

Boys' and Girls' Clubs

For several years Boys' and Girls' Clubs have been organized all over the United States and are carrying on their work in potato clubs, corn clubs, poultry clubs, pig clubs, canning clubs and many other clubs. No scheme has ever been devised that has proven so interesting to the boys and girls on the farms and the movement is spreading rapidly in Western Canada. Already a large number of boys' and girls' clubs have been organized in Manitoba, and school fairs were held last year in a great many districts. The movement is bound to spread all over the prairie provinces. The Guide has decided to publish a series of articles on boys' and girls' clubs and school fairs, written by the boys and girls themselves, and for that purpose The Guide is offering

\$18 Cash Prizes \$18

We want every boy and girl who is a member of any club or who has attended a school fair to write us an article for this competition, telling how the work was conducted and what was the result. We will divide the competition into three subjects. The first subject on which we want the boys and girls to write is

Our School Fair

Under this subject any boy or girl may write an article describing the school fair held in their own community. This article should tell when and where the school fair was held and how it was conducted. There should be a brief description of the exhibits with special mention of anything of particular interest. In fact, it should be the whole story of the fair telling the part taken by the boys and girls, the parents and the teachers and indicating the nature and the value of the prizes given.

Our Own Club

Under this title any boy or girl may write a description of the club to which they belong, whether it be a poultry club, potato club, pig club, or any other kind of boys' or girls' club. The article should tell when the club was organized, how many members there are of boys or girls, what work they have done in the way of raising animals or producing crops, and what prizes they captured at the school fair if one was held, and any other information that will make a complete and interesting story of the club and its organization.

My Own Experience

Under this title we want boys and girls to write us an article telling just what they themselves have done as members of some boys' or girls' club of any kind. This article should tell how they became a member of the club, what part they have taken in the club and at the school fair and should relate the success and failure of their work and their plans for the next year.

These compositions which we are asking the boys and girls to write must not under any circumstances exceed 300 words in length and may be shorter if the whole story can be told in less space. The article must be written on one side of the paper only and must be a good faithful account of the subject, written in an interesting manner. The prize will go to the best stories regardless of whether they describe the largest school fair or school club or the smallest, so that every boy and girl who has taken any part whatever in club work or school fairs may win the first prize. The prizes will be distributed as follows:

\$6 in Prizes for Each Subject

First Prize	\$3.00
Second Prize	2.00
Third Prize	1.00

No boy or girl can win more than one prize. All these stories must be written and forwarded as so to reach The Guide office not later than March 11. This would give a clear month for the work, which would be plenty of time. The competition is open to any farm boy or girl in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Address all letters to—

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLUBS

The Grain Growers' Guide

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

SPRING

Well little folk, I suppose you are just aching for spring to come so that you will be able to play out of doors all the time, and, indeed, I can scarcely wait for it myself. Someway, when it comes this time of year there are two things connected with my own childhood that always come to mind, that is the first anemone which we found hidden among its furry leaves, and the first gopher which we snared over on the side of the hill. It seems to me now that gathering anemones and snaring gophers must have been our first outdoor occupations every spring during my childhood.

At any rate, I know how anxiously you will be watching for the snow to go during the next six weeks or so, and I just wish I might take a turn with you at gathering posies, at least, for I am not now so keen on snaring gophers as I was once upon a time.

DIXIE PATTON.

THE STORY OF AND INDIAN BOY

Once there were some Indians camped away back in North Saskatchewan. They were trapping mink and muskrat.

They had five little girls and one little boy with them. One day they missed the little boy. They looked all around their tent for him. Then they went to another tent and got some other Indians.

They looked all over for two miles around the tent. Then the father went to the river where they got water. He cut a hole in the ice. There he found the poor little boy drowned.

They dug a grave and buried him. Over the grave they put a little tent. Then his parents in sorrow moved away the same day.

The next year his parents and a lot of other Indians went and put a new tent over the grave.

EVA BROWNIDGE,

Grandview, Man.

Age 11.

A FATAL ACCIDENT

I am going to tell you about a fatal accident which happened in our family six or seven years ago with my uncle and cousin. My uncle had gone down the well and my cousin was about five yards down when my uncle started to tap the upper curb and it came down with a gush and let the quick-sand out and my uncle tried to get up, but he could not. He held my cousin up on his shoulder to call for help. He called and called, but no one heard him. My uncle was near buried then. At last he was smothered to death and my cousin called until a little boy found out and told his dad who got my cousin. The quick-sand had arisen near the top. My Cousin Charlie is now at the front and has been wounded, but is able to be in the firing line.

JACK BALLANCE,

Kaleida, Man.

Age 11.

SANTA CLAUS

For a long time we practiced, first songs and dialogues, and some took home recitations. Everybody was singing and acting in those days before Santa came. We looked forward for the entertainment to come and for a look at Santa's red face and white whiskers. We had a long program, but at last we got ready and the happy night came. After about an hour and a half we heard Santa's bells in the distance. He came in a motor car with the reindeer's bells on the back of the car, so that every time he turned a corner quick or hit a bump they would jingle, and so that is the way we heard him coming. When he got to the school house he said that he had two big packs on his back. He said that he had come from Edmonton tonight, and his car had run him into a ditch three times. It had gone into a snowdrift and had stopped two or three times. Then he was so fat I doubt if he could run it very well. He began to open the pack, which he had brought with him, and take things off the tree. When he got half thru we began to step on his toes and punch him. He got right out and chased some of the children and spanked them well when he caught them. After a general up-roaring time and all

the candy bags were handed around, Santa went around and threw apples at every one. Then he said good-bye and left us. All hoping to see him next year, at the next entertainment.

KATHLEEN E. RAINFORTH,

Age 10.

Lacombe, Alta.

For some reason I like this letter very much, don't you, little people?

D. P.

WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY

Some years ago we went to a distant farm. My brother had to plow a big field and I was going to keep house. We had to sleep in a vacant house. It had not been used for some time, and was old and open. It was late when we went to bed and I was tired. We made up our bed, and laid down. Soon we were sound asleep. Presently something came out of a hole in the floor and we were awakened. It did not come far from the hole at first. We wondered what it was. I said it made too much noise for mice. John said gophers didn't come out at night. By and by it grew bolder. Presently it came right up to the blankets.

"Scat!" said John.

Then all was still for a while. As soon as it thought every one was still it came out again.

"Scat there, scat!"

Everything was still once more. They did not come out again, for it was nearly daylight. We didn't get much sleep, for it bothered so. One day, when John went in the house for something, one of them poked his head out. He told me it was a baby skunk.

One night afterwards, grandpa got upon a table, which was right beside the hole, to hide. He took a shovel with him, so that he might strike it. As soon as all was still, the little skunk came out. Grandpa hit it with the shovel. The little skunk fell down dead. This he did till he had killed three. There were still two more left.

A week or two afterwards John and grandpa caught the old one.

OLIVE HUNTER.

THE LOST HEN

One of our hens laid away and we could not find her nest. One day mamma was walking thru the horseradish and she found the nest of eggs and the little chicks had just pipped the shell. Mamma did not tell us for a week after. Then she made a pen for them and put a hen coup in it, and put the hen and chickens in it. We feed the chickens every day and hope they will live all winter, because they are all thorough-bred Leghorns. There are nine of them and they are all feathered now.

EDITH L. ZARN.

Age 11.

Ewart, Man.

THRU THE CROW'S NEST PASS

I am going to tell you about a trip west. My father sold our farm out here and went to British Columbia. He took a car out there with our furniture and four cows, and a mare, whose name was Maud, and about sixty chickens. Two weeks later my mother and my brothers and sisters and I left here to join him out there.

The prairie was a common thing for us to see, but after we struck the Rockies, that is the time we enjoyed ourselves, circling around the mountains. In one place we went in such a circle that we pretty nearly caught up to the hind end of the train. In some places we would be travelling on the edge of a mountain with a big river flowing down below us. I was very much scared. One place we saw three pretty jumping deer climbing up a big mountain, right alongside of the train. We are back here again, as my mother could not stand the climate out there. But B.C. is pretty, with all its spruce and pine and a lot of other pretty trees.

HENRY HOLMSTROM,

Age 12.

Kristnes P.O., Sask.

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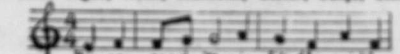
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