The Naming of Doe-Wah-Jack.

It was the time of Seb-wan, running water. With the first blowing of O-sha-wan-nuz, the south wind, the lodges were moved from the deep of the forest, to the banks of the river.

All the camp rejoiced at the change, for the winter had been long and cold, and the scarcity of game and fish had brought much suffering. No one was happier than the old chief's youngest son, were it not for the illness of his father. Never before could he remember when his father did not go with the hunters. "That was the reason," he thought, there had been so little food, for how could his brothers expect to kill as did their father, Pokaxon, the mighty hunter. His father needed something to give him strength to leave his bed and carry the bow. When the snow had gone he would seek for this medicine, for his father had been kind to him.

It was the old chief who taught him to shape cunningly, pointed hooks of bone and horn, which would hold even the wiliest of fishes; and to make strong fishing lines from the hemp or the inner bark of the basswood. He had shown him how to sharpen the spearhead of flint. Now they were going back to the open water, there would be the chance to use them.

Scarcely were the tepees of the new village in place, when a canoe crackled through the thin ice and a young Indian, a messenger, landed, bringing word that the Wyandots and Ottawas were again upon the warpath, and his village needed help lest the wily Wyandots attack them.

There was no time for delay. In the early morning the warriors and young men departed, leaving the women in camp alone, save the old men and children. The boy wished, as he saw the canoes, he might have been one of the war party and not a lad so young he had but the one name given him, which he dared not utter lest evil befall him. He thought of his father who had been left behind. He felt sorry for him, and again came the desire to help him.

As he drew nearer, the fog was lifting before the morning sun, and he saw the women busy with the camp work. At his father's tepee he saw his mother setting up the totem of their clan, as was customary in times of disturbance. The early sunlight fell upon the emblem of the golden fish, and it glittered in the misty air as though it were alive in a pool of water. The boy watched it with startled gaze for a moment. "It is a sign," he repeated softly, "given me by Gez-ha Me-ne-do! My father must eat of the totem. It is the yellow fish he needs."

Hurrying into the wigwam he sought his cherished spear, fishhooks, and lines; then gliding out, he hurried along the shore until he came to the place where a small stream flowed into the river. The land on either side was low and covered with water for a distance. At one place there was a rise in the ground where an old elm inclined well over the little creek. To reach the fish he had to wade in the water, and it cooled in the misty air as though it were long winter bondage. Once he slipped and would have fallen had he not caught the branch of a nearby osier. "The Ni-ba-na-ba, the water men, would take me to their homes below," he laughed, "but they shall not get me," and swinging himself upon the little island of dry land, he unwound his lines.

Suddenly catching up his spear he leaned face downward over the water. His quick eye had caught the rush of a pickerel, but before his sharp teeth could close upon the little fish it coveted, a quick thrust of the weapon checked its onslaught. "Inyah!" cried the boy, as he drew the fish out of the water, "you are a big one but not the one I want."

When several others had been taken, the lad impatiently laid aside the spear; evidently something was wanting in the pile of fish before him. Fastening one of his hooks to a line, he looked about for a small, flat stone, which he tied with a loop, on his line.

Just then from the tree beside him, came the tap-tap-tap of a woodpecker. "Ah, Mash-ka-sha-kwong," he called, "is it you? Have you come to aid me as my mother said you would a boy who did not shoot the arrow at you? A tiny, bright feather fluttered down as the boy looked up. The bird had landed, a lair in the tree, sprang from its nest, and with a loud "chirp" winging away the bark of a dead limb, laid bare a fat, white grub. Deftly he impaled it upon his hook, throwing the line up the stream. Scarcely had it touched the water, when there was a pull; as he jerked the line quickly back, something swung into the air, gleaming golden for an instant, then with a violent turn, loosed itself and splashed back into the ripples below.

"Ugh!" exclaimed the boy, as he again baited his hook. "I will get you yet." The river's toll was many and various, still he was not satisfied. A sudden thought impelled him to fasten the red feather, from the woodpecker's crest, to the side of his hook. In a moment he brought to the surface another beautifully-spotted, struggling body. Warily now he drew it along the top of the water, steadily, without a jerk, until it came just below the bank: then, with a strong, steady, upward pull, he landed it beside him.

He was chilled and hungry, for it had been long since he had eaten; but now, if he could get back to the camp with his catch, there would be food for all. It was nearly night when he staggered wearily into the tepee, bearing the burden of his efforts. The old chief turned upon his couch as the boy's mother greeted him.

"How, how," cried old Pokagon, his eye brightening, as he looked from the load of fishes to the healing trophy the lad laid before him. "Do-wah ga-yac—many fishes, many fishes—my son shall you be called by your people, but they, who come after, will know you as Doe-wah-jack, he who catches many fishes."
Doe-Wah-Jack—He Who Catches Many Fishes
The Famous, Genuine Round Oak

The best known, the best liked, the most successful heating stove in America.

They do so well because they are made so well.

From Maine to California the Round Oak is known as the stove that fulfilled every promise—satisfied every user—that always made good, giving abundant, steady heat, much or little, as desired, and holding the fire. It is an ornament to any room, and will last a lifetime.

There are imitation Oaks—the genuine bears the name Round Oak on the door and legs.

Burns hard or soft coal, coke or wood.

Cutaway illustration to show hard coal magazine and the famous double clinkerless fire pot

Manufactured by
Estate of P. D. Beckwith, Inc.
Dowagiac, Michigan
Makers of Good Goods Only
The Round Oak Double Burner

A different style of the famous, genuine Round Oak Heating Stove. You may like it better.

Following are some of the features of the Double Burner: Large feed doors in front; square bottom containing galvanized-iron ash pan; beautifully nickel-plated base, rail, wing ornaments, name plate, and top ring, surmounted with bronze urn; double hot-blast, burns the smoke; double fire pot, prevents the formation of clinkers and the outside fire pot from turning red; burns any kind of fuel; holds the fire; handsome, clean-cut, durable, cleanly.

The Round Oak Double Burner will give every user perfect satisfaction. It is positively unequaled in the stove world.

Cutaway illustration to show the double hot blast, giving double efficiency in combustion of soot and gases when burning soft coal

Manufactured by
Estate of P. D. Beckwith, Inc.
Dowagiac, Michigan
Makers of Good Goods Only
Encounter with the Panther.

LATE ONE afternoon, in the moon of falling leaves, Doe-wah-jack was across the river, shooting squirrels along the beech ridges. It was quiet out there, save for the scolding bark of a squirrel, or when an occasional puff of wind sent the beechnuts pattering down a path. Suddenly a peculiar noise caught a peculiar noise, over toward the marsh, where the tamaracks showed a vivid yellow against the blue haze in the distance, a crashing among the dry growth, and the plaintive cry of a rabbit, telling of the pounce of some hungry animal upon its prey.

With bow in hand, the youth crept quietly in that direction, from which there now came a crunching sound. At the top of the ridge he paused and looked cautiously into the hollow beneath. He was startled to see a long, tawny body half crouched on the ground below. Some slight noise caused the great cat to look up toward the watching lad, hidden among the trees. Evidently reassured, it continued its meal, but Doe-wah-jack, slipping noiselessly back down the slope, made his way hastily to the river. The sun had gone down and he knew the early twilight of Ta-gwa-gi, the Autumn, would be quickly followed by night; and armed only with his light bow and arrow, he would be unprepared, in the darkness, for an attack by such a beast.

Hurrying down to the shore, where he had left the canoe, he found it gone. Evidently it had drifted down the stream. As he ran along the shore, searching desperately for it, he gradually became aware of something following him. Although he could not see it, he could hear the swish, swish, of the bushes behind him; looking back he could see the shaking boughs as they sprang to place again.

Making a slight detour to avoid a narrow stretch of low, marshy ground, then, coming again to the river's margin, he could hear something stirring in the tall weeds and rushes just ahead of him, while a flock of wild ducks rose, with frightened cries, from where they had settled down. The sun was setting upon a day of which led down to the river, he began to follow it up to the top of the bank. He had not gone far when he heard a muffled bound behind him as the padded feet of his pursuer struck the ground. Looking closely, he seemed to see in the fast-waning light an object moving in the path below. Shouting loudly, he shook his bow menacingly toward it and then it seemed to stand still, but it was now so dark he could not distinguish objects in the denser shadows at the foot of the hill.

When he reached the top he found himself in an opening among the trees. Here, he decided to make camp for the night while it was still light enough to find the dry twigs to kindle a fire. As he was piling the sticks together, not far away there came a hoarse "hallowoo, hallowoo." Instantly he raised his hand to his mouth to answer the signa', when a cry, weird and startling, followed the call, rising with a wail, until the air rang with an agonized, piercing shriek, like that of a human in mortal agony. At first, Doe-wah-jack thought it must be some woman of the palefaces or a squaw, caught by the thing which had been following him. Again it sounded like the wail of a tortured child dying away in a sobbing moan. For a moment the boy was terrorized, but as the cry changed into a distracting scream of mocking laughter, he knew he had heard it before, and that it was the panther, that had followed him.

The spark from the twigs, rubbed briskly together, caught the dry leaves and branches, and the fire bursting into a flame, the horrible noise ceased. Back in the darkness among the trees, Doe-wah-jack saw the glare of two round, yellowish-green balls of light, which blazed with intensity and followed his every movement. He knew as long as he could keep the fire burning that the creature would not molest him; so, wrapping his blanket about him, he sat down and made a fire. He could hear the panther, on the surrounding hillside, laughing, mocking, and rubbing against the trees. When he was near the top of the hill he could hear a sound like clawing of wood, then a jar upon the branch of an adjacent tree sent down a shower of nuts and leaves. No longer could he see the shine of the panther's eyes, and all was quiet, save the crackling of the fire as fresh wood was tossed upon it.

The boy sat motionless at other times, and though he was watchful, he did not see the creeping form stealthily making its way out upon the limb of the tree nearest to where he sat.

Morning dawned and the lad rose and stretched himself after his long night's vigil. The fire had burned low. In the half light Doe-wah-jack did not discern the great cat watching just above him. As the boy moved about, the panther watched him with blazing eyes, its whole body trembling with eagerness, and its tail twitching expectantly.

At last came the looked-for moment. The lad stepped out a little way to pick up his bow from where he had dropped it the previous night. Quick as a flash was the panther's spring, but the boy, looking up, was as quick to leap aside, and the gray body shot over his head. As it turned to renew the attack, an arrow speeding from a bow drawn taut with desperation, penetrated its eye and entered the brain. Instantly the great muscles relaxed, the fierce head dropped, but the force of the spring had carried the heavy body forward, knocking Doe-wah-jack to the ground, while the great claws convulsively buried themselves in the boy's shoulder.

"Ah, Mon-i-tosh, spirit of evil, I have killed you," he cried as he tore himself away from the panther's hold. Then exultantly he shouted, "Ne-wa-be-na, I am a brave, I am a brave, Ne-wa-be-na."
Doe-Wah-Jack's Aim is True
You owe it to yourself and family to learn the difference between "look good" and "make good" in the range in which your money is to be invested.

You don't buy a range but once or twice in a lifetime. Be sure that your money is being spent for one that will give perfect satisfaction week in, week out for many, many long years.

You will be sure of a perfect baker, a fuel saver, and a lasting, dependable construction if your choice should be a Round Oak Chief.

Correct principles, the best materials, and skilled workmanship, that make Round Oak stoves the most successful ever made, combine to make the Round Oak Chief the "classiest" of family ranges. It is completely satisfying thousands of users all over the country, and it will make good in your home. It stands to-day absolutely incomparable.

There is always one supreme standard of perfection in every field of manufacture. In all America there is only one family cooking range so perfectly constructed, so absolutely faultless in every feature as to be classed as the standard of excellence in its line—and that range is the Round Oak Chief.

The name alone is a guarantee to the prospective purchaser—eliminates uncertainty as to quality and worth, and makes certain an investment that will yield a lifetime of satisfactory service.

The only difference between these two ranges is in the bodies. The body of the range shown in the upper illustration is made of planished iron and inside construction is of boiler iron, while the body of the Iron Chief is entirely of cast iron.

Beautiful books, giving full details and reasons why the Round Oak Steel Chief and the Iron Chief are superior to all other makes, sent free upon request.

The Round Oak Folks make good goods only—no seconds, no thirds.

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Round Oak Base Burner

Gives more heat, size for size, than any other base burner ever made—42 per cent more—almost half.

New patented flue construction means additional heating surface—lots more heat from the same amount of fuel, making the Round Oak Base Burner the greatest heater ever produced—ahead of all the old styles.

You can save money every day you run this, the newest, most beautiful, most up-to-date of all hard coal heaters.

It is but another example of Round Oak materials, construction, and skilled workmanship. It is perfectly proportioned, richly yet tastefully ornamented. The Round Oak Base Burner will give efficient service for a lifetime. Burns stove or chestnut coal successfully.

Just remember, 42% more heat—nearly one half.

Ask for beautiful booklet in colors, giving full information.

The Beckwith Air-Tight

For Wood Only

The same heating and fire-holding qualities which distinguish the genuine Round Oak, are incorporated into this heater. For the fuel specified it is in a class by itself, and will be found efficient, durable, and a powerful heater, with fire under perfect control.

Manufactured by
Estate of P. D. Beckwith, Inc.
Dowagiac, Michigan
Makers of Good Goods Only
The Lynx Kittens.

ONCE UPON a time, as Doe-wah-jack was hunting partridges in the forest, he stopped to rest beside an old pepperidge tree. From inside its hollow trunk came a mewing and scratching. He knew it must be the nest of some forest cat and determined to come again soon and take away the kittens.

A few days later he stood, with folded arms, beside the tepee in the village, watching a group of girls weaving mats of rushes, for the beds of cedar boughs. He was not especially interested in their work, but his eye followed the movements of Singing Bird as she deftly wove the long rush strips in and out, or turned to push the cradle—the tick-e-na-gum of her little sister—swinging upon a branch beside her.

Not far away some of the younger boys were teasing a bear cub—a plaything of the camp—while the other children shouted merrily at its antics.

At sight of the camp pet, a sudden thought came to Doe-wah-jack; turning into the tepee he brought out his blanket, carrying it across his arm, and sprang away into the forest.

As he came down the ravine, in which stood the old tree, a rabbit dashed into a hollow log, just ahead of him. Hastily picking up a forked stick, he thrust it into the log, and, twisting it about, drew out the struggling little animal. As he went on he kept a sharp look out. Creeping silently through the underbrush he reached some bushes back of the tree; peering over them he could see there was nothing stirring on the other side, and no sound came from within the tree. But a scattering of mottled brown feathers, near the roots, showed something had recently dined there on partridge.

The day was warm, the sun, shining above the trees with the warmth and splendor of Ne-bin—the summer—made the deep woods hot and uncomfortable. Doe-wah-jack knew the kittens could not be far away and would soon come, warm and tired, for a nap in the sheltering walls of their nest. He had scarcely time to place the rabbit, which he had caught, in front of the opening, when two little reddish-brown bundles of fur came chasing each other, frolicking along. Suddenly they smelled the still-warm rabbit bait, and, dropping low, crawled stealthily forward, pounced upon it, spitting and growling as they tore it to pieces. Quietly slipping up behind them, Doe-wah-jack threw the blanket over them, and with a quick movement gathered them up, struggling and crying in his arms. Just as he did so, there came bounding into the glade, the mother, Pichieu, the lynx. The tassels on the tips of her ears standing stiff above her head, her grizzled whiskers, her fierce mustachios drawn back above her bared teeth, gave her a ferocious aspect. And as, with blazing eyes, in a rage of maternal solicitude and wrath, she rushed upon Doe-wah-jack, he thought her some demon, some Man-chi to.

Desperately the lad strove to escape from her fury, but she clung to him scratching and clawing. Shielding himself with the writhing bundle, from which now came the mews of the imprisoned kittens, he fought with a frenzy to keep her sharp white teeth away from his throat. Her hot breath so near his face nearly stifled him. With a last frantic effort, he succeeded in throwing her off, and as she again attacked him, he let fly, full in her face, the blanket and its contents. As it struck her, it flew open, tumbling the kittens out and enveloping her head, blinded and bewildered her. Before she could claw herself free, Doe-wah-jack had brought down the end of a broken bough upon the back of her head, crushing the thin skull.

Exhausted, the youth leaned against the tree, wiping the streaming blood away from an ugly scratch in his forehead. The kittens were whimpering about their mother, and with little effort he succeeded in tying them in the torn blanket, which he threw across his shoulders, and started homeward. He stopped at a spring to rest, and bathe the scratches on his arms and face, and to bandage with cooling leaves the wound in his leg, where the strong claws had torn the flesh.

Coming into the village, he could see the children dancing in the twilight, in front of the lodges, chanting their song to the fireflies, which flitted in the air and along the river—

"Wau-wau-tay see! Wau-wau-tay see!
Flitting-white-fire-insect! Waving-white-fire-insect!"

Singing Bird stood at the edge of the circle and Doe-wah-jack, crossing over to her, laid the now quiet kittens at her feet, saying only, "Here, for you."
The Mother Lynx Hears Her Kittens in the Blanket
Your Home Can Be Perfectly Heated

With pure, healthful, ever-changing, constantly-renewed warm air, free from dust, gas, and smoke; and the good, dependable Round Oak Furnace and Round Oak methods will do it. Investigate.

A Round Oak Furnace of the proper size, correctly set up after plans and suggestions which we will cheerfully and promptly furnish at any time without charge, will excel steam or hot water in every item that enters into the heating problem of the average residence. It will last a lifetime, nothing to get out of order, repairs never needed, earning money for you every day you run it, paying for itself over and over again in the saving of coal bills year after year, making healthful summer warmth in blizzard time.

It will pay you to investigate!

The cost of a properly installed Round Oak Furnace, comprising a complete heating and ventilating system, is less than the cheapest hot-water or steam system of direct radiation.

For heating efficiency and economy, it is unsurpassed for use in medium-sized buildings.

A furnace, a heating system, is the investment of a lifetime—when you buy a Round Oak—and no difference in the cost you may think you can save between a thoroughly dependable, economical, durable warm-air system and a cheap job, will ever pay you for the discomfort, trouble, and annoyance it causes you.

When your furnace is once installed, it will be too late; it will be dollars in your pocket to carefully investigate the heating question before investing your money in any system.

The upper illustration shows the Round Oak Furnace without casing.

The lower illustration shows Hot Blast—burns soot and gases, makes smoke clear. The Grates—part way out, easily and quickly changed. The Casing—cut away to show the double wall, making air space in sides and top. The large double Feed Doors—made and fitted the Round Oak way, will never warp. Large, capacious Ash Pit—cast in one piece, absolutely air-tight, will hold water.


ESTATE OF P. D. BECKWITH, INC., Dowagiac, Michigan
Round Oak Room Heater

Specially designed for heating schools, churches, halls, and large rooms.

In the schoolroom during winter weather, pure, warm, ever-changing fresh air, at a uniform temperature, equally distributed in all parts of the room, is imperative. This very much to be desired result can be satisfactorily accomplished by the Round Oak Room Heater and Ventilating System.

This splendid stove needs only to be seen and its exceptional features in material, fine workmanship, durability, and powerful heating qualities known, to prove its great superiority over all other constructions used for schoolroom heating.

It is the heaviest and best made and fitted stove of its kind, and the material is the best money can buy.

Booklet fully describing the Round Oak Room Heater and Ventilating System free upon request.
Adventure with the Moose.

NOT MANY moons after Doe-wah-jack’s encounter with the panther, he was summoned, with the hunters, to a council in the winter lodge, for the long hunt was to be started the next day. When the circle, squatted about the fire, had filled their pipes and smoked awhile in silence, the old chief motioned to Doe-wah-jack to take the place beside him; then turning to his followers, addressed them: “As you well know, I am growing old. Not many times shall I again behold Pebon, the winter, nor join with you in the chase, but in my stead shall be one who will be quicker to see, surer to follow, readier to aim. Already his deeds shine before you. To-morrow I send him with you to be proved. He is no longer a child, Wa-bu-ma! Will you take him for a man?”

Grunts of approval filled the lodge, and later the young hunter was allotted his place in the great forest.

Most of the Indians joined in a deer drive, but Doe-wah-jack, hearing the “putt—putt—putt” of a wild turkey, went in the direction of the call. So close was he, when again it sounded, he had just time to take a stand behind some snow-covered bushes, when out from the underbrush strutted a big gobbler. “Ping,” went an arrow and the great, bronzed bird, with a beat of its heavy wings, half rose from the ground, and then fell in a heap in the snow.

Picking up the turkey, Doe-wah-jack started on, but remembering some traps which he had set near the river, not far away, he decided to have a look at them. The day had become stormy and blustering, and he found it harder going against the wind.

There was a marten in the first trap, and throwing down his burden he prepared to take off the pelt with his hunting knife. A noise, close at hand, caused him to look up, and there, only a few yards away, a bull moose was feeding from some willows, tossing its great antlered head, as it tore away mouthfuls of the soft bark. The cracking and swaying of the branches in the heavy wind had prevented it from hearing him. But startled by the snapping of a dry twig, as Doe-wah-jack stood up, it looked about and saw the young hunter.

Stunned, it stood still for a moment, staring at him with large luminous eyes. Suddenly it stamped its fore feet, and in a moment reared back upon its hind legs, pawing the air; then bounded forward, just as Doe-wah-jack slipped behind the projecting trunk of a huge oak. The great horns crashed against the tree; then, backing away, the moose reared itself, coming on, furiously pawing, attempted, with its hoofs, to strike the young Indian, who dodged from side to side to evade the blows. Again the animal came with lowered head, to the attack, and beating against the tree with its antlers, tore off long strips of bark.

A little way distant stood a larger tree; and this Doe-wah-jack determined to reach, keeping some small saplings between him and the enraged moose. He waited until it should charge again, then, when the antlers struck, he leaped away on his snowshoes, and reached the big tree, as the infuriated brute came crashing through the undergrowth.

Rearing and pawing, or rushing with full speed at the tree, the moose sought with hoofs and horns, to reach his supposed enemy. Gliding round and round the tree, dodging first one side and then another, Doe-wah-jack was becoming exhausted. His snowshoes interfered with his quick turns, but he dared not remove them, as he could not take his eyes off the moose, and his chance of escape would depend upon his speed and agility.

In desperation, he decided to make another attempt at flight. Watching for a favorable opportunity, he started rapidly away toward a clump of trees some distance beyond. As he gained the nearest tree, he saw that the moose, coming tearing along, was still some distance behind. A little way ahead, a low-hanging bough on another tree, caught his eye; with a sudden burst of speed he reached it, and cutting loose his snowshoes, he swung himself up into the bough. Just above the animal, clung a marten, and with the first pull, Doe-wah-jack determined to reach it.

Before it could charge again, he had drawn up a small lodge pole, which had been left leaning against the tree, and taking the thong, which had held his snowshoes, bound his knife firmly to the end of the pole. When the antlers crashed against the trunk below, he raised the pole, and with all the strength he possessed, drove the knife into the animal. Snorting with pain, it reared back and with its eyes now blazing wickedly, attempted to reach its assailant. The sharp hoofs striking the low branch, nearly dislodged the Indian, but steadying himself, he dealt the moose another blow close beside the shoulder. As he pulled the weapon back, the blood came gushing from a gaping wound, and the animal staggered forward.

Once more it came to the charge and the long antlers grazed perilously near the hunter. Again and again the knife was thrust into the weakening moose, and when at last it threw back its head with the agony of the attack, Doe-wah-jack, with a quick lunge, drove the knife into the short neck, and the conflict was ended.

Descending, he cut away the tongue, according to the custom, and bore it away with him to the hunting camp.

Great was the wonder and admiration of the others when he led them back to where the great body with its immense antlers lay. It must be the youth was favored, they thought, by the Great Spirit to have such an adventure. “Nush-ka,” they exclaimed, “he has proved himself a great chief—an O-ge-ma.”
The Moose Vanquished by Doe-Wah-Jack
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