

BILLY WHISKERS

By FRANCES MONTGOMERY

Billy had just sniffed the smell of frying bacon.

"I know the kitchen must be behind those doors. I'll just stick my nose against one of them and peek in."

Billy was just about to push one of the doors open when bang! came one of them against his head with such force that it knocked him over. It also rebounded with such force that it knocked over a sailor who was carrying a tray of glass tumblers to set on the table. Over went the man, rolling over and over amidst the broken glass and rattling tin tray.

Of course all this racket brought the cook and all the other deck hands who heard it. The cook still carried the frying pan in his hand, being too much surprised to set it down when he heard the noise. The man with mop and pail who had been scrubbing the deck came and also two or three other deck hands. There they all stood, staring with open mouths and bulging eyes at Billy, who had risen to his forefeet and stood surveying the wreck he had made. He still held a little dazed but came to himself in a hurry when he saw the man with the mop and pail raise the mop to come after him. Before the fellow had taken two steps Billy had risen to his hind feet, given a spring, and butted him straight into his pail, where he stuck fast and could not get up without the pail sticking to him. Then Billy whirled and hooked the pan of bacon out of the cook's hands, which sent it flying out the open window onto the deck. Then he turned and started for the other two men who were standing there, but they had seen enough, and disappeared while there was yet time. Seeing the coast was clear, Billy wheeled around and ran out on deck, where he saw Stubby and Button spilled up the bacon that had spatting out of the frying pan as it went through the window.

"Leave me a slice of that bacon and then run, for we shall have to get off this boat in double quick time if we expect to save our bacon," said Billy, thinking the slang expression very fitting indeed.

Licks Up Grease

"Why, what is up?" asked Stubby?

"Didn't you hear a racket going on in there?"

"No. We just came down from the upper deck."

"Well, take my word for it and vanish before you are hit with a club or thrown overboard. I'll be with you as soon as I lick up this grease. Since you have eaten all the bacon I had so much trouble to get, I am not going to lose this grease, anyway."

Splash! bang! came water, bucket and all, down on Billy's head.

Billy jumps

Quick as lightning, Billy jumped in the window through which it had come, and found himself standing face to face with the cook, who had the most astonished expression on his face you ever saw when he beheld Billy coming through the high, small window.

Billy stood on his hind legs and knocked the jaunty little white cook's cap off the man's head with one of his forelegs before the cook could defend himself or turn to run. They were in very close quarters, as a ship's kitchen is not the largest room in the world. At last the cook got up enough courage to strike out at Billy. He intended to hit the front of the stomach as he stood towering before him, but alas! his knuckles hardly touched Billy's stomach when he found himself flying backward across the long, narrow room, out through the opposite door, and hit the railing of the boat so hard it broke and let him fall splash into the water.

On perceiving this, Billy turned and ran off the boat, and soon found Stubby and Button, who were waiting for him. When they had gotten far enough away for safety they stopped under a large shade tree and had a good laugh at Billy's recital of how he butted the cook overboard.

They Agree on This

"It will do him good," said Button. "Let it be the first bath he has had in weeks."

"Let so, too," agreed Stubby.

"Well, what are we going to do now?" asked Billy. "That bacon has made me more hungry than ever. The salt in it has just whetted my appetite."

"Mine, too," said Stubby. "I feel as if I could drink the river dry, I am so thirsty."

"Say we trot along this drive that runs by the river until we come to some house that has a

yard around it, where we can hide until we have a chance to sneak into the house or stable to see what we can find to eat," proposed Button.

They had to travel several miles to find such a place, for they were still in the suburbs of New York city and not far enough out for the summer homes with their beautiful grounds. Once they passed a roadhouse, where they got a drink out of a watering trough for animals and stole a few mouthfuls of food from some baskets a greengrocer had left outside the kitchen door. Button and Stubby stole only meat, and went running off, Button with a big lamb chop between his teeth and Stubby with a huge steak, while Billy contented himself with a head of lettuce. They were just rounding a bend of the road when they heard an excited Frenchman calling to them. Turning to look, they saw the French cook wildly waving his arms at them and calling to them to bring back his things. But they only kicked up their heels at him and disappeared from his view around the bend in the road.

They Like Steak

"Gee!" exclaimed Stubby. "This steak is the best thing I have had to eat in a fat goose's age."

"Yum! Yum!" replied Button. "It can't beat this chop for tenderness and juiciness."

"Nor my head lettuce. It is as sweet as sugar and as cold as ice. I just dole on cold, crisp lettuce. The colder and more crisp the better. But I am afraid that cook will have an apoplectic fit if he isn't careful, the way he was waving his arms and carrying on. Excitement such as that is very bad for a fat old cook of forty."

"Hark! I hear an auto coming from the roadhouse. We better get back farther in the bushes and hide until it passes. They might be after us," said Stubby.

But they were not pursuers, but only two young fellows chatting and laughing over the dismay of the cook, for he had called to them that if they saw a big goat, small dog and black cat to run over them and kill them dead, dead, dead!

Just at dusk the next day Billy, Stubby and Button entered a small town to look for some quiet place for them to sleep, for they had traveled far that day and were tired of being chased by dogs and stoned by boys. So when they came to a small bungalow on the outskirts of the town they called a cellar door open and no one around to drive them away, the three stepped in as noiselessly as possible and crept down the cellar stairs to find a place to hide until the family had gone to bed. Then they would begin to look about for something to eat, for they expected to find potatoes and probably other vegetables there for Billy to eat, and some kind of cold meat for Stubby and Button, and perhaps a pie or piece of cake, either of which would be very acceptable to all of them, for they dearly loved sweets of all kinds.

Billy Hides

The corners of the cellar were quite dark, as by this time the sun had set, so Billy hid himself in one corner behind a pile of kindling, while Stubby crawled under the stationary wash tub and Button curled himself up on top of a high pile of boxes, from which place he could see a swinging shelf with a plate of cold meat and boiled potatoes, as well as an uncut pie and some doughnuts on it. In the opposite corner of the cellar Billy spied a pile of potatoes and some cabbage and carrots.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Button, "if we are not lucky! Here we find a good supper all laid out that will just suit our different tastes. Meat and potatoes for Stubby, as well as potatoes, cabbage and carrots for Billy."

"Hark! I hear some one coming!" warned Stubby. "I do hope, whoever it is, they don't find us and drive us out just when a good

George OUR BOY REPORTER

Five months from today is the time to look in your stockings for a surprise. It will be Christmas but it don't seem that closed to Christmas to people I bet. My mother sed she wished she could get people to hang up there close every nite sted of jess the nite before Christmas. My father he told her well you by my close and pick my ties and then pick my pocket's so why shoudn't you hang them up and she sed yes and about all I ever find in them is sum old bill's. Wich ain't the kind to by grosh-ries with she sed. Nobuddy was hurt.

Jim dash

Mrs. George D. Watson and Mister and Mrs. F. L. Parks and Mister and Mrs. John Guyan was down to Brookside to sum O. E. Star's doin's. Eat's and hot dog's and evrythink I gess. And a pleasant time sum had by all.

Jim dash

Mister and Mrs. George Procter have went to Oregon to spend 3 week's campin and seein the site's in there Buick so I hope they don't get no punche's in there tire's.

Jim dash

Mrs. Walter Welton got 1st prize playin 5 hundred down to the other Welton's when the nonprell club had a party and eat's. Mister Halladay sed if he would of had decent partner's wunct in a wile he wood of got wun of the prizes. I gess he made up for it on the eat's Mister Privett sed.

Jim dash

Mister Finster wich is hed prop-down to the Beacon drug store's got jess the thing for your face if you want to act on the stage. He sell's Brillax also wich make's your bare look like \$ 1 millyun doller's. Max Factor make's it in L. Angles for the movie people down to Hollywood but Mister Finster he sell's it retale cheep.

Jim dash

Mister and Mrs. M. E. Coker have named there new baby wich is a girl Geraldine Marie but my mother sed she bet's Mister Coker will commence callin her Jerry jesses soon's she get's old enuff.

supper is in sight, and also a nice quiet place to sleep.

[We hope so, too, don't we?]

THE COP'S VERSION

The police physician was called to examine an unconscious prisoner, who had been arrested and brought to the station house for drunkenness. After a short examination the physician addressed the policeman who had been made the arrest.

"This fellow is not suffering from the effects of alcohol. He has been drugged."

The policeman was greatly disturbed, and spoke falteringly: "I'm thinkin' ye're right, sor. I drugged him all the way to the station."

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Harbor City Notes

Harbor City cafe on Belleporte avenue has once again changed ownership. Mrs. L. Collin of San Fernando is the new owner and will run a first class restaurant, serving home-cooked food. Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Tuttle, former owners of the cafe, will leave this week for their former home in Nampa, Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Simpkinson of 257th street have returned home after spending a few days' vacation with the former's aunt, Mrs. C. B. Stevens, of Ventura.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Green of 254th street, accompanied by Mrs. Arthur Aspttle and son Stanley, visited the Boy Scouts in camp in Santa Ana canyon Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Wilson and son Bobbie, accompanied by Mrs. Brown and daughter Ethel, motored to Riverside Sunday. Floy Higgs left Sunday morning

with T. W. Green to attend the Scout camp at Santa Ana canyon.

EXCITED SCOT

It was the new porter's first day on duty at a busy junction in Scotland. He had been instructed to shout on the arrival of each train, "Carstairs: change here for Edinburgh," but on the arrival of the first train he became so agitated that he forgot his words and raced down the platform shouting: "Change here for whaur ye're gaun. A' you in there for here, come out!"



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