

A FILIPINO HOME

LITTLE FOLKS
OF MANY LANDS

by

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PREFACE

CHILDREN delight in stories. They are interested in little folks of other lands. Teachers of to-day are alive to this fact.

Many devices are used in the schoolroom. Dolls are dressed in national costumes, pictures are collected, and special days are set aside for imaginary trips to foreign lands.

The stories in this book deal with race types. Not only are glimpses of home life given, but some of the folklore or hearthstone stories are here retold.

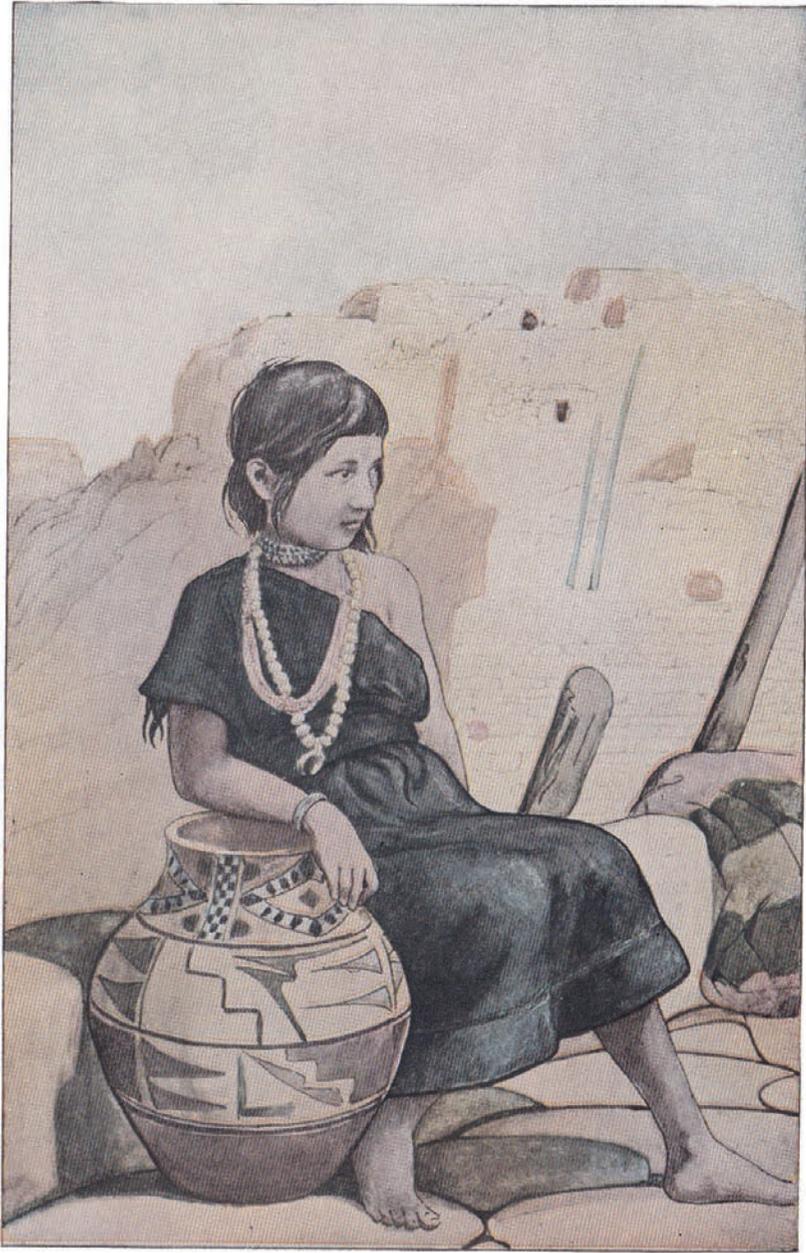
The chapters in this book have been a guide to one teacher, and it is hoped they may be to others.





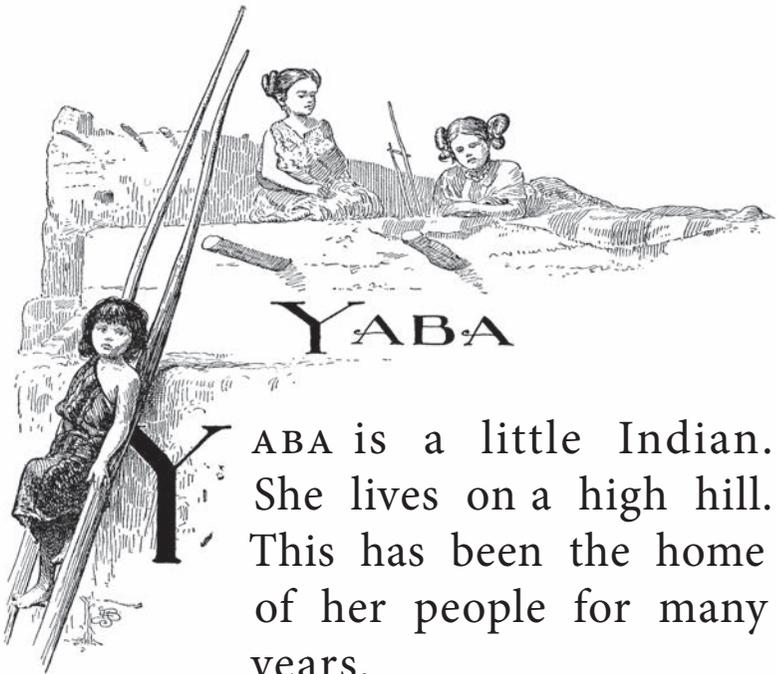
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YABA

LITTLE FOLKS OF MANY LANDS



YABA is a little Indian. She lives on a high hill. This has been the home of her people for many years.

Her tribe did not like to go to war. So they made their home on this hill. Here they were safe.

Yaba has red-brown skin. Her hair and eyes are black.

LITTLE FOLKS OF MANY LANDS

When she is older she will wear her hair in two large puffs above her ears.

Her mother's hair hangs down each side of her face. She winds it with cloth.



Yaba's dress is made of wool. It is one wide piece. She wears it over one arm and under the other.

When she is cold she wears a blanket. She has nothing on her head.

The men of this tribe weave the cloth. The women help to build the houses.

Yaba likes beads and rings. Her father makes them for her. He likes to wear them, too.

YABA

Let us go to Yaba's home. We climb far up to the top of the hill. The path is steep.

Here is the home of the tribe. It is one great house with many rooms. This house is made of stone and sun-dried brick.



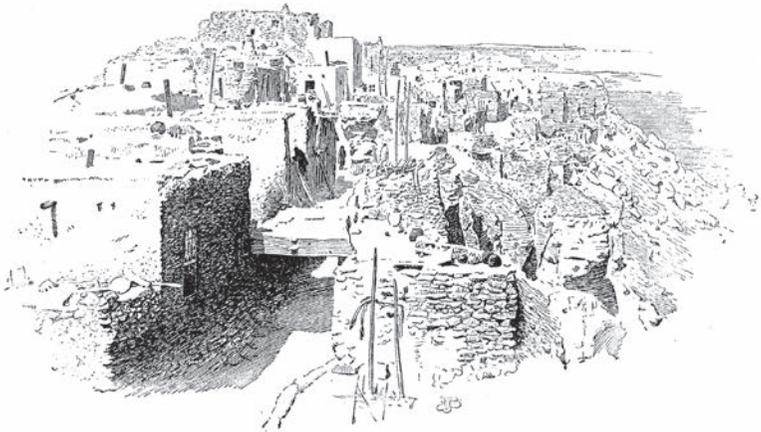
Yaba's family live in one of the rooms. Her friends live in the others.

There are flat roofs on the rooms. Yaba's people sit here and talk, or watch the games on the ground below.

LITTLE FOLKS OF MANY LANDS

Yaba's brother runs in the races. She likes to see him win.

There are not many doors or windows in this great house. We see no steps to the rooms above.



Yaba shows us ladders. They can be moved from place to place. She tells us that these are the steps.

Women and girls carry the jars of water up the ladders. These jars are made of clay. The water is carried from the springs below.

Some Indians live in wigwams. Others live in huts made of brush. These Indians often move. They are not of Yaba's tribe. Her home is never moved.



We climb the ladder and go into the room with Yaba.

Here is a small fireplace. It heats the room in winter.

There are jars on the floor. Blankets hang from pegs on the wall. Bows and arrows hang from other pegs.

Now it is mealtime. A bowl of food is set on the floor. These Indians take up the food with their fingers.



Yaba is glad when the corn and fruit are ripe. Then her people have many feasts.

The Indians have songs and stories. The men sing of brave deeds. The women sing to the babies.

Yaba and her brothers like to sit in front of the fire and hear stories of the tribe. They learn the stories word by word.

The children like to hear the story of



TIYO, A LITTLE INDIAN BOY

He saw the river run past his home. It never came back. He set out to see why.

His father gave him a box of eagle's feathers. He must give these to the spider woman. Then she would show him the way.

He went to her house. She gave him a charm. This was to drive away the great snake and wild beasts.

Then the tiny spider woman sat on his ear. No one could see her.

She threw the feathers on the water and told him to follow them.

He went to the place where the sun rises. The sun took him round the world.

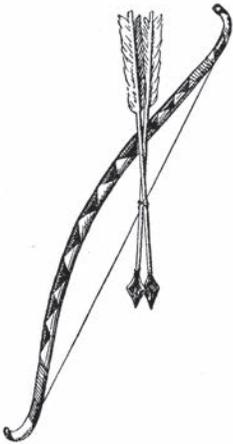
Tiyo saw the rain cloud. He wished to take it to his own home, but he did not know how; so he went to the home of the snake men.

They told him how to bring the rain cloud. He must paint his body and sing.

Tiyo did as he was told. Then the cloud came with its rain, and Tiyo's tribe was happy.

* * * * *

The Indians all like to watch the dances. The men paint their bodies and put on feathers. They sing and shake rattles as they dance.



They dance for rain, for good harvests, and for other things. They have a corn dance, a sun dance, and a snake dance.

Yaba and her brothers play games, but they have few toys. The boys have bows and arrows. They learn to shoot when they are very small.

There are steep paths over the rocks. The children climb and run on them.

They have great fun when the rain comes. Then the holes in the rocks are filled with water.

The children play in the small pools. They swim and splash in the water. When the long, dry time comes they often wish for the rain.

Yaba helps her mother grind the corn. They use two stones. The little girl sits on the floor while she works.

They make bread out of the meal. A fire is made under a flat stone. Then the thin sheets of bread are soon baked.

Yaba often burns her fingers trying to bake on the hot stone.



She helps to make jars out of clay. When she is older she will weave baskets and trays.

The men teach the boys to hunt and to work in the fields. Yaba's brother tends the sheep and cattle.

At the foot of the hill is a green valley. Here the Indians raise grain and fruit.

Yaba and her playmates have a little donkey. His Indian name means *big ears*.



The children like to play with Big Ears. They run races when they can make him go. If he does not wish to race he will not run.

Big Ears likes the children. Three or four often ride on his back at the same time.

The little donkey often climbs steep paths with large loads on his back.

Sometimes Big Ears is found in the field eating corn. Then the Indians cut off part of one ear. Now all who see him know he has taken corn.

These children have eagles for pets. The boys catch them when they are small. Here is a story of

AN INDIAN BOY AND AN EAGLE

One day the boy was out hunting with his bow and arrows. He found a young eagle. It had a broken wing and could not fly.

The boy took the bird in his arms. The eagle did not strike him with its beak but lay very still.

The little Indian took the bird home. He bound the broken wing with strips of skin. Then he made a soft bed of grass and leaves for it.

He fed the bird till the wing was well.

The bird grew day by day. It was strong again and must be set free.

The boy carried it to the rocks where he had found it. Here he set it free.

The Indian boy felt sad to part with his friend. He turned to go home. But the eagle flew over him and would not leave.

At last the boy hid in the trunk of an old tree. He was afraid some harm would come to his pet if he took it back home. He stayed in the tree till the eagle flew away.

Months went by but he did not forget the eagle. One day the boy was on the river in a bark canoe. He did not know he was near the great falls. When he saw the swift water he tried to turn his canoe. But the paddle broke.

Just then he saw an eagle flying to him. It came lower and lower. Soon it was over his head. It was his old friend.

The boy stood up in the canoe. He put out his arms and took hold of the eagle's legs.

The great bird flew upward with the boy and carried him safe to the shore. Then he spread his wings and flew away.



* * * * *

Indian boys have many dogs. These dogs climb ladders and lie in shady corners. They go with the boys to scare the crow from the fields. This story is told about a

WOLF AND SOME CROWS

A little wolf was passing a large tree. Some crows were dancing under it.

He stopped to watch them. They were in a ring and each crow had a bag on his back.

“What are you doing?” asked the little wolf.

“We are dancing with our mothers,” the crows said.

“May I dance, too?” asked the wolf.

“If you will do as we tell you we will be glad to have you,” said the crows.

The little wolf said he would gladly do as they told him.

“Then put your mother in a bag and come to the dance,” they said.

Off ran the happy little wolf to get her.

He found the mother wolf at home by the fireside. He put her in a bag.

Then the sly little wolf went to the tree and began to dance with the crows.

At last one old crow said, “What did you bring in your bag?”

“My mother, as you told me,” said the little wolf.

“Caw! caw! caw!” sang the crows. “Our bags are filled with sand,” and they all threw the bags on the ground.

The little wolf was angry and ran home. He said he would kill and eat crows as long as he lived. And he has done so to. this day.

* * * * *

This is Yaba’s baby sister. She is carried in a blanket on her mother’s back. The blanket is small and is made just for the baby.

Now the mother has work to do, so Yaba takes the baby on her back.

Here we will leave our little friend on the high hill. She bids us good-by as we walk down the steep path.

