

Just Boy

Pa's Hand Is Mightier Than His Tongue.

Jimmy Coon Stories

By Dr. Warren G. Partridge.

JIMMY COON VISITS MRS. QUAIL AGAIN.

Jimmy Coon had been awfully busy for a few weeks. He had been hunting hard and fast, night after night, for frogs, crickets, black beetles, wild grubs, wild grapes, berries, field mice and even Farmer Jones' chickens.

And as Jimmy Coon was walking along one dark night on his little sled legs, he sat down on a fallen log. And suddenly he heard Mother Bob-White cooing, and trying to comfort her little children, who had been awakened in the dark night by some bad dreams. And as Mother Bob-White cooed and snuggled her little ones under her warm feathers, Jimmy Coon said to himself, "My, how I wish I knew where Mother Bob-White hid her nest this year. I can't find it, and I have hunted for it ever where!"

And then Jimmy Coon scratched the top of his head with his left hand while he held his chin to his right hand. This was a habit Jimmy Coon had when he was thinking very hard. And after waiting some time in a brown study, Jimmy Coon suddenly said to himself, "Gracious sakes alive! Why didn't I think of this before? Why I've been so awfully busy late that I forgot all about visiting Mrs. Quail! Why I remember now she has 23 nice eggs in her nest. It's strange that I should have forgotten Mrs. Quail! Why, she's on my call list. This is a great oversight!"

And Jimmy Coon started at once to visit Mrs. Quail. And sure enough Mrs. Quail was at home. What a sight! And she was in her sitting-room as usual, near the old mossy stone in the Big Pasture of Farmer Jones. As Jimmy Coon carefully and so creep through the underbrush and his best faster as he was pretty sure of it, Jimmy Coon saw that Mrs. Quail was sitting in her easy chair in a sitting-room. She had on that pre-mottled-brown dress, with a lace collar and lace cuffs.



Mrs. Quail Was at Home That Night, and She Was in Her Sitting-Room as Usual.

And Jimmy Coon's eyes twinkled and his mouth watered as he thought of getting those twenty-two eggs for supper that night. All of a sudden Jimmy opened his eyes very wide as his ears were covered as straight as possible, as he heard a beautiful song. And Jimmy couldn't believe his ears. And Jimmy said to himself, "Well, you could knock me over with a feather! That is Mother Quail singing! Why should she sing to her egg? She must be crazy!"

And just then Jimmy Coon looked closer, and he was startled to see little head sticking out from under Mrs. Quail's wing.

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RED CROSS
AND
C. W. C. A.
COLUMN

A VISIT FROM A DOMINION OF

All war-working women will be anxious to attend the big Red Cross meeting which is to be held in London, the afternoon of January 12. At this meeting, Dominion Red Cross secretary, will address the meeting, and a speaker is to be secured. All arrangements as to the hour and place of meeting have not yet been made, but announcements will come soon. The meeting will be held in the busy days, when the clock of the kindness and the wheel of the sewing machine must be kept up unceasingly, we have to prepare weeks ahead for even one extra meeting. Our matter how busy we are we must not miss this important gathering, when we shall hear the latest happenings of Red Cross affairs. Will all auxiliary in and about London, please notice the date, January 12?

What We Did on "Our Day." It was the last of last October that the British Red Cross campaign was held, when Ontario contributed something over a million and a half dollars. Our Red Cross circles in all districts No. 1, doing their part. That day, and now a letter of thanks comes from the secretary of the British Red Cross fund, thanking us for our donation, which amounted to \$2,614.00. Since that amount was acknowledged by the provincial treasurer, our Red Cross treasurer, Mrs. A. E. Coope has mailed a further contribution of \$125.00.

The secretary, Dr. A. H. Abbott, expresses the thanks of those responsible for the campaign. I would ask you to kindly convey the various Red Cross circles, and have so generously responded to the appeal, the thanks of his honor the Lieutenant-Governor. We are a committee of resources, which is a charge of this campaign in Ontario and the British Red Cross for the splendid spirit of co-operation which they have shown in this work.

A Well-Drilled Army. The work coming in improves ever month. So says the head of a committee at Hyman Hall, through whose hands passes much of that work. This is very encouraging news. We are a learning something every month, and soon will be near perfection. And perfection is our aim. In the early days of the war many found the exacting rules of the Red Cross, but we are all becoming well-drilled soldiers now, and take new orders from head to foot. Unquestionably, just as the boy in the trenches takes his, and that is the way to win the war. It is rather cheering to face the big task of the new year—and, oh, how tremendous it is!—with the knowledge that our fingers grow more deft, and our output improves steadily.

An Overworked Santa Claus. There was a very grateful letter received the other day by the visiting committee of our hospitals. Twenty-five lads of the A. M. C. were sent overseas suddenly last month, and the committee paused in their Christmas preparations long enough to hurry up a little parcel for each one, as for a well-knit, and lest Santa Claus might miss them as they hurried from one place to another. Of course, the parcel contained a pair of socks, as well as other things less important, and the boy who wrote expressed his heartfelt thanks for the kindness that prompted the gift. When we remember that the visiting committee was arranging a Christmas treat for 284 sick men, we cannot but admire the zeal that made possible this extra labor of love.

More Work Needs More Workers. As the war goes on the demand upon us continues to grow. So write Col. Blaylock, our assistant Red Cross commissioner in France. "Each month brings forth some new need." Let us hope, and let each of us will also bring forth some new workers, and more energy from the old workers.

Convenor Press Committee.

