

# BILLY WHISKERS

By FRANCES MONTGOMERY

All the animals on the farm where Billy lived were told that Nannie and the brindle cow were so excited over something that they were hurrying to a certain place.

Each and every one decided to go to some place where they could see and watch Nannie and Brindle. Those more bold than the others determined to follow them, and thus it was that Nannie and Brindle stood in their own pasture looking across the road at the huge billboard, sixty feet long by thirty feet high, they heard a peculiar noise behind, and, turning to look, they beheld horses, cows, dogs, cats, pigs and pigeons as well as chickens, ducks and turkeys, hurrying through the clover field to where they stood, while the slow-traveling, waddling ducks and geese brought up the rear of this long parade, which reached from the edge of the pasture back to the barn itself.

When they came up to Nannie and old Brindle they did not let on that they had followed them, but pretended they had all come to see the new billboard that had been put up over night.

**Admire Billy**  
As they were all Billy's friends and admired him greatly for his daring in running away from the farm, they were very much interested in the scene pictured on the billboard, and they all began to talk at once and exclaim: "Why, there is Stubby—and Button, too!" "Yes, but that is a fine scene!" "One old white horse. But I should not like to be in it with those bears and monkeys. I detest monkeys, and I am afraid of bears."

The picture they were gazing at as a scene the movie people were putting out as a film picture, showing all their animals and performing birds and fowls in one picture. It represented a procession going along a street, with people looking out of their windows. But the chief interest of the picture was that all the people in the scene were impersonated by animals dressed like people.

Mike, the big baboon, was dressed as an Irishman and stood smoking a pipe outside his store, while another baboon wheeled a monkey in a baby carriage. And the green parrot had a white cap with a ruffle around it tied under her chin and was sitting on the window sill of a house drinking a cup of tea and eating a cracker. Of course the twin baby elephants were dressed up as Tootsie and Bootsie, and Tootsie carried a doll baby and Bootsie walked with a cane.

**Stubby as Lord**  
Stubby was dressed as Little Lord Fauntleroy, and Button as a little gypsy girl, and they walked arm in arm. Tootsies had garlands

of roses around her neck, white blue ribbons tied up her tail and mane, and she was drawing a little phaeton, all roses and ribbons, in which sat the prettiest little girl with long golden hair, and dressed in white, with white kid slippers on her tiny feet and a wreath of flowers on her head, from which beautiful colored butterflies seemed to be flying. They were so wired that they quivered with every little breeze, and with every motion she made.

Oh, Think of It!

And then came Billy, dressed as a circus ringmaster, with white trousers, high black patent leather boots, long-tailed dress coat, and a high silk hat on his head, while in his hand—or, I should say, in his fore paw—he held a long-lashed whip. It would take too long to tell how all the other animals and actors were dressed and the parts they took. Suffice it to say they all looked fine, and it was a gorgeous picture.

"Oh, doesn't Billy look simply superb in those clothes!" exclaimed Nannie. "Yes, I must see him, and I am going to start this very minute for Chicago. I know the way there perfectly well, as I have traveled it many times before. I am sorry that Night, Day and the twins are not here to go with me. But will one of you kindly carry this message to them for me over to Farmer Strongholtz's, where they now are?"

Dozens of voices piped up that they would be only too glad to do anything for her, and they did not blame her for wanting to start right away to see Billy, so she could reach Chicago in time to see him perform in this wonderful moving picture.

Lots of Noise

She bade them all good-bye, jumped the fence and started down the road in the direction of Chicago, while the whole crowd whinnied, barked, howled, cackled, grunted, bawled, mewed and quacked its blessing, good-byes and best wishes for a safe journey, with many messages for their dearly beloved Billy.

This was about 11 o'clock in the morning, and by afternoon Nannie was two-thirds of the way to Chicago, not having had a mishap or been chased by a dog or boy even once.

She was feeling so sure of reaching Chicago by the next morning that she began to travel slower, and as she was growing very tired and exceedingly thirsty, she decided to stop and eat a bit at the very next farmhouse, she passed where they had a garden.

She was trotting along with her head down, thinking of Billy, when all unexpectedly she came to a big farmhouse with a short lane running back of it, and right at the

# Mary McLaren, Reel Heroine, Faces Real Perils—For Love



Real love is exposing Mary McLaren, movie star, to dangers real love never called upon her to brave. She is facing perils of the jungle with her new husband, Lieut.-Col. George H. Young of the British army, recently assigned to duty in northern Hindustan.

end of the lane in the middle of the farmyard she saw a pump with a big watering-trough. On one side of the lane was one of the best-kept vegetable gardens she had seen in a long while, and on the other a beautiful velvety lawn.

"Well," she exclaimed to herself, "I surely am in luck. Here is everything I want to eat on my left and all the water I wish to drink ahead of me, and who knows but what I shall like it here so well that I may decide to spend the night? Or surely I shall be able to find a good bunch of straw or hay somewhere to sleep on."

She trotted up the lane, keeping her eyes well open for her old enemies, dogs and boys. But not seeing them or in fact anyone, around the premises, she decided she had the place to herself and that the family had probably gone to town.

Trough Almost Empty

Arriving at the watering-trough, she found to her dismay that it was nearly empty. But only for a moment was she downcast, for if this was an ordinary pump she could fill the trough with water as she had done many times before with the pump at the farm. If only the handle was such a shape that she could get hold of it with her mouth! She tried it, and it was the very same kind of handle as on the pump at home. So she pumped the trough with her old lions, refreshing draughts of the cool water. It looked so clear and cool and inviting that Nannie decided she would like to take a bath in it. She was hot and dusty, and the trough was plenty wide and long enough for her to do it. So in she jumped, but alas! the bottom was mossy and slippery and she went clear under the water, head and all. And when she came to the surface she was surprised to see three boys standing looking at her. Before she could get all the water out of her eyes the boys had a rope around her neck and were trying to pull her out of the trough.

Just when all three had hold of the rope and were pulling for all they were worth, Nannie gave a bound forward and leaped out of the trough in a hurry. Of course she knocked them all over, and while they were trying to regain their feet she started to run. This upset them again, but Nannie kept on running, dragging all three boys with her, who, in their surprise, forgot they could let go the rope, and so held on fast.

Oh, My!

She had dragged them about twenty feet when the rope twisted around her neck in some way and began to shut off her breath, and in about two minutes little Nannie fell over, nearly choked to death. As soon as she stopped pulling them the boys jumped to their feet and ran to Nannie's assistance. They soon loosened the rope around her neck, and presently she was all right. But while she was recovering they slipped the rope around her horns so they could lead her without hurting her.

"Oh, you foxy little terror, you! I guess we have you all right now!"

"My, isn't she a beauty! We better hide her somewhere, for whoever owns her will be along soon to look for her."

[Next time we will learn what the boys did to Nannie.]

JOKES

Jones considered himself a humorist. He sent a selection of his original jokes to the editor of a newspaper and confidently awaited a remittance. His excitement ran high when he received a letter obviously from the newspaper office. He opened it with feverish haste. There was no check, however; just a small note, as follows:

Dear Sir: Your jokes received. Some we have seen before; some we have not seen yet."

# AFFAIRS of the HEART

By Mrs. Thompson

## LONESOME MAN

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a Spanish young man, 22, with short time in this country and very lonesome. I can't speak very well the English language, but I am studying and I think I will speak better your tongue pretty soon. I wish to find a girl or a young lady who can make me happy teaching me English and to accompany me at theatre, museum, library and some other place that I want to know. How can I do it?

## HANDSOME HEART.

P. S.—Pardon me the mistakes. It is contrary to the policy of this column to give out names and addresses or to arrange introductions. You might advertise for what you want or call at the high school, stating your wishes to the principal of the school. He might place you in touch with some one who could teach you the correct English you wish to speak and also accompany you to the places that interest you.

## ADVICE FAILED

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I wrote you some time ago about a matter quite close to my heart. I took your advice, but no good came of it. It was about my best friend with whom I had had a quarrel over another girl. Since I wrote she has dropped that girl and begun to go with one of a very bad reputation in this town. After the other case I haven't said anything to her about it, but I have been forbidden to be seen on the street with the other girl. Because I am so crazy about the first one, I want to know what I can do. I am a junior in high school and so I can't be out more than one night a week. For that reason I don't have a chance to see my friend very often at night. She works at an office and so she doesn't get out of work until five. The other girl works there too. Tonight I had a first-class fight with her and after it was over I sent her high school pin back. What can I do? I don't want to call her up and ask her pardon.

## HOPELESS HORTENSE.

You and your girl friend are

## Hooray! Boys and Girls

(Continued from page 1)



This little girl is going. Guess what she has in her pocket. See page 4, bottom of column 5.

growing apart even if you don't want to recognize the fact. Since she works and you can only see her one night a week it is no more than natural that she should enjoy herself with another girl who can be more of a companion. I would advise you to choose some girl in your class at school as your friend. You will be far happier having a companion who will have the same interests you have. Make up your mind that close friendship with your former friend has come to an end. Since you do not want to apologize for the "right" or sending back the pin, don't do it. Speak to the girl when you see her, but do not seek her company again.

## WOKE UP DAD

The young man and the girl were standing outside the front door having a final chat before he took his leave. He was leaning against the door post, talking in low tones. Presently the young lady looked round to discover her father in the doorway clad in a dressing gown. "Why, father, what in the world is the matter?" she inquired. "John," said the father, addressing himself to the young man, "you know I have never complained about your staying late, and I am not going to complain of that now; but for goodness sake stop leaning against the bell push and let the rest of the family get some sleep."

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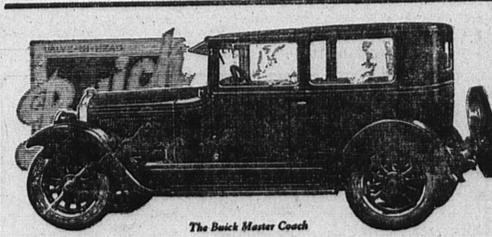
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