

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

CAN YOU WRITE US A PLANT, BIRD OR ANIMAL STORY?

Well Chickabiddies, have you written your play stories yet? If you didn't read about them last week I'll have to tell you all over again. I want you to pretend you are a bird, plant or animal and write me a story of your life. To show you what I mean, I will tell you the story of a chicken as if I myself were the chicken. Here is the story.

"I wakened up in a queer little house with rounded ends and began to feel about in the dark for a door to get out by, but it was all closed up so I settled down to think what to do about it. It was comfortably warm, so that I was not so badly off.

I don't know how long I had been awake when I opened my mouth and shut it and was frightened by hearing a sound like "peep." I knew that there could not be anything in my little house but myself, but I kept very still for a while, then I opened my mouth again and the sound came once more and I knew that it was made by my own mouth. Then I did it over and over again just for fun.

At last I got tired of staying cramped up in this little house, so I chipped the end off it with my bill and finally shoved it right through and broke the house in two and stepped out. There was something warm and soft above me and my feathers soon dried.

I can't just remember how long it was before I found out that there were other little moving things near me and presently the warm thing above us got up and moved away and we blinked and blinked at the light and then we got up and ran after it. After this the mother hen was continually running about and clucking and we followed her for we knew that when she clucked it generally meant a worm.

Nothing very interesting happened in my life after this until nearly spring when one fine morning I laid an egg and I was so proud of it that I went cackling around the hen house for half a day until an old hen said, "For goodness sake shut up. You would think that an egg had never been laid before by the fuss you make over it."

The next most wonderful thing was when I had a nest full of eggs which I kept warm until they turned into little fluffy yellow chickens. That, I think, was the most exciting time of my life up to the present and indeed the brood I have on hand at present give me so much trouble that I must hurry away this minute and attend to them."

All stories must be on my desk not later than May 31, all must be written in pen and ink and on one side of the paper only.

Anyone of seventeen years or under may send in a story.

Three jolly story books will be given as prizes for the three best stories received.

You must get your teacher or one of your parents to certify that the story is your own work and that the age given is correct.

Address all stories to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.
DIXIE PATTON.

MY FAVORITE HEROINE

(A Make-Believe Story)

Once upon a time in the far West, before the country was settled, there lived a man named Julian Marbolt. He owned a very large ranch and he himself was a fine rider and fond of outdoor sport.

He had a daughter named Diane, in whom he took much pride. She was very much like her father, enjoying riding, roping and the such.

Her hair was black and curly and she had dark blue eyes, was of a medium

height and the very picture of good health itself.

She knew nothing of fear and seemed to like to be in some dangerous position where it would take skill and wits to know how to act.

One day Diane and her friend Lillian Clark were intending to spend their afternoon at the river.

They went to a place on the river, where there was an immense boulder on the very highest bank, about one hundred feet above the water.

The rock was quite slanting and unsafe, but that didn't matter to Diane.

Lillian had just noticed some pretty flowers within reach and with a little run was just going to pick them when her feet slipped, there was one awful shriek and she fell into the torrent below.

Diane stood still with mouth and eyes wide open. She knew Lillian couldn't swim, and as quick as lightning she flew to the end of the boulder and sprang over the bank to the rescue.

She caught Lillian by the arm and struggling with the current, managed to get her senseless friend to the shore. The water had been so cold that Diane now was numb and could hardly move. It was all she could do to get Lillian home. The doctor was called immediately and he said if Diane had been a minute later her friend would have been drowned.

MARIE HAZEN,

Age 13. Daysland, Alta.

MISS SARAH MAXWELL

My heroine is Miss Sarah Maxwell, a young teacher who taught the infants in a school in Montreal. Her room was on the third floor of a large school which one day caught on fire. All the pupils in the lower rooms were able to get out in safety, but the escape of this brave teacher and her pupils was entirely cut off. Miss Maxwell now showed her great bravery.

When the firemen came they immediately put an escape up to the window were Miss Maxwell stood. One by one she handed out forty-three little children, meanwhile the flames were raging on, but this young heroine stood bravely at her post until as she and the fireman thought all were safely handed out. Just as the fireman was helping her out she heard screams of children coming from the raging fire behind them. Instantly she tore away from the fireman, despite his efforts to keep her from going, for he knew it would prove certain death. As she disappeared into the flames her last cry was, "I must go back; there are more yet." That was the last seen of her. After the fire was extinguished her charred remains were found beside the bodies of her two fellow victims of this terrible tragedy.

An outburst of grief, mingled with admiration, spread throughout the whole world when they heard of this noble deed. Among the host of friends and sympathizers who mourned her loss there was one to whom it meant a great deal. This was her mother, of whom Sarah had been the sole support, but I am sure her grief would be softened by the pride she would feel to think she was mother of such a brave daughter. Every honor has been paid her as her name now stands on record as one of the greatest heroines we have ever had.

ELSIE RANDALL,

Age 13. Silver Stream, Sask.

HARRY AND ROVER

There once was a boy named Harry and he had a dog he called Rover.

One day Harry went to spend the day with some neighboring farmers on his little pony he called Kate. On the way, as he trotted along, he saw a dark form appear from a bush and run lightly along, bearing something in its arms.

Harry neared it and behold it was an Indian and in its arms was a little girl. Rover caught sight of him and, giving a yelp, away he went after him.

Harry spurred up his horse and went after him too. The Indian dropped the little girl. Harry picked her up and took her to her home. Harry was a hero, was he not?

BELLE BAILLY,

Brooks, Alta., Age 11 years.

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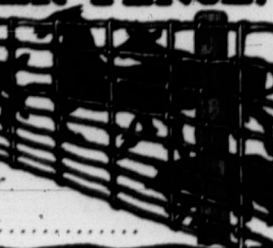
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