

BILLY WHISKERS

by FRANCES TREGO MONTGOMERY

Part 1.

The kids were delighted with their home, for it was large and roomy and their bed nice and soft, while the two windows on either side made it light and the sun could shine in and warm them up. However, though everything was comfortable, they did not feel quite right, and Day complained of a dizzy feeling in her head and as if the oranges she had eaten did not like her bread-basket and wanted to roll out; while Night said he felt as if he had swallowed a top and it was still spinning inside of him. Poor little kids! they did not know they were getting seasick from the pitching and rolling of the vessel, which was now out at sea, with the wind blowing a stiff gale. Soon the mate brought them some supper, but though they had been hungry before, the very sight of food made Night's top spin faster and harder than ever, and Day's little stomach go around like a churn.

"Oh, my! Oh, my; I feel so sick and I want to see my mamma!" cried Day.

"So do I!" cried Night; and they huddled up close and rubbed their heads together for comfort.

Just then they heard the old cow bawl, and, listening, found she was calling to them.

"You poor little dears!" she said, "I feel very sorry for you, and if I could get loose from this rope I would come over there and comfort you, and give you some of my nice warm milk. Don't you think you could manage to crawl over to me and get a drop or two? It will settle your stomachs and make you feel all right."

As they had helped themselves to the old sheep's milk, they did not see any reason why they should not do the same with the old cow's, especially as she had offered it to them; so presently the two sick little things crawled out of their house and managed to get to her after many bumps and falls on the slippery deck. But once there they had a good supper of the warm milk and felt better for it.

After they had all they wanted, the cow licked them over with her rough tongue, and when she had finished, Day looked once more like her sweet, dear self, while Night shone like a piece of black satin. The old cow was thus employed when the mate and captain came out in the deck to take a look around after having their supper.

"I see the kids have made friends with our cow," said the captain, "and the three make quite a pretty picture stand there together."

Part 2.

In half an hour the ship with the kids and Bossy on board had been tied to the dock, the gangplank pushed out, and the two kids had skipped. But poor Bossy could not get away to save her life; there were so many watching her all the time, and she had to endure the agony of seeing the kids high upon a bluff overlooking the harbor, eating the sweet grass she so much longed for.

"Never mind," she said to herself, "I will get away yet, when they are all in the cabin eating dinner!" This she kept saying to herself, as she pulled at her rope and walked up and down the small space she had to move in. "It is cruel to keep a cow in such a place as a ship, with a space no larger than a platter to walk in."

She thought they never would get the ship unloaded and the new freight put on, or go below and give her a chance to get away. But as all things must come to an end, this, too, came to one, and all hands went below to dinner. Now was her chance. She pulled and pulled at her rope until she nearly pulled her head off, but it would not break, nor would it slip over her horns, and she thought it must be made of wire, it held together so tightly. Then she tried chewing it in two, but her teeth made no impression on it, as they were made for chewing grass and not for hard things like rope.

While she had been trying to get loose, the vessel, all unknown to her, had drifted quietly out of the harbor, and when she looked up she saw her coveted hills of grass fading from her view. This was too great a disappointment to be endured, and without a second thought, she jumped over the side of the vessel into the water. But horror of horrors! what was the matter? For swim as hard as she

could she made no headway, for the rope did not break as she had expected it to and she found herself still tied to the ship. One of the sailors had seen her jump over, and he called to the captain, and soon all hands were on deck looking at her as she swam at the end of the rope, making futile plunges in her wild endeavor to break it and swim to the shore.

The captain said, "Bring me a rope with a lasso and we will pull her up on deck again, as I have seen them load cattle in South America."

When he got the rope he threw it over her horns, and passing the other end over a pulley, they soon pulled poor, disappointed Bossy out of the water, and left her a wiser but a sadder cow, chewing a bunch of hay instead of the green grass she had so longed for.

All this time the two kids had stood on the bluff watching the vessel sail away with their old friend on board. From the top of the hill they had watched her endeavor to get away and her failure, and they, too, almost cried with disappointment when the rope did not break and let her loose.

Irene's Christmas Letter--And What Happened to It

Of all the merry crowd that had been invited to visit Santa Claus at the toy store that Saturday afternoon, none went away more discouraged than little Irene Newberry.

She had lingered among the toys, wishing she might have a few for her own. The only toys she ever possessed were a rag doll and a small doll cart, given her by a charity committee. She had never forgotten their visit and wondered if they would call again this year. As the children chatted merrily with Santa Claus she heard him say, "Now children, you must write me a letter telling me what would like to have."

Irene had never written a letter to anyone and she did not know how to go about it. It was quite dark when she reached home and her mother was anxiously waiting for her. Irene told her all about the beautiful toys and how Santa had asked them all to write him a letter.

"Do you think I could write him a letter, mother?" she said.

"Irene dear," said her mother, "you might try, but I am afraid Santa will not find us this year. Everything is so high, and if we can just manage to get the necessities I am sure we should be satisfied."

All that evening, Irene tried to frame a suitable letter to Santa and when she finally dropped the envelope into the mail box, she felt relieved and went to bed dreaming of the toy store and Santa.

The next morning as the mail man on his usual round found the little unopened letter in the box, he glanced at the address and put it carefully in his coat pocket.

That evening another little girl was busy planning. The postman had taken the Santa Claus letter home to his little invalid daughter Carolyn. She could not enjoy Christmas as other children, but this letter suggested to her a new and happy idea. Together with the aid of her father and mother she decided to play Santa Claus to Irene Newberry.

The days from then till Christmas were busy ones for Carolyn.

Hark! the Herald Angels sing
Glory to the new-born king!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!

Her father bought a pretty doll for Irene Newberry, at the toy store and she and her mother made a dress, coat, and hat for it. They bought some fruit, candy, and nuts, a dress, a hair ribbon, games, books, and a pair of gloves. When the things were ready they packed them in a large Christmas box. Late Christmas eve Carolyn's father took the box and placed it on the doorstep of Irene Newberry's home, rapped on the door, and slipped away. Irene's mother who was still awake, came to the door and found the package. Tears of joy came to her eyes as she unwrapped the box and found that someone had answered Irene's letter to Santa. —By Margaret Kemper, 7B grade, Junior high school.

SANTA CLAUS'S VISIT

(Continued from Page One)

pity's sake wake up," said Bobby as he ran into Marcella's room the next morning. "Don't you know it's Christmas morning?"

But Marcella had hopped out of bed before he finished speaking and in a few minutes they were racing downstairs with the rest of the family at their heels, Mr. Wallace tossing the shouting Teddy up into the air as he came.

There was much shouting and laughing as the presents were being unwrapped. There was a drum for Teddy and a doll for Dotty on the tree, while under the tree there was a toy piano for Elsie, a doll house for Kitty, a sled for Bobby, and a sled for Marcella. For Mrs. Wallace there was a piano and for Mr. Wallace there was a new golf set and plenty of candy for all.

At dinner they stuffed on turkey and cranberries and all sorts of good things to eat, and they had a good time all the rest of the day. —Eloise Mills, Garfield school.

Each One Has A Cat in Lillian's Family

New Paris, O.
Dear Aunt Polly: I thought I would write a letter to the Junior as I have not written one for a long time.

We will have two weeks' vacation at Christmas, but will have to go till the day before Christmas.

I am in a play at school at the Christmas entertainment, the name of it is "Father Christmas and Co-sette."

Each member of our family has a cat of their own, and we all think ours is the nicest. My cat's name is Kitty Clover.

We have a motor hack this year and we don't have to start so early as we did last year.

We are going away to eat turkey for Christmas. My sister and I raised four turkeys and sold them for more than \$20, and we are going to buy some more Thrift Stamps with the money.

We play Authors every night when we get our lessons and have a lot of fun.

We have four cows. I used to milk. Daddy pays us 5 cents for each cow we milk, but mine kicks now, so I don't help any more. My chum's name is Thelma Norris, she lives at Pleasant Hill. We all have good times at our school.

I liked the Mystery House and A Little Bit of Everything very well. And a number of the short stories. I am ten years old, and in the sixth grade. From a reader.—Lillian Smelker.

(Dear Lillian: My but you write interesting letters. Let us hear from you again real soon. Instead of playing Authors some night, play Author and write a story for the Junior. I believe you can write a good one.—Aunt Polly.)

WHAT THE STOCKINGS HELD—A STORY

It was late one Christmas eve. The wind was blowing fearfully through the tall trees. Through the windows of a little cottage came a cheerful light and sounds of laughter. Two little children could be seen hanging up their stockings. Their mother came in from the kitchen saying, "You had better go to bed now or Santa won't come tonight."

"All right mother," sang the children as they climbed the stairs to their bedroom.

"Jimmie, I hope Santa Claus brings me a set of dishes and a big doll," said Helen as she pulled the covers up closer to her face.

"I wish Santa would bring me a rocking-horse," replied Jimmie as he turned over in bed.

Soon the children were fast asleep dreaming of their rocking-horse, set of dishes, and a big doll.

Bright and early the next morning, Jimmie and Helen in their night-gowns ran into the room where the Christmas tree was.

"Oh, Jimmie! Look what I got, a big doll, a set of dish-

es and some other things!" said Helen.

"I got a rocking-horse and a lot of other things, too," replied Jimmie.

Their mother came in and said, "Did Santa bring you what you wanted?"

"Yes, mother," returned the children as they ran around the Christ-



Can You Read This Christmas Puzzle Story?

See if you can straighten out the letters that look wrong in the following poem so as to know what it is talking about:

On Christmas Eve the resloca
Make all the evening glad with
song.

Then merrily troop the singers
home,
And gayly are the scotnicks hung.
Then, from the rooms all brightly
dressed

In lohly, eotstlime, and the rest
Of Christmas decorations, go

The nerlhdic sleepily and slow
To bed, believing if they're good
And go to sleep as children should.
Tanas will come ere they awake,
In his neirred hesilg o'er field
and brake;

Come down the nimechy with his
big brown kape

Full of merry serpsnet fastened to
his back;

Leave tuse and dancy, srdum and
lodls so gay

For the children in the house to
find on Christmas Day.

If you are not able to make these
words look right and fit in their
places, look at the list below and
find out the right answer:

Santa, holly, mistletoe, stockings,
chimney, pack, reindeer, sleigh,
children, carolers, candy, nuts,
presents, drums, dolls.



"HAVE YOU GOT ANY RUBBER STOCKINGS THAT WILL STRETCH"

A Selfish Child

Dear Santy: Do you have a permanent home? Where I could talk to you all alone? You may think I am a selfish child, You can tell much better after I talk to you a while.

Bring me a present that is priced very high,

That no other child can afford to buy.

Don't bring any candy or any other sweet stuff.

I'm afraid my brother will take a bite before I am up.

When I get candy and nuts and sweet bread,

I keep them until night and eat them in bed.

Mother tells me I am selfish, that is not right.

But I have such a knack of holding on tight.

Now Santy, my stocking will be striped with blue,

You can tell it from the rest for it will be just brand new.

There is brother's and sister's and one for the nurse,

You can put all the nice things in my stocking first.

Bring me a wrist watch that I can lock tight,

So my sister can't wear it to dances at night,

And a gold lavalier that locks under the chin

So my sister can't wear it when she goes out with Jim;

And a big Victrola that stands on the floor,

Remember I don't play with dolls any more.

All the dolls you brought are packed away tight.

They play with one another all day and all night.

Mother says I am selfish, that is not right,

But I have such a knack of holding on tight.

Oh yes, bring me a kodak with leather so brown,

I will hide it in the closet when my brother is around.

After you fill my stocking and just lay the other things down on the shelf.

You selfish girl, it would be worth while

To give all your presents to some poor little child.

I would give them away if they were mine,

And make someone happy at this Christmas time.

I have story books and dishes and toys of all kinds,

And I'm going to keep them for they are all mine.

I have a nice sled with runners so bright

I used to ride on it on cold winter nights.

I know I am selfish, I know it's not right,

If I live until next Christmas I won't hold so tight.

Betty Estelle, Junior high school.

A SONG of GLADNESS

Hark! the Herald Angels sing
Glory to the new-born king!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of
Peace! —Wesley.

