## The Busy Bees

O industrious have the Busy Bees been of late that dozen of letters ONE OF THE BRIGHT LITTLE & o'clock we went home. Louis had mas present and told her that she could for the children's page have been accumulating at this desk. Therefore, if you do not find your letter on this page the Sunday after you have written it or even several Sundays afterwards, do not be discouraged as they will soon be forthcoming. Wait patiently and some Sunday morning you will find your letter in print.

This does not mean that Mr. Wastepaper Basket has not also been kept A number of Busy Boes have forgotten, or else have not heeded the Busy Bee rules, which are printed every Sunday. Letters written in pencil and on both sides of the paper have been received, contrary to the rules, and some have been so poorly written as to be most impossible to

One little girl copied a poem on "The Winds" that the editor of this page used to read in school, and other letters have not been printed because they told of cruel traps that boys had set to catch birds and squirrels. Other stories were most grewsome and dealt with ghosts, thieves and murderers. I am sure that most of the Busy Bees do not enjoy these lurid tales so that the boys who send them in are only wasting their time in writ-

This week first prize was awarded to Alice Elvira Crandell; second; prize to Harold Ross; and honorable mention to Margaret Crosby; all of the Blue side. Margaret's penmanship is especially deserving of favorable

## Little Stories by Little Folk

Black Beauty and Ginger. By Alice Elvira Crandell, Aged 11 Years, Chapman, Neb. Blue Side.

Buay Bees, how many of you have read the book of Black Beauty? I have and liked it very much. I have decided to write a second story of it and to try to send a chapter to the page every week. The Busy Bees who have read the book of Black Beauty know just where it ended. It was where Black Beauty was sold from Mr. Thoroughgood and his grandson. Willie, to Misses Ellen, Levinia and Blomefield and that Joe Green was his greem.

Joe Green, you remember, through ignorance had almost killed Black Beauty, and you remember that Miss Ellen said she would write at once to Mrs. Gordon and tell ber that her favorite horse was in their possession

"I was very happy in my new home and had lived there a year when one day I heard Miss Ellen telling my groom England, for Mrs. Gordon had entirely recovered her health. They would land in a fortnight and I was to be driven to meet them.

"Every Sunday I was taken over to Mr. Thoroughgood's pasture to spend the

I was very glad, for it was nice and slady there and then I could have a talk with some of the horses that lived there 'One Sunday when I was turned into

the pasture I noticed several new horses ong the other ones. Among them was a chestnut borse. It was old looking, very dirty and shaggy. It looked like Ginger did the last time I saw her. A second glance told me that it must be her, but how could it be when I was so sure that the dead horse in the wagon (that went by me the day on the street when I was a cab horse) was her.

"I whinnied. She turned, looked at me, gave a low whinney and advanced slowly towards me. I hurried to her and

(Second Prize.) Feeds Little Birds.

Sy Harold Ross, Aged 12 Years, 315 North Twenty-seventh Stree, Cmaha. Blue Side. Early one morning last summer I had little visitor. It chirped merrily. I thought I would feed it and so threv

is out a few crumbs. I also put out a pan of cool water. Then I went into the bouse and waited. My visitor sat there as if to say to itself, "Is it safe?" and, finally deciding it was, hopped down, took up a crumb and flew away. Next day it brought its mate and

pan with more water. Now every morning before I go school I feed them. There are about going to feed them all this summer.

(Honorable Mention.) Trip to the Mountains.

When I lived in California we tool everal long trips, but the one I liked one twas the trip to Ice House canon. way to where we thought it would be in front of us and shows his teeth.

the side of the mountain, and just at the finally died. foot of the cliff there was another stream flowing very fast. The moun-

rocks, of which we made a fireplace, and there we cooked our meals. There were lots of little chipmunks and squirreis: the birds were very pretty, and they

One day we climbed nearly to the top we were camped. It was covered with large rocks, oaks and pines. There were

We camped there for three days and three nights and had a delightful time.

I have a pony named Trixic. His color has one trick and it is shaking hunds. If you touch him on the front ate supper. a pet dog, named Queen. She is a coon dog. She is young yet and ham't caught | uncle and cousin any coons. Her color is black, brown and white. She has some little ones now. and after they get older, where they are was living on a claim. white now, they will be blue. They are We stayed a week in all and they very fat. I go to school. I am in the home. We had a very nice time. seventh grade. My teacher's name is

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS 1. Write plainly on one side

of the paper only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pen-3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference.

Do not use over 250 words. 4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the

first page, First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications

to CHILDREN'S DEPART-MENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha,

that the Gordons were coming back to town better than in the country. I am in the Fifth grade. I like my teacher very much. I have two sisters. They old and wrinkled, are both in the Eighth grade. I have At last he theu a pet dog that my grandpa gave me when I was I year old. His name is Fido. grow bigger. He found a recipe that in-

Vicious.

By Huldah Johnson, Aged 12 Years, North Platte, Neb. Red Side. One day a girl brought a chicken and it happened that the princess' foot hawk with a broken wing to school. It was sticking out from under the covers. had been shot and fell only about a So the crow flew in and picked off the block from the school house. She found toe and went again to his cavern of it on her way there.

She took it home, but her mother Now, the king told his daughter to go wouldn't let her have it. She didn't to the wonderful fairy and ask her adwant it to be killed. My father let me vice. The fairy said that the wizard had have it, so I gave her a pair of my the toe and gave her a solution that she

We put it in a screen pen and the too. The princess took her stork and rode chickens were in the lot near it. It tried to the mountains and went into the cave. The next day some boys were playing to call them, but they wouldn't come. When she went into the office there were ball and one of them found me. Then It had no neat, so I guess it thought it four electric lights, one in each corner, they bought some candy. I was handled

came near the pen and the hawk caught princess now took the solution the fairy it by the leg. I went out-of-doors a few had given her and threw it in the wiz-minutes later. I heard the rabbit squeal, ard's face and he fell dead. She searched o went to use what was the matter. The hawk had the rabbit by one of its boards and she went home very happy

pulled off. The rabbit could eat yet, but it suffered so much that we had it By Ellen McEurig, Council Bluffs, Ia.

and pulled them off. I forgot to be meadows upon a high hill lived a king afraid of those big claws. That was the last of my hawk. My brother killed it. I have its wings. Theyare both two feet long.

Story of Pets.

By Howard F Mattox, Aged 9 Years, 834
South Portleth, Street, South
Omaha. Bive Side.

Our first dog was a Scotch collie pup. He had a long siender nose and shaggy hair. He took distemper and although

Our next dog, a St. Bernard, was tall, the little man came in with berries and lank and lean. We called him "Don." As fish and eggs. He took them through the became older he became quite heavy woods and home again. and was so strong he could pull us many blocks in a wagon. We would sit in the wagon and guide him with lines the same went as far as the road went in the as a horse. If a strange man or dog wagon, then we walked the rest of the came near us he would walk up directly

All at once he developed a fondness for my brother, Louis, to our farm. I said sheep. After this we kept him tied. Tears "Yea." Clara and I got a lunch ready took the tent and set it up. There was rolled from his eyes. He was so unhappy ook the tent and set it up. There was rolled from his eyes. He was so unhappy while Louis got his camera and some little stream of water trickling down at being tied. He became sick too, and fish hooks. At 950 we started out.

him came over to our alley and recalled went fishing, while Clara did her fancy town today. Our school has closed. by this time the city undertaker ar- our lunch. After lunch we watered our We children waded in the water and rived. He was lifted carefully to the con- horse. Then Clara and I went to visit had a very fine time. There were great veyance, covered with a rug and began a neighbor named Mrs. Brinkana. When his journely to the tannery where he was we got back Louis took our picture.

to be mounted for one of the neighbors. Then we walked among the hills. At Trip to South Dakota

On November 34 we started for Dakota to spend Thanksgiving with my aunt. We got up about 5:30 in the morning. After we ate breakfast we packed our lunch and started for town, leaving on the 7:45 train. On our way we had to go through

2 p. m. we got to Gregory, S. D. My sunt By Lulu Badberg, Aged 12 Years, Cook, their Shetland pony and buggy. We got in the buggy and went to her home.

I had a bad headache from the train We talked about many things and then

leg then he will shake hands. I also have That night another aunt of mine, who

The next day was Thankagiving and every one had a nice time. We stayed at one of my aunt's four clors are mixed with white and black, days and then went to the other, who We stayed a week in all and then went

Snowflakes.

Likes the Country.

West Eighteenth Street, Columbus,
Neb. Red Side.

I am II years old. When I was I years

Hy Florence Seward, Aged 8 Years, 256
North Ninetecath Street, Omaha.

How Side.

Today I was helping my arandmother awas the porch. I stood and watched the little snowflakes for a while. At last old my parents moved to Pulk county I said. "Oh, you pretty little things, I am and see lived on a farm until I was a soing to examine you and see your beautiful fittle forms." So I let them come very much, but I like to go to school in down on my cust. Then I looked at them.

caught twelve fish. BUSY BEES

Inez Roberts

had shapes like stars and diamonds and

some like lace. Then I called my grand-

mother to some and look at these pretty

had seen such beautiful little things.. I

wish all the Busy Bees would look at

I have a little verse I'll put right here:

Snowflakes, snowflakes from the sky How I wish that you would try To stay awhile, and with me play. But, oh dear me you melt sway!

The Wicked Wizard.

By Fern Fight, Aged 5 Years, Mynard Neb. Red Side.

than an ordinary child of 10 and was very

cluded the toe of a princess, so he turned

himself into a black crow and flew to the

king's palace and found a beautiful

princess sleeping. The window was open

and found the toe in one of the cup

Royal Children Lost.

Once upon a time there lived a little

was surounded by a high stone wall. One

the two royal children wandered out and down the hill toward the green meadow

and little river. They went until they could not find their way back.

By and by they came to a little h

in the woods. They rapped at the doc

and the little woman said, "Come in chil-

dren and I'll get you something to eat

and we'll see that you get home all

right." So they rested awhile and soon

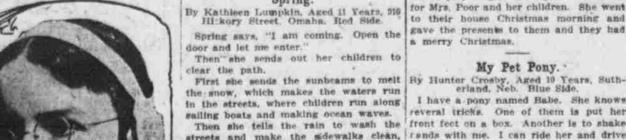
Visit to Farm.

By Mary Goldenstein, Aged 10 Years Glenvil, Neb. Red Side.

When we got there Louis unhitched the

There once lived a wicked wizard in a

them, they are so beautiful.



dren sailing the boats run into their sun fades gradually and then it is dark. In the morning when we get up, we hear the roosters crowing and the sun shines on our beds.

Pioneer Days.

Ey Ruby Appleby, Aged 12 Years, Ken-nard, Neb. Blue Side. I am a new Busy Hee and would like

to join the Blue side. My father has been a reader of The Bee ever since the paper has been published. lived in this county all the time except four years when he lived in Kansas. A long time ago they did not have bridges and they had to ford the rivers. They didn't have horses but ox teams.

mals such as buffalo, deer and antelope. There were lots of Indians those days for the country was not settled yet. One time some Indians came to my grandmother's and they wanted to trade some trinkets for my father because he had light curly bair, but my grandmother forms. She said she never in her life would not.

The Stowaway.

By James B. Allen, 817 Blackburn avenue Red Side. A little ragged boy with a sweet sunny face was discovered on a vessel which was bound from Liverpool to New York, as a stowaway The captain of the ship asked the little boy who brought him on the ship and the boy replied that it was his stepfather because he could not afford to pay his passage to his aunt's. cavera of rubles. This winard never went who was well off. The captain did not out of his cave very often, for everybody believe his story and he was very roughly laughed at him since he was no higher handled. They even threatened to hang him for they did not believe the little boy but he told them that his stepfather had put him aboard the ship that he At last he thought that he would find would not care for him and he wanted some compound that would make him him to get to New York without costing

Adventures of Penny. By Martha Johnson. 717 East Fourth Street, Fremont, Neb. Red Side. One day I was lying by a river aide machine and I came out shaped as a penny. They shipped me with many other pieces of money to all parts of the world. One day a little girl came to the store where I lay in a safe. Then she bought some candy. The store keeper gave me to her for change. She could kill the wisard and regain her dropped me in a crack in a wood sidewalk on the way home then she cried

Longfellow.

Plmma Geisert, Aged 19 Years, Hooper, Neb. Red Side, Longfellow was orn on February 27, 1809, - He lived in Cambridge, Mass. He had five children. three girls and two boys. One day his wife was heating flax and her dress caught on fire. She was badly burned and after a few days she died. Mr. Longfellow taught in the sity for a while.

He wrote many beautiful poems. He wrote "Rainy Days" and "The Village Blacksmith." I like "The Village Black-The reason I like him is because he

loved all the children.

Has Two Brothers.

By Irene Larson, Aged 10 Years, Malmo. Neb., R. 1, Box 28. Blue Side.

Has Baby Sister.

By Myri Griffiths, Aged 8 Years. Hia- By Irene Wortman, Aged 7 Years, Elm watha, Neb. Red Side. Creek. Neb., Blue Side. We are going after our chickens today. tomorrow. I have a little sister a month Two of our neighbors who were fond of horse and let it eat the grass. Then he old today. We took a load of corn to

Good Use of Gift.

daughter, Dorothy, a 216 bill for a Christ- has pure bred Jersey cattle and Hamp-

buy anything she wanted. So she thought of a plan. She went to town and got a lot of playthings, clothing and a turkey for Mrs. Poor and her children. She went to their house Christmas morning and gave the presents to them and they had a merry Christmas.

My Pet Pony.

I have a pony named Babe. She knows reveral tricks. One of them is put her front feet on a box. Another is to shake rands with me. I can ride her and drive which he does. Immediately all the chiler. She is 3 years old and is brown with

white feet and nose. One night as our friend was leaving The spring evenings are so beautiful for Nebraska., papa had Babe harnessed when the birds stop chirping and the and standing out in front of the house, when the fire bell rang, and paps and our friend grabbed the suitcase and jumped into the buggy and away they went. You Grande, but his heart was restless and could hear her little hoofs nearly to unsatisfied. He longed to make a great town. It was pitter-pat, pitter-pat.

My Burro.

By Sidney D. Anderson, Aged 12 Years, Benson, Neb., R. F. D. 7. Blue Side. About three years ago, my grandma lived in Colorado Springs. She wrote to me and told me she was going to ship My father was born in 1859. He has me a burro. I was so pleased, so when she come back to live on the farm, she brought me back a burro. It was 6 nonths old and was raised in Cheyenne canyon, so I named it Cheyenne. papa bought me a saddle and bridle, and There were a great number of wild ani-I broke it to ride. I live nearly a mile from school and I ride it to school. In summer I take the cattle to pasture on Cheyenne. Next summer I have planned to break it to drive. I enjoy reading the Children's page.

> Horseback Riding. By Alice Hagen, Aged 12 Years, Niobrara, Neb. Blue Side.

One day last summer my sister and I gether they traveled northeast until they were herding cattle. We rode horseback. Then we started to ride quite fast when my sister fell off and then I fell off too. But we-did not get hurt. We got up and got on the horse again. When blazed from the hills telling that their we looked to see where the cattle were they were nearly in the cornfield so we had to hurry to get them away from the field. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we took the cattle home and gave them water. We did not herd any more that

Horse Throws Her. By Wilma Pipal, Aged 8 Years, Thurston, Neb., Red Side.

One Sunday as my cousin was down he rode on a horse. After dinner my papa and our hired men went out hunting. But my cousin did not go. And so I wanted him to let me ride his horse. After a while he put me on. I went around the house about two times. Then I went across the bridge. And as I was coming back the horse kicked me off and went galloping off to the barn. My mother told me not to go but I didn't mind. I By Lucile Gratin, Aged 9 Years, St. Paut, By Yvonne Macdonald, Aged 8 Years, 3001

Neb. Red Side.

Neb. Red Side.

Avenue F. Council Bluffs, Ia.

Blue Side.

Cousin Plays Joke.

By Lester Clark, Aged 10 Years, Over-ton, Neb. Blue Side, My uncte and cousin George and I went and the room was made of rubles which among so many of my people I can not Uncle Mont. I was n cousin. I had a nall apron on. My cousin nailed the apron strings to the roof. When I went to get up I was nailed fast to the By Mabel Kennez, Aged 10 Years, Yutan, Neb. Blue Side.

Goes to Store.

By Arthur Connell, Aged II Years, Hia-watha, Neb. Blue Side. some belts for it. They tried to go must like school. around us, but we whipped up the horses and beat them to the store.

This is my first letter to this happy page. I enjoy the page very much.

From Young Busy Bee.

I am a little girl 7 years of age, with ld and would like to join the Blue Side | like to join the Blue side. I go to school. s I like that color best. My teacher's I am in the Third grade. My teacher's is 3 years old. I have a little baby sisame is Miss Fischer. I go to the Dis-name is Miss Ferguson. The ground is ter. She is very sweet. Her name is rict 75 school and am in the fourth covered with snow. My brother and I Grace Irene. We are going to call her rade. My father is a farmer. I have were playing in it today. The Daughters livene. we brothers. One is 8 years old and the of the American Revolution had a grand

Helps with Chores.

Last summer mamma and my little stayed home and swept the floor every are thirty-seven pupils. day. I nejoyed it. I was glad to see mamma and my sister come back.

Helps with Work.

By Marie Walker, Aged 11 Years, Cres- By Allen Carter, Aged 10 Years, Hebron, ton, Ia. Red Side. Once upon a time Mr. Frest gave his We live on the edge of town. Pape

greet Pensalosa, bringing rich presents Don Diego De Pensalosa of fur robes, pumpkins, corn and beans and fresh fish for food. A great council was held and peace proposed. Out of the musty old Spanish documents

Their Own Page

Stories of Nebraska History

(By special permission of the author, The Bee will publish chapters from the History of Nebraska, by A. E. Sheldon, from week to week.)

from week to week.)

BY A. E. SHELDON -

That night the warriors of the Escanof 200 years ago comes the strange story zaque tribe stole away from the Spanish of Don Diego de Pensalosa and his won- camp and raided the city of Quivira, derful expedition across the plains to killing, plundering and burning. In the the kingdom of Quivirs. It was in the morning it was in ashes and thousands of its peaceful people dead or dying. year 1660, so runs the tale, that Don Among its blackened ruins the Spanish Diego came to Santa F. o be governor commander sought in vain for chiefs who and captain general of New Mexico. He met him in friendly council the day bedrove back the fierce Apaches who raided fore. The great city was destroyed never the peaceful Pueblos along the Rio to be rebuilt and its few survivors scattered never to return. On June 11, 1662, Don Diego de Pensalosa with his great name for himself as did Cortez in Mex-

train marched sadly back to the Rio

Grande, there to relate the destruction of

the great city of Quivira. found there nothing but straw houses A Nebraska author, Judge Savage, og and naked savages. Still the old story of Omaha, has traced the route of Pensaa kingdom full of gold and silver beyond losa upon the map, has measured the the great plains persisted. Still the mysmiles marched from Santa Fe and found tery of the great unknown region in the that Pensalosa reached the Platte near north stirred the Spanish love of con-Louisville. He believes that Pensalosa marched one day west to the site of It was on March 6, 1662, that Don Diego Ashland, where the Platte makes a bend de Pensalosa left the province of New and flows from the north, that the Elk-Mexico to find and conquer this fabled horn was the first river flowing from the land of riches. With him there marched north to join the Platte, and the Loup eighty Spanish knights and a thousand the second river, and that between the Indian allies, while six cannon, 800 horses. Loup and the Elkhorn rivers, not far 300 mules and thirty-six wagons bore from the present town of Columbus, was the city of Quivira destroyed by the Es-Like Coronado, Pensalosa marched canzaques, who were the Kansas tribe, north 200 leagues, nearly 700 miles. On The numerous sites between the Long and Elkhorn rivers where fragments of his way he found the great Indian nation of the Escanzaques with 3,000 warpottery and other Indian relics are found riors starting for war with the people of

Quivira destroyed 250 years ago. The legend of Pensalosa is too wonderful to be true. It is now known to be a ; fiction. There was a Governor Don Diego de Pensalosa of New Mexico, but no such flowed from the north. Signal fires army as related was led by him across the plains and there certainly was no approach was seen. They kept on until great city of Quivira with houses three and four stories high covering the plain flowing from the north to join the one between the Loup and Elkhorn rivers. along whose banks they marched. West- We must part with Pensalosa's expedition ward of this was a great city in a vast as an historical event, and bid it welcome level plain. There were thousands of and give if place in the realm of romance houses, some two, some three, some four with other wonder stories of the time stories high, well built of hard wood re- when people knew but very, little of the sembling walnut. The city extended for land where we now live and used their leagues westward along the plain to imagination instead of their eyes in dewhere another clear flowing stream came | scribing it.

today are remains of the great city of

shire swine. Papa is a miller and does played a kind of basket ball. When we not get home till late, so I help with the got tired of that we played hide-and-gochores. I go to the mill in the summer seek. We had lots of fun. and fish and swim. I may go to Colorado this summer.

ico and Pizarro in Peru. It was 120 years

since Coronado marched to Quivira and

Quivira. These joined the Spaniarda. To-

came to a broad river flowing east. They

followed its southern bank for a day,

when the river made a great bend and

they saw another fine river of clear water

their luggage.

Walks Mile to School.

ten to the Children's Page, although 1 read the stories every Monday. We live am in the third grade. I have one sister on a farm, five miles out of St. Paul, so and two brothers. we don't get The Bee till Monday. As out to a farm east of town. They went soon as we get The Bee I always turn and wish to join the Blue Side, as blue is down to fix it up. The first thing they right to the Children's Page. I like it my favorite color. did was to straighten the corn crib up. the best of anything. I have a mile to Then they shingled it. I laid shingles for walk to school. For pets I have a rab-

About School.

I go to school in district No. 37. I have four studies-reading, spelling, arithmetic and grammar. I am in the fourth grade. I have only one classmate and his name When we were going to the store we is Willie Morrissey. I have no sisters nor saw a boy coming up behind us and he brother. There are about thirty-one putried to push the spring wagen up on pils in our school. I have a pet dog. His the horses. He had broken the corn-name is Teddy. He followed me to school sheller and was going to the store to get twice already, and the teacher said he

> Attends Country School. By Vera Terry, Aged 8 Years, Crescent, Ia. Blue Side. I am 8 years old and go to the country

school. My teacher's name is Josephin Brownell. I like her very much. I have two brothers and one sister. by oldest brother's name is Merle. He s blue eyes and yellow curls, so would 6 years old and in the first grade. My youngest brother's name is Harold. He

Have Literary Club.

By Ruth Carlon, Aged 13 Years, Curtis, Neb. Red Side. I go to school in town. The sixth, seventh and eighth grades have a literary sister went down to visit grandma. I Friday afternoon. In this society there In about a month we are going to have

a program. I am on the program com-I wish the Busy Eces were here,

A Happy Birthday.

By Harold C. Nystrom, Aged 8 Years,
Buffalo Gap, S. D. Blue Bide. was 8 years old my last bigthday. had a nice party. We invited all the

We had easter eggs ahead of time. We had one on each plate.

Blue Favorite Color.

I go to school and have a good time. I I like the Busy Bees' page very much

Feeds Sparrows.

By Nettie Easter, Aged 11 Years, Shelton, Neb. Red Side. We have some sparrows that have their nest on the top of our house. I feed them every day. One day one of the sparrows flew in our house through the transom. I tried to catch it, and I caught it and put it out-of-doors.

Wants to Join.

By Hazel Bull, Aged 10 Years, Millard, 'Neb. Red Side. This is the first time I ever wrote, so I thought I would write now and join the Busy Bees. I read the page every Sunday, and wish to join the Red Side, I will try and write a story next week,

Joe Wins His Way.

By Lola Lentz, Aged 14 Years, Columbus, Neb. Red Side. Little Joe's mind was quick as a flash, He always knew what to say. And he was one of that kind of boys Who through life will win their way.

One morning Joe employment sought, And when for work applied, Was asked if he had a motto for life. "Yes, sir; same as yours," he replied

"What? My motto? How came you to know. Since we've never met before?" "Why, sir, I see it plainly there," Peinting to "Push" on the door. "Young man," said he, "you're just the

If that's your motto on the door." Joe was faithful and showed his push, And in time was head of the firm; They can't very well get along without

He's the push of the big concern. Dr. King's New Life Pills will rid the system of fermenting foods and polsons.

druggists.-Advertisement. Investors with money read the Real schoolboys in the primary room. We Estate ads in The Bee. Advertise your

## WORLD MOTOR BIKE FREE

played all kinds of games. First, we property for a quick sale.



A picture of the bicycle will be in The Bee every day. Cut them all out and ask your friends to save the pic-

tures in their paper for you,

too. See how many pictures

you can get and bring them

to The Bee office, Saturday,

April 10.

Subscribers can help the children in the contest by asking for picture certificates when they pay their subscription. We give a certificate good for 100 pictures for every dollar paid.

The bicycle will be given Free to the boy or girl that sends us the most pictures before 4 p. m., Saturday, April 10.

THE NEW YORK STATE BUILDING is one of the most imposing structures which adorn the fair grounds of the Panama-Pacific International exposition, and its dedication is down as one of the big events on the program.



NEW YORK STATE BUILDING AT PAID