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Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

THE SNOW

One day last winter several ladies were sitting at luncheon together when the question of the color of the snow came up for discussion.

Said one lady, "Did you ever notice the purple shadows to be seen in the snow in certain lights?" Some had and some had not. Did you, my little boys and girls, ever observe them? Did you ever think, also, how different the snow looks on a gray and cloudy day? All the silvery sparkle is gone out of it, and it looks like a soft gray blanket spread over the earth.

Then again, leaning over the side of the sleigh as you drive along on a crisp, bright morning, have you seen the snow crystals catch the sunlight and change it into green, red and blue colors?

The snow, it seem to me, has almost as many different expressions as the faces of little boys and girls.

DIXIE PATTON.

A MOTOR RIDE

About three months ago my mother, father, sister, uncle, aunt and myself went for a trip to visit some friends. We started about 4 o'clock Saturday evening. The roads were good till about two miles from a little town called Pasqua, and then they got bad. We got out about two miles north-west of Pasqua and we were going to turn to go to a city called Moose Jaw, but we got stuck in a mud-hole. My mother, aunt, sister and I had to get out, so we thought we would walk on and if they did get the car out it would not be so hard for the car. We walked two miles, but at last thought we had better see if they were coming and so turned back. We got pretty tired, so when we came to an old stone foundation we sat there a few minutes and rested. When we went back to where the car was. They had just got out as we reached them. This was about 9 p.m. Then they could not get the car started and we had to stay on the car and wait till daylight. So about 4 o'clock Sunday morning we started for home, arriving at 6 o'clock.

ESTELLA BIGHAM.

Pense, Sask., Age 12.

MY FIRST SEA VOYAGE

The following description of the shipwreck of the Santa Rosa on the California coast, in July, 1911, was written by a young reader of St. Nicholas, who has here given a vivid account of her experiences as a passenger on the ill-fated vessel.

We left Sacramento on a summer evening, July 5, 1911, on a Sacramento River steamer. It was a beautiful evening, and we sat on the deck until nearly ten p.m., and then went to bed. Our party consisted of five people: my mother, my father, my sister Doris, aged ten, my brother Warren, aged four, and myself, aged eleven.

We were put to bed in little berths, and I wondered if I could sleep well on a shelf. Often in the night I heard the bells and whistles of the boat as we neared a landing place to take on or unload cargo. We glided down the river all night, and in the morning we woke up in San Francisco.

At ten o'clock, we boarded the steamer Santa Rosa, bound for Santa Barbara. My aunt and uncle stood on the wharf and waved to us as the ship left her moorings. As we sailed out of the bay, we passed Alcatraz Island, on which the Government has recently built a large military prison. We also passed the Presidio on our left, the largest military station on the Pacific coast. We passed thru the Golden Gate (the narrow strait only a mile in width) that connects San Francisco Bay with the Pacific Ocean. It was my first sea voyage, and, so far, I had enjoyed it very much. We played tag on the deck, or played cards in the cabin, or sat on the upper deck to enjoy the scenery. Once, in the afternoon, we saw a whale spouting, a mile or two away.

We went to bed about eight p.m., expecting to arrive at Santa Barbara at seven a.m. I don't know whether I was asleep or awake, but suddenly the boat began to rock, and I was out of bed in an instant and at the window, where I could see several people walking up and down the deck. In a few minutes, half of the people in the boat were up. Mother asked an officer what was the matter, and he told her the ship had run ashore, and advised Mama to dress. Mama and I dressed quietly, as Doris and Warren were still asleep. Papa was in a different room, but he joined us as soon as we got on deck. Everybody put on life-preservers, but after a while, when it became light, we found the ship was not sinking, and we were not in great danger, so we took them off again. We could see now that we were about a block from shore and directly opposite a deep ravine across which was a railroad bridge. Every once in a while a long passenger-train passed by, and the people looked at us curiously from the windows. There were also quite a few people gathered on the beach.

We stuck there all day, from half-past three in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon, before they began to take us off. The captain thought that we could be pulled off, and three steamers, that had come to our assistance early in the morning, worked hard all day to help us; but they were not strong enough. About five o'clock, a little rowboat, which had been in the water all day carrying cables to the steamers from the Santa Rosa, was picked up by a huge wave and thrown against the side of the ship. People began to realize the power of the surf, and every one put on life-preservers again. Then the ship began to crack, and every time a wave struck it something went to pieces with a crash. The people all went to the front end of the boat, and the women and children all climbed upon the rigging. The boat was listed so to one side that the rigging was not much steeper than a flight of stairs. After a long effort, during which some brave men were nearly drowned, a light line was finally thrown to the people on the shore. By means of this, a heavy cable was pulled ashore and fastened to the railroad bridge on top of the cliffs. The other end was fastened half-way up the foremast. On this cable was fastened a pulley to which a cargo net was attached. The cargo net was like a large shopping-bag, made of rope, and would hold three or four persons at a time. Each time a load went over, it seemed as if the ship would surely go to pieces before it came back. Doris and I went over about the sixth load. I got in first, then Doris and then two little boys. We were all children, so the load was very light, and we did not get very wet. Mama and Warren came over not long afterward, and Papa came over on a raft an hour or so later.

The people on shore had large camp-fires made, and an old ducky, seventy-five years old, carried a great can of coffee five miles for the shipwrecked people.

On the shore, children were anxiously waiting for their mothers, and wives for their husbands. People were stretched out on the sand with doctors taking care of them. Camp-fires were blazing, and men were taking flash-light pictures that made everything turn red for a moment.

A special train was sent from Santa Barbara for the shipwrecked people. We climbed up the bank to this train, where we all got blankets to wrap around us. We arrived in Santa Barbara a little after midnight, and took an auto bus to the hotel. We looked as if we were going to a masquerade ball, as we all walked up the stairs with blankets and flowered comforters wrapped around us. In the morning, the friends whom we were going to visit, came after us in an automobile.

It was my first sea voyage, and I think it will be my last for a while.

MARY L. HUNTER.

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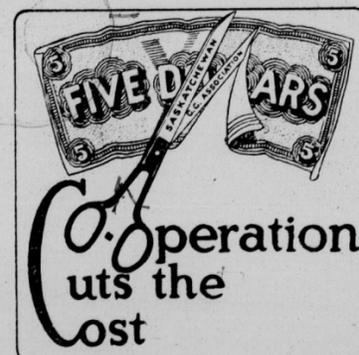
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