TLEBEES I BEROWNE

HE Red and Blue teams with Nora A. Cullen and Joseph Kolar as captain are even this week, each team having won six prizes. This makes the contest very interesting, and today the Busy Bees will find on their page a letter from the queen who has great confidence in the Blue team winning.-

Good for the boys! They have sent in several stories that were exceptionally interesting and well written, in fact one was given honorary mention this week so the editor is sure that the boys are just as skilled in story writing as the girls.

It is again necessary to caution all of the boys and girls to mark all stories sent in "original" or they will positively not be counted in the prize contest. Then, too, one or two stories were sent in written on both sides of the paper. They immediately found their way to the waste basket. This is rather discouraging so soon after New Year's resolutions to read all the rules, but the contest is still young so by being very careful this past carelessness can be redeemed.

The prizes this week were won by Lillian Wirt, age 9 years, 4153 Cass street, Omaha, of the Blue side, and ouise Stiles, age 12, Lyons, Neb., of the Blue side and honorary mention went to Malcomb Price, age 12, of Newton, Iowa, on the Red side.

The popularity of the postal card exchange instead of waning seems to be growing in popularity, as several new names have been added this week, including Earl Perkins, Deadwood, S. D.; Emma Marquardt, Fifth and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb., and Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb. The other members are Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha; Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.; Emma Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha; Florence Pettijohn, Long Pine, Neb.; Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.; Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.; Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.; Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.; Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean De Long, Alusworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reebe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gall Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Marguerite Bartholomer, Gothenburg, Neb.; Louis Hahn, David City, Neb., Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.; Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.; Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha; Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.; Miss Pauline Parks, York, Neb.; Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

Bertha and the River Fairy

By Mand Walker.

How red her cheeks are; and she is so

Bertha's mother and father had gone

to visit a sick neighbor that evening,

as they might be called upon to sit till midnight with the sick woman. So Ber-

tha sat as long as she wished to by the

window, watching the gay carnival crowd

at their sport. But when the clock struck

8 she rose and put on her cloak-a thread-

bare garment that could barely hang to-

gether-and, wrapping her head in an old

shoulder shawl, passed out into the night.

She wanted to get closer to the gay

children on the river, but fearing that

she might be seen by them should she

go directly down the bank in front of

the house (at that spot a big bonfire

burned, throwing out light), she crept off

through the darkness to a point below a

bend in the river, where, unobserved, she

might look around the point of bank

and watch and listen to her heart's con-

She found a sheltered spot behind a

clump of evergreen bushes. And there,

right on the river a few feet from where

she sat, yawned a great hole in the ice,

one of those spots which in some rivers

From where she crouched she could see

the merry skaters and hear their gay

voices much better than from the window

of her home on the bank. Here she al-

most felt a part of the happy throng.

She even smiled as she heard the laughter

fleating to her on the loy wind. Being

used to the gold, she did not mind the

snow about her feet nor the cutting wind

were feasting on youthful happiness-

towards the bend in the river-towards

the very place where Bertha crouched in

hiding-it came. And Bertha's heart

stopped beating, for she saw it was the

little girl whem she had so much ad-

girl meant to come around the curve,

ground behind her. No one had ever

thought of coming down to that point in

round the curve that in freezing it be-

never seem to freeme.

telling Bertha to go to bed when she



ERTHA LEWIS was the child fitting leggings of brown breadcloth, which of very poor parents. Her home matched in tint the fur on her garments was in the country, about a and the leather of her shoes. Her hands mile from a large and prosper- were slipped into a cosy muff of brown ous town. During the summer fur. She skated easily, laughing and chatmonths Bertha's father carned ting with her comrades. Bertha singled a livelihood by selling fish in the town- her out, watching her with glowing eyes

fish caught from a beautiful river, on and whispering to herself: "Ah, if only I whose banks his small farm extended, could be like her! What beautiful clothes! And Bertha's mother made a garden in the spring, and during the summer she and happy that I'm quite sure she never suf-Bertha peddled fresh vegetables about the fers from hunger and cold." village, thus adding a trifle to the small income of the husband and father. But when the winter set in the Lewis family of three found themselves in dire need of grew sleepy and not to weit up for them. the small necessities of life. Mr. Lewis wood from the timber on his land and sold it to the dealers in fuel in the town, but the proceeds from this source were very meager, and sometimes the cupboard was empty at meal time and Bertha went to bed crying for food.

The beautiful river, near to which stood the little cot of the Lewises, was the scene of many a gay festivity during the winter time, for crowds of young people from town came there to skate on its smoothfrozen surface. Sometimes these skating parties would have a night carnival, and then the river would present a gorgeous sight with its hundreds of Chinese lanterns festooned from the bare branches of the trees bordering the banks. And all along the line of skating would gleam merry bonfires, built for the purpose of warming the participants in the carnival.

From the window of their little cot. Bertha Lewis could see the merry-makers on the river, and for hours at a time she would sit there shivering, watching the happy throngs that made the cold air ring with their laughter and song. And often tears of disappointment were in Bertha's eyes, disappointment that she had not been invited by some of the merry-makers to join them in their sport. And at times a longing would come over her to change places with one of the many girls who were luckier than herself in the matter of pleas-

Bertha was only 15 years old, but she had known all the hardships attending poverty. all the heartaches that accompany unsatisfied lenging, all the miseries of the poor. Her mother was kind and loving, and her father gave to her the very best he could manage to possess; but poverty seemed to be the poor man's lot, and he could not rise above it. Often in his despair he would cry out: "Oh, if I could but give comforts to my dear wife and innocent child!" And at such times Bertha's little heart would respond with deepest sympathy, and putting her arms about her father's neck, she would whisper gently, encouragingly: "Maybe the good fairles will come some day and bring to us wealth. Then we'll have everything we

One evening there was a great skating carnival on the river. A gay throng of boys and girls filled it from bank to bank. Their skates gleamed like silver in the light from the lanterns and bonfires. Their faces were radiant with health and haplittle girl-about Bertha's own size-who which was worn well over her pink cars to keep Jack-Frost from nipping them, hidden behind the evergreen bushes. Then, Her little jacket and skirt were of soft her eyes resting on the great pawning hole,

Companions on a Pleasant Day



ONE OF THE BUSY BEES AND HER PET.



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. R. Use pen and ink, not pencil 3. Short and pointed articles will a given preference. Do not use ever to 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 prises of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S D.PARTMENT,

Omaha Bec.

Why the Trees Have Leaves which went right through her cloak as it were mere paper. Her eyes By Lillian Wirt, Aged 9 Years, 4158 Case Street, Omaha. Blue. Long ago the trees did not have leaves. happiness that she might not have a

share in other than watching it from a but were bare and brown. One day a fairy came to them and said, "Three wishes that Buddenly from the crowd of skaters you want to come true the most will come there dashed a little figure, a figure gay true if you wave all of your branches in red velvet and brown fur. Straight wildly and say your wish," and the fairy vanished.

The next day all of the trees were talk-

ing to each other. "What is our greatest

wish?" said one. "We have often wished that we could have a thousand children," said another. "Yes, yes," and the trees waved their branches wildly and cried, "We want thousands of children.'

Instantly millions of leaves came floating through the air. "We will stay with you till autumn and

then we must all go away, but we will come back in the spring," they cried. The leaves did stay till autumn and then trees treated their children so well that they stayed the whole year round. And that is how the leaves came.

> (Second Prize.) Nero

By Louise Stiles, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb. Blue. Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne and their little daughter, Constance, lived up in the mountains. Mr. Melbourne tended sheep for a living and they all lived very

happily. Constance was 5 years old and was very cheerful little girl, although she had only her big dog. Nero, for a companion.

One day in December, when Mr. Mel-

mired that evening. She drew herself old garments, forgot that she was there, deeper into the shadow, not wishing to be seen. It was evident that the little crouching like a thief, stealing what pleasure she could by watching the party to leaving the confines of the skating which she was not invited. Right out upon the ice she ran, almost slipping down in her haste. And she was not a moment too the river for the ice there was never smooth, the water flowing so swiftly curve, headed straight for the hole that looked black and awful in the moonlight. When she was almost upon it she saw peril and her eyes became filled with terror. She opened her lips to cry out, but on unaccompanied and unwarned. And speed, but she was going so swiftly that to do so at once was impossible. Bhe she felt that in another second she would

low her. Then there was a sudden step, and two red velvet, trimmed about with bands of she sprang to her feet, her heart throbbing little girls lay rolling on the ice not five

unless-" and Bertha forgot her own ugly tha had leaped forward and caught the little girl as she was flying to her death. The suddenness of the contact brought them both to the ground, and the severity of the fall stunned them for several seconds. As soon, however, as they regained their senses and got on their feet, Bertha told how she came to be there and how soon. Like a bird on the wing the little she had run out on the ice to save the girl in velvet and fur came round the little skater in peril. And in valn did the little girl beg of her to go to the place of merry-making, where she should be crowned a heroine. Hertha excused hersalf on the plea of her ragged garments and the fact that she was a stranger.

"Then I shall bring my parents and come to see you tomorrow," declared the little girl, for Bertha had, in answer to her in quiry, told her where she lived

fine sleigh drew up in front of the home of Bertha Lewis, and a little girl in red velvet and brown fur sprang to the ground. She was accompanied by a lady and gentleman who proved to be her parents. They were admitted to the house by Bertha's mother. They stayed a long time; in fact, the clock was striking 12 when at last they took their departure. And they left behind them three happy people, Bertha, her mother and father. During their visit to thank Bertha for her heroic act of the previous night-when she had saved the gentleman had learned of the poverty of the Lewises and had arranged to succor great warehouse in town that he effered to Mr. Lewis. Mrs. Lewis was engaged by the lady to act as housekeeper in her elegant home. And Bertha was to be sent to fine school-the very school where their

"And just think mamma," said Bertha that day, as she and her mother were packing up their things to move to town (where would come and change things for us, when around the curve came the beautiful little girl. She proved to be a real fairy, didn't

fairy, for you saved a human life,"

Melbourne sent Constance to take her a more pleasant Christmas than that. father's lunch to him. Of course Nero followed. Constance started out at a brisk pace. Soon she noticed clouds gathering in the sky. She seen came to where her father was working. He thanked her and told her to hurry home, as a storm was coming on. So she started out, but before long the white flakes began to fall. Then they came faster and faster, and, although Constance hurried on, the snow greatly hindered her progress. Soon the snow came so thickly that it was impossible to see the way. However, the little girl went on in the direction she thought her home was, but really she was not going in the right direction at all. Nero followed as well as he could, but the snow so blinded him that they finally became separated. Nero, with a dog's instinct, found his way home. Of course Mrs. Melbourne was very much alarmed to see Nero return home alone. It snowed all night and in the morning. when Mr. Melbourne, who had found shelter in an old barn, came home he found his wife nearly frantic. He got some of their neighbors and started out to hunt for the missing child. About noon they heard a loud barking and, following the to the dector's office to have his foot sound, they found Nero, who had foldersed. Now, don't you think that Guard lowed them, standing near a snowdrift was the smartest dog in the world? and barking with all his might. They found Constance in the drift and took her home. She was nearly frozen and was sick for two or three weeks, but

> (Honorary Mention.) A Pleasant Time

she finally recovered and Nero was

By Malcolm Price, Aged 12 Years, 325 East McDonald Street, Newton, la. Red. Harvey Miller, a boy of 7 years, onca lived in a small town among the mountains. His home was near a beautiful river, which was bordered on either side with beautiful pine trees and pretty meadows, where wild flowers bloomed.

One day Harvey's Sunday school teacher announced that on the next Tuesday she would give a picnic. The spot chosen was a pleasant place in the timber. On the following Tuesday they met at the teacher's house and arrived at the spot at 12. When gaining his strength. On New Year's eve dinner was over they went to gather flowers. Harvey wandered away from the group and was lost. When he could not Smith opened it, and there stood a little find his way, he sat down under a tree girl about 4 years old, ragged, half frozen and went to sleep.

He dreamed that a very small man opened a door in the tree and stepped out, thought I heard somebody snoring."

and invited Harvey to visit his home, Har- Mr. Smith, vey followed him into the tree and Tom said: "My home lies under the roots of

They went through long passes where gold, rubies, diamonds and precious things were stored.

He led him to where these were mined. By Juanita Innes, Aged 13 Years, 2769 Fort. The miners were just blasting and they couldn't get out of the way before the charge went off. Harvey fainted and Tom said: "I will change it to a dream." So In a short time his father found him and took him home.

Brave Joe

By Emma Marquardt, Aged 11 Years, Fifth Madison Avenue, Norfolk, Neb. Blue. Mr. and Mrs. Brade, with two children, Joe and Anne, lived in the country. Mr. Brade was a woodcutter by trade. Joe's uncle presented him with a rifle and he was going about looking for something to shoot at. Mrs. Brade had gone to market with eggs and her last words were: "Joe, don't forget your chores."

At this Joe sighed, for he hated to work. 'I'm going to Africa," he said, "where there won't be no chores to do and I can shoot lions all day."

"It's easy enough to say, Joe," said Anne, "but I bet you would run if you'd they went away. But the pine and fir meet a rat. But I'll go and get a big armful of wood if you fix Mary Jane's arm," and with this she was off, but to return in a minute. "Oh, Joe, a real live one in the woodshed, and he stared at me."

"A what? A tiger?" asked Joe, much surprised. "Yes," she said, "and hurry; bring your

Joe was too much frightened to say anything, but wait till pa comes home. Mr. Brade was soon home, and, armed with a gun, they went to meet their fate and to their surprise Fido, the neighbor's dog, pounced out and licked their hands They had a good laugh when Mrs. Brade returned, and Joe has decided hunting in

By Vera Cheney, Aged 13 Years, Creighton,

Africa is not so easy after all.

Neb. Red. School called at 1:15 o'clock in the afternoon. The bell rang and the boys and girls took their places. A good deal of whispering was going on that afternoon

School over the boys started to their club, which was to meet at Harry King's. They reached the place, went in and took places, "Boys," said Harry, who was By Anna Lindale, Aged 14 Years, West the president, "Christmas is just one Peint, Neb. Blue. the president, "Christmas is just month from today and think of all the poor people who won't get any presents. Lets hunt up all our things and get the His mother was dead and his father was girls of the B. G. G. club to help us and a drunkard. They lived in a little but has to give it to you." we'll give the poor little children a fine very far from town. Charlie had no friends

"Capitel," said the boys in chorus. And so the boys and girls were busy for He went to town one day and he saw a as good as new. Bernice took good care the next four weeks getting things ready, newspaper on the street. He picked it up of them, and on her next birthday was de-They hunted up all their toys and each and began to read it. All at once he saw, lighted with a beautiful locket from Uncle

Christmas came at last. They meet at Harry's house at 8:30 and started out They knew just where to go. They would knock at the door and set the presents and a dinner down and run. At one or two places they caught them and wanted to pay for the things but of course the

"Dear Harry: I wish you and the boys "Won't it be splendid." they said and

so at 19 o'clock the children started for the country. They found a nice turkey waiting to be carved. After dinner they were ushered into the parlor where a Christmas tree was standing. Each child they would be so happy in their new em- got a sack of pepcorn and candy and ployment), "I was just wishing that a fairy an orange and apple and other presents. The day passed only to quickly. At 6:30 a noise was heard at the door and on going to the door it proved to be a man that lived by Harry's house. He owned a six seated ante and he took people around the mother. "But you were better than a river city in it. He had come to take them

The Smartest Dog in the World By Edythe K. Kreits, Aged 10 Years, Lexington, Neb. Red.

There was once a little boy about 12 years old, out playing in his yard with until the wound healed.

and to his surprise he found an old rusty tious business man.

nail in Guard's paw. The doctor took the nail out and dressed the wound, after which he sent Guard home. But every day after this, as long as the foot was sore, Guard-would go to the doctor's office to have his sore paw dressed. All this Guard learned from his little master while he was following him to the doctor's office to have his foot only 14 years old, but, his parents being

A New Year's Present

Letha Larkin, Aged 14 Years, South Sixth Street, Norfolk, Neb. Elue. Once in a small village lived an old given a beautiful silver collar for his couple who had no children. Their name was Smith. Mr. Smith was an invalid and could not work. Mrs. Smith took in sewing, but received little pay. She dreaded the coming winter, for it would be cold, and she had little money. In November Mr. Smith took pneumonia and was confined too his bed for a few weeks. Mrs. Smith worked hard to keep up the small family. It was nearing Christmas when Mrs. Smith said to her husband: "We will not have any Christmas this year. If we get fuel for the stove and food we will do

"We will get along as well as we can," he said, cheerfully. Christmas was passed unheeded at the Smith home. Mr. Smith was slowly rethey were eating their frugal meal when they heard a light rap at the door. Mrs. and hungry.

Mrs. Smith gave her food and let her get warm, and then asked about her He gazed about, saw Harvey and said: "I parents. But the child said she had none. "We had no Christmas presents, so let's He introduced himself as Tom Thumb make this our New Year's present," said

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Smith joyfully. "We have no children, so let's keep her as a living New Year's present."

Robbie's Lost Treasure

Last summer when Robbie Kearn's grandma came to visit them, she brought Robbie a knife. Now, Robbie had never he did and placed Harvey outside the tree, owned a knife, but had often envied the boys at school who had knives. He was so proud of his knife that he took it every- cold and frosty sidewalk. He had to where he went and showed it to everybody,

so he could see it when he awoke. He took such good care of it that no one would ever think it could be lost; but, nevertheless, one day it could not be found. Robble hunted and hunted, and he thought and thought where he could have lost it,

but it was nowhere to be found. Mrs. Kern, feeling sorry for him, also looked for it. After a while it was forgotten, and one winter's day, when Robbie was carrying in some wood from the woodpile, he noticed something white before him, and, on picking it up, he found it was his

long-lost knife. Shouting with glee, he ran to tell his mamms. He must have put it in his pocket, and, while he was cutting wood, the knife

must have dropped out. Robbie polished it and it became as good as new. You may be sure when Robbie cut

wood again he took his knife out of his pocket, so he would not lose it. Long before this happened Robbie's grandma had gone home, so he wrote her a nice little letter telling her how glad he was that he had found his long-lost treas-

When Johnnie Ran Away

By Alice Coutant, Aged 12 Years, Lander, Wyo. Blue.

Johnnie was a baby only 2 years old. Helen was his sister, but she was 9 years

old.

One day Johnnie was missing. Helen ran A Happy Christmas for the Poor all around hunting for him. She ran to her mother and asked if she had seen Johnnie, but she had not. Helen ran as fast as she could to the back gate, but Johnnie was not there. She went to the front and looked out on the sidewalk and saw Johnnie playing with the neighbor's had found him.

What Became of Charlie

Once there was a little boy whose name was Charlie. He was nearly 10 years old. at all. His father was not kind to him Ben how sorry she was. She took her and no one else cared for him.

"Boys wanted to sell newspapers." He Ben.

bourne was tending sheep nearby. Mrs. They declared that they had never spent thought that that would be a good chance for him, so he noted the address and went to find the place. At last he found it. He went in and asked for the job. They gave it to him and he went out to sell the papers. He carned quite a little money, then he bought something to est. He slept

in a barn that night. That morning he went to the office and his dog. Guard. One day while they were got his papers and went out to sell them. playing in the back yard Robert cut his He saw a boy coming toward him running foot very badly and his mamma sent him to as fast as he could. He said, 'Come Dr. Snyder's office to have the cut dressed quickly, the editor wants to see you." and, of course, Guard had to go with his Charlie then went to the newspaper office little master. This they did every day and when he arrived there he heard his father was dead. He cried a little, but One day a short time after Dr. Snyder he soon stopped when they told him he was surprised to hear the scratching of was to live with the editor, He never a dog on his office door, and in limped again had to sell newspapers or sleep in Guard, holding up his paw to the doctor, barns and grew up to be a good, conscien-

A Hero

By Clair Roth, Aged 10 Years, 405 West Koenfg Street, Grand Island, Neb. Blue, A big storm was coming up and Percy

was just returning from work. He was poor, he had to hustle and earn his own living and even help support his parents. He was passing a lake and noticed something white in the distance. As it came nearer he could see it was a child in a boat. The storm had increased greatly and the wind was dashing the waves against shore. He knew that if someone did not rescue the child soon it would be lost. He thought it over a second and then dashed into the water He was just about to grasp the boat when it turned and went under. He at last grasped the child and made for the shore. When he reached it he was utterly exhausted and, calling some men who were passing in a carriage, he fell to the ground. The men took them both in a carriage and drove them to the village All the people were looking for inn. the child and were surprised to see them, but their surprise was still greater when they found they were both unconscious. When they heard the whole story they were amased. They decided to get up a purse for the "young hero." The day they gave it to him happened to be his birthday, so it was his birthday gift and reward in one.

The Little Paper Carrier

By Nora A. Cullen, Aged 13 Years, 3212 Webster Street, Omaha. Blue. There was once a poor little newsboy who had no home nor parents and he made his own living by carrying papers. He had a little four-wheeled cart to carry

them in. One cold and frosty day on his daily route an accident happened to him. He lost the kingbolt out of his wagon. searched for that missing bolt about the distance of a block, but all in vain. He planned several schemes to fix his wagon, but one came upon him like a flash of lightning, that if he would look around the fence he might find a piece of wire to take the place of the lost kingbolt. He at last succeeded in finding a piece

which proved to be rather strong. He got down on his knees upon the work so hard to fix the broken wagon and when he went to bed at night he put it that his fingers and ears were almost frost-bitten. But finally he succeeded in

When he told some other little newsboys of his sad accident they only laughed at him, but he had a brave heart and kept up his courage. He knew he never would laugh at an accident if it

happened to anyone else. Now this little newsboy is editor of leading paper in Chicago and he tak s great pride in relating some of the adventures which took place on his dully route. This was one of the hardest trials that ever befell him.

Bernice's Comb

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Red.

Among Bernice Bender's Christmas presents was a beautiful pair of combs, which Uncle Ben, who was a sailor, gave her. "Now, Bernice, you must keep these combs for nice. They are very rare, and Uncle Ben must have paid a great deal for them," said mamma.

"Yes, indeed, mamma." Bernice remembered very well for a long time. Then, one day a great temptation came. She was to speak a piece at school. "Oh, Bernice, do wear those lovely combs

Uncle Ben gave you," cried Kathryn. "O, dear! I just wish I could, but mamma doesn't want to for fear I will lose or break them."

"Pshaw! Why don't you wear them any-WRY?"

"I don't know; maybe I will." The next noon Bernice put her combs is her hair and quickly put on her cap. "Oh, Bernice, what beautiful combs!" "Oh, girlie, where did your get them?"

"Oh, let's see them!" cried the girls. Bernice was very proud of them. Berbetween the boys, because their club was to the house to tell her mother where she hall, after school, the girls crowded around cat. Helen picked him up and took him nice spoke her piece very well. In the her. She started to put on her coat when one of her combs fell out. One of the girls stepped on it and broke it. They felt very badly. Bernice took it home. Mrs. Bender looked grave. "Dearle," she said. "Uncle Hen was complimenting you on how nice you had kept them. He said he had a looket that he got in Paris, and was go-

Bernice cried very hard. She told Uncle

comb to a jeweler, who fixed it so it was

"For soon as winter's snows come down, And chill is in the air, I hunt a nice, snug hole and creep Right in and just stay there

"Till spring comes smiling 'round again And calls me forth to eat. And let me tell you, little friends, Boring breakfasts are a treat."

-MAUD WALKER.

But the little miss in velvet and fur was wholly ignorant of the condition of Their voices rang out like music, the river below the curve, and as none and their warm attire was most beautiful of the merry-makers had noticed her withand elegant to behold. There was one drawal from their midst she was coming made no sound. She tried to stop her caught and held Bertha's attention. She she was coming at good speed, too, her was a dainty miss with brown curis blow- curis flying behind her and her eyes clutched at her head, closing her eyes, for ing from beneath her pretty toboggan cap, dancing with pleasure. For only a moment did Bertha remain

violently.

came rough.

distance.

be inside that hole which yawned to swal-

"She'll go right into that hole feet from the very verge of the hole. Ber-

The next morning, bright and early, a life of their little daughter-the lady and them. The gentleman had a position in his

own little daughter went.

"Yes, my dear child," answered Bertha's

child's mother fixed a Christmas dinner for them to give to the poor.

boys and girls would not let them. They went home and a letter

Harry's aunt was awaiting him. He read it and ran to the door to call the boys and girls back. He read this to them and girls of the clubs would come to my house for dinner today, etc."

home. And all of them had a ride home.

A Real Bear's Soliloguy

"I'm glad I'm not a Teddy Bear,"
Said little Master Bruin;
For then all through the winter lung
There would be somethin dein "Besides just sleepin' in my cave.
As comfy as I please,
With nothin' there to do but dream
Or scratch my nose and sneeze.





"BENGLE GO RIGHT INTO THAT HOLE, UNLESS-"