



The Western Wigwam

LEARNING TO MAKE SPEECHES

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my second letter to the Western Wigwam. I received my pin, and like it very much. I am going to school now every day. My teacher's name is Mr.—. I like him very much. My studies are reading, spelling, bookkeeping, arithmetic, geometry, elementary science and composition.

We have organized a literary society in our room at school. We have a meeting every second Friday. We have songs, recitations, debates and impromptu speeches. For the impromptu speeches we go up and draw a slip of paper and we have to make a speech about the subject that is written on the paper. Last Friday I was in a debate, about which was the best, Tennyson or Wordsworth as a poet. I was on Tennyson's side, and Tennyson won by two points.

I will have to close now, or my letter will get so long that it will find the W. P. B.

FULL OF AMBITION

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is the second time I have written to your club. If you remember, the last time I wrote we had no school; now we have one at which my auntie teaches, so I hope to see some improvement in my writing. My father is hauling lumber twenty-three miles, and so Bob and I have to stay at home in turns to do the work. Well, Cousin Dorothy, spring has come at last. The little heliotrope crocus will soon be showing up above the ground. The prairie fires were awful last fall, as all was so dry. A lot of people got tons of hay burnt, but we, with much pains, escaped; but for two weeks we had no peace. I am very fond of music, and father has given Bob and me each a piece of ground on which to grow onions for sale. Bob is going to get a horse with his money, and I an organ. We have got herd law all around us now, and we boys know all about cattle hunting, as we have done plenty of it, and we don't call it very much fun to come back almost bruised and nearly eaten with mosquitoes, but we expect a pasture this summer, so we will not have such a lot of running about. Father expects to fence in about forty acres. He also expects to grow a lot of rape for the hogs. It is now four years since we left England for Canada, and are well satisfied with the country, though we should like to see the old home again sometime. Father and the rest of us have read the *Advocate* ever since we came to Canada, and father sometimes says he would rather go without his dinner than his *Advocate*. We expect the railway either part way or past us this year, and we shall find it a great boon, as it is such a long way to haul the grain. Mother says I must tell you she was very much interested in reading those articles a short time ago. "Fame and Fortune," and "The Boy on the Farm." I am enclosing two-cent stamp for a button.

YORKSHIRE MOORS.

(Your writing has surely improved wonderfully. I think you are wise to cultivate your love for music. To be able to play the organ or piano is fine, and for a boy to be able to play a small musical instrument is a good idea, too, because no matter how much he moves round as he grows up he can carry his instrument with him. Come again—C. D.)

AN INTERESTING DEBATE

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I thought it was about time to write to you and the rest of the Wigwamers. A crowd of us went to Blackfalds to the literary society. The program was real nice, but I enjoyed the debate more. The subject was:

"Resolved that the Indians were treated worse by the white men than the negro." The side for the Indians won.

I will tell you about our drive to see hockey game played between Lacombe and Red Deer.

It was Christmas night, so we thought we would like a drive in the beautiful moonlight. The sled was so crowded I had to sit in the bottom. I was sitting very quiet when the sled began slipping and sliding to one side of the road. It frightened the girls when it slipped and they screamed, which scared the horses and they started to run, but Mr. Johnston, the man who was driving, kept the horses in the road until he got them under control, and we were at last safe in the rink. I was a little excited, as it was the first game I had seen, but it got so uninteresting at the last part for it was too one-sided. The score was fifteen to four in Lacombe's favor. We had a nice drive home, and were soon fast asleep in bed.

Alta. RUTH COVERDALE.

A FINE PONY

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—It is quite a time since I wrote to you. But I thought I would wait till my birthday was over. I got quite a lot of presents. As I have not written in quite a while my letter will be kind of long. I have been reading the letters of the club every week, and there are some very nice interesting letters. I received my button and think it is just fine I wear my button quite a lot but am very careful I don't lose it. We had an examination and I guess I came out ahead of my class. We have another little calf and a new cow. We have a pony we can drive and have lots of fun with him. I think every little girl that has a pony should be happy. We call ours Boldy, and he is just as quiet as he can be.

Man. HELEN ARMITAGE.

A FINE LETTER

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—You asked me once to tell you about Pocahontas, and I must beg your pardon for not doing so before. When the United States was first colonized by the English the Indians were very hostile to them. On one occasion an Englishman called John Smith, fell into their hands and they decided to put him to death. As he was lying bound and the warriors had their hatchets raised to kill him, Pocahontas, the daughter of the chief, threw herself upon him to defend him. She afterwards begged her father to set him free, which he did. She was very beautiful and afterwards married an Englishman, John Rolfe, who took her home to England, where she pined away and died.

Since I wrote my last letter we have moved quite a short distance from Indian Industrial school, and perhaps the members of our wigwam would like to hear something of our cousins there. The school is supported partly by the government and partly by the Methodist church. There are about seventy pupils between the ages of five and eighteen. There is one pretty little boy under five, whose mother is a white

woman. His father is an Indian, but he is dead now and the church supports the boy, Ralph. The girls are taught to sew, cook, do laundry, housework and dairy work; the boys, farming and carpentry work. Part of them attend school in the morning and the rest in the afternoon.

There are two buildings, one for the boys and one for the girls. The school room is in the boys' building and the dining-room in the girls'. They are taught the same subjects as in other schools.

The staff are very kind to the children. They are warmly clothed and well fed. They are very fond of music and some of the girls can play the organ quite nicely. They are also fond of sports. The school supplies each boy and girl with hockey, skates and boots. They play hockey and they won the game when they played the Red Deer team. In the summer they play tennis, baseball, football and have swings. On Sunday they have service and Sunday school.

Most of them are Cree and they make a pledge that they will not speak Cree to any person who can speak English for two years. Sometimes they break the pledge but they can speak very good English. One of the little boys who could not speak English very well could not think of the word "cow-stables" and said, "cows' dormitory." I think I have said enough about the industrial school.

I was twelve years old a few days ago. I do not come very often, but I stay quite a while when I do come, so I must go out now and leave room for some I see waiting at the door of the wigwam.

P.S.—Thanks very much for the button.

Alta. POCAHONTAS. (12)

BFREAVEMENT

Dear Cousin Dorothy and Wigs:—Again I seek the shelter of your cozy wigwam. I certainly enjoyed my last visit. I can almost see the bright crackling embers in the fire while I am writing and the little chiefs, squaws and papooses dancing around the blaze. I must tell you, little brothers and sisters, that sorrow has entered our home since I last wrote. My oldest brother died, and now there are only two boys and four girls in our family. My oldest sister is still away in the United States. And I must tell you that I have lost my precious little dog. I can never hope to have another like him. Although he was so little he bore his pain like a big dog. My "Hero" died of distemper. Be real careful of your dogs, dear Wigs, so you don't lose them as sadly as I did mine.

COWGIRL ESTELLE.

KEEP UP THE PRACTICE

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—My father has taken the *Advocate* for about one year and I enjoy reading the letters. We live about one mile and one-half from school. Our teacher's name is Miss C—. My studies are arithmetic, reading, spelling, geography, grammar, Canadian history and British history. Our nearest town is Virden, and I go there once or twice every week in the summer time. I have a pony of my own. She is quite quiet. I have a heavy hand-sleigh, so I hitch the pony up in it and go for long rides in winter when it is not too cold. I am very fond of reading. I got a book for Christmas and I read it in two days. There were over two hundred pages in it. I take music lessons on the piano. I did not like music lessons at first, but I am beginning to like it better, but I don't like practicing yet though.

Man. DOROTHY HUNTER.

BUSY AND HAPPY

Dear Wigwamers:—As my sister is a member of your club I thought I would like to be one too. Will try and write as interesting a letter as I can, so as to receive a button.

I live on my father's farm six miles from town. I am eleven years old. We have quite a lot of stock and I do all the chores, and take twelve head of cattle one-half mile to water every day. I go to school in the summer time and like going very much. I

am in grade IV. In winter time we have no school, as it is too cold. I have lots of fun in the winter time sleighing down hill and catching muskrats. I like trapping very much and find much fun in it. I trapped about fifteen muskrats last winter and quite a few weasels also. My dog caught several muskrats for me. I am interested in trapping and hunting and would like to hear from any boy my own age concerning them. I also trapped a lot of prairie chickens last fall. Prairie chickens (or grouse, as they are sometimes called) are very pretty things. They fly in flocks, generally, and live on rosebuds, poplar tree buds and grain. They are a very nice game for eating. Their color is white on the breast and brown with dark spots on their backs. They are about the size of a full-grown spring chicken (tame).

Sask. EDWARD M. K. YOUNGER.

TIRED OF STUDYING

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to your cozy corner. I am fifteen years old and still go to school. I am going to school next year. I would like to be a school teacher but I think I would get tired of studying so much. I have six brothers and two sisters and five of us go to school. We have to go two miles. I came from England six years ago in the spring. We live seven miles between two towns, Dundurn and Hanley. Have any of the members seen the comet? I saw it every night except when it was cloudy. It was not very bright but it showed brightest when it was going down. We saw it first one Sunday night. I always liked to read the boys' and girls' corner and do yet. I wanted to write before but I never got started, and I would like to see it in print. I am sending you a little sketch of a bluebird. I don't think it is fit myself but it may pass.

Well, I will have to stop now as my letter is getting long. If any of the boys and girls wish to write to me I will try and answer all their letters.

Sask. ALICE COOPER.

A SECOND GEORGE WASHINGTON

A TRUE STORY.

Many, many years ago, when Ontario was quite a new country, the hero of my story was born. He was a very inquisitive boy and very anxious to learn the whys and wherefores of everything. So one day he went to a crusty old neighbor's place, and, boy-fashion, went to the fowl-house, and there to his wonderment he found an egg which was made of china. Now, being quite young, not more than eight years of age at most, and this being the first china egg he had ever seen, curiosity got the better of him and he wondered what was inside. The only thing to do was to break it, which he did. Now, of course, it was spoilt and the crusty old neighbor went straight to the boy's father and told him about it. The father then asked the boy if he had broken it, to which the boy replied: "Yes, father, I did break it." The father then asked him why he broke it and the boy, as openly as before, replied: "Well, I wanted to see what was in it." Needless to say no further punishment. He had never been known to tell a lie at any time, as he was more honest than cowardly.

K. I.

A WISE OLD OWL

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—As this is my first letter to the Western Wigwam I hope to see it in print. We have taken *THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE* and *HOME JOURNAL* for a quite a long time, and think it is the best paper published. I am going to school just now and am in grade III. There are about twenty scholars going to school now. Last fall I caught a muskrat and wild duck. We have 480 acres of land, and grow about 2,000 bushels of wheat. We live about five miles from the town of Rapid City, and father drives there every week. We had four turkeys, but an owl came one night and killed one. It came back every night and ate a little of the turkey, but we could not get near enough to shoot him.

ARNOLD CUNDY.

PRAIRIE

ants, strawberries are fairly plenty of the West, can be had the same way. The strawberries have a finer species, but the strong.

When yellow, pick when yellow, prick the skin of the fruit. To 6 pounds of fruit, add 3 pounds of sugar and 1 cup of water. Cook 10 minutes.

Cover the fruit in a granite kettle with baking soda. minutes, pour off enough fresh boiling water. Cook till the fruit is soft, then strain off an hour before as much warmed water. Cook gently on a saucer will

The wild cranberry is delicious jelly made of it. Give a pinch of soda treatment as berries will remove

Catsup.—Pick over carefully. Put to boil in kettle with half each pound of fruit through a colander with white sugar as of vinegar to each half a teaspoon each and allspice. Let boil, then seal and cool place.

Jam.—Either the peaseberries can wash clean and stew in water to each through a colander thick before add white sugar as fruit on page 715.)