

BILLY WHISKERS

by FRANCES TREGO MONTGOMERY

On coming out of the laundry Billy Jr. hear Star whinnying for him in a distressed, excited voice, and he bleated back, "I am coming, Star. What's the matter?"

Star answered back, "Hurry up or you will be left behind; they are going to switch our car on to the Santa Fe train."

Billy knew he would not have time to go around the way he had come, so he crawled through a place in the fence where a couple of boards were off, and gained his car just as it began to back out of the yard.

"Well, old fellow, where have you been? You look all wet, and you have nearly given me nervous prostration by your absence. I have neighed and neighed for you till my throat is sore."

"I never heard you," said Billy Jr., "for I was inside the laundry seeing to a little washing," and Billy Jr. commenced to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Star.

"At the funny frightened faces those pig-tailed Chinamen made at me when they saw me coming for



them. I wonder if the Chinaman I frightened up the street has stopped running yet," said Billy Jr.

"Tell me so I can laugh, too," said Star, "for I know you have been in mischief."

While Billy was telling of his adventure the train started on its way, westward ho.

The trip from Chicago to Kansas City was made without any excitement; and after they had left Kansas City behind and were well on their way across the state, Billy, who was looking out of his peephole, said:

"Well, I am glad I took your advice and did not try to walk or steal rides to the west. I would have been a tired, foot-sore goat by this time, if I had ever gotten as far as here, which I doubt. The

Wit and Humor

Patient—Doctor, what do you think makes me so bald?

Doctor—Hm! I ascribe it to the fact that your hair comes out.

HOW HE TOOK THE PICKLE

The physician had been treating a man for dyspepsia for a long time, and finally, wishing to know how his patient was coming on, he told him to take a dill pickle just before going to bed and see if he could hold it on his stomach over night. The next day the man called and the physician asked him the result.

"Oh, it was all right, Doctor," he said, "as long as I was awake; but when I went to sleep it rolled off."

—Miss Martha Selin, Eighth grade, St. Andrew's school.

AN OLD HABIT

"I wonder if men have always complained about the food their wives served them," said Peasly.

"I guess so," sighed Mrs. Bumpus.

"You remember it started with Adam."

WRONG SIGN

A farmer hitched his team to a telephone pole.

"Here," exclaimed a policeman, "you can't hitch there!"

"Can't hitch!" shouted the irate farmer. Well, why does the sign say, "Fine for Hitching?"

Professor—"Name three articles containing starch."

Jim—"Two cuffs and a collar."

By a St. Andrew's Reader.

map of the United States I chewed up never gave me any idea of the distance between the eastern states and the western. Look quickly, Star, at that woman with a baby in her arms, coming out of that hole in the ground. What on earth is she doing there. They don't bury people alive out here, do they?"

Star laughed and said, "No, she lives there. That is what they call a 'dugout,' and some people in the west still live in them."

"Well, when I have to live in a hole in the ground I hope I shall turn into a groundhog and be done with it," said Billy Jr.

(Copyright by the Saalfeld Publishing Co., Akron, O.)

DORTHA BELLE FINDS A KIND MOTHER

In a far off land there lived a little girl named Dortha Belle Summers. When Dortha Belle was six years old her mother died and left her with her cross old father.

He was very cross and would punish her for small faults.

One day her father became angry at her and sent her far into the woods. She went farther and farther till at last she came to a little hut as it was night, she lay down to sleep.

In the morning, she started back home. At last she arrived at home and her father was gone. She went to the neighbor's and asked about her father. No one could tell her anything about him. She had no place to go now. She wandered around for some time.

One day she came to the sea shore and a ship was ready to sail for America, and she longed to go with it. She asked the captain if she could go with it. He said she could go. When she got to America she had no place to go. She wandered about for some time. At last, she came to a big house and she slipped in quietly and hid.

The next morning the mother came in the kitchen and found her. She pitied her and gave her some food. When her daughter saw her she was filled with joy, and wanted to take her for her little sister. Her mother said she would see about it. The next morning she told her that Dortha would be her sister. She was glad her mother was so good and kind to little homeless children.—From a Junior, age 14, Clara Arnold.

OUR NICE TEACHER

In Joseph Moore school we have such a nice teacher.

She passed every one of us children, and she said she was so happy. And I think she made some other children happy, too. She teaches the sixth grade.

And I do hate to leave her, and I am not the only one. She teaches us so many things. And she knows just how to teach us.

The children in the 6A brought her a nice basket of fruit. They planned it and none of the children in the 6B knew anything about it or the teacher. And we all were surprised and so was Mrs. Nice. And I think she did deserve it. For she teaches us so many things.—Elnora Dagget, 6 A grade, Joseph Moore school.

"SHE'S A REAL TOMBOY" SAYS MOTHER OF 12-YR. GIRL ENTERING COLLEGE

(True Story)

Imagine a little nine-year-old girl in New York city, changing from one school to another and skipping three grades while doing it! Lucky!

Yes, perhaps, but more than lucky. It was three years ago that Helen Koch, 755 Dawson street, New York city, did this. Now, when 12 years old, she is entering Hunter college for Women in her big home city.

When a girl can go through school at Helen's speed it is almost foolish to wonder what her best subject is. She surely must be good at all of them. Helen is, but she is best in arithmetic and mathematics.

Girls, who are a little dumb in arithmetic are usually excused because "It's not a girl's subject."

"Very well," says Helen's mother, "she really is a little tomboy. She likes all kinds of sports and plays just as hard as she studies."

—Boys' and Girls' Newspaper.

A NONSENSE LETTER

Goosetown, Wyoming, Feb. 40, 1909.

My Dear Jim: You know I always like to write to you. I have a little news to tell ye. You know dat old Tom White dat had dat heart sease, vell, he married a lady by dere name of "Gee Whiz Lizz." On der day dey vas married the sun shone rain and the white clouds were black. He was dressed in red serge trimmed with green wool, and wore a great big sunflower, red shoes and blue stockings. She wore a red cheese cloth waist and a gray calico skirt, a blanket for her veil, and dandelions for her flowers.

For der wedding march, the violinist played the organ on his banjo, "Comin Through the Rye." Vell anyhow, dey vas married just der same.

When dey got home they ate their dinner for supper, which was dill pickles and ice cream.

A few weeks later he got a job on der farm. On Saturdays he was supposed to get things ready for Sunday for the folks went to church. He put wagon wheels on der auto, hitched the cows to der wagons, and painted the fence instead of der house. So he was fired by der poker and a few pieces of coal.

The next week he became a fireman, and seeing a fence painted red and thinking it was on fire called out the fire engine. So he was again fired.

Vell, Jim, I am gittin pretty sleepy, so I will stop. Hoping this letter will find you as it leaves me with a broken leg and a black eye.

From your true, loving kind hearted charitable grand niece,

TOMMY STOVEPIPE.

By Miss Martha Selin, 8th grade, St. Andrew's School.

Style

When I was a girl of twenty-three, I dressed for health and modesty. I wore a bonnet plainly trimmed Tied with a bow under my chin.

No bangs or frizzles around my face,

I was told it was a bad disgrace, I wore a full dress to keep me warm,

And to protect me in time of storm.

I wore a dress that touched the ground,

When made, was full, six yards around.

My low-heeled shoes were broad and warm,

They never made a painful corn.

I never chewed gum of any kind,

My teeth were like an ivory mine;

I never used paint nor a powder puff,

I was told it was sinful to use such stuff.

I never wore a short-sleeved dress,

Nor one cut off below the chest.

My mother was as modest as could be,

All of her girls were as modest as she.

Remember, dear girls, if you have health,

It means more to you than all the wealth.

Take my advice and think of me, Dress for health and modesty.

—Betty Estelle, Junior high school.

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING



ABOUT THE ONLY THING A FELLOW CAN SAY WHEN HE'S WALKING HOME FROM SCHOOL WITH THE ONE GIRL IN THE WORLD AND HIS HOSE SUPPORTER BREAKS.

"Taken for Granted"

PART I.

Jean Rebels at Being Taken for Granted Picks Hugh, Not Bob

"But mother, I don't want to go to the party with Bob," said Jean as she helped her mother clear away the dishes after dinner.

"Why, Jean, I can't understand you! You know you've always gone to parties with Bob. You have known him ever since you used to play in your sand piles together. He is such a fine fellow. Most any girl in Weston would be glad of a chance to go to a party with him."

Mrs. Crane was proud of her pretty 18-year-old daughter.

"Any way," continued Jean, as she dropped into a chair in the corner, "I think I'll tell him I won't go. I'm going with Hugh Hurley."

"With Hugh Hurley! Why, we don't know him at all!" But Jean walked out of the dining room into the parlor, leaving her mother alone to think on her sudden change of heart.

Ever since she had been big enough to play outdoors, Jean Crane had been what the boys call a "good sport." She was always in for a good time, and could be counted on for all hikes, roasts, and picnics. She was a favorite with boys and girls alike.

Bob Brooks had grown up with Jean. The Brooks and the Crane's had been neighbors and close friends for many years. It was only natural that Bob should ask Jean to go to parties with him. He had always done it; Jean knew he would ask her. He never asked anyone else. Just this noon, when leaving school, he had called to her.

"Say, Jean, how about that Senior dance?" "I'll call you up," answered Jean. Bob hurried on, thinking nothing more of it. He took it for granted that he would go to the dance with Jean.

As Jean was lounging in her father's big easy chair, thinking over these things in the dusk of the evening, she heard a whistle outside. Startled, she jumped up and looked out. There she saw a big touring car drawn up at the curb. A young man was getting out.

PART II.

Hugh Takes Jean Out in Big Car; Invites Her to Go to Dance

Hugh Hurley was a newcomer in Weston. His father had recently come to the little city to take charge of the big steel mills there. Hugh found the change from city life a little bit irksome at first, but before long he began to like it after a fashion.

He had money, and a big automobile. He had traveled a great deal and was an interesting talker. Besides, he was somewhat of an athlete. By virtue of these facts he found himself in a class of his own in Weston. It stimulated his pride. He liked it.

Jean Crane knew the minute she saw that big car in front of her home that it was Hugh who had whistled. As soon as Hugh saw her on the porch, he called, "I'm glad you're home, Jean. I've been wondering all day if you would go for a little ride with me tonight."

"Sure, Hugh, I'll be delighted," Jean hurried in for her coat. "I'm going for a ride with Hugh Hurley," she called back to her mother.

It was pleasant to hear the low hum of the powerful engine and to listen to Hugh's interesting comments on the things they passed and things in general. It was pleasant still to wave a fleet "Hello" to a bunch of her friends that were coming out of an ice cream parlor. Jean could feel their surprised eyes following her as she rode on in Hugh's car. She enjoyed it.

"My, but you're looking pretty to-night, Jean."

Jean's face flushed slightly. Bob had never told her that. Probably Bob had never noticed it. My, but Bob was slow.

"Jean, I'm a happy fellow to know that you're going to the Senior dance with me Saturday night."

"And, Hugh, I'm happy to go with you. Won't it be fun?"

Jean felt Hugh's arm slipping around her. She knew she ought to push it away, but she didn't. It seemed too nice. Bob had never done that. Oh, how uninteresting Bob was!

Later in the evening when she waved "Good-by" to Hugh from her porch, she was elated. Wouldn't the girls envy her? Hugh Hurley really liked her. Of course he did! Jean knew it.—(More Next Week).

THE LOST DIAMOND

Once upon a time there was a little girl who was a princess. Her father had given her a magic diamond which a fairy had given him. He did not tell the daughter that it was a magic diamond.

She did not take very good care of it. Her father said she must take care of it but she did not. So, one day, when she was walking in the forest, she lost it. She told the nurse that she had lost it. The nurse began to hunt it, but the princess said, "I do not like the diamond, so do not hunt it any more." The nurse obeyed the child and did not hunt any more for the diamond.

The next day her father called her to his throne and asked her what she had done with the diamond. The child said that yesterday she had lost it in the wood.

The father got very angry at her and said that she must set out to find it right away. The child cried very hard, and begged her father not to make her go; but her father would not let her stay, and said she must have the diamond before she came back. She then asked what good the diamond was and her father said it was a magic diamond and would kill her mother, the queen. The little princess then cried very hard. She kissed her mother and father good-bye and set out alone.

A few days later she came home with a box and in the box was a note and a hundred diamonds. The child was to find the magic diamond among them, and if she did not find the right diamond her mother and new baby brother would be killed. The next day the child was to pick out the diamond. She was afraid that she would not pick the right diamond and that she would pick the one that would kill her brother and mother. She was called at ten o'clock to pick the diamond. Her mother, brother and father and the rest of the court were there. She picked a diamond out of the box. She was to wait till in the morning to tell if she had picked the right diamond.

The next morning, to the child's surprise, she had picked the right diamond and instead of her mother and brother being killed, her mother had a little baby girl.—[The End.] —By K. Josephine Hollingsworth, 6B grade, Starr school.

P. S.—I wrote this with out looking at a book to copy. I made this up in my head. I hope you like it.—K. J. K.

Ed. Note: Yes, I do like it. I like "head" stories. They are the only kind for juniors to write. I was so excited until I knew she picked just the right diamond.

RIDING IN THE RAIN MAKES GOOD APPETITE

I broke my glasses. It was about five o'clock and it was raining, and I had to go out in it. I rode my bicycle. And I had my rain coat on. I could not go very fast. But I got along pretty well. As I was going up the Main street hill I skidded everywhere. When I got up the hill and to the optician's office, I did not have to wait long. But when I came out it was pouring down harder than ever.

I saw Mr. Henley, our Sunday School teacher. On the way home I had to stop on account of autos. Then I went on and when I got home I was so hungry, so I ate so much I nearly burst.—William Ray Maule, Jr.

OUR WOOD WORKING CLASS A ROOSTER AND A WORM

When the wood working class went to Baxter for wood work. Before Christmas we made a book then we could make a Santa Claus, a brownie or a clown. Then after Christmas we could make a toy jumping Teddy, a athletic trick-maker or a Rooster Duck worm fight. I made a brownie and a Rooster Duck worm fight. One girl made a jumping Teddy and was given A for her grade. The Rooster Duck worm fight didn't look like a rooster and a duck at all, they were all colors. The worm was green.—Harold Hurst, 6B, Joseph Moore school.

A "school without a time-table" is being conducted at Kearsley, near Manchester, England. It is a public elementary school with a gifted and enthusiastic teacher as principal, Mr. E. F. O'Neill. Here the idea of freedom in education is carried out to a very great degree, and it has proceeded far enough to show that there is much that is valuable in the idea.