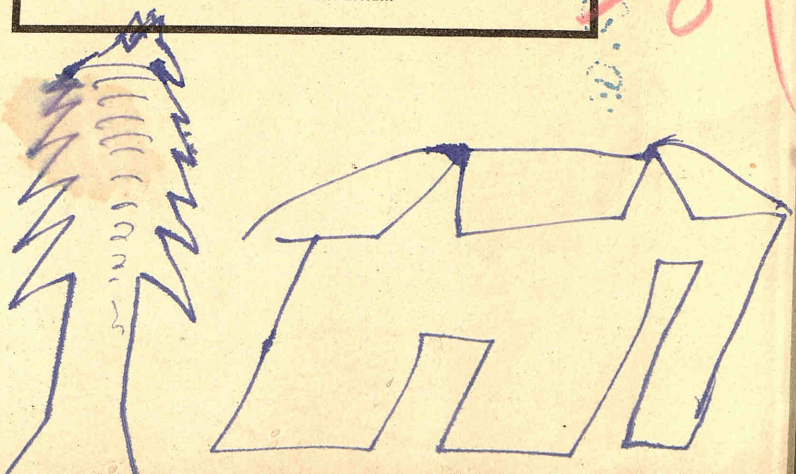
Grade 1

BOOKS IN THIS SERIES

Grade				
P	for ages	5 to 7	32	books
1	,,	6 to 8	67	,,
2	,,	7 to 9	69	,,
3	,,	8 to 10	70	,,
4	,,	9 to 11	40	,,
5	,,	10 to 12	37	,,
6	,,	11 to 14	34	,,
S	for Seniors		27	,,

Additions to the various Grades in preparation

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NIRUL ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
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THE WONDERFUL WHITE BOY

JOHN FREEMAN danced with delight. He felt he was the happiest boy in the whole world. It was his sixth birthday, and by his bedside, piled up on a chair, were all the presents he wanted. While still in his blue and white striped pyjamas, he sat on the floor and examined each gift in turn.

The present that interested him most was a toy electric launch. It looked so workmanlike and strong that John wanted, more than anything else, to take it to the seaside with him, when the holidays began the next day.

He peeped inside the little cabin, and saw the many different knobs and buttons, all shining brightly, that had to be pressed, or turned, to make the boat skim over the water.

He rubbed his fingers lovingly along the shining rail which went round the deck to keep the captain and his mate from falling overboard.

He lifted up the captain from the sharp pin that was holding him upright in front of the steering gear, and looked at his ruddy-brown face, no doubt tanned to that colour by the strong sea-winds blowing as the launch cut through the sea.

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Tenderly John laid the boat aside, thinking all the time what a kind father he had, to give him such a wonderful present, and how he must, presently, when he had unwrapped his other gifts, run to his father's room and thank him.

As the boat lay on the woolly mat, John noticed a name on it in clear, printed letters that he could easily read—" Fairy Fleetfoot."

" That must mean something," thought John, who was a great believer in fairies. " I expect it means that it is a fairy boat, and can go quicker than any other boat. I *do* hope so."

The next parcel was a small box, in which was an electric torch. In another box were crayons and pictures to colour. A leather schoolbag was one of the presents that John was not so much interested in; he laid it on the bed, and next opened his mother's present. His little hands trembled with the haste he was making to see what she had given him.

" Mother always knows just what I like," he whispered to himself, as he fumbled with the string. " I wonder what it can be."

At last the parcel was opened, and John beheld a stiff, white, sailor's cap, with a black shining peak to keep the sun from his eyes. She had also

ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL 2402 ERNAKULAM

given him some toy field-glasses, which he was to use when he wanted to see anything a very long way off.

" Now I shall be my own captain," thought John, as he looked at himself, with the smart white cap set on his head, slanting a little over his left eye. " I shall take my boat to the sea, and I shall sail it. What a lovely time I shall have ! "

Then he looked at the spinning top which Mary, his nurse, had given him. It hummed a tune as it whirled round and round, and the faster it spun, the louder the tune became.

One present, the one he had saved until last, was a small book written specially for small boys who want to play at being Indians, or at camping out, or at being wrecked on a desert island. There were coloured pictures of the different clothes that ought to be worn by the players, and as John quickly flipped over the pages, he saw that when boys want to play at sailing boats, they ought to wear a white cap with a shiny black peak.

" That's why Mother got it for me," he cried, delightedly. " I do wish to-morrow was here."

" Time to get up ! " called Mother, as she came into John's bedroom. " Why, you *are* up, my little Birthday Boy. Do you like your presents ? "

John still had his captain's cap on, and his happy face told his mother how much he liked it; and now he gave her a hug and a kiss.

Then John ran to thank his father; and, after that, he ran into the bathroom and had his bath.

He chattered all through breakfast about the things he meant to do, when he got to the seaside; and his parents were not sorry to see him set off to school with his new leather schoolbag slung over his shoulder, just like the big boys.

While John was at school, his mother was very busy packing the trunk with all the clothes that would be needed for their stay at the seaside.

"You will want to take your presents, John," she said, when John's smiling face appeared at the door on his return home. "If you will bring them to me, I will pack them, and they won't be forgotten at the last minute."

"I shall want to take only my electric launch and my cap," replied John, quite seriously. "I shall want to play only with those. I like the spinning top, the crayons and the torch—and the schoolbag—and the book; but they can wait at home until I come back."

John was not looking at his toys at that moment, or he would have seen that they all looked fright-

Date

fully disappointed. Only the boat and the smart cap looked pleased. *They* knew that if only the weather was fine, they would have a very good time at the seaside with their new master.

The train journey was hot and tiring to John, whose only thought was how soon he would be able to sail his boat and wear his captain's cap.

At one of the big stations, John and his father walked up and down the platform to stretch their legs after sitting so long; and as they passed some other little boys, John heard one of them say,

"Look at his lovely boat! Isn't she a beauty? I expect he is going to race her."

John clutched his beautiful white boat closer under his arm, and felt very proud of her. He only wished his mother would have let him travel in the white cap, with its splendid shiny black peak.

As he trotted at his father's side, he was very quiet; for he was thinking deeply, and if his father had not taken hold of his hand, he might have been lost in the crowd.

His face was still serious, and his forehead was puckered, when his mother next spoke to him.

"What's the captain thinking about?" asked Mother, with a merry little laugh to rouse her son from his serious thoughts.

John smiled at his mother. He loved her to call him " captain," as if she meant it.

" I was wondering what that little boy meant when he said he expected I was taking her racing," he said, in a puzzled voice. " *Am* I taking her racing ? Could I race her ? "

John's mother said that she was sure he would be able to, if the sea was smooth. And, for the rest of the journey, John sat thinking the matter out.

" If my boat is going to race," he thought, " there must be some other boat to race with her ; for, of course, I can't race alone. So I shall have to find another little boy with a boat, and then we will try our boats against each other."

John had just decided this point, when the train drew up in the station, and everyone had to get out.

" I can smell the sea," said Mother, as soon as they were out of the station ; and, in a very few minutes, John saw the huge waves come crashing on the beach just in front of them.

" This can't be what Mother called ' smooth ',"
thought John, watching the little pebbles race back to the sea as the waves went backwards. " My beautiful boat would be swamped."

" If the sea is too rough, John," said Father,

seeing his son's disappointed look, "we shall be able to sail the boat in the Round Pool at the end of the promenade."

At that John's face looked happy again.

The next day was hotter, and the sea was so very calm that John could not imagine where the waves had gone to. He hurried his father down to the beach, and together they floated the boat and saw that she was perfectly seaworthy, which is what all sailors do, before they put their boat out to sea.

What a wonderful morning John had! Of course, he was wearing his seaman's cap very proudly, and hoped that all the little boys and girls who were watching him, would know that *he* was really the captain of the boat, instead of the little old captain that was fastened to the deck with a pin.

"Here's another little boy bringing his boat to sail," cried one of the children. "But his is an Indian canoe. Isn't she a beauty?"

John turned round, and saw a little boy of about his own age carrying a long, narrow, brown and red canoe, rather like a racing boat.

There were four seats, and on each seat sat an Indian, with coloured feathers in his black hair. They seemed to have bare backs that shone in the



"'"Let's race them"'—*Page* 9

sun, and bright red, wide trousers, fringed at the sides. In the hands of each was fixed a yellow paddle.

These Indians looked brave and fearless men, and, just for one moment, John wished his boat was an Indian canoe; but when he looked down at his own spotlessly white and gleaming launch, he knew that he had the better of the two.

The little boy, who was called William, looked at John's boat, and said, "Let's race them."

"I should like to," replied John. "How does yours work?"

"You have to wind her up," William informed him, beginning to turn a little fly-screw under the boat. "That makes the men's arms move with the paddles. Are you ready?"

The two crafts were started at the same time, and John's father ran a little way down the beach, and stood still to act as the winning post.

The little crowd of children on the beach came up close to the edge of the water, to see fair play. Sometimes they called out, "Fairy Fleetfoot is winning;" and sometimes, when the Indian canoe seemed to be catching up, they called out her name, which was "Red Chief's Arrow."

It was a very pretty sight. The little Indians paddled with all their might, and their boat darted

through the water at a very fast speed. Fairy Fleetfoot looked neat and trim as she cut along, riding on the top of the water.

The two boats seemed as if they would get to the winning post at the same time, when suddenly the Indian canoe stopped dead. She would not move an inch farther. The little Indians sat with their arms uplifted as if in the middle of a stroke with their paddles, while Fairy Fleetfoot fled past the " winning post," and went on and on.

" Catch her, Father," cried John, fearful that his boat would be gone for ever. " Isn't she wonderful ? See how easily she won ! "

John's father, Mr. Freeman, soon caught hold of the little boat, and gave her back to John, saying it was a pity that she was not big enough for them all to get in, and go for a sail.

By that time, the beach had almost cleared ; but there were still a few families remaining to have their lunch on the rocks, and Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, having found a shady spot, unpacked their basket.

While they were sitting there, an old fisherman came up and invited them to go for a sail with him. He said that he would take them round the bay, and let them have a peep at what was beyond the bay, round the rock.

"*Do* let us go!" pleaded John. "I could take my boat right out into the open sea then, and see how she rode the waves. I think she would, don't you?"

"To be sure, sir," said the fisherman. "Such a bonny little craft would sail any sea. Bring her with you, and we can but see."

That settled the matter.

Mrs. Freeman said she would stay and mind the basket, while John and his father went; for, as she told them, she felt rather tired and hot, and would prefer to stay and rest.

John climbed over the rough sides of the boat, and sat down on an old rug on the floor, promising to keep still.

"After we leave the bay, young gentleman," said the fisherman, "you shall put your boat overboard, and see how she takes to the real sea."

John waited patiently, curled up at the bottom of the boat. The sun was hotter now without the shade of the rocks, and he felt very drowsy.

Then he seemed to hear a commotion going on in the water at the side of the boat. Half asleep, he heard someone say that if Fairy Fleetfoot was really such a good boat, she would come out and race again, here in the open sea.

John felt himself sit up. Was Fairy Fleetfoot being challenged? He leant over the side of the boat, and saw the Indian canoe close alongside. All the Indians were standing up and talking quickly; they looked very cross, and then, on seeing John's head over the side, they called to him, and asked him to bring Fairy Fleetfoot and race again.

"I'd like to," said John, surprised that he could understand what these Red Indians were saying to him, and that they could understand him. "I'll come at once."

John saw that his father was busy talking to the old fisherman, so he caught up his toy launch, and was just going to let her down over the side of the boat, when the captain told him to stop.

"She's *my* boat while I am in charge of her," he said. "And I don't want to race. I've raced those Indians once to-day, and that's quite enough."

John was, of course, very greatly surprised to find that the captain could speak; but since he could, he listened to him, and then argued with him, saying that if the Indians wanted him to race again, he must.

"*You* can, if you like," replied the little captain, and his face seemed to grow redder than ever. "But I won't."

He seemed so determined, that John saw nothing for it but to put on his white cap, which he had taken off when he lay down in the bottom of the boat, and to lower Fairy Fleetfoot.

The captain climbed out of his white launch, and sat on the bottom of the boat where John had been lying, and the boy took his place by the steering gear.

The Indians cheered, when they saw that John was going to steer his own boat.

"He's very brave," said one, who seemed to be the chief. "There are four of us, and he is by himself. Perhaps it won't be fair to race him."

However, the race started, and both boats seemed to fly as if they had wings. It was very windy. The Indians seemed as if they thoroughly enjoyed the breeze, as it laid their feathers back flat against their heads.

On and on they sped. First the one boat got in front, and then, a few seconds after that, the other overtook her. John tried to shout to the chief that they had better return, as his father would be wondering where he was.

The chief laughed to hear this.

Then he said that the race was only a sly trick of his, and that he was really taking John to his

island, where he would be made a chieftain, as he was such a *wonderful white boy*, and had such a wonderful boat, that went flying over the sea without oars or paddles.

"But I can't come," objected John, thinking of his mother waiting for him on the rocks, and his father in the boat.

The Indians got cross again, and said that White Boy *must* come and be their chief.

John tried to steer his launch away from the Indians, but, as quick as lightning, they turned their boat, and followed close at his heels. Whichever way he turned, they turned too, almost at the same time, as if they could tell what he was going to do before he did it.

"It's no use, White Boy," said the chief. "I have chosen you to be chief of my tribe, while I go for a holiday. You are so brave, you race your launch so well, and you know how to rule Red Indians."

John was too much surprised to speak for a few moments; for the only Indians he had ever had anything to do with, were some that he had put away in his toy cupboard, because he was tired of them.

"I have never ruled Indians in my life," he said, speaking very slowly and seriously.



'His mother waiting for him on the rocks'—*Page 14*

"Oh! yes, you have, White Boy," said the chief. "Have you forgotten how those twenty Indian soldiers of yours began quarrelling amongst themselves, and were always wandering about your nursery? Have you forgotten how you gathered them all up in your wonderful white hand, and shut them away in your cupboard, until they could live peaceably together?"

John began, "I remember the soldiers you mean, but——"

"Of course you do," continued the chief, very pleased to hear him admit so much. "Now I want you to come with us to our island to make it all peaceful and quiet again. My people don't want me to leave them, and they will be enraged, no doubt, when they see you in my place."

"Will they want to eat me?" asked John, not feeling quite so brave as the chief evidently thought him to be.

"You will have to use *tact*," answered the chief. "You know what that is. You will have to win them over little by little. Show them a few of your wonderful things. Make them think that *you* are wonderful, and a great deal cleverer than they are, and they will let you live—may even want you to be their chief."

"Have you any wonderful things with you?" asked one of the other Indians, who had been listening.

John thought.

"I have," he said, proudly. "These field-glasses will show you things that you cannot see without them."

"Let *me* see," said the chief.

"Not until we get on land," replied John, in a firm tone.

"Look through them, and tell me if we are near our island," bade one of the Indians, who did not believe what John said about the glasses.

So John put the glasses to his eyes, and looked out over the sea.

"Yes, I can see your island, and I can see all the people in an uproar," he told the Indians, thinking to himself how wonderful it all was, and what an adventure it was going to be.

"Then we must go there at once," said the chief. "Get on at your top speed."

As the boats raced over the two miles to the gleaming white sand of the island, John felt in all his pockets, where, strangely enough, he found all the presents that he had *not* wanted to bring with him. He wondered if his mother had slipped

them in, without letting him know. Anyway, he was very glad to find them there now ; for he could make good use of them.

He was quite sure that Red Indians would never have seen or heard a humming top. And he would be able to draw pictures for them, and colour them with crayons.

As this thought passed through his mind, he felt his little book, and drew it out to read.

All the time the Indians, even while busy with their paddles, were watching John, whom they called White Boy.

" His book of magic ! " whispered the chief to the others. " We could not have chosen a better leader."

The Indian spoke under his breath, but John was now getting so clever that he easily heard and understood what was being said.

As the boats slowed down, and cast anchor in the white sand that John could see plainly through the pale-blue water, the Red Indians rushed into the sea, and carried their chief from his canoe to his fine clay-walled hut. Then they returned to tell White Boy that he must not land on their shores ; for, if he dared to do so, they would kill and eat him.

John pretended that he did not care one bit, even if they did so. He calmly wound his spinning top with a piece of string that he found in one of his pockets and set it spinning on the deck of Fairy Fleetfoot.

As it spun, it began to hum; and the faster it went, of course, the louder it hummed. Many of the braver Indians crept closer to the water's edge to listen, but some of them still stood well back.

The top must have been a fairy top; for it went on spinning and spinning without having to be wound up again, and the humming became louder and louder. Presently John saw the Indians at the back come creeping stealthily nearer and nearer; and those in the very front of the crowd were squirming and shaking, as they do when beginning their native dances.

Suddenly John snatched up the toy, and the music ceased, which made the Indians very angry. Those who had, in their excitement, walked into the water, now made haste to go back.

John watched them, and wondered if they could give him anything to eat, as he was now very hungry.

While he was just making up his mind to ask for something, a great commotion began, for the chief

had left his hut, and no one could find him. Being now without a chief, these Indians were so fierce and angry that they would have quickly caught John and killed him, if he had not told them that he was a magician, and could work wonders.

The red men stopped their uproar for a minute, to see what White Boy could do.

John saw that he must act quickly, so he took his electric torch out of his pocket, and, flashing it on, he let it shine into his mouth. The Indians, on seeing this, thought that he was on fire, and marvelled that he did not call out.

"He's a *Fire Boy*," they cried. "He does not burn."

Then one Indian, bolder than the others, asked John to let him see if he also could light the "fire-stick," as he called it.

Too quickly for the Indians to notice, John slipped the battery out of the torch, and passed the empty case to the man.

"Press the little button," he said, "and if you have any power, the light will come."

The man pressed and pressed; but, of course, nothing happened. He then passed it round the crowd of interested Indians, but not one of them could light the torch.

" Tell White Boy to show us again," said one of the red men ; and so the torch was passed back to John.

He artfully slipped the battery back into its place, and shone the light through the cloth of his jacket pocket. Then, seeing the amazement on the men's faces, he offered to shine it through *their* clothes, assuring them that they would not burn.

" No, no," they cried, running a few steps backwards in case this White Boy should turn the burning rays on them ; for they knew what burns were, and were terribly afraid of the pain.

John next tried something simpler to amuse them and get them into a good temper ; then perhaps, he thought, they would make him their chief and give him some dinner.

He drew the box of crayons from his pocket, and, having torn a sheet of paper from his notebook, drew as well as he could the picture of their canoe, Red Chief's Arrow, and passed it to the eagerly waiting redskins.

" Wonderful ! Wonderful ! " they cried. " The White Boy is truly wonderful ! "

Then the men crowded together, and talked for a few minutes, and John knew that they were deciding whether they would ask him to be their

wonderful chief for a time, while their own chief was away.

They all seemed to agree that it would be a very good thing to choose White Boy for their leader. Who else could be so clever as to hold fire in his mouth, and not be burnt?

Soon all the details were arranged, and John had now to leave Fairy Fleetfoot, and walk up the glistening white sand to the chief's hut.

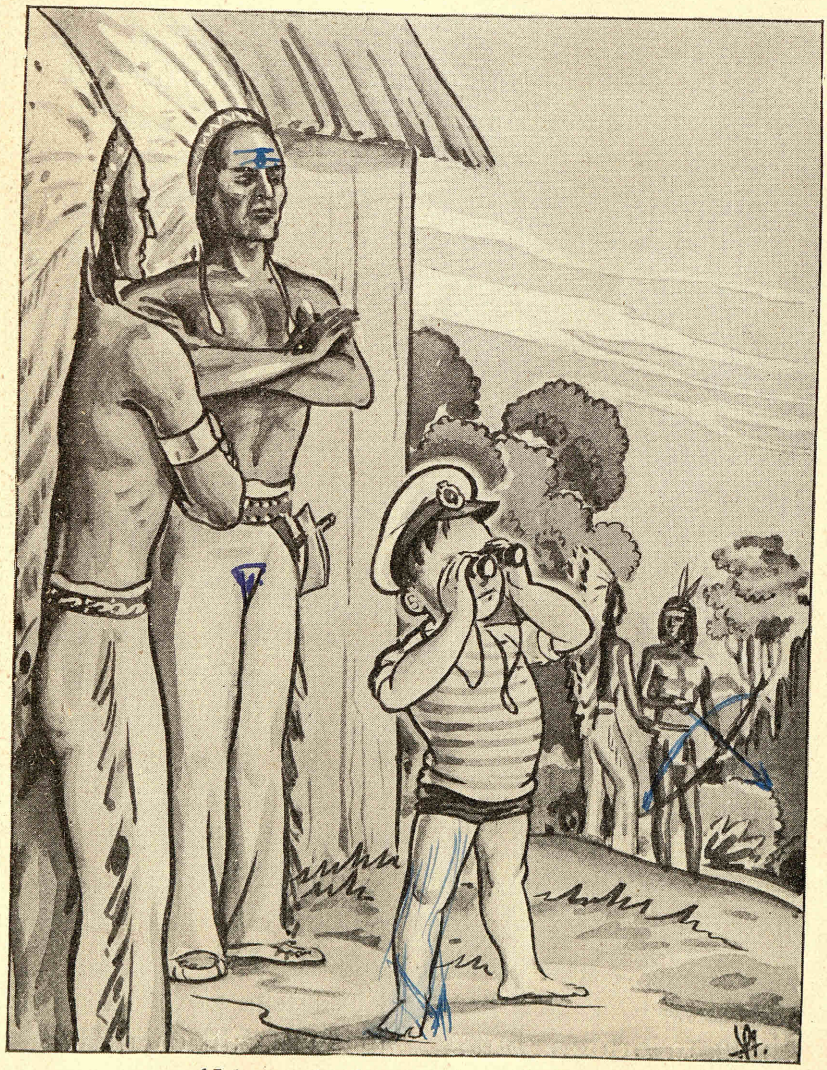
Only once did John wish that he was back again in the boat, and that was when he found himself pushed into the hut, and then he remembered that his father would be still waiting for him to return. He hastened to the door, and pulled the heavy curtain aside.

"I must look back to the place I came from," he said to the Indians who were guarding his hut.

These men bowed low to the ground, and then watched John put the glasses to his eyes.

At first he could see nothing but the heaving sea, and the sea-gulls resting on the waves. Then he turned the screw between the two glasses, and suddenly saw quite plainly the fisherman's boat lazily riding in the sea, and the fisherman rowing and talking to his father.

"As neither Father nor the fisherman seems to



'John put the glasses to his eyes'—*Page 22*

have missed me from their boat, I suppose it's all right, and I shall soon be back."

Then John looked through the glasses again, and this time he saw his mother sitting on the rock where they had left her. She was reading and knitting, and looking quite at her ease.

"That's all right," he said, turning inside with a sigh of relief. "As no one has missed me, I may as well be chief to these Red Indians."

"Bring me something to eat," he called, after clapping his hands to attract attention.

The curtain was lifted, and in walked half a dozen little children about as big as John. Each was carrying a dish, which he set before his chief.

John's eyes shone with pleasure at what looked like good things to eat; but when he lifted the lids from the dishes, he saw that they all held things that he did not like. There was, for instance, a bowl of bread and milk, just like the one he had every morning at home. He pushed it away, and lifted the lid of the next dish. Rice pudding! Ugh, how he hated that, too! The next one held suet pudding. That, too, he disliked!

Then he took a jug, and began to pour out something to drink; but the jug was full of milk, and John never *would* drink milk.

He looked angrily round his hut, to tell the little Indian servers that if they could not give him something nicer to eat, such as lamb chops and jellies, he would not be their chief; but the room was empty.

Feeling very hungry, John tasted the bread and milk, and by degrees finished the bowl.

Just as he was finishing, he heard a voice, very much like his nurse's, say,

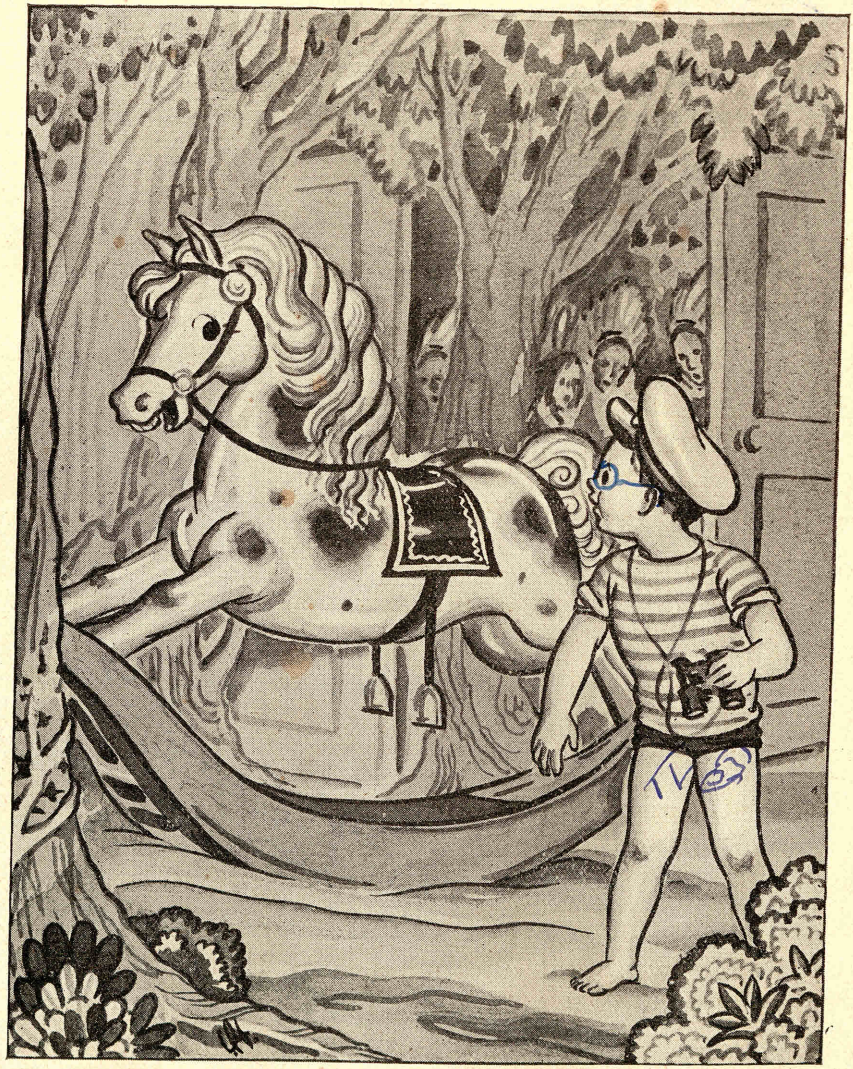
"Bread and milk makes little boys into big strong men."

"I suppose that's why the chief has it for his food," thought John. Then, feeling a little stronger, he went outside the hut and clapped three times to call his men together.

"I think we had better start with a battle," he announced to the astonished men. "Men are always ready to fight, and if we fight at the beginning, the men won't want to fight again."

"But whom are we going to fight?" asked one of the Indians. "We are all friends on this island, and our former chief never wanted us to fight."

"We will find another island then," observed John firmly. "And you must please remember that I am your chief now, at least until your other chief comes back; and so you must do as I tell you."



'A huge black and white horse'—*Page 27*

This is bad book
V. R. Rashmi

The Indians looked at one another, and then went to get their bows and arrows ready for the fight. They were sorry now that they had made White Boy their chief, as he wanted to have battles.

When at last they were ready, all the Indians packed themselves into their canoes, and, John having got into his launch, they set off to find another island, where they could fight.

They had not been on the sea very long, when John saw some land ahead, and all the Indians made for it, hoping that there would not be anyone living there.

When John landed, he trod on something soft and green. Was it grass? Or was it his nursery carpet? He could not be sure. Was he in a room with trees painted on the wall-paper, or were the trees really growing from out of the grass? Why was he here at all?

Oh, yes! He remembered he was an Indian chief, and his men had come with him to fight. Where were his men? Had he lost them? Or had they run away? He must find them.

He looked about him, and saw a huge black and white horse, with a long mane and curly tail. He was standing on rockers. John patted the horse's neck, and stroked the gay red leather saddle. With

that, the horse's eye looked at him as if they were old friends; and John, giving him a last pat, said softly, so that only the old horse could hear,

"I wish I knew you."

The horse pricked his ears and moved his tail, but John had walked away, again looking for his men.

What a strange island he had come to! He could not make it out. Was this huge thing in front of him his nursery cupboard, or was it a rock on some far-away island?

Then he decided that it must be a cupboard, for through a little opening he could see, away in a corner, a group of Red Indian braves and fighting men, all tumbled together.

His heart gave a little thump. He had found his men, and they had better begin to fight at once.

He clapped his hands three times, and the men stood to attention, waiting for his word.

"Why did you hide?" he asked them. "I have been looking for you everywhere."

"No one lives on this island, chief, except a big black and white horse," replied one of the men. "He is such a huge horse that he frightened us. He rolled his great eyes at us, and showed us all his big strong white teeth."

"I have ridden that fierce horse all my life," said John, suddenly remembering what horse it was. "He has never bitten me, or even tried to."

"White Boy is wonderful," exclaimed one of the Indians. "He is quite worthy to be our chief. Let us go back to our own island, and make him a feast."

Everyone agreed to this. Even John thought it was a good idea, and so they all clambered into their boats again, and hurried into the rolling waves.

Immediately on landing the Indians lit a fire, and baked potatoes, just as John liked to do them in his garden bonfire at home. When they were all ready, he heard someone calling him, and he was obliged to leave his feast.

He leapt into his launch, and pressed certain buttons on the switch-board; then the gay little boat made the highest speed she could, just as if she, too, were answering that call of "John, John!"

"What a wonderful adventure I have had!" thought the boy, as he felt his boat glide softly through the deep water, and then stop by the side of the larger boat.

Quickly John jumped over the side and found himself on the old rug once more, looking up into his father's eyes.

" Now, my boy," said his father, " you have slept for quite half an hour. We are on our way back, so if you want to sail your boat, you had better put her overboard now."

John looked at his father as if he did not quite understand.

" Don't say I have been *sleeping !* " he said. " I have been taken to an island where Red Indians lived, and they made me their chief ; but I wondered all the time why they could only think of giving me bread and milk and rice pudding to eat, and just as I was leaving, we had baked some potatoes at their camp fire."

" I suppose the Red Indians in that boy's canoe made you dream of Indians," said Mr. Freeman. " Why, where is the captain of your launch ? "

John looked about, and presently found him on the floor of the boat, and as he stood him upright again, on the pin that held him in place, he thought to himself, " I remember that the captain *did* say he didn't want to race the Indians again."

However, the slight breeze that was meeting them on the return voyage quite woke John up ; and as he was leaning over the side of the boat, he saw the Indian canoe floating in the sea, not very far away from them.

For a moment John thought that the Red Indians had put out to sea to catch him, and take him back to be their chief; but, the next moment, he was asking the fisherman to row to the canoe, so that he could pick her up.

When at last they reached the shore, they found Mrs. Freeman talking in a very friendly way to the little boy who had been playing with the canoe.

As John came up to them, she called out that the little boy had lost his new Indian canoe, which had been taken out to sea on the tide.

" Here she is ! " called out John, waving the long narrow boat. " We caught your Indians making their way to a wonderful island, where there is a cupboard full of toys, and also a huge wooden rocking-horse."

No one quite understood what John was saying, but Mr. Freeman told his wife that John had been dreaming.

" I'm not so sure about that," said John, with a laugh, " because I showed the Indians the torch, and the crayons, and I read the book about camping."

" Let's go home to tea," said Mrs. Freeman. " I'm sure we all want some."

This book is not bad
— N.T.P. Navratil.



QUESTIONS

1.—Describe the birthday present which John liked best of all.

2.—Tell me some of the other presents which John had for his birthday.

3.—What did the little boys at the station say about John's boat?

4.—Say what you can about "Red Chief's Arrow."

5.—Why was John so anxious to go for a sail with the old fisherman?

6.—How was it that John became his own captain in the second race against the Indians?

7.—What reasons did the Indian chief give for wanting to make John the chief of his tribe?

8.—What did John see when he looked through the field-glasses the first time?

9.—Why did the Indians call John a *Fire Boy*?

10.—Tell me some other things which John did that the Indians thought very wonderful.

11.—Why was John very disappointed when he lifted the lids from the dishes which had been set before him?

12.—What made the Indians rather sorry that they had chosen John for their chief?

13.—Why did they set out to look for another island?

14.—Imagine you are one of the Indians and say what you found on the island.

15.—You are told that John "suddenly remembered what horse it was." Where do you think he had seen it before?

16.—When did John see the Indian canoe again?

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