

BILLY WHISKERS

by FRANCES TREGO MONTGOMERY

When Billy Whiskers, exploring the parlor, heard some one tell Susie, the maid, to investigate the noises downstairs he started to run, but the door at the other end of the hall had blown shut, and the only other way of escape was up the front stairs. As he reached the top, he saw Susie, who had been scrubbing the top of the back stairs, throw down her brush, preparatory to going to see what the



noise was. They both caught sight of each other at the same moment, and Susie thought the long, sinister looking, scarlet-bearded face with the horns, that appeared at the top of the stairs, was an evil spirit, and with a blood-curdling scream, she threw up her hands and rolled to the foot of the stairs, upsetting the pail of suds that she had clutched when she felt herself falling. There she lay too frightened to move, but Billy rushed on trying to find a way out, for he commenced to feel that there would be trouble if he were found.

Mrs. Biggs, hearing Susie scream, rushed to the door with her mouth full of tacks, and a hammer in her hand, just in time to get butted into by Billy, which laid her flat on her back in less time than you can wink.

As luck would have it, the shock made her open her mouth, and the tacks flew out, for if she had swallowed them she would never have gotten off her back.

Billy Whiskers gave her one look when he saw what he had done, and turned and fled down the stairs and out the front door between the legs of Mr. Biggs, who was just coming in, and Billy being a big goat, and Mr. Biggs a short, stout man, there was not much room to go through, but it was the first daylight Billy had seen, so he gave Mr. Biggs a boost as he straddled his back, which helped him to fall off, over the side of the porch, where he landed in a nice soft bed of geraniums.

As Billy was a knowing goat, he decided that they would not care for him after what had happened, nor look for him if he disappeared, so, seeing the front gate open, he ran out and trotted down the road, and that was the last that was heard of him. His surmise was right. The Biggs family never even looked for him.

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The Story Of A Little Girl—Polly

Polly is a little girl almost six years old. She is just a common little girl and I am going to tell you about her everyday life.

Polly got up one morning to find her red plaid dress on the chair with her other clothes. She knew what that meant. That meant washing day, for she always wore that dress on washing day.

She got up and dressed as quickly as possible and ran downstairs. There, her mother and baby brother were sitting at the breakfast table.

They then had breakfast, and right after breakfast, Polly's mother and the maid began to wash the clothes.

Polly put on her old straw hat and went out doors to play. And the baby was left to enjoy himself any way he wanted to, in the nursery.

As soon as Polly got out of the house, she went straight to the barn and got out her jumping rope and stilts.

She played with these until she became tired; then she turned to go across the street to Dolly's house and she saw a long strip of "soap-suds-y" water in the gutter coming from the drain where they were washing. As Polly was barefooted she splashed right in. She waded up and down until she was tired, then as she was going to step out she slipped and fell. She got all wet and dirty.

Just then her mother called her into the house. Polly came running in, laughing, for she didn't mind what had just happened. She was used to that.

Her mother said, "Polly, Annabelle just called and said she would like for you to go with her to school this afternoon, as they are going to have a program."

"What's a program?" asked Polly. "Anyway, I don't want to go to school because you have to learn to read, and it's hard—Annabelle said so."

"Oh, Polly, you will not have to learn to read. Come now, I'll dress you to go," said her mother.

"All right," said Polly, and off she ran after her mother.

After dinner, Polly stood in the doorway waiting for Annabelle to come after her. She was dressed in a clean white dress, with a little blue ribbon with a rosette in it for a sash.

Annabelle came in a little bit, and said, "Oh, Polly, you do look so sweet; I'll just love to take you!"

And Polly certainly did look sweet with her long yellow curls neatly curled and her white lace hat with the blue streamers, to match her dress.

Polly's mother said, "Annabelle, you must keep good care of her, and stay with her all the while."

"Yes, Madam, I'll be very careful with her," answered Annabelle.

Polly and Annabelle went to the school house and took Annabelle's seat. Polly looked curiously around her. She saw so many seats and desks with only a few girls in a few of them.

Then she asked, "Annabelle, there isn't near enough girls to fill all these seats, is there?"

"The others haven't come in yet, dear," answered Annabelle.

In a little bit in came a whole swarm of boys and girls, and each took a certain seat, and Polly whispered, "All these seats are alike; how do you know which one to take?"

"They have to learn them, dear," answered Annabelle. "Now you must sit still and not talk, for school will now begin."

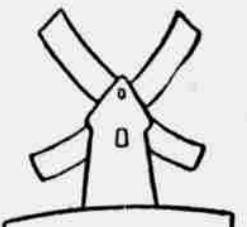
Polly was very good until she felt

Pencil Twister

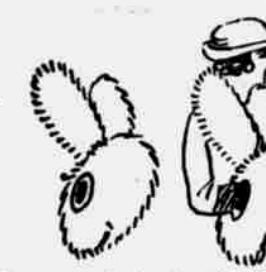
CAN YOU CHANGE THIS SWISS HAT INTO A HAPPY MAN?



CAN YOU CHANGE THIS DUTCH WINDMILL INTO A SMALL BOY?



Answers next week.



Answers to last week's

GENERAL PERSHING SURRENDERS TO AN ARMY OF KIDDIES



Everywhere General Pershing went during his trip of inspection to the Panama canal he was overwhelmed by whole armies of

kiddies, to whom he was forced to capitulate. The photo shows him a happy captive in the midst of a bevy of children on board

the U. S. army transport Northern Pacific while it was in Panama waters. The ship has just returned to New York.

Three Black Snakes

Go Visiting

Monday noon we saw two black snakes. Mamma, Kenneth and I tried to kill the two snakes. Mamma got an armful of wood to kill the snakes. We threw the wood at the snakes. The snakes started after us. We were afraid of the snakes, so we ran to the house. When Papa came Mamma put me out the window to tell him to come and kill the snakes. I ran to tell Papa that there were two black snakes in the yard for him to come and kill the snakes. When Papa went to kill the two snakes they raised up their head and hissed at Papa. Then Papa killed the snakes. Then he took them out in the field.

In the afternoon we were cleaning the front room. We had the rug in the front yard. Kenneth and I shook the rug. When we got our house clean we went out to get our rug. The wind blew one corner over on the rug. We went to shake the rug a little more. Mamma took hold of the rug and saw a big black snake in the center of the rug. Kenneth and I ran to our friend to have them to come over to kill the snake. Then we were glad that the snake was dead.—Dorothy Florence Vanmeeter, Age 10, Grade 5-A Bath School.

A BRIGHT GIRL

Mother to Father: "Your feet aren't much larger than mine." Father: "Teachers don't have big feet."

Little Daughter: "No; they have big heads."—Margaret Ruth Newman, Bloomingport school.

DECORATION DAY



Hear the bands as they solemnly play,
Marching with banners along the way,
For this is the thirtieth of May,
When we glorify the dead.
—By Lillian Hall Crowley.

Jack and Tom Along the River

Once there were two little boys and their names were Jack and Tom. Jack was about 9, and Tom was about 10. They lived in a big brick house in a little hollow.

One time in the summer Jack and Tom took their fishing poles and started for the river.

They had forgotten their fishing worms. Tom said, "Let's each get us a stick and dig for fishing worms."

So they did. When they got enough, they baited their hooks and threw their lines in, and in a minute, Tom said, "I have a bite." And he pulled in his line and he had a big bass.

Jack said, "I have a bite, too!" And he pulled in his line and he had a big bass.

So, after a bit, Jack pulled in his line again and had a sun fish and Tom pulled out his line and did not have anything, and they both went home happy.—Jean McGraw, grade 5, Cambridge City school.

What I Think About The Sunday Movies

I do not think it is right to have movies on Sunday. The best way to stop them is for people to stop going to them.

A good movie in the week time is fine, if you go according to your pocketbook and a few other circumstances. If you would listen to my mother and teacher you would soon think a Sunday movie was out of place.

Sunday was given us for rest and worship. Let us use it that way.—Martha Mull, age 12 years, Baxter school. [Honorable Mention in the Junior Palladium Story Writing Contest.]

CAMOUFLAGE IN THE WOODS

Francis Holt-Wheeler

Of course you've read Kipling's "Just So Stories." If you haven't, get busy! And if you have, you'll have read "How the Leopard Got His Spots."

The point is that there's a lot of good woodcraft in that story. All the woods folk fit into their backgrounds. Watch, and you'll see!

The teacher put them on Polly and said, "You may wear them if you will be careful and not break them. Now you must be quiet and not talk, for we must go on with the program."

Polly played with the glasses until time to go home. Then all the girls crowded around Polly and all wanted to take her home, but somehow Annabelle got her home, safe and sound.

That evening Polly went to bed very happy for her day's fun.—(To be Continued.)

Good observers have said that if you go silently into any place in the deep woods, and keep perfectly



still, by and by you'll see one creature, and then another, until maybe half a dozen are right near you. You didn't see them at all, at first, they seem to grow out of the woods like a puzzle picture. Sometimes even the most striking colors are the hardest to see.

Try it. Take a piece of grey-green paper and pin on it a butterfly cut out of paper, solid color. You can see that butterfly a block away. Now take that same paper butterfly, scissor his wings, and give him big white spots and shades of blue. Near at hand he looks twice as conspicuous. Pin him on the paper. Twenty yards away you can't see him at all.

Now try the trick yourself. A girl who wants to see the wild-folk should put on a light green frock, a little hat with flowers and stay quite still in shrubbery that is not too dense. Don't hide. If you fit into the background, you'll be really concealed. And you might see a fawn stroll by, prettiest of all spring creatures in the woods.