

Western Wigwam

A CHOICE OF PEN-NAMES

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I have written to you many times before and like reading the FARMER'S ADVOCATE very much.

How do you like my pen-name: "The Goose and the Golden Egg" or the British Empire?

I hope all the members had a good time on Thanksgiving day. I go to school every day and am in the second book. We are practicing for the Christmas Tree at our school. It was storming a little today, but my sister, Mrs. Robinson, came home for the day with the baby. I have had my sleigh out for a long time.

Man. (b) MARY GEMMILL.

A BRAVE FOR THE WIGWAM

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—We have taken the ADVOCATE for two years and I enjoy reading the C. C. and what the children of the West have to say. I saw in your paper a prize offered for the best wigwam and I am trying to win a prize. As I have never taken any drawing lessons I don't expect to win it, but I am trying for it.

The school is one mile from our house and I go nearly all the time. We have a man teacher and all like him. There are six of us going to school. The railroad runs through our farm and sometimes we walk the track to Binscarth. It is three miles up the track and four by road to town.

The snow is on the ground to stay till spring. It is not very deep and we have been having some bad days lately. We just finished threshing yesterday. It was a nice day in the afternoon but the morning was frosty. I stayed out of school to help them. They were at our place for a day.

I guess I must stop now, for I am making it too long. I can't have all the paper for my letter.

Man. (a) FARMER JILES. (14)

(Good for you, Farmer Jiles! You are made of the right kind of stuff when you think more of trying than you do of the prize. We need a lot more boys like you—and Western Canada has heaps of them somewhere—in our Western Wigwam. Write to us again. C. D.)

TREASURER OF THE MISSION BAND

My dear Cousin Dorothy:—It is a long time since I have written. I have just finished reading the letters, and I think Wild Rose Bush or Duck Pond would be very nice. Why not call it the Children's Club? I belong to a Mission Band and I am treasurer. I belong to another club and they have a nice little button with a picture of a prairie chicken on it and the name of their club. I think it would be nice if our club had buttons.

Alta. (b) HELEN McLEAN (11)

TAME PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I have been reading the nice letters which the members have been writing to the FARMER'S ADVOCATE but I have never been able to get up enough courage to write till now. I live on a farm near Melita. It is a busy little town, and has a population of about 800.

We have 11 horses, 12 head of cattle, 200 hens and about 21 ducks. Our hens are Plymouth Rocks and are very tame; you can catch them any place.

I am very fond of reading, and have read a number of books including "Black Beauty," "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," "The Man of the House," and several others.

I like the idea of having a pen name. I have been thinking that "The Nestlings" Corner would have been a suitable name for our Corner. What do you think, Cousin Dorothy?

I have quite a large collection of picture post cards, have over 300, but would like to receive more yet. Would be pleased to have a letter from Dew Drop.

Now I must close, wishing you and all the members a very merry Christmas. Man. (a) MELITAVILLE.

A PICTURE FROM LIFE

Dear Western Wigwam:—I saw your notice in the FARMER'S ADVOCATE to-day and thought I would try and draw something. I saw this on the Cypress Hills. The Indian wasn't home when I went there to get a picture, but his wife was. Sask. (b) LYLE HOSSIE (11)

JONAH'S WHALE

"Three dollars is a lot of money when you haven't it," reflected Jonah, mournfully.

The hair of Jonah was long. It was

worthy extent. It was thoroughly conceded upon all sides that farming would not be his line. Beyond this, speculation went guessing.

The fact that the boy knew every flower of forest and field within his limited radius of observation, every bird which charmed the sweetness of the short New England summer, every insect which buzzed, stung, or piped, all the little animals of the adjacent woods, even the strange rock formations of the near mountains, was not put down as much of a credit mark. All boys knew those things.

To a certain extent, yes, but not as Jonah knew them. He loved them, lived in them, and his shoulders seemed to hunch his sharp nose forward in craning anxiety for new discoveries.

Already he could discourse with long and mispronounced words upon subjects which interested no one but himself (the few tattered old books he had mysteriously acquired were so thoroughly assimilated); already could he drive his unfortunate parents into a desperation of silence with unanswerable questions; and, while they endeavored to appreciate the memory and mental activity of their youngest-born, a wish that he were different oppressed them

Here was half a dollar.

Ebullitions of parental wrath had recrimination. Jonah was very sorry. He had gone into a book store. He didn't remember things after that. They might have his third interest in the pig (his only real property). And, yes, he would even submit to the indignity of the yellow bowl and the scissors, a hair-cutting operation of infinite humiliation. Let it grow a week longer, though.

Little more was said. The proposition was fair. It was useless to waste words on such as Jonah, who next morning retired to his fastnesses with the chart and glass, and was not seen until night, when he arrived very tired and happy with a whole pocketful of bugs.

It may be here remarked that the chart was entomological in character, with magnified representations.

The next day Jonah's small attic room was newly decorated with a row of little brown corpses on pins. This apartment was the family terror, as living surprises frequently emerged upon the unwary from dark corners.

Still, it was not molested now. That had been given up. The fierce anger and grief of the boy upon the last occasion of removal had really frightened those concerned in the disturbance of his things.

The visit to the book store, while productive of immediate happiness in the acquisition of means to count and comprehend heretofore invisible charms, also left a sting. There the lad had seen a set of volumes to be dreamed of. Three, in particular would not leave his thoughts.

For this reason he now sat in sorrowful consideration of apparent impossibilities.

"I've got to have 'em," he decided. "Someway. Is there a thing I can do?"

Over the mountains the aftermath of a night storm lowered in vapory masses, filling the ravines with fog-drifts, wreathing with shifting clouds the highest hill-tops, and hushing usual bird-song with a damp and gloomy pall.

Suddenly the brave sun sprang through the rifts, illuming with rosy fingers the disconsolation of Nature. Little voices twittered in the trees, the clinging mists dissolved and dissipated, great patches of blue sky appeared in cheering view, and Jonah smiled. He felt these things. A hope rose in him.

"What'll I do?" thought he. "Go fishin'?" It's just the day.

"S-a-a-y!" an idea struck him. "Why not? I might sell a few." He slid off the square stone and disappeared around the barn.

Boys who can do nothing else can usually catch fish. This has been noted. Jonah was no exception. In an hour he was on the big stream purring through the meadow, its waters swimming high with rain, kissing the weeds and grasses on the banks, and singing through the alders.

It was a long pole for a boy, but he could handle it most efficiently. The basket, too, was of a size to lose small fish in. Jonah liked room in all ways. With a tin box of fat worms, his equipment was entirely to his mind for execution.

So it would seem. The trout were feeding. They were looking for fat worms. They found them. Then followed much flopping in the basket. By noon it was half full. The stomach of Jonah yearned for refreshment, but he kept on. The lunch had been overlooked in his hurry of departure.

"Such luck I never had," he commented excitedly. "Nice ones, ain't they? I'll get all I can. O, if I only could catch six pounds!"

"Ain't much use trying the deep hole, but I'll drop in. Nothin' but suckers there now," he ruminated. "It's only wastin' time. Guess I never caught one in the old ditch."

This pool, one side fringed with bushes, the other open, was still, half-muddy, and not inviting. Jonah baited heavily, cast in, and set his stout bamboo.

Presently the line twitched slightly. "Sucker," grumbled the boy. "I'll let him have it. Come out now, old rubber-mouth," he added, after waiting a few moments.



THE LITTLE MILKMAN.

also straight, and unpleasantly denominated 'sandy.' He despised this word. It was not fitting. No sand in the neighborhood of the farm resembled his hair in the least; of that he was assured. But Jonah was untraveller.

For the rest of his attractions, they related simply to the appearance of any fifteen-year-old lad developed amid country surroundings, with a predilection for indigestibles and inactivity. Now he sat upon the horse-block and lamented his resources.

Do not gather the impression that Jonah was a brainless youth. Quite the contrary. He was what is called 'smart in the head.' This reputation excused his feet and hands to a note-

for, as they were a plain and practical pair, such accomplishments not only failed to appeal to them, but disconcerted them badly. Therefore conversation was avoided, but for that the boy cared little. He liked to be let alone.

His elder brother and his sister would have none of him, dubbing his ways but one remove from lunacy. At present Jonah was in disgrace. Only the week before, sent two miles into town with two dollars and injunctions to buy shoes and have his hair cut, he had returned, irresponsible and with shining eyes, bearing a most uncanny chart, a small microscope, and all his hair.

The shoes! Oh, he forgot the shoes.