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By DIXIE PATTON

THREE GUESTS

BY JESSICA NELSON NORTH

I had a little tea-party,
This afternoon at three.
'T was very small,
Three guests in all,
Just I, Myself, and Me.

Myself ate up the sandwiches,
While I drank up the tea;
'T was also I
Who ate the pie,
And passed the cake to Me.

—St. Nicholas.

HAWTHORNS AND ROSES

You have been telling me dozens of
stories about the queer things plants
and animals do all by themselves, unless
perhaps the invisible fairies take a hand
in it, and now it's my turn to tell you a
story about a queer thing man has done
to plants.

It was when I was holidaying out in
Vancouver that I passed a house where
there was a row of little rose trees up
and down the walk. Roses, as we all
know, usually grow in bushes, but these
were not bushes. They were funny little
trees, straight and stiff up to a point
about four or five feet from the ground,
when they suddenly spread out into a
round top heavily crowned with gorgeous
roses.

My friend explained to me that these
were grafted roses. The tall single stem
was a hawthorn stalk which had been
slit and a rose cutting stuck into it.
Some people claim that the roses grown
in this fashion are much larger and finer
than those grown directly from rose
cuttings. Now do you know anything
queerer than that?

DIXIE PATTON.

HOW MONKEYS ACT

Monkeys are not as polite as they ought
to be. If you go into a place where
there are lots of monkeys and throw
stones at them, they'll throw cocoanuts
at your head.

Men who try to catch monkeys some-
times find a whole troop under a large
tree. Away scamper the monkeys to the
top of the tree. Here they peek out
from among the leaves at the men. The
men then put gloves on their hands and
take them off several times.

Then they go away, leaving behind
them several pairs of gloves with pitch
in them. Down come the monkeys and
pull on the gloves, but, oh dear! they
can't get them off. Then they yell to
beat everything. When the men hear
this they run to them as fast as they can
go and put the monkeys in a cage and
go home. Monkeys, like boys, have got
to be taught how to behave.

MARTHA HUMBKE,
Duhamel, Alta. Age 9.

A YOUNG ANTELOPE

I am going to tell of an experience
that my sister and I had one time. About
three years ago my sister and I were out
among the hills one day picking flowers,
and trying to find some strawberries.
We were wandering about until we came
to a coulee with fairly steep sides. We
thought there might be some straw-
berries in this coulee, so we began to
look for them.

I was scratching among the grass
looking for strawberries when I looked
up and saw a little animal somewhat
larger than a jack-rabbit, about thirty
yards away. I thought at first it was
a rabbit and thought I would scare it
and make it run away. So I walked
up a little closer to it, but it did not
seem afraid. It did not look much like
a rabbit either.

It was of a brownish color, but was of
a light tan underneath. It had a black
nose. It had shorter ears than a rabbit
and long legs.

When it did not run I got scared and
ran up to the hill-top and called to my
sister and showed it to her. As soon as
it saw us it came towards us bleating,
something like a little lamb. It was
about fifteen yards away when it started
to lie down.

We were scared already and when it
did that my sister said, "Look out, it's
going to spring!" Just as soon as she
said that we turned and ran down that
hill and up another. We must have
run nearly a mile before we stopped.

As we got nearer home my sister
wanted to go back and see it again, but
I would not go with her and she would
not go back by herself, so we went on
home.

When we got home we told mamma
about it and she said it was a young
antelope. We went back to the same
place nearly a month afterwards, but
we saw no sign of the young antelope.
I guess it grew up and someone killed
it to eat. I hope not.

MYRTLE ISAACS.

Age 13.

A WOMAN LAWYER TO BE

Temptation could not be resisted
when Edna's letter was printed. She
has indeed chosen a noble career, yet
even nursing cannot tempt me. I have
chosen many things before and I have
at last reached a decision. I will be a
lawyer. Edna pictured herself as bend-
ing over a suffering patient, while I
picture myself as sitting by a death-
bed drawing up a will, or sitting in a
court defending a disreputable-looking
character. Perhaps I will never attain
what I am longing for, but I will work all
my life trying, at least.

Do you think it foolish of me? Are
not lawyers needed? If there were no
lawyers, who would draw up wills?
Who would defend or accuse thieves, mur-
derers, in short, every kind of criminal?
Do you not think, Dixie Patton, that
I might do some good?

Without a lawyer some of the worst
"Bad Men" in the world might go
without punishment. There is another
thing. I am sure you have noticed that
the majority of men and women do not
get equal judgment. A man will drink,
smoke, swear—anything at all. Oh, he
is only sowing his wild oats. But—
when a woman does it, she is not fit
to be seen. Never again will she be
seen with those who were her former
friends. Why? Because a woman has
no wild oats to sow. Who can tell?
I intend to try to have that put in its
place when I am old enough.

My amusements in summer shall be
tennis, riding, walking, reading, boating
and baseball. In winter, tobogganing,
sleighting and skating.

HARRIETTE PAULINE KENLY.
Age 14.

MY PET SQUIRREL

One day my sister Arlie and I went
out to pick strawberries. It was nearly
five o'clock when we started and when
we were over half a mile from home, it
started to rain. Of course we did not
mind the rain, but we decided we had
better turn and pick towards home.
On our way back I saw a large hole in
a telephone pole and wondered if it
was a woodpecker's nest. We went up
to it and I put my hand in, but could
not reach the bottom of the nest. I
said to Arlie, "Will you put your hand
in?" She was a little bit frightened
at first, but she told me to lift her up
and she would put her hand in. When
she brought her hand out she had a young
squirrel in it.

We took it home and made a little
cage for it. We fed it grain and gave
it milk to drink. I kept it for nearly
a week, when it broke one of the little
sticks I had over the front of the cage
and ran away. I was very sorry, but
I guess it was better running loose than
being shut up in a cage.

LAURA HEBNER.
Gilbert Plains, Man., Age 12.

THE TAME GOPHER

My story is about a gopher. One
summer a gopher lived under our school.
He would come in and eat the crumbs
that lay on the floor and he was very tame.
One day my friend and I snared him.
After we had played with him a time we
let him go.

NORMAN EMERY,
Lake Demay, Alta. Age 10.



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