

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

JAPANESE TAG

If you feel rather dreary and dull some day try playing Tag the Japanese way. It begins just the same as our Tag, with some person being "It" and trying to tag his playmates. The funny thing about it is that the person tagged must put his left hand upon the place tagged, whether it be knee, ankle, shoulder or the back of the neck and proceed in this fashion until he tags another player.

It isn't hard to imagine how funny the players would look going about the school yard in this fashion. What do you think bairns?

DIXIE PATTON.

MY DREAM

A Prize Story

I am twelve years of age and you might think me a very foolish, as well as a naughty boy, but to start with I think I'd like to quit going to school. I can't find any excuse why I want to stay home from school, because we have a fine teacher, and for myself I always try to do my best at lessons. It's a case with me like the little fellow that wanted to stay home from school to go fishing with his brother and when his brother scolded him for disliking school, he said, "It's not because I like school less, but I like fishing more," and so it's the same here. It's not because I like school less, but I like farming more.

I am the youngest of the family here and so, of course, get my own way many a time. Dad said I might stay home from school and help with the spring work, so I hope mother won't object. He said I might do the harrowing. I suppose I'll have four of his oldest horses on the farm, but I don't care. I'd rather start in small and work my way upwards, little by little, than start in with a couple of bronchos and not be able to manage them and have everybody poke fun at me. So I think I'll start in with some gentle old horses and give them every care and attention, and take notes as I go and find out how to manage horses.

I have been riding my pony to school ever since my sister quit going and tho I let my older brother take care of it at home, I have had quite a bit of practice in riding and saddling horses, but I have also practiced harnessing some of our gentle horses, so can hitch up a team to a wagon or a buggy as well as my brothers, tho probably not as quickly, but by the time I'm as old as they are I mean to beat them in harnessing and hitching up horses and colts or bronchos.

I'd like to quit school during the summer and pay attention to horses and farming, and go to school during the winter time, till I'm old enough to leave school altogether. Then won't I be some farmer? I hope by that time I'll be able to drive some frisky horses and not the old worn-out ones. I intend working for dad and his farm until I'm twenty-one years of age, or if dad should happen to quit farming and retire before I'm twenty-one, I'd hire out to some farmer, because I've heard my brothers and sisters, who have been working away, say that it sure doesn't hurt anyone to get out with strange people and find out how it goes in other parts of this world, and not stick to home and mother's apron strings all the time.

So I think I'll go off some day to seek my fortune, but I intend to stick to the farm, if I can, and work for some farmer. If I like him I mean to work for him as long as he'll have me and try my best to please him, but I don't intend to work for any fellow that's greedy and wants his hired help to keep a-trotting from early morning till late at night, week in and week out. No, sir, not by a long chuck, because I think by the time I'm as old as my sisters and brothers are now I'll enjoy going to a dance or picnic as well as they do, or to a ball game for instance. I think I'll be worse than any of the rest to go to ball games, because I'm crazy to play ball myself. So if I should happen to run across a boss that doesn't see sense or has no interest in such things, I'll bid him farewell for ever.

I don't intend spending my money, like many a fellow does, in playing pool or buying chewing and smoking tobacco,

but I don't intend to cut out playing cards, because that's one of my favorite pastimes, altho no poker or any other game concerning money for mine. I don't think I'll ever want to look at a whisky bottle if I can help it, because I had to take a hot whisky once for a bad cold and it pretty nearly turned my stomach up-side down, so I got enough whisky to last me a life time.

I intend taking the money at the end of the month and put it safely away in a bank for a rainy day.

So I intend to work out till I'm twenty-one, then look up a homestead if I can get one at the time and try to do some farming of my own. I think I'll put in homestead duties during the winter and go out and work during the summer and get some farmer to break up so much land every year till I get my homestead duties in. I'll just build a small shack for myself. I intend making it just big enough, so there will be room for my stove, cupboard, table, chair, and I mean to have a rocking chair and a phonograph. I think that should furnish it well enough. The reason I don't want a big shack is that it would take too much scrubbing and sweeping to keep it clean. But where will I put my trunk? Oh, yes, there'll be some kind of an attic under the roof, I suppose, so I'll just tuck it away up there. I think I'll get a lot of dishes, too, so I won't have to wash them all the time. I'll make a fancy box with a lid on and just put my dirty dishes in there and shove 'em under the bed, and if someone should happen to drop in on a visit, they'd think it was my trunk under the bed and would never think that I had any dirty dishes around and would think me some bachelor, because, as a rule, everybody is making fun of the bachelor's dirty dishes. They always seem to have them scattered all over the shack when you hear people talking anyway.

I don't intend to marry, so I can go when I want to, and come home when I want to, without being afraid of meeting the old woman with the rolling-pin or stove poker when I get home. Another thing, I intend just having a frisky little cayuse and a saddle to go riding with and if I married we couldn't both sit on the saddle, so I'd have to go to the expense of buying a buggy just on account of the lady of the house. No, sir, I think I can do my own cooking. I'll learn how from mother before I go, and then I can have just whatever suits me. For instance, I think I'll make lots of taffy, every day. My sister makes some pretty good and I think I can make some, too, because I've watched her make some. I'll buy lots of corn-flakes, too, and have plenty of corn-flakes for breakfast. The best of it is they don't need cooking, and they are good, too. I guess I'll have to buy both granulated and brown sugar by the hundred pounds, if I want to make so much taffy, and then I like eating sugar. And raisins! Why, I can eat a pound of raisins at a time, so that means lots of raisins, too. I'll also have pie and pudding almost every day. Ah, I mean to be some cook.

And when I get my homestead duties in I'll stay right with my farm and buy four extra horses to do the heavy work, and a cow, too, because I am fond of both cream and milk. I'll put up ice during the winter and make lots of ice cream during the summer. I'll have some chickens because everybody knows as well as I do that chickens and eggs are first rate. I'll have to get a dog to chase off the coyotes, while I'm out in the field, and I've sure got to have a garden because I like vegetables. I won't bother raising anything like onions because I detest them, but then I'll have to train the dog to keep the gophers out of the garden—some busy dog.

And this is how I'd like to live till I get my pile made, and then sell or rent the farm and spend the rest of my life in the city and go to lots of moving picture shows. Maybe by that time I'll get over my frisky days and be satisfied at home, so I mean to build a cozy little cottage, and if a little rosy-checked girl will have me, why, I might marry after all.

EDWIN BEINGESSNER.
Champion, Alta.

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IT ISN'T SAFE

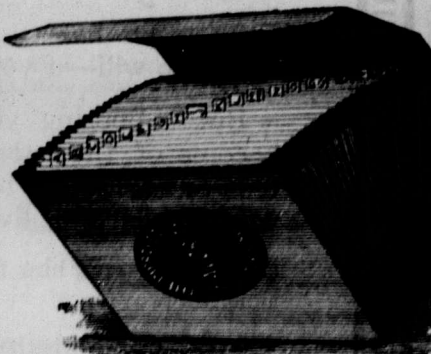
Very few farmers have any regular system for taking care of even the letters and receipts they receive. Too often they put them into the pocket of whatever clothes they happen to be wearing and forget about them. Or they stick them into a wall pocket or behind the clock or upon a mantel shelf in the house where they are very often lost.

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