

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

THE RUNAWAY PUMPKIN

What do you think, little gardeners, that I found growing by the wayside yesterday but a wayward pumpkin vine. However it had happened to wander into that weedy grassy little corner by the sidewalk I could never even guess, but there it was, raising one huge yellow flower above the grass and weeds and smiling out at the world.

"Poor little pumpkin," I said to myself, "you'll never come to anything in the world if you keep such bad company. If you had stayed with your brothers and sisters and been planted in nice rich soil in the garden you might have grown beautiful big yellow pumpkins and been highly respected, but now someone will likely take you for a weed and pull you out by the roots or if they don't the weeds will choke you out until you will not be able to grow pumpkins at all."

What do you think the pumpkin did? It shook its beautiful yellow flower saucily and said, "I can manage my own little affairs nicely, thank you, and I don't want to keep good company and I don't want to grow pumpkins."

There was nothing more to be said, but I kept thinking about the poor little pumpkin all day and worrying about its poor useless little life, for while a pumpkin in the garden is a vegetable, a pumpkin by the roadside is a weed.

DIXIE PATTON.

THE HISTORY OF A CROW

The first that I can remember when I came into this great world was this: I awakened up one bright spring morning from a long sleep and found myself with four of my brothers.

I must admit we were not very pleasing creatures to look at. Our skin was very red looking, covered very thinly with grey colored down. Our mouths were large and ugly. So this was our beginning, five of us in a very queer looking house.

But this was not a house at all, as I afterwards learned, it was called a nest. It was made of small sticks fastened on the topmost branch of a large tree and lined with feathers, which were very warm and soft to our tender feet. The nest had no roof on to keep out the rain, which perhaps may sound rather queer to you.

Although this was the case we very seldom got wet, as our faithful mother hovered over us nearly all the time and kept us snug and warm. Our father, too, was very willing to work. He rose early in the morning to catch the first worms which caught his eye. These he would bring to us for our breakfast. He would also go to the creek near by and fill his beak with water for us. Of course when we heard him coming we would open our mouths very wide and squak so loud that I think it almost deafened him. He would then put the water from his mouth into ours and that is the way we got a drink. This no doubt sounds insatiable, but we birds did not care for that.

But with such tender care and good food it is very little wonder that we grew very fast. Our bodies were about twice the size they were at first, and instead of the grey down there was now a thick coat of glossy black feathers. We were now very much crowded in our nest and as I could not fly I used to sit on the branches close to the nest.

But one day I grew restless. I hopped from branch to branch, each time getting a little lower till finally I took a great big jump and landed on the ground. My, how I danced for joy, but the greatest joy was when I caught a worm all by myself. By this time I could fly quite well so I flew away to make a home for myself.

CLEOTA CROWE,

Carstairs, Alta., Canada. Age 11.

THE STORY OF A GRAIN OF WHEAT

I awakened up and found myself in a dark place, of which I could not see the end, so I began to look for a door to get out. I soon pushed out one leaf and how glad I was, for it was warm in the beautiful world.

I don't know how long I had been awake before I discovered that there were more plants just like me all around me, wherever I looked. I could not see anything more only the wheat plants, but I soon learned that we were in a field growing rapidly, for I pushed more

leaves out and the main stem was about three feet high. Soon after this I pushed out a head full of cups and the cups were full of milk. To speak plainer, I pushed the head from among the leaves. I grew even more quickly than before. I soon found out that I was not growing any more, but I was getting older and older, and while I was thus growing old, I turned real gold. The cups that were once full of milk were now full of golden wheat. Just as soon as the field of wheat was ripened, the farmer came out and cut us down with his reaper, which was drawn by a number of horses. While he was reaping we were passing through the machine, being tied into sheaves and thrown out; but another person came along and stooked us together. After this was done the threshing machine came and we were thrown in and passed through the ugly thing, where it separated us from the stem and chaff. Next we were put into bags and taken to the market to be sold. After that we were shipped to a large mill and ground to flour. We were then sewed up in bags and shipped to a baker's house, where the baker took a certain measure of flour, yeast, salt and water and made us into a thick dough. After we were raised we were made into loaves, put into a pan, raised once again, put into an oven and baked. Then the baker sold us to a customer and I, the loaf of bread, was cut up into slices and eaten up with butter.

MARY RIOPKA,

Broderick, Sask. Age 12.

Thanks for the picture, Mary. I feel as if we were quite good friends.

THE LIFE OF A CAT

I was born in a stable under a cow's manger. At first I could not see anything so I lay close to my mother. But in a few days my eyes opened and I noticed two little girls coming towards us. One was carrying a little pan with some milk in it which she set down in front of us. My mother began lapping it and told me to do the same which I did. The next morning they came again with some more milk. Then after we had lapped it all they took me into the house. There they patted me and I put up my back and purred. Soon I became used to being inside.

One day when the mistress of the house went down the cellar for some bread I slipped down too and all of the afternoon I had a fine time catching mice. So I lived happily in that house for one and a half years. Then one day great excitement went on in the house; load after load was taken away. Soon they took me too and soon we were taken to another station and afterwards to the country. So here I have been for three weeks and I don't know how much longer I can stay.

BERTHA WENMAN,

Dunkirk, Sask. Age 12.

COYOTE'S STORY

I am only a coyote. The first thing I remember was being very snug and warm, the second was being always hungry. I often had to stay at home with my brother while my mother went to hunt food; when I grew older my mother taught me how to hunt for myself.

I am grey with black on my tail and tips of my ears. I eat mice and gophers and chickens whenever I can get them. In the spring I hunt ducks and their eggs, sometimes I get a prairie chicken. But I am most always hungry.

One night I got so hungry I could not stand it any longer so I went to a farmer's chicken house. I prowled around to find an opening. I scratched at the door, but it was closed tight. Then I went into a clump of willows where I found a hen setting. I grabbed her. The hen made such a squawk that it roused the dog that was asleep by the barn. The dog barked and ran after me; then I ran with the chicken in my mouth till I was away from the dog. I ate the chicken and had a good supper for that night.

Lots of people have wolf hounds to hunt and kill me. When they chase me I run slowly till they get close behind me, then I dart off and run as fast as I can then slow again, till finally the dogs give up running. I am now an old wolf and have got in many scrapes, but always out again.

CORINNE L. HAECKER, age 13.

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