

BAPTIST FEATURES

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HE BARKS, BUT HE'S NO DOG

By Mrs. Isabel Williams

The prairie dog does live on the prairie, he barks, but he's not even a member of the dog family. Like the rat, he belongs to the rodent family.

Prairie dogs are sociable little creatures and live in little towns that may have as many as one thousand inhabitants. Prairie dog towns have been discovered that covered several miles.

During the day he visits his neighbors, but he is not as careless as he looks. There is always a sentry on watch, and the minute he barks out the warning, every prairie dog stops in his tracks and waits. If the sentry cries out again, each scurries as fast as he can for his own hole. He's not too frightened yet, for he waits at his own front door, until the enemy actually approaches and then dives down into his burrow.

He has worked hard to make his little underground home. Using his long sharp claws, he kicks the earth out with hind feet. He digs straight down for several feet, and then turns and digs a horizontal tunnel for many more. He scoops out little side rooms along the way for his bedrooms. When he has dug out his tunnel to suit, he carries in grass and plant stems. Several bundles of these are brought in between his jaws, and he pats it down in his bedroom for a comfortable little bed.

He doesn't need much water, and does all his eating outside his house, thereby keeping it neat and tidy. They take dust baths by rolling in the dirt. Then he is ready to go visiting and to converse with his friends with low yips and chirrs.

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GOD'S WONDROUS WORLD

By Thelma C. Carter

Illustration #3 - tree and skyscraper

Far in the northwest corner of our country is a mountainland national park -- the Olympic National Park. It is known as our country's last frontier!

This last frontier is a wilderness of mountains, giant trees, trout lakes and elk trails -- and the home of hundreds of native wild animals.

Nature's secrets abound here, for nature is the sole caretaker!

Look it up on a map. You might like to visit it someday. It is separated from Seattle, Washington, by the Puget Sound.

The park's coastline is so treacherous that few people, other than Indians, have made their homes here. The greatest rainfall on the North American continent falls in this area -- over 12 to 20 feet a year in certain spots!

Can you imagine trees tall as twenty-story buildings -- with their roots swollen by excessive rainfall to huge buttresses? Visitors say these trees look like giant scarecrows -- with ferns, moss, and tiny seedlings growing out of their crotches and elbows!

No man planted the groves of fir trees, spruce, red cedar and hemlock! No human hands directed the arrow-straight rows of seedlings growing alongside giant fallen trees.

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The carpets of soft green moss, the yellow lilies and violets, the purple daisies are wholly a gift of nature. Nature prepared the seedbeds and planted them!

The miracle of growth is breathtaking! Spring does not come in March, April or May as it does for most of us but in July! Summer sunshine is short. In order to get through the life cycle in a matter of weeks everything bursts into sudden fragrance and bloom!

Like David in Psalm 104, we would say: "O Lord, how manifold are thy works!...the earth is full of thy riches."

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A REAL FOOLER
By Marion Ullmark

Here's a little puzzle sure to fool the ones who are good at arithmetic. Try it and see. You ask them to listen carefully and then begin telling this story.

Say, "I got on the bus at Elm Street. Counting myself there were five passengers on the bus. At Oak Street three got off and ten got on. At Maple Street, six got off and eight got on. At Sycamore Street, ten got off and one got on.

During your story everyone has been carefully adding and subtracting, expecting you to ask how many passengers were left. You fool them by asking quickly, how many stops did the bus make?

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