

BILLY WHISKERS

BY FRANCES TREGO MONTGOMERY

Wednesday, Billy was not tied up and after wandering around the circus and visiting the different animals and stopping to chat with Betty, he decided to watch his chance and slip into town.

This was not hard for him to do and he soon found himself on the main street. At first he walked quietly along, looking into the windows, but presently he saw before him a well-known figure, that of the ring-master.

"Now is my chance," thought Billy, "to get even with him for giving me all those cuts with his whip. I'll just give him a butt and land him in the middle of that mud puddle, and I am going to do it so hard he will hear his spine crack and I guess he won't hit me with his whip again very soon."

So Billy started quietly on a run, going on his tiptoes so the ring master would not hear him until it was too late to get out of the way. Just as Billy got to him the man raised his arm to doff his hat to a pretty girl, and the next thing he knew he was flying through the air with his hat in his hand. Still holding his arm extended, he landed in the deep puddle of muddy water in the middle of the street, while the young lady threw up her hands and fled.

It is needless to say that Billy immediately disappeared down a side street. Here he ran into a livery stable where a dog fight had been going on in the back yard. Two ferocious bull dogs had fought so wickedly that their jaws had to be pried apart.

One of the dogs had a chain around its neck and its owner was going to lead it off when one of the livery men saw Billy and called out:

"Wait a minute, Mr. Pride, here's a Billy goat I bet can lick your dog. Let us turn them loose in the yard and have another fight."

"Why, man, what are you talking about? My dog would make just one grab at the goat's throat and kill him."

"I am not so sure of that," replied the man, "but I am mighty sure he will lick your dog if he is the goat I think he is, for I believe he is the trained goat from the circus."

"Let's have a fight," said the other men that were standing around. "It will be great sport to see the goat lick the dog that can whip every other dog in town."

"So you think the goat can lick my dog, do you? I will bet one or all of you twenty dollars that he can not."

"It is a go," said two or three. Then the man that had proposed

3-YEAR-OLD BOY CROSSES ATLANTIC ALONE UNWORRIED



John W. Carter.

While adult passengers on the liner Haverford suffered considerably from seasickness during a recent rough voyage from Europe, Master John W. Carter, three, made the trip entirely unmindful of the rolling of the ship. He had been in England with his mother and when she was taken ill it was deemed best to send him home to his father, Prof. John S. Carter of Old Forge, Pa. The father had not seen the boy for eighteen months.

the fight said: "It is all well enough to have a little fight for fun, but I hate to see your dog killed, as he may be."

"Oh, don't you worry about my dog. Leave all your worrying for the goat."

While the men were talking of letting Billy Whiskers and the bulldog fight the dog had been pulling at the chain and straining to get at the goat, while Billy quietly walked around inspecting things, chewing anything he could find.

"Won't I fix that conceited dog!" said Billy to himself. So he allowed himself to be driven into the back yard. Here the men formed a circle with Billy in the center; then the man unfastened the chain from the dog's neck. With a rush he went for the goat, who quickly stood on his hind legs, lowering his head and met the dog's onrush with his horns, running one of them into his chest, which sent the blood spitting out. Then the dog tried to get behind Billy for another charge, but Billy wheeled and met him as before, and no matter which way the dog tried to approach him, Billy was always there foremost with his long, pointed horns sticking straight out to meet him.

The dog was getting more and more furious at each failure and at last he made a blind plunge at the goat, but, as before, Billy was too quick for him, and this time he sent the dog yelping back to his master.

"Here! what do you mean by shutting our goat up?" they heard someone say, and turning around they saw one of the men from the circus who had been sent out to look for Billy, as it was nearly time for the performance to begin.

"We did not shut him up. He walked in of his own accord; but you should have been here a minute sooner and you would have seen the prettiest fight you ever saw in your life, between your goat and the bulliest bulldog of the town."

"I am sorry I did not see it, but perhaps we can have another sometime."

"Never!" said the dog's owner, very emphatically. "I doubt if he lives through this."

"Well, good-bye, boys; come and see Billy Whiskers perform in the circus this afternoon and you will see as good a performance as fighting, and I'll give all passes who bet on him this time."

"Billy, I would not have given much for your skin when the ring master got through with you if it had not been for this fight; but now I think he will forgive you for the butt you gave him this morning, since you whipped Mr. Pride's dog, for he hates Mr. Pride because he forbade him calling on his daughter."

[Next week Billy has an argument with a parrot.]

Answer to puzzle No. 1.—I ate nothing Monday.

TINY GIRL CALLS PETS BY LONG LATIN NAMES; HOW DID SHE GET THEM?

She called her pet toad Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil. This toad hopped under a stately fir tree named Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael, and played there with a woodrat named Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus.

No wonder scientists are interested in Opal Whately, daughter of a comparatively uneducated workman in an Oregon lumber camp.

True Opal is now much older, but a diary which she kept when she was a wee girlie, scarcely big enough to trace out her words in big "printed" letters, is so remarkable that educators are puzzled as to where she learned it all.

Opal explains it by saying that she is the daughter of "an angel father and mother," a mother who taught her many beautiful things, and a father who traveled and died in mysterious far-away lands.

Her own parents deny this theory vigorously.

Write us the story of the little play, or pageant or cantata which your Sunday school is planning to give. We want to hear all about every one of our Junior singers and actors.

The Old Man

Once upon a time there was an old man named Charles.

This man was a miser. He had plenty of money but would not spend it.

Instead of buying his fuel he would go out and pick the wood up off of the street.

His room was very shabby, he had an old stove that he got at a sale for a dollar. He had a table with barrels for the legs. Once while he was out picking up wood, he saw a little child coming toward him crying.

First he thought he would let him pass on by, but the little boy came up and asked him to take him home. He thought about it, and thinking he might get some money, he said, yes, he would take him home. The little boy told him his address so the man took him there.

The boy's parents were very glad and took the man into their care and seeing how shabby he was, ordered him a new suit. Then they hired a barber to shave him and cut his hair. When all this was done, he looked very good.

The people let him stay there and the father gave him a place as foreman in his shop.

The little boy got to calling him grandpa which made him very glad.

Soon he got to be a partner in the firm and was liked by everybody.—Kenneth Holtkamp.

Woodcraft for Outdoor Boys and Girls

WITHOUT MATCHES

By Adelia Belle Beard

To forget or lose your matches, or let them get wet accidentally, will not be the calamity it might prove if you always carry a piece of flint and a strong steel of some kind in your pocket when you go on a hike.

The use of flint and steel for starting a fire is only going back several generations to the period when we had no matches, and all outdoor boys and girls, you among them, should know how to light a fire in this primitive fashion. Practice at home; practice until you can make a sure thing of it every time, then you can rely on your skill when the occasion comes to use it.

A piece of strong steel shaped like the one shown in our illustration



STRIKE THE FLINT A GLANCING BLOW WITH THE STEEL

Adelia B. Beard

tion is most convenient to use and to carry, but the back of a knife will answer if it must. The flint should be large enough to hold easily, and the way to produce the sparks is to strike the edge of the flint a quick, glancing downward blow with the steel.

This part is soon mastered. The trick is to catch the spark and keep it alive. To do this you must use dry, very dry tinder. Hold your flint so that the sparks will fall into your small bunch of tinder and when a volume of smoke arises, fan it with your hand and then gently blow it into flame. Have ready shredded Birch bark, or other quickly lighted stuff, to use as a match and with it catch your flame immediately and apply it to your kindling.

It is safest to carry tinder with you packed in a small tin box to keep out dampness. You can make this at home. Tear—do not cut—short strips of old cotton cloth and scorch it in the oven, then pull it apart into small pieces. Try it and see that it lights easily. Dry moss, dry grass, dried willow catkins take sparks readily; also the dried inner bark of Cedar rubbed into fine shreds.

Little scraps of paper, Little wads of gum, Not put in the baskets Make a school look glam.

—J. D., New Trier News, Wilmette, Ill.

IS SANTA COMING IN AN AIRPLANE?

It is almost time for Santa Claus to make his trip through Richmond. My thoughts go back fifty years ago to when I was a child and the

good times I had on Christmas day. We lived in a log house with one room and a fire place built from the floor up where we kept a log fire burning all night and day. I was told that chimneys were built on purpose for Santa Claus to come down the night before Christmas to fill our stockings. I had two brothers, one sister and myself and we hung our stockings under the mantle. There was no room for Mother and Father's stockings.

We were sent to bed early so Santa could come. I went to sleep without any trouble. Mother called us early Christmas morning. Our stockings were filled with candy and nuts. Sister had a doll in the top of her stocking. We had a fire burning in the fire place. I peeped up the chimney and thought how could he come down without burning his feet. I was 8 years old. I asked mother the name of the first man God ever made. She said it was Adam. I told her she was mistaken, Santa Claus was the first man because you always hear more about him than you do about Adam, and that Santa Claus would be the last man to die. I asked her if he had white hair and beard when she was a boy and she said yes, he was an old man when my great grandmother was born. I wished I could see him come down the chimney with a pack on his back.

Doesn't he get scooty?" I asked. Later my father built a frame house with a chimney half way down with one stove pipe hole. I was afraid I wasn't going to get my present that Christmas. I did not think Santa could get in such a small place because he was such a big man.

The next Christmas came and we all went to bed early. I did not sleep because I was going to see Santa. I heard so much about seeing him in the papers but I have never seen him face to face. I lay there listening for the reindeer and bells. Instead of the bells I heard paper rattling. I got up, walked on my tiptoes and peeped through the key hole. What do you think I saw? I saw Father and Mother wrapping up presents. For fear mother would hear me, I slipped back to bed. I heard her coming. I covered my head up and began to snore. She took the covers from over my head and told me I mustn't cover up my head. But I kept on snoring until she left the room. I know I was a naughty girl. In the morning we jumped out of bed to see what Santa brought us.

My sister got a big doll, the kind that cries. It was so clean, Santa was so careful not to get any soot on it. I got a big drum. I looked up the chimney and wondered how he ever got that big drum down the chimney. I was proud of my drum. I took it and went over to my friend John's house. He was out in the yard playing with his pony.

He said, "See, what Santa brought me."

I said, "How did he bring it?" John said, "Down the chimney, I guess."

I said, "Didn't he burn his feet?" "No, come in and see what he brought my sister."

We went into the house. She said, "See what Santa brought me." It was a square piano.

I said, "How did he get down with it?" John said he rode the pony and carried the piano and the toys on his back.

I wished we lived in a big house with a big fire place because I want a pony so bad.

Now, dear children, if you have good health, you will live to be as old as Santa Claus. All the chimneys and reindeer and sleighs are out of style, but Santa is coming this year in an airplane. Look out of your windows on Christmas eve when you hear an airplane because you might see him face to face. I never have.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—Betty Estelle, Junior high school.

WHO IS HE?

He is a great American business man. You see his name in the wheat-fields in mid-summer.

Last week—

