

BILLY WHISKERS

By FRANCES MONTGOMERY

"Well, I shall have to lock him up myself if I don't want him to follow me," Billy's master said.

As if Billy now understood what his master said, and objected to being shut up, he ran down the street and disappeared around a corner.

"Now is my chance. I have my horse right around the corner and I will ride off while he is hiding from us," and in a jiffy the Captain was mounted and galloping out of camp.

"I must give orders immediately to all the sentinels not to let Billy pass them, and that he is to stay in camp until further orders," thought the General.

As soon as Billy thought he had gone far enough and saw that he was not being pursued, he turned back and came to the corner he had turned to peek around and see what the General and the Captain were doing.

Horrors! What did he see but his master riding off on horseback as fast as his mount could gallop, and the General standing where he had left him, watching him out of sight.

"For once they have gotten ahead of me. But it won't be for long. I'll go get Duke and have him follow the scent of the horse and in that way I'll find my master. For I guess a goat can travel just as far as a horse."

As Duke belonged to a French company, Billy would have to leave his own camp and go over to where Duke's company was encamped. So he started down the street and ran as fast as he could straight past the General, who was still gazing down the road Captain Strongheart had taken, lost in thought. And as Billy passed him he could not help hearing, as much as to say "You haven't gotten me cornered yet!"

The clatter of Billy's hoofs on the cobblestone pavement and his defiant baa awoke the General from his reverie, and he called to Billy to come back and save his strength, as there was no use of following the Captain, as he had too good a start.

Billy Runs
But Billy baaed back "Well, we'll see!" and he ran on until he had to pass a sentinel at the edge of the camp, who stopped him with his bayonet, pointing it at him and saying:

"Not so fast, Billy, my dear! I have orders not to let you pass. You are to stay here and not tag your master."

"Baa," said Billy, and turned and fairly flew to another street that led out of the village in the direction his master had gone. But he had the same luck here, and more. For this entrance was guarded by an American cowboy, and instead of trying to stop him with his bayonet he lassoed him and led him off to where the horses were stabled, to shut him in a box stall.

Locked in Stall

"Sorry to have to shut you up, Billy, but those are the General's orders. We had orders to catch you and shut you up the first time any of us saw you. And knowing what an independent goat you are, and how you think you must always have your own way, I knew you would butt several dozen people over and probably hurt some if I did not make short work of it by lassoing you. Hope you won't have any ill feeling toward me, because I am only carrying out the General's orders."

All the time the soldier had been talking he had been leading Billy toward the stable, and when he got him there he locked him in one of the strongest box stalls he could find—one in which they had kept a cross, kicking horse, and the stall had therefore been built unusually strong. He knew if he did not put Billy in a strong stall that he would butt it down and get out, as he butted down the door of the General's office. Seeing that he was fastened in good and tight, and had something to eat and drink, he bade good-by to Billy, saying:

"Ta-ta, old fellow! See you soon again," and he walked out of the stable.

He had not gone more than one hundred feet when Billy ran past him like a whirlwind, headed straight for the entrance gate.

"Hold on there, you old rascal," called the cowboy, and he started after Billy on a dead run, swinging his lasso as he ran, for he still held it in his hand after taking it off Billy when he had put him in the stall. Whiz! sang the rope over Billy's head, and once again the lasso fell around his neck and he was caught.

"Gee, but that man is a good lasso thrower! If I thought he could do it when I was running so fast, I would not have passed him, but would have sneaked out instead."

"For this, Mr. Billy, you will have to be tied in the stall. But I am anxious to know how you butted or kicked that strong door down. If you butted it your head must feel like a jelly."

Find Two Hurt

Arriving at the stable, they found two grooms nursing bruises. One was holding his stomach and the other his back, for both had tried to stop Billy and he had butted each in turn.

When the sentry reached the stall in which he had locked Billy he thought he must have made a mistake—for instead of finding the door broken and splintered, or hanging on one hinge, it was locked and just as he had left it.

"By jingoes, that goat must have wings!"

"That's just what he has, or jumpers just as good, for when we saw him he was flying over the top, and when we tried to stop him he butted us into a heap in the corner."

"He is some goat, he is!" said the other groom.

"Well, I'll see that he doesn't get out this time. Just unlock the door and I'll lead him in, and when I get him in I'll tie him up besides."

Cinch to Billy

Now you who are acquainted with

Billy knew that ropes are nothing to him. And that no matter how thick and strong they are, he can always chew them in two in a short time. So Billy laughed to himself to think how he would chew this rope apart in the night, jump over the stall as he had before, and get away.

"What beats me is how in the world that goat ever managed to jump the high sides of that stall, without a chance to take a running jump. For it is seven feet high if it is an inch," said the sentinel.

As he was walking away he turned to look back, and if there wasn't Billy's head sticking over the top of the stall looking down at him!

"How in the world that goat can reach the top of that partition I don't know. But I am going to find out!" But when he got there Billy was quietly lying down, pretending to be asleep.

"You need not try to play 'possum with me, you rascal! I'm coming in and going to try to find out how you do that stunt."

There was no box or steps of any kind in the stall which Billy could have used to stand on. Then how could he look over the top when it was higher than his head, even if he stood on his hind legs?

But just as he was about to give up the problem the sentinel saw a tuft of white hair sticking to the side of the manger, and immediately it flashed over him how Billy had accomplished it. He had jumped up and stood on a board that ran across the manger, and from there he had jumped over the top and also looked over.

Billy Uses Head
"Think you are smart, don't you?" said the sentinel. "But I know how you got over."

Still Billy kept his eyes shut and pretended to be asleep.

"Well, you can't jump over with that rope around your neck unless you wish to hang yourself, so ta-ta! I'm going!"

But he went faster than he expected, for the minute his back was turned to walk out Billy jumped up and, planting his head in the middle of the man's back, he pushed him out in double quick time, which more than surprised the fellow, so that he never said a word, but hurried out of the stable, leaving one of the grooms to lock Billy in.

Billy lay still and did not try to chew his rope until he was sure all the hostlers, grooms and orderlies in and around the stable had given up watching him and were sure that he was not going to try to escape. Then he began to chew hard and fast. His sharp teeth soon had the rope chewed in two, and cautiously he jumped up on the manger, and from the manger he could reach a window that was

just large enough for him to squeeze through. The window being open, he could look out from where he stood, and he discovered just under the window a soft pile of black dust.

Figures Way Out

"When I jump I'll land on that, so it won't hurt me a bit even if the window is high from the ground. Besides, the dirt will soil my white coat so it will help to disguise me."

Listening to see if any one was astray, and hearing no one, he quickly climbed up on the manger and with a big spring went through the window clean as a whistle and landed splash! in the black, soft dirt, sinking in up to his stomach. Then, to make himself still dirtier, he rolled over and over in it, until he was a black goat from head to foot. He waited until the sentinel's tread was lost in the distance the other side of the stable. Then he crept out and, keeping in the shadows, he arrived at the back of the Red Cross hospital.

Here he found an ambulance about ready to start for the front, and, as before, he got in and lay down at the end, opposite from the door, curling himself up in as tight a knot as he could. And presently he heard the doctor in charge of the ambulance give the order to start.

Over the cobblestones they went, through the gates of the village, and out into an inky black country road that turned and twisted so much that Billy thought the motion was exactly like a snake wriggling along on the ground. And he was beginning to get seasick from the peculiar motion when the ambulance stopped and the doctor got out and went to meet some stretcher bearers bringing in some wounded.

The minute Billy heard his steps growing fainter and fainter in the

distance he jumped out and ran in the opposite direction, little caring where he was going, as long as he got away, and they could not take him back to camp. And he laughed to himself to think how he had fooled them all and given them the slip. "My! Won't the General be surprised when he finds I am gone? I think I will just wait here until morning, for it is so dark I might wander inside the enemy's lines and not know it."

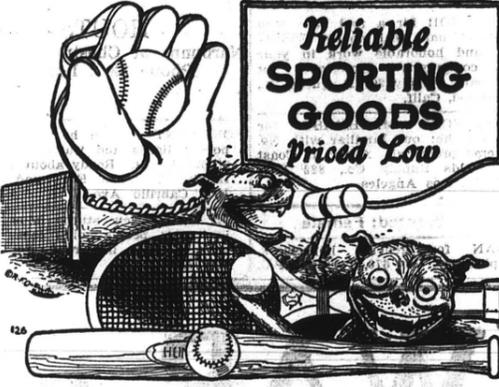
Takes a Rest

"How I wonder where my master is! And how I wish he had not said he was going so far away! He said by horseback, train, boat, and foot. He must be going to Constantinople, Persia, or some of those cities and countries away south of here. So I suppose the best thing I can do is to wait and be right here when he comes back. Or I could travel around and see the country at our rear, and then when I think it is about time for him to return I could unexpectedly turn up at camp and surprise them all. I'll just take a good long sleep here in this clover and get a good rest, and then I will feel fresh to begin my travels in the morning."

[Friday Billy starts forth in search of new adventures.]

Miss Marietta Deane Gallahorn of Syracuse, N. Y., who is visiting her sister, Mrs. M. Paul Eby, of Keystone, sailed on the Harvard Thursday at 4 p. m. for San Francisco, with friends from Long Island and New York, to spend the week-end at the St. Francis hotel. She will also visit a friend, Miss Betty Rice of Berkeley, Calif., a graduate of the Syracuse University, '24, fine arts.

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