

BILLY WHISKERS

BY FRANCES TREGO MONTGOMERY

Several days after this when Billy Jr., was out in the mountains he noticed that it grew suddenly cold and that light flurries of snow began to blow and swirl through the mountain passes. He climbed to the top of a peak whence he could get a good view of the clouds and saw, advancing from the direction of the main range, a terrible black cloud that was hurling snow and sleet on the mountains and valleys as it came.

It took him but a moment to decide what to do, for he knew if the young lambs were caught out in such a severe storm they would be frozen to death. So he turned back to the flock and told them to follow him as quickly as they could and not stop to take even a mouthful of grass. He led them into the deepest, most sheltered canon he could find and told them to stand close together so as to keep each other warm as possible and to be careful to see that the young sheep and lambs were on the inside where it would be the warmest.

Here they stood while the storm raged and blew over and above the canon, but the sheep were so sheltered that scarcely any snow fell on them, as the force of the wind carried it over. It grew darker and darker and time to go home, but Billy said:

"We will have to stay here all night. It will never do to go out in such a storm onto the open prairie. Half of you would perish with the cold before you got across the valley."

So there they stayed in their little sheltered nook until about midnight, when they were startled by hearing the weird yelping bark of a pack of prairie wolves coming straight down the canyon. This threw the sheep into a terrible panic, for they knew that same pack of wolves only too well; they had made raids on them before and carried off a baby lamb, and now and then, an old sheep.

Now Billy had never met or even seen a wolf in his life, but he had absolutely no fear of them, as he knew they were too much like dogs to be afraid of. Still he did not know how he would come out fighting a whole pack by himself, and from the sound of their voices, it seemed as if there must be at least fifty of them.

"Now, all you rams that have horns make a circle around the sheep, and if a wolf tries to get through in order to get at a young sheep, fight for your lives and theirs and don't give up and run off. While you do this I will run here and there wherever I think a

wolf is most likely to break through your circle and kill them one by one, for I am not afraid of any wolf I ever heard of."

This stand of Billy's gave them more courage, but they were so accustomed to turn tail and run at the approach of danger that Billy was afraid they would do so now at the first sight they got of the wolves.—Copyright by the Saalfeld Publishing Co., Akron, O.

IMAGINATIVE POEM WRITTEN BY GIRL WINS FIRST PRIZE

Reminding us a great deal of an old Japanese fairy tale is the following poem, written by Hilda Conkling, nine years old. This is one of a group of three poems by this junior writer, which won first prize in a contest carried on by The Touchstone, an art magazine published in New York:

The Old Brass Pot.
The old brass pot in the corner
Shines and scowls at the kitchen pans.
Like a stubborn king
He sits and frowns . . .
Orders them about
When I'm not looking.
He was a gift from the fairy queen . . .
What can I do?

He boils rice when I want it,
Makes broth when it is needed.
He is magic
But he grows all day.
Without him it would be pleasant
and comfortable
In my little cottage
With wistaria growing over the
open windows . . .
What can I do?

He tells the frying-pan
To stay on its hook . . .
He shouts at the other pans
In a gruff voice . . .
In my cozy kitchen!
They all might be so happy
Tell me—but you must whisper—
What can I do?
—Hilda Conkling.

FOR THE BIRDS' COMFORT

When building a bird house, bear in mind these suggestions which were made to the contestants in a bird house contest held by Kansas City, Mo., schools several years ago:

Wood is better material to use than earthenware or metal.
An outside perch is not necessary and not to be advised.

As birds dislike paint, an unpainted house is best.
The entrance of the house should face away from the direction of the worst storms.

A small drainage hole in the floor of the house under the nest is advisable. Ventilation holes may be put in the sides of the house under the eaves.

Set the heads of nails and screws deeply into the woods and cover them with putty.

Robins like to live in large trees. Wrens, Catbirds and Thrashers prefer thick shrubbery.

By writing to the department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., bulletins telling how to build bird houses may be secured free of charge.

VISITORS ARE WELCOMED

When the white people come by down three times saying "Bonzai, bonzai, bonzai." When the white people go to a Japanese home the master, who is the father of the home, comes to the door, gets down on his knees and bows three times to show that they are welcome. They take their shoes off when they go into the house. Usually they have for their meals rice and tea. They have no chairs but they sit on the floor where a thin matting is laid. They have no furniture except in one corner there is a low platform, where they put the little idol that they worship. It is great honor for the company to sit near this.

ROSS STOAKES
Grade 5 A, Vaile School.

Teacher (in history)—"How was Alexander II killed?"
Freshman—"By a bomb."

Teacher—"How do you account for that?"

Freshie—"It exploded."

Planning to Raise Vegetables This Year?

Junior Gardeners Organized

"An apple a day," so the old saying goes, "keeps the doctor away," and it is said that if we substituted "a carrot or an onion a day"—or almost any vegetable in fact, for the apple, the saying would still be true. Beans, peas, potatoes, sweet corn, beets, carrots and such vegetables make you

well and strong and your disposition good.

Are you planning a whole garden full of vegetables for this year's garden work?

The organization of the school garden army has been completed, but returns have not all reached General Rice's hands. Next week we will be able to publish the newly elected officers.

HOT ASHES IN JAR HEAT JAPANESE SCHOOLS

The Japanese children do not go to the kind of school we do. The school begins at six and lasts till five. I think they learn more than we do, don't you? They always take their shoes off before they go in. They do this because the shoes would break the matting if cushions that they kneel on. Their desks are like little stools, about four inches high and twelve inches long. The children sit around the side of the wall. The teacher sits in the middle of the room. They have a funny way of heating. They put hot ashes in a box or jar. Would you like this way of heating? I would not.

ELIZABETH ALLEN,
Grade 5 B, Vaile School.

CRAB HUNTING IN CUBA

One of the strange little animals that live in Cuba, is called crab. The animal lives in the rocky hills near the sea. Crabs of this kind have eight legs, four on each side. The pair in front have a sort of pinchers of jaws. With these the crab can defend himself because it has great strength and can almost break a stick with his jaws. His body is almost as large as my fist, and is covered with a hard shell. Inside this shell there are brown eggs, and when they are cooked they look like pancakes. The crab has funny eyes because he can make them stand up like little sticks and when you strike him he draws his eyes in to protect them. When the crab runs, he runs sideways and never backwards or forwards. The crab goes down to the sea shore about the month of March or April and lays its eggs in seaweeds. Then it returns to the mountains. I sometimes went crab hunting with some Cuban children, and we would catch the crabs and get their eggs and take them home to eat. (The end.)—Phillip Holding, grade 5B, Finley school.

EIGHT TEAMS JUNIOR S. S. LEAGUE CLASH IN "Y" GYM SATURDAY

The schedule of the Junior Sunday school basket ball league for Saturday, April 9, 1921, follows:

Philo, Second Presbyterian, vs. Giants, Second Presbyterian—First half, 1:15; second half, 1:55.

Whitewater Friends vs. United Brethren—First half, 1:35; second half, 2:15.

First Methodist Episcopal vs. South Eighth Street Friends—First half, 2:35; second half, 3:15.

Grace Methodist Episcopal vs. First English Lutheran—First half, 2:55; second half, 3:35.

East Main Street Friends vs. First Christian—First half, 3:55; second half, 4:20.

All games will be played in the "Y" gym.

The Black Eyed Princess

Chapter II.

She screamed, for a man with long hair opened the door. He caught her by the arm. He had a knife. He raised his hand to stab her, when in came the stable boy with a gun. The man with long hair jumped out of the window. The princess, whose name was Princess Mayflower, fainted. Her father ran to her with water. She opened her eyes in the afternoon. The stable boy was sitting by her holding her hand. The princess' father died of fright. Months passed by and in the home of King Rame, the princess sat by herself. It was getting dark. She saw a shadow out in the yard; it came closer and closer. She fell back, the window broke and she was carried away.

(To Be Continued)

DOROTHY MITCHELL
Finley School.

Our Dogs

(Here is the best "Dog Story" in a contest conducted by the Rockford (Ill.) Star:)

When I was about five years old my mother let me take my little baby sister out in the baby buggy. I lived in a small village and knew the way through the whole town.

I took my sister out near the edge of town. It was in the winter and there was a little pond of ice along the sidewalk. I was going to take a slide and didn't want to leave my sister and the buggy standing on the sidewalk so I took the buggy on the ice and the ice broke through. I couldn't push it out and nobody was around except the neighbor's dog that went with me. I didn't know what to do so, when I turned around to see if anybody was coming, the dog got under the handle and pushed it out. It was getting late so I had to hurry home but I never forgot the dog's kindness.—Gladys Breaw, 1912 Melrose street, Rockford, Ill.

NO SENSE HERE

Dear Mary: I am going to tell you about my trip in Brooklyn to New York. When I got there I took a street car ride on a jitney bus to park over the railroad track underneath it. I saw a skyscraper dog dancing on his tail with a tomato in his mouth, that had pink tassels hanging on it; then a store, that had a greenish sign on the top of its floor, fell up and one people fell over it. The funniest thing I saw was the Hudson river sliding down a hill full of snow over the rail bridge. I forgot to tell you about what I saw at the park. I saw monkeys eating acorns off of a cocoanut tree, and they had on black cravats with purple dots and yellow stripes of red. The giraffe's wore green spots while the tigers had stripes of blue. My pop got me green pink lemonade from the elephant's hay loft, and I found a red lemon in a cracker-jack box. Then we went back to the hotel in the jitney bus and had black corn pumpkin pie for supper. I think this is all I saw, so I'll bid you goodbye with one eyelid open and the teakettle shut. Also I hope this letter finds you as it leaves me with a broken leg and my wig on wrong. With much true goodbyishness. From Tilda Macbread.

—Thelma Feltis, 8A-1, Garfield school.

The Haunted House

Donald Brewster had become engaged to May Cope. He married her three months later against the will of her parents. About a year after she died. Donald remained in that house for about six months, when he found that he could get work in Chicago. He packed up and left.

He was there about three months when his mother died. After the death his father and his sister moved to the big house. He came home quite often to visit. One night while he was visiting there he wished he could see May. He then went to sleep and woke at midnight. He looked around and looked in May's room for he felt that somebody was around. He went back to bed but at the door between his and her room he saw her there. He got up to talk to her but she disappeared before he got there. He went back to bed half crying because he thought sure he got a chance to talk to her. At the breakfast table he told of his adventure of the night. But they laughed at him and said it was a dream. That night the sister (Lizzy) went to sleep up there. Lizzy left up there that night but saw nothing. But the next night she saw May. And May hugged her. But when Lizzy went to tell May "hello," she was gone. The next day Donald went to town and brought out a private police. They looked the house from the attic to the cellar, but found nothing. He slept in her room that night. She came there by his bed and said she didn't like strangers sleeping in her room and then vanished.—Jessie Manlove, grade 5, Dublin, Ind.

(To be continued.)



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