



## The Girls' Cozy Corner

My Dear Girls:—Next month I will tell you about an organization named "The Girl Guides." It is similar to the Boy Scout Movement. I am sure you all want to hear about it.

Last week I took my little girl into the country, and we played among the beautiful wild flowers. During the afternoon, she said, "Mother, I wish we could live out here." I asked "Would you not be lonely here?" "No," she answered, excitedly, "I would not be lonely where the flowers are." I wonder if our girls who belong to the Cozy Corner love flowers. I presume some of them would like to live in the city. Little Monona says she does "not like it where there are so many 'peoples,' because little girls have to hurry to get out of the way." Out among the flowers no one can harm little girls. We played that we were in Fairyland, and that the flowers were real live fairies. Under one plant we saw some tiny crickets having a tea-party with the crumbs from our lunch. A lively grasshopper sneaked up Monona's sleeve, where it was not made welcome, so it hopped over to a yellow flower, where the hostess received it in real flower style. Tiny little butterflies nervously fluttered from bush to bush, lively fellows they were, too lively to be caught by an anxious child. "Mother, God must be a fine artist to paint the flowers and birds and bugs so beautiful! Ah, little girl, is it not lovely to see God in everything. If we all could, every girl's home in the land would be a little bit of heaven.

Now, my dear girls, let me hear from you and tell me all about the life about you. I am proud of you, and I know you will grow into good men and women.—Sincerely, Cousin Doris.

### PRIZE LETTER

Dear Cousin Doris:—As I did not get the prize last time, I am trying again. I suppose you have not been in Strathcona, and therefore I will tell you something about it. It is situated on the south bank of the North Sask. River, about the centre of the province of Alberta, opposite Edmonton. The banks of the Saskatchewan are very high and steep. Down below the banks is a level piece of land called the "Flats." There are steps leading up steep banks on both sides. We have a ferry and one bridge. They have started a bridge, named the High Level Bridge, which will run up over the banks.

Strathcona is a small city, because it is only twenty years old. The population is about seven thousand people. There are people from many parts of the world. They are United States, Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Galicia and a very few Negroes and Chinese. All use the English language, because that is the language we use in Strathcona.

The streets are laid out from east to west and north to south. Those that run to east and west are called streets. The two most important streets are Whyte Avenue and Main Street. The avenues are numbered from north to south and the streets are numbered from east to west. I am thirteen years old. I hope this letter gets through. From Letta Green.

Pelly, Sask.

Dear Cousin Doris:—I have been an interested reader of the Girls' Cozy Corner

for some time, and at last decided to write. I do not expect to get a prize, as I cannot write such interesting letters as I see some girls are writing. Most of the girls can cook. Well, I cannot cook much, although I do some. I am also a bookworm. Did you ever hear such a thing, Cousin Doris? I suppose you have, for almost every girl who writes says she is. I have read many books, among which are "The Wide, Wide World," "Opening a Chestnut Burr," "Masterman Ready," "Westward Ho," and many others. How many of the girls have read "Anne of Green Gables"? Like Anne, I am gifted with imagination. I am thirteen years, and have a niece and two nephews. I was called auntie when only seven years old. I was a pretty young auntie, was I not? I see the girls always tell about their pets. I have not many just now, only a calf and hen. The calf is prettily marked in black and white, and I call her Beauty. The hen comes in every meal to get the breadcrumbs on the floor. I think I saw a letter last week from a girl whose hen does the same. My brother has a camera, and to-day he was trying to get a picture of our dog sitting on top of our pig. Billy, our dog, has many tricks, one of which is sitting on the door-step after tea and smoking a pipe. We fill his pipe with sand, not tobacco, and he and father go out to the door-step and have a "draw of the pipe," father calls it. How many of the girls like a lot of names? I do, and sometimes I have ten or eleven names. Sometimes I see mother look disgusted when I put down a whole lot of names, and say at the end of them "A noted American composer and artist." Well, I must stop, or this letter will be too long. Your interested friend, Una McEl. Hisslop.

I wish I had the picture of the dog you mention.—C. D.

Dear Members of the G. C. C.:—I am only a little girl of eight years and smaller than most little girls of that age. I have a sister who is twelve, and she is just as small as I am. Mamma dresses us just alike always, and combs our hair alike. We both have light hair and blue eyes, and everyone who sees us thinks we are twins. When we are turning our backs to mamma she cannot tell us apart, and she is always calling me by my sister's name and my sister by mine.

This is my first trial to your Cozy Corner Club, although I have read lots of your letters and think you all write nice ones.

I will send a game, and hope it will help some little girl or boy to have a good time. It is called "Frog in the Milkpan, etc."

Form a circle of boys and girls, taking hold of each other's hand, choose one of the girls or boys to kneel in the middle of the circle, to represent the frog. Then all shut eyes and holding their arms up quite high, go round and round, singing all the while, "Frog's in the milkpan and can't

get out, frog's in the milkpan, etc." While they are singing, the frog slips quietly out of the ring, and runs and hides. The boys and girls give the frog so long to escape. Then they all open their eyes and cry "Frog's gone, frog's gone," and they all run in different directions trying to find the frog. The one who finds him first is froggie next time.

I think this is a long enough letter for a little girl like me, and I believe in the old proverb which says, "Little children should be seen, not heard."

I like the letters in this club very much, and will write again, if I may.—Lizzie Elder.

Lonbutte, Alta.

Dear Cousin Doris:—This is my first letter to the Cozy Corner. I am 14 years years of age and in the seventh grade.

I live on a farm about 7 miles from Lonbutte.

I am interested in sewing and cooking, and have a very nice recipe for making candy to pull, in answer to Miss Henderson's request of last issue of the Cozy Corner.

Take 1 cupful of molasses, 2 cupfuls of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of vinegar, 1 teaspoonful of flavoring extract and a little butter. Boil 10 minutes, cool and pull. This makes a very delicious candy.

I am very fond of reading. I have read several books this winter. I will not tell you their names, for it would take up too much room in the Cozy Corner. Now I will close, wishing the club every success.—I remain, Your cousin, Bertha Martin.

Olds, Alta.

Dear Cousin Doris:—I thought I would just take a chance to write a letter to the Girls' Cozy Corner.

I hope you will not mind it. We came from Washington last spring. I will tell you of an accident which happened last summer.

While the folks were out in the field, my brother's horses were hitched to the rake. The horses' names are Ginger and Alaska.

As there was nothing more to rake, the boys put the horses up to the stack and let them eat while the boys finished the stack.

They only had one sweepful left to put on the stack, and as the stacker went up the horses saw it and got scared at it and started off. The boys tried to catch them but could not. The horses ran for home, and as the gates were all closed they jumped the fence, and the tongue of the rake broke and they lost it. The lines also broke, so they were separated, and Ginger ran as fast as he could and jumped the gate of the yard a while and then stopped and we caught him and put him in the barn.

Alaska was just trotting along and stopped at the gate and we caught him too.

They were not hurt at all. The boys hitched them up again the next day.

I guess I must close and leave room for the rest. Wishing your paper every success.—I remain, your cousin, Christina Leicht.

Estevan, Sask.

Dear Cousin Doris:—This is my first letter to the Girls' Cozy Corner. I saw in your paper that you would send a book to a boy or girl writing the best letter, and I will try. My brother has taken the Canadian Thresherman and Farmer for several years and thinks it is a very good paper. I live on a farm sixteen miles from the town of Estevan. I am thirteen years old and five feet two inches tall. I am going to school and am in the 6th grade. There are twenty-one scholars going to school. I have four sisters and six brothers. We are only three quarters of a mile from the school house. But we drive because the roads are so bad. We have nine head of horses and twenty head of cattle. We have three-quarters of land and my oldest brother has two. We have two months' holidays in summer, and in holidays my brother and I herd the cows most of the time. I hope I will see my letter in print. I think I will close, as my letter is getting rather long. Wishing the Club every success.—I remain your friendly cousin.—Alta Barnstable.

Rosthern, Sask.

Dear Cousin Doris:—This is my first letter to the Girls' Cozy Corner. As I saw so many letters in print to-day, I thought I would write myself.

I go to school. Our school course consists of reading, spelling, drawing, English history, geography, grammar and also some German.

I am eleven years old, and I am in the 5th grade. I like to go to school. My father takes the Canadian Thresherman and Farmer. He kept it for several years. I think it is a very good paper. I always read the letters that the girls and boys write. I like to read them very much. We have five horses, twelve head of cattle, seven pigs, a cat and a dog. It was very cold in January, and we have lots of snow now. It sometimes went to thirty degrees. I think I will stop my letter now, for it is getting rather long.—I remain your cousin, Anna Friesen.

Carberry, Man.—March.

Dear Cousin Doris:—I now take the pleasure of writing a few lines to your club. This is my second letter to your club, and I like writing to it. I saw my last letter in print. I like this club best of all the clubs in the papers I have read.

Our nearest neighbor has moved his farm and has moved into town. He has been moving to-day. I live on a farm eleven miles from town. There are two other places with a store in each place near us, but we nearly always go to the town eleven miles away. One store was built last summer, the other store a year ago this spring. I would rather live on a farm than in town. I saw that some of the members would rather live in town. I have three sisters and five brothers, and I am the youngest. I am eleven years old. On the 11th of December my birthday is.

How many of the members like to read? I do. I have read "A Sailor's Lass," "Freddy's Dream or a Bee in his Bonnet,"

