

By Dixie Patton

have three miles to go. We drive out twelve. I am 11 years old and am in grade six. My birthday is on December 23. We live on a farm. We have 19 horses, 47 head of cattle and 15 pigs. We have two cows milking. I milk one or two every night and sometimes in the morning.

30. It was very successful. I had several entries and took prizes for the following exhibits: cooked and baked, which were Harrod Hoxey; work bag, darning and mending; socks of ten various weeds and mending; map of North America; drawing, acrobatic and many. —Hortense Brownee, Sincclair, Mass.

live on a farm, 17 miles from Canton, our nearest town. I am going to tell about a dog we had when we lived in Washington. One night, after we were all in bed to the dog came running from the barn to the house barking. Then he ran to the barn, and so on, for several times. He found one of our horses in a manger unable to get out. He went to the house and got my brother. Then they both went and took the horse out—Owen, Sullivan Lake, Alta.

one night. I dreamed that I heard some one calling my name. I looked and I saw a fairy sitting on the bed and he told me to come to his house. He led me to a shining wood where there were holes ringing and I heard some one singing. He fairly led me into a room and there were lots of fairies flying and singing. Some of the fairies led me up stairs. There was a big table with a hamman to eat. After supper some of the fairies told stories. I was just about to go home when I awoke.—Land, say M Garrison, Denner, Alta.

I am a little country boy,
And live upon a farm,
I like the birds and flowers, and bees,
And beasts that do no harm.
I go to school in winter time,
And work the summer round,
I like to drive the horses
And plow up all the ground.
In threshing time we thresh the grain
That will make good bread some day,
The more we work the more the gain,
To help the soldier far away.
The soldiers they are fighting
To keep the country free;
The farmers they are working
The harvest.

WON PRIZES AT SCHOOL FAIR
I GO TO SCHOOL EVERY DAY THAT I CAN.



down off but for the fact he is such a
robust, as usual, is smooching away through
that he has not noticed what is happening
to. His horse is rearing and backing and
is only
to pay for that if Holly doesn't get his
d pretty soon.

[illegible]

I went to bed and so did Jean, quite hushed at the Ford pulling the buggy. On day all the neighbors would have it was a good job it was dark, for it was not the buggy coming out.

A cartoon illustration of a horse and rider jumping over a fence. The horse is in mid-air, and the rider is looking back over his shoulder. A sign on the fence reads "ST. PARLORS".

story for the page and send along with it an addressed and stamped envelope. You do not have to pay anything to join. The money which comes in is used for the Blue Cross Fund. If you send an envelope be sure that it is stamped and addressed and then I will send you a membership pin, and if you have a contribution to the Blue Cross Fund, also a Blue Cross pin. Remember when you write a letter to tell us about something. There are piles of letters that come in that are thrown into the W.P.M. because the writer did not tell anything except how old he was and where he lived. Tell us what game

Send the contributions to the Blue Cross
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—Dixie Patton.

