

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 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 500 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 prizes 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 on or 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

EASILY WON PRIZES

It is going to be the easiest thing in the world for some of our bright little boys and girls to win story books or honorable mention for themselves in this new prize contest. Not that any old story slapped up any old way will do, because it won't. But we have enough bright, careful boys and girls to pile the office desk high with first rate stories.

It is to be a story about some happening which shows good citizenship. It may be the account of a man or woman who, at great risk, stopped a big fire, or someone who started a clean-up week in town, or it might be a group of school children who set out to have the cleanest and prettiest school in the whole country. There are so many ways in which men and women and boys and girls can show themselves to be good citizens that I can't begin to go over them all, but I hope you will see what I mean.

The story may be one which you have heard your parents or grand-parents or neighbors tell, or something which you have seen yourself, but it must not be one that you have read or been told from books.

As we have said already, three splendid story books will be given as prizes for the three best stories sent in not later than March 7. Maple leaf pins and membership cards will also be sent to such new writers as send in stories good enough to print, provided only that they remember to send a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

Stories must be written in pen and ink, and on only one side of the paper. The writer's teacher or parent must certify that the story is original, and that the age given is correct. Letters must be clearly addressed to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man. The contest is open to any boy or girl of seventeen years or under who sees this announcement.

DIXIE PATTON.

A GREEDY SNAKE

When I was about three years old I lived in the State of Oklahoma, in a beautiful sunny country where lots of fruit grows and where pretty birds hop about in the tree tops and sing their beautiful songs.

In one of those trees I found a neat little nest of a little red bird with four little young birdies, and I was thinking of keeping them in a cage, as they are such pretty birds, altho they don't sing much. I used to watch them and see them grow. When they were nearly ready to leave their nest I thought of caging them up, but when I went to get them I saw a big snake wound around the tree with his head in the nest swallowing the last little birdie. With fright I ran for mamma to come and kill it. I felt so sorry for the little birds and more so for the mother bird, as she hopped about and chirped, trying to chase the snake away. I never forget how sorry I was.

FANNIE E. HENDRICK,
Millwood, Man. Age 9.

A RUNAWAY

It is about two years since papa and mamma and my little baby brother and I were going to town, early in the spring, in the wagon. The horses were used to the sleigh in the winter. We were all in except papa and he was going to get in and the horses started to run. Papa was holding the lines and they broke. Then he had to let them go, and they ran up to a straw stack in the corner of the fence, where there was room enough for one horse to go thru, and they ran thru it anyway, and upset and we all three fell out under the fence. Mamma and I were hurt, but my little baby brother flew over the fence in the scrub, so he was not hurt. The horses ran from the straw stack and ran into a bush and there they stopped. Then I went home and so did mamma, but papa went after the horses and unhitched them and put them in the barn. This was the first runaway I ever had.

ROSE B. HENDRICK,
Millwood, Man. Age 12.

A TERRIBLE STORM

On the night of September 1, we noticed the signs of an approaching storm, but we scarcely gave it a thought till we were awakened by the rattling of doors and windows. We soon realized that the wind was getting higher and higher. The lightning and thunder soon began. The continual flashes of lightning lit up the whole room, and you could see the pictures on the walls. The crashes of thunder shook the house, but the worst was yet to come. The sky was a reddish black color. Such a wild sky I have never seen before. When we had all settled down again, thinking it would soon be over, suddenly there came a great blast of wind, and thru the bedroom window, which was open, came a gust of wind, dust and dirt. It was almost impossible to stand up against the wind long enough to shut the window down. The house shook and shook. Not only was there wind, but rain and hail. Many fields of standing grain were flattened, and stooks were all blown about.

We had a back kitchen which was blown over, and in the morning it was upside down.

In town the livery stable was moved about a hundred yards and blown down and one horse was killed. The skating rink was blown over and the pieces were all over town. It looked as if the Germans had been doing some bombarding.

The big G.T.P. bridge at Uno was blown down, and the engineer was killed. It was a terrible sight. I was down to see it. The engine was lying on one side, the timbers strewn all over, and an iron rail was bent and twisted about like tin. Nearly all the garages were blown over. One man's garage and car both went over. Neither were very badly damaged.

MARIAN SAWYER,
Beulah, Man. Age 11 years.

THE LITTLE LOST GIRL

I am going to tell you about when our neighbor's little girl, age six, got lost.

She was sent out to get the cows and it began to storm and she got away from her own home. She was away five days before they found her. People came twenty miles to look for her. The people who were looking for her were nearly starved.

The little girl had a little dog with her. When they found her she was asleep.

Two men going home, from hunting, for their dinner saw the dog in the bushes, and they found her there.

When they took her home she was very hungry and she wanted to eat, and they would not let her. She was in her bare feet and had no coat on. She only had overalls and a waist on. When they went out driving after she was found she would tell them the groves she stayed over night.

JEAN JOHNSTONE,
Clear, Alberta. Age 13.

DIAMOND

My brother has a little white pony called "Tiny," and one morning when I woke up she had a little white-faced colt with four white legs. I thought for a long time what to call him, when one day my grandmother told me to call him "Diamond," because he had a four-cornered white spot on his right side. That was in the spring. Now his color has changed from a kind of brown to black, but the white legs and white face have remained. In the summer I was going over to town on the pony and I wanted to leave the colt at home. So I shut him in the yard and shut the barbed wire gate. I started off, when suddenly I heard a crash and I looked behind and saw him break a big poplar post down and the gate. He cut himself on the leg, but my mother put some peroxide on it. My mother thought I had better take him along with me. So I went to town and came back and turned the pony on the prairie. After a while the colt got better.

DUGALD McDOUGALL,
Penhold Post Office. Age 12.

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