



The Western Wigwam

FARM BETTER THAN TOWN

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my second letter to your interesting club. I did not see the first letter in print so I thought I would write again. We have eight oxen on the farm. I live six miles from town, for we moved to the farm just a little while ago. One of my friends came out to stay a few days. She came out last Thursday and is going home to-morrow.

Last night father put the harness on the horses and we drove them around the yard. I like on the farm better than town. We have four cows milking. One of them came in the other night. Her calf is a nice little thing and its name is John.

Man.

BLUE BELLS.

FOND OF BOTANY

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—It was with great pleasure that I saw my last letter in print, so I thought I would make a second visit to the club. I expect all the members are off on holidays and don't get time to write, so I will do my best to make this letter what so many of the members have said a letter should be, long and interesting.

I am very fond of reading and have read many books. My favorite studies are reading, drawing and all I take up I may say, for they are all very interesting. I like botany especially—it is so pleasant to study. I am very fond of flowers.

The club has increased wonderfully since I first began to read the letters. Dear Cousin Dorothy, will you please let me know in the paper Oriole's address, as I would like to correspond with the same? Well, if I don't stop, the trouble is I never will, so I must say farewell for this time. I remain a loving cousin.

MARGARET KATE DODDS.

(It is a rule of this club not to publish addresses on this page, because unscrupulous people often pick up children's names and addresses from papers and send them reading matter that is not good. But if you will write your letter to Oriole and put it in a stamped unaddressed envelope and send it to me I will forward it to her. Then she can answer you directly if she wants to correspond.—C. D.)

CREDIT GIVEN TO THE TEACHER

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—Having been an interested reader of the Western Wigwam for some time, I now take the opportunity of writing. I think Oriole writes such good letters.

What rainy weather we are having! Father has not harvested yet but he expects to do so this week. The crops were not very good this year, although we have fairly good wheat.

Three of my sisters and myself drive to school. We have five miles to drive. Well, holidays are here and will soon be over again. I was successful in my examinations and was promoted into the fifth book. My eldest sister and I both got honors. We have a splendid teacher.

How many of the Wigs are fond of reading? I am. I read so much that they often threaten to hide the books. Among the books that I have read are: The Lamplighter, Treasure Island, Cast Up by the Sea, The Wide, Wide World, etc. I like adventurous stories very much. I think I should like to read Anne of Green Gables, as I hear it is a good book.

Mother raised about ninety-five chickens this year, and ten turkeys, but only four of the turkeys are living. They are

purebred bronze. The gophers are very thick this year. I wonder how many of the Wigs have ever seen an antelope. I saw one this spring. It was about the size of a calf.

We are five miles from our nearest village and two miles from the railroad. We came from County Grey, Ontario, about four and a half years ago. I do not mind living in the West, although I prefer the East. I missed the trees more than anything when I first came here. We have had quite a number of prairie fires around here this spring. There was a large fire south of town. It burnt out ten townships, also a number of shacks. One man had six horses burned to death. There are a lot of settlers coming this spring, who are taking up homesteads. We have herd law now, and father is poundkeeper for this district.

We have eleven head of cattle, three pigs and one pony. The pony is a little buckskin. She is very quiet. I love to ride horseback, but our pony doesn't go very fast on account of having stiff knees. We girls play baseball at school. I think it is great fun. The boys have a baseball team.

Dear me! This letter is getting so long that if I don't close Cousin Dorothy will be chasing me out of the Wigwam. Sask.

SONG-SPARROW (12).

A RABBIT STORY

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—Having been a constant reader of the club I decided to write again. I passed into the fourth reader this summer examinations. How many Wigs would rather live in the country than in the city? I would rather live in the country. I think you have more fun in the country. I have read a few books. My favorite books are Black Beauty and The Wide, Wide World.

I am going to tell you about a little wild jack rabbit my sisters and I had. A neighbor gave it to us when it was about two days old. We called him Jimmie. We kept him in a box for about two weeks. Then we let him run around. He got very tame, for he would come in the house and lie under the stove like a cat. One day Jimmie went up into the field of oats, but he came back again. When Jimmie was about six weeks old, the same neighbor that gave him to us came up with his two wolf-hounds, and they killed poor Jimmie. He promised he would give us another. In about a month, when we girls were driving to school, we met them and they gave us a bunny about two weeks old. We called him Bruce. We took him to town and left him at our auntie's till we came home. Bruce wasn't as tame as Jimmie. When we had Bruce about two weeks he ran away.

CHERRY (10).

LIKES TO BAKE

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—Having read with great interest the Western Wigwam letters for the past three years, I now take the pleasure of writing you a letter. I enjoy reading Canary's letters, also Oriole's. I think the Western Wigwam is one of the best clubs published; everyone seems to get such interesting letters in it.

It has been raining hard for the past three days, but it doesn't keep coming down steadily, only in showers. But maybe it will help the potato crops, and some green flax.

We came from Owen Sound, Ont., up to Saskatchewan about five years ago, but I like Ontario better than up here.

We live five miles from the town of Gull Lake, and we have been going to school there ever since we moved up here. I have three sisters and myself that drive to school with a pony, but inside of about one month we expect to have a school of our own about one mile from us. My sister Ida and I passed into the fifth book at summer examinations. How many of the Wigs like to read books? I do, if they are interesting. One of my favorite books is "Black Beauty." I think it is grand. How many of the Wigs like to bake cakes and pies? I just love to, especially light cakes.

Why doesn't Western Cowgirl write and tell us more about the ranch? I am very fond of riding horseback. We have an organ and I can play quite a bit on it, but play mostly by ear. I only took seven music lessons, because I had to come away from the place where I was taking them.

Sask.

HUMMING-BIRD.

(That town used to be my home, too.—C. D.)

THE THREE B'S

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I received my button and many thanks for it. I like reading the letters of the Western Wigwam. My father has taken THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE for eight years and likes it very well. I tried the examinations for the fourth class but failed. We have two horses, four cows and three calves. The names of the calves are Bright, Beauty and Blossom. The gophers have been very scarce around here this summer. I guess I will close with a riddle: I went to the woods and I got it; I came home and I had it, but I couldn't get it. Ans.—A sliver in my hand.

ROSEBUSH.

AN ORGAN AT SCHOOL

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—My papa has taken the ADVOCATE for many years. I have enjoyed reading the children's letters, and now I think I am old enough to write one myself. I have been going to school one year. I had an examination at the end of June, and I passed into the 1st book. I like my teacher very much. We have a new organ at our school. Our teacher plays the organ and we children like to sing. Well, I will close, and if my letter escapes the waste basket I will try again. I am sending a two-cent stamp for a button.

Alta.

BRIDGET.

A MAN TEACHER

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I guess I will sit down and write you a few lines to let you know how things are going. We are having scorching weather here; most of the crops are burned out, and the people will have to plow their crops up again. Our teacher has left. Her name is Miss H—. We are having a man teacher, and we never had one before, so we don't know how we will like him. Here are some riddles:

1. Twenty white horses on a red hill, now they go, now they go, now they stand still? Ans.—My teeth.
2. What is the first thing that smells when you go into a drug store? Ans.—Your nose.
3. Why does a street car not need lightning conductors? Ans.—Because it has conductors.

Man.

MAGGIE PATON.

A GOOD DESCRIPTION

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the club, but I hope it will be a success. I will try and describe the country to you. It is sandy soil, that is most of it is. There are places fit for farming but it is really a ranching country. We live in Sounding Lake district, but there are a great many lakes smaller than Sounding Lake. Well, telling the district is not describing the country. Besides, there are a great many clumps of poplar trees, they are the most plentiful. There are a few cottonwoods or balm of Gilead, cherry, saskatoon and a few birch trees, a great lot of poison ivy, creeping juniper and some other sort of creeping plant, of which I know the name but I cannot spell it.

There was a big prairie fire here in April and it burnt hundreds of tons of hay and a lot, in fact most of the fruit trees, so there will not be much fruit

this year. There was another fire last October and a girl was burnt to death. Does not that seem terrible, Cousin Dorothy? We have not got a school here yet but I wish we had. I am in the fourth book.

Papa owns a half-section of land and there is a beautiful lake on it, three-quarters of a mile long and about half a mile wide. There is a lovely big hill at the south end of it, from which we can see a great stretch of surrounding country.

Well, I think I will draw to a close as my letter is getting pretty long. I will sign myself.

Alta. WESTERN COWGAL (13).

MAKING HAY

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to your cozy corner and I hope that the waste paper basket is too far away for you to easily get there.

The wheat and oats are burning up now, although it is cooler than it has been for some time past. The grass also, which never has been green, is turning white. The people are all busy around here making roads, and making hay. I think that I would rather make hay this dry weather. Papa has taken THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE for years, and says that it is the best all-round farmer's paper going.

I hope that I will get the prize for writing, and that Cousin Dorothy (that is you) will publish her dear face. I know it must be dear. Best wishes. From your cousin.

Sask. "TWELVE-YEAR-OLD."

(This year we have not been giving prizes for writing, but if one had been offered I am sure you would have won it.—C. D.)

LOST A GOLD RING

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I have read the letters of the Wigwam for a long time and enjoyed them very much. I have a very nice home on a ranch five and one-half miles from a town, which is Vermilion. It is nice on the farm in the summer time, but I would like a little change, so I am going to Edmonton for a little while. I had a girl friend out staying with me for a few days, and she lost her gold ring and strained her finger while staying with me. I would like to correspond with a girl of my age, twelve. Hetty Dodds wanted to know what kind of life it is out on the prairie. I would say it was a very nice life. Some of my favorite books are: Jessica's First Prayer, The Brownies, Through The Looking-glass, Madge's Legacy, A Sunday Trip, Three Firm Friends, The New York Bootblack, The Little People of Japan, and several others. We had a very nice teacher before the holidays, and her name was Miss P—, but she has got married since the holidays, and her name is Mrs. B—.

Dear Cousin Dorothy, I am sending an envelope and a two-cent stamp and would like to have a button.

Alta. PRAIRIE GIRL.



THE LITTLE MOTHER