



FOURTEEN YEARS

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to your club though my papa has taken THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE for about fourteen years and would not like to be without it. We had a pretty good crop this year. We have two colts. I hope you will send me a button.
Man.
MAY INGRAM.

THRESHING IS OVER

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am just eight years old. I have one sister, her name is Doris, and I have two brothers. I live at a place called Pilot Butte. I am going to school two years now and I am in the third book. We have nine horses and twenty-one cows. I hope I will see my letter in print. My father takes THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE. We have finished threshing on the eighteenth of October.
MARY IRBNE McINNIS.

NOT VERY LONG

Dear Wigs,—This is the first letter I have ever written to your club before. I think the buttons are very pretty. Foxwarren is a very small town, but there are nice people in it. It is getting cold now, and it will soon be winter. I think I rather like having pen-names. How many Wigs belong to any other club? I do. I hope this letter will escape the W. P. B. and I will see it in print. This is getting a long letter, so I will close.
SNOWDROP.

WE LIKE NEW MEMBERS

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I thought I would write to your club, as I enjoy reading the paper. Mr. Converse has gotten your paper for a long time, and he asked me why? I did not become a member of your club, and I said, "Well, I guess I will have to join." So here I am at last! I hope you like to get new members.

I have two rabbits. Their names are Jack and Jill and I like them very much. Jill, one of my rabbits, will stand up on one of his legs and dance like a dancing doll. I have also a pony which will soon be five years old, and I have a steer, too.
HARRY LEORE.

A SUMMER SCHOOL

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to your charming club. My father has taken THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE for some time and I like reading the letters very much. We came here from Edmonton two years ago and we are living on a farm. We have seven head of cattle, but we have no horses yet. We have a school half a mile from us, but as it is only open for the summer it has closed now for the winter. I am ten years old and have three brothers. I have none of my little cousins in the West and I miss them very much. I would like to join your club and I will send a two cent stamp for a button.
Sask.
ELLA J. BRENNAN.

THE RAILROAD COMING

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—As my first letter escaped the W. P. B. I thought I would try my luck again. We have one cow and two horses. Papa owns 320 acres of land. I am in the fifth book at school. My teacher's name is Miss D—. We have not taken THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE very long, but we like it fine. I think we are going to have a railroad here next fall. The graders are here now. I will be glad when the road does come; it seems so funny to have to go so far. Eighteen miles is the distance to our nearest

station. I see that a lot of the girls are very fond of reading, and I am very much so. I have read Lena Rivers, Meadow Brook, English Orphans, Anne of Green Gables and Anne of Avonlea, and ever so many more.

This summer, mamma, my sister and I went to Calgary for our vacation. I received my button. One day I put it on and wore it to school and when mamma washed my waist she washed the button, too and now it is white.
BESSIE L. DRAKE.

FOURTEEN MILES FROM TOWN

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—My father has taken THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE for three years. We live on our homestead fourteen miles from town. We have no school here yet, but I was in town last winter going to school. My studies are reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, composition, grammar and drawing. The people are threshing here now. We have six head of cattle, some hens, and one dog named Shep.
Sask.
GEORGE PROUD.

A TRY-AGAIN BOY

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I did not see my first letter in print so I thought I would write again. My father has taken THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE for a number of years and I enjoy reading the letters of this club very much. I go to school every day and my teacher's name is Miss D—. I hope this letter will miss the W. P. B., and I am sending a stamp for a button. I will close with a conundrum for the Wigs: Why is a pig in a parlor like a house on fire? Ans.—Because they both need putting out.

PONY BOY.

A BUTTON THIS TIME

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my second letter to your interesting club. I have written once before and did not receive my button. I live on a farm five miles north of Stettler. I go to school nearly every day and my teacher's name is Mrs. S—. I like her fine. I am in the fourth class and there are four others in my class. I have got two sisters and two brothers. Their names are Itha and Ruth and Harry and Afton.

I help my father make hay and shock grain. We have got our threshing done now. I hope to be a member of your club, so I will enclose a two cent stamp for a button.
Alta.
FOX GLOVE.

OFF TO THE PEACE COUNTRY

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—My father has taken THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE for a number of years and I have enjoyed reading the letters very much.

I was in the eighth grade when I stopped school this summer. I take music lessons and like it very much.

My cousin and I herd the cattle with ponies. We both have Indian ponies. We live three and one-half miles from Manor. I used to drive to school to Manor before I stopped going. We have finished threshing about a month ago. Nearly all the threshing is done around here. We have had a very dry season, although the crops turned out fine.

My father is going to sell out this fall and go to the Peace River. I guess I will get lots of herding cattle when I go in there. My cousin and I were three days hunting some calves this week. We found them fifteen miles from home.

CANUCK.

A VISITOR FROM DAKOTA

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—My uncle has taken THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE for some time and we girls, my cousin and I, enjoy reading the Western Wigwam very much.

We live three and a half miles from town on a farm. I came out here from South Dakota in June to stay with my aunt and uncle. I am going home about Christmas, and my aunt and cousin are going back with me for a visit.

We milk five cows, and have five calves. We girls both have an Indian pony and ride to town quite often. We rode them to school for a while but we only went to school a month. I am in the first year of high school.

I have a camera and we have great times taking pictures. I took music lessons when I was in the United States, but have stopped since I came out here. I play mostly by ear.

Well, Cousin Dorothy, I guess I will close for this time. I am sending a stamp for a button. I hope that I will see my letter in print. With best wishes to your club, I remain, Your friend.
YANKEE.

TWO PACING PONIES

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my second letter to your charming club. I received my button and like it, but I lost it. And I hope to receive another. I go to school and have two ponies; one is called Billy and the other is called Daisy. They are both pacers. I still read THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE. There are some very interesting letters. I did not see my letter in print, so I guess it got in the W. P. B. I am the only girl in the family. Father is writing a letter to you and I am sending my letter in the same envelope. I guess it will be all right. Love to all the Wigs.
REDROSE.

(The letter came to me all right, but your full name and address was not on it, and I had not an idea what your father's name was. You didn't think of that, did you, girlie?—C. D.)

LIFE IN A COOK-CAR

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Western Wigwam. I enjoy reading the letters very much. I go to school every day and am in the fifth grade. I will tell you of my experience of living in a cook-car helping mother cook for a plowing gang which father has.

A year ago last spring we left home to live in a cook-car and cook for six men. There were ten of us all together, six men and father and mother, a sister four years old, a baby brother ten months old, and myself. When we were moving the car was fastened on behind the engine. When we would go over a rough road we would almost tip over. The car was up on a high wagon and to get in it we had to climb up a ladder. We looked like Indians roving round the country.

I will send an envelope and a stamp for a button. Hoping this will escape the waste paper basket, I will close for this time. Wishing all the Wigs a success.
PANSY.

A DANDY COLT

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Wigwam. I am a little girl nine years old, have brown eyes, light hair and rosy cheeks. I go to school every day. The name of our school is Davenport. My little pony is gray, named Grace and she bucks me off sometimes. We have a little colt. His name is King, and he is a dandy. I hope to see my letter in print; please don't disappoint me.

—One of the RED, WHITE AND BLUE GIRLS.

KEEPING HER PROMISE

Dear Editor,—Some time ago I promised you a story, so I will send one now. This is my second letter to your club and I hope I shall see this in print, for I did the last one. There has not been very much frost yet, has there? Our potatoes are not frozen. What made me think that I ought to have written you a story was that to-night when I looked in THE ADVOCATE I saw that a girl said that she would send a story, so I thought I would send one, too, if you be so kind as to print it. Well, I must leave room for the other

members, so good-bye. I will sign myself
CALLIOPSIS.

(I am saving your story for the Christmas number, according to the arrangement made in the Western Wigwam of September 28th. Did you read it? I hope there will be a lot of stories from our girls and boys, but not many have come in yet.—C. D.)

SHORT AT FIRST

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to your club. I sometimes read the letters in your paper. I would like to receive a button, as I think they are very pretty. I go to school every day. I am in grade two. Our teacher's name is Miss M—. I like her fine. We live two miles from Ranfurly. I go to school at Ranfurly.
Alta.
RED CLOVER.

BILL'S QUESTIONS

At school we nicknamed Billy Clarke "The Living Human Question Mark." You never saw a chap so spry. At asking "When?" and "How?" and "Why?" But chiefly "How?" That things were so

was not enough; Bill had to know "The inner works," we used to say. Why, Billy studied how to play! We knew a twist would curve the ball; But Billy asked the teacher all The reasons why; and after that He threw some curves you couldn't bat. We went, one Saturday, for fun, To watch the roaring engines run At Holden's works. But Bill was queer; He chatted with the engineer And firemen all the afternoon Of wheels and shafts; and pretty soon He made an engine that could turn His little lathe and work the churn. I've met with boys who asked a lot Of questions, just to talk; but not Our Bill! You see, his questionings Went hand-in-hand with doing things.

Our Bill is building navies now; His questions helped to teach him how. I greeted him in Central Park Last week, with "How's the Question Mark?"

He laughed and blushed—the same old Bill—

And answered, "Asking questions still."
—ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

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Old Daniel Drew was at his house on Union Square one day when his clerks sent up for the combination of the safe which they wanted to open. Drew said it was "door." They sent again, saying it was a five-letter combination and they couldn't make "door" go. Finally Drew went down. "When I took the thing in hand," he says, "the safe opened as easy as anything. I turned to them: "There," says I, "it opens as easy as an old sack. Just d-o-a-r-e."



READY FOR THE CAMERA.