THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: JANUARY 26, 1908.



HE Queen Bee has written such good advice to her subjects this week that she has been awarded first prize. If the Busy Bees will only follow the suggestions of their queen it will save the Busy Bee editor lots of time and trouble. This week four or five good stories can not be used because the boys and girls have written on both sides of the paper, which looks as though they had not even read the first rule. Also a number forgot to state which side they were on. So many good stories have been sent in this week that the editor wishes there were more than two prizes to be given.

Nora Cullen, age 13 years, of 3212 Webster street, won the first prize this week for the blue side. The second prize was awarded to Earl Perkins, age 12 years, of Deadwood, S. D., and honorable mention to Joseph Kolar, King Bee, 1912 South Eighth street. Both boys are on the red.

There are no new names to add to the post card exchange this week, but any of the boys and girls wishing to exchange postal cards may send them to any of the following Busy Bees who have sent in their names: Earl Perkins, Deadwood, S. D.; Emma Marquardt, Fifth and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.; Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha; 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 Sloux, Ia.; Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.; Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, fa.; Louise Reebe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Margurite Bartholomew, 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 Enim, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

Conflict Between Artie and a Bear



to be two years old? I never did till I knew Artic. But, the way it happened that Artie had outlived his time-that is, the allotted time for a doll-was this way: When he was given to Little Lucy she had loved him very dearly. Indeed, had not Artie been made of cloth he would have been broken into a good many pieces, for it was Little Lucy's habit to hug and his arrival there Minnie's mamma came hug him so hard that sometimes his breath into her little daughter's playroom one was all squeezed out of his body, and he day and pulled from a huge box which must have cracked in two had he been of a crackable material. As it was his poor Minnie was out calling on a friend at the body suffered the consequence of such time, and her mamma put the new toy great hugs, and became sadly flattened and just where her little girl would see it on out of shape. But so long as Little Lucy loved him Artie did not care a straw about how hard she hugged him, nor how flat his formerly round body became. He she took poor Artie from a comfortable was happy in holding supreme place in his chair where Minnie had set him up in all mistress' affection.

But after Artie had been the nursery favorite for about six months he was suddenly set aside of a new toy-a stupid, mamma had put him Artie sat meditating feelingless, pink, white and yellow doll, all done up in dainty white lawn, with pink ribbons. Artic entirely in the possession of this new ment and anger Teddy grinned at him. pet, and she left him lying in a corner,

RTIE was not a boy. Artie was window to dry in the sunshine and freezing not a child. Artie was a big wind. The cold atmosphere drew Artie's rag doll that belonged to Little features into a funny pucker, holding them Lucy Grover. And Artle was in an ice grip. And when, a little later about 2 years old. Now, did Minnie went to bring him in she laughed you ever hear of a doll living merrily, saying: "Oh, just see how he is laughing! Isn't he too sweet for anything?"

> And when Minnle went home that evening she carried in her arms Artie all wrapped in his overcent and cap. And both Minnie and Artie were happy.

But 'Artie's first happiness in his new home was to be short-lived. Soon after she carried a great brown Teddy bear. coming in. That she might give Teddy Bear a most prominent place where the light from the window might fall upon him. his dignity and put Teddy Bear in his place. Once more Artle was to be eclipsed by a rival! In the corner where Minnle's gloomingly. Then he chanced to look up at the great ugly animal that had his Little Lucy seemed to forget place by the window, and to his astonish-

A Busy Bee and Her Pet Hen





RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil

8. Short and pointed articles will given preference. Do not use ever 9 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

Tip Top

By Letha Fowell, Aged 11 Years, North Platte, Neb. Red.

Tip Top was a Newfoundland dog. His mistress was a little girl 5 or 6 years old. strawberry that pleaded with Winter, now Her name was Martha Webb. Tip Top loved his little mistress and watched her very closely. If a buggy or wagon was plate with other berries and soon the little going along the road, he would not let her girl came and took it to est. "I know my pass until it was out of sight. One day Mrs. Webb said:

'Martha, go up town and get some meat." Then she turned to Tip Top and said, "Tip Top, you must watch Martha, and don't let anything harm her."

Martha's mother stood at the door until she was out of sight. Then she went into the house saying, "I know Tip Top will watch her."

Tip Top walked in front of her, barking for Santa Claus to put their toys in. They at every passing car or wagon. And when they got to the main street, a runaway was passing. Tip Top pulled at Martha's dress Maudie said, "I want a little doll with and growled furiously, as if to say: "The horse will run over you." Tip Top was golden hair and eyes of blue and I want a pretty pleture book that I can read." after that prized as a hero,

Margaret's Surprise

By Myrl Rogers, Aged 8 Years, Gibbon, Neb. Red.

Margaret and her mother were very poor. Her father was dead and she was lame. She could not work and her mother had to earn their living. It was getting near Christman and Margaret thought of the, nice things other children would get, but came in with a shout and cried, "Merry did not think about herself. As Christmas came nearer Margaret wondered if Santa Claus would remember her with a little something. Christmas eve she went to bed early, thinking Santa might want to come and she would not be asleep. At 10 o'clock Mrs. White heard a gentle tap at the door and went to answer it. There she saw their neighbor, Mr. Brown, and his children at the door. They were carrying presents for Margaret and her mother, while one stood holding, a Christmas tree all trimmed with popcorn, cranberries and Christmas tree trimmings. Then Mr. Brown went in and told his children to

come also. He ordered them to set the Christmas tree down and put the presents on it. They then bid Mrs. White a merry Christmas and told her that in the basket great interest to all the boys in the cause she is poor and I will not have anywas their Christmas dinner and said they nighborhood. Their mouths fairly watered had noticed how patient little Marguret when they looked at them, but they never, "I do not see what difference it makes if was and thought she deserved this little had a chance to get any, for Farmer she is a nice girl." "I don't care," said forget that Christmas and Mr. Brown's night Harry Graham, Tom Wood and going home." So saying, she left the house, kindness to them.

The Busy Bees

By Clara Reth, Aged 10 Years, 605 West Koenig Street, Grand Island, Neb. Red. "Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!" said a little bee as it flew past Jennie.

"Come with me and I will show you my home and what I do."

"This is my home," said the bee, having town which was the home of the boys. arrived at his home (a hive). Our queen The boys had to go a round-about way to town which was the home of the boys. bee is the ruler, and we all obey her com- avoid going past Farmer Gordon's house mands. I have many brothers and sisters," as he kept a very fierce watchdog. Howwife and family (two boys, Alberando, continued the bee. aged 12, and Adrian, aged 15). The father, hard. When you ate your pread and honey patch. They loaded themselves with waterwho, though wealthy, worked and earned

get that much honey together.

wages. He always had the choicest wines for lunch this morning you never stepped melens and started home. They stopped in his house, but no one would partake of to think how long and hard we worked to at the Graham pasture to eat some water- problem," said Herbert. "If you don't sucns. Harry produced a knife and cut

hen the bear was after him. After this as hard as he could. In the morning the oream, cake and cocos. The children each he always was kind to animals. Kindness strawberries were supposed to be frozen, went home with a prize and candy and always overpowers cruelty. Mr. Winter was enraged and flung a gay nuts. As they went out of the door they

was rosy and red. A little girl came into

Happy Children

By Jessie Apple, Aged 12 Years, Broken Bow, Neb. Red.

girls sat in their little chairs by the fire-

place with their stockings up on the shelf

were talking of what they were expecting

to get from dear Santa Claus. Then little

auburn hair, and beautiful eyes of brown,

that will shut her eyes and go to sleep

when I want her to." Just then their

fill your stockings for you." So off they

went to bed. That night they dreamed

that Santa Claus came and filled their

stockings full. Just then brother Tom

Christmas." His cry awoke the two little

girls from their pleasant dreams. They got

up and hurried to dress to go and see what

Santa had brought to them that night.

Then Maudie said, "He has brought me

just what I asked for." Then Hazel said,

"He has brought me more than I asked

for." Then Tom, who was older than the girls, said, "He has brought me a

ball, a bat, a base ball suit and two

books." The three played with their toys

until night came again; and they went to

The Watermelon Patch

By Louise Stilles, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb. Blue,

Burt Grey determined to have some water-

boys sneak over to Harry's pasture, where

they were to meet. Tom appeared lead-

bed very happy.

The night before Christmas two little

mantle over them, but they did not stir. said: "It was the nicest party we've gone Winter retired to his home, and Spring to." Helen went home with her arms came forth and put new buds and leaves filled with presents which the others had on the trees, and new roots on the plants. given her and thanked Mrs. Smith for the Soon Summer came and she turned blos- nice surprise she had planned for her. soms into large, red strawberries. The

A Poor Family

the garden and picked it. It was put in a By Catherine McNamara, Aged 10 Years, 1916 Military Avenue, Omaha. Red. Once upon a time there lived in a dirty end is at hand, but it is a happy ending part of the city a family by the name of that I enjoy," said the happy strawberry. Proff. The family were in very poor circumstances, the father being a lamplighter. There were nine children in the family, all of whom were boys, with the exception of one. Their names were John, Albert, Harry, Harold, Howard (twins), Frederick, Earl, Frank and Mary. One day the mother of the family and two children were taken sick. They were sent to a hospital where the two children died, but the mother recovered. The expense of sending the mother and children to the hospital was great, so the father hunted for more work. He went to the firm of Boyd & Mace and received work as janitor. After a few Then Hazel said, "I want a dolly with months, together with working at this firm and lighting lamps, he succeeded in paying the bill. Afterwards he was promoted in the firm and succeeded in giving all his mamma came in and said, "You two little girls must go to bed so Santa Claus will children an education.

A Much Needed Lesson

By Ada Morris, Aged 14 Years, 3424 Frank-lin Street, Omaha. Blue,

Clare was the only child of a very wealthy banker and she gave many parties. One day Clare was invited to a party given by Alice Thompson. She was much pleased and went. Among the number present she noticed two sisters whom she considered beneath her, so she simply ignored them and felt very much disgusted toward Alice for inviting them. After a short chat, Alice passed slips of paper to each person write their name on. They were then put into a basket and shaken and every one drew. The game was that whatever name you drew that person was to be your partner. It happened that Clare got one of the misters' names and Alice, on seeing her hold back, asked what was the matter. Clare said: "I am not going to have her Farmer Gordon's melon patch was of for a partner!" "Why?" asked Alice, "Bething to do with her." "Well," said Allos. surprise. Margaret said she should never Gordon was constantly on the watch. One Clare. "I shall not have her, and I am A few weeks later Clare had arranged melons. "We'll take our old Derry," said for a party and invited many who attended Tom, "and hitch him up to that old buggy Alice's party, but what was her surprise Mr. Grey gave to Burt." As soon as it was to find on the night set that no one came On inquiry she found that it was because of the way she treated the sister and found that to save herself much disgrace she ing a very rickety old horse and Burt would have to apologize, which she did, brought a scarcely less rickety old buggy, and Clare was never again known to hold Farmer Gordon lived about a mile from the herself above any girl because she was not

Try, Try Again

rich.

your rule."

"to all work very ever they at last arrived at the melon By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, your pread and honey patch. They loaded themselves with water- Neb. Blue.

"Dear me, grandpa, I just can't get this ed at first, try, try again said grandpa

"But I've tried, and tried," said Herbert.

"Try once again, grandson." Herbert was

busy figuring, then he jumped up and

cried: "Oh, grandpa, it came out right, and

was just as easy. I'll always remember

Years after this, in a little seaside town,

there was great excitement, the great ship

Albion was aground on some rocks about

half a mile out in the harbor. A great

where she had thrown him upon receiving into her arms the new pink and white thing which Artle soon grew so jealous of. But what could he do? In the sad state of neglect to which he was left he could only grieve and regret. And so the days and weeks passed by with Artis, disconsolate and heart-broken, lying dumped into a corner of the nursery, with never a

look nor a word from Little Lucy, who gave all her attention to the horrid thing with the pink cheeks and yellow hair. Pauline was the name of this new member shining and his eyes full of rage. But of the nursery. And the very name made Artie had got on the chair, a real strong-Artie shiver. He could tell by the very old. From his elevation he could thrust expression on Pauline's face-or, rather, out his foot and kick Toddy Bear in the the lack of expression-that she had no jaw every time he leaped at him. Ah. strength of character. She was just a silly now it was Artie's turn to laugh. And he French doll, whose vanity was her domi- availed himself of the opportunity. He nant trait. All day long she would sit, spread his face in a broad amile and with her mouth drawn up into a silly, threw his arms about wildly, clapping his meaningless pucker, her useless hands folded across her lap and her tiny slip-He kept up the attack, growing more and pered feet thrust forward as if to say: "Look at my pretty, small tootsies."

But pretty soon after her arrival Pauline began to droop and look a bit worn. Her and soon had Ted laid low on the floor. With the smile of victory on his jamwhite frock became dreadfully solled and her curls tangled and her ribbons disarstained face, he leaped from the chair. ranged. Artie noted these gradual schanges grabbed up his slain fee and hurried to in her appearance with pleasure. Now, the window with him. Succeeding in raisthis may sound as though Artie was a bading the sash, Artie tossed his victim into disposed fellow. Well, one may condone the street below. A little street boy, with his feelings, but one cannot really condemn him. He woud not have minded his bundle of newspapers under his arm, sharing-mind you, SHARING-his place in the nursery with Pauline. But who could blame him for feeling heartbroken when his place was usurped by the strange lady arms for him. doll, with no place left for him save a dusty corner where only cast-offs were thrown? And though he was glad to see the unfavorable change take place in Paulino's appearance, he was not wholly solfish. He felt that after her beauty

had worn off-the newness and primness-Little Lucy would take him back into her lively as over. life and let him and Pauline share her at-"Hello, dear old Artie. How have you been tention. He did not ask to be THE ONE. since I went away? I do hops you were He wished to be just HALF OF THE ONE. not lonely."

But the weeks and months rolled by, with dittle change in the nursery, and Artie was about to resign himself to the corner for life, when something happened. did not bother his rag head about that. Little Lucy had a tiny cousin come to pay her a visit. This tiny cousin at once conceived a great liking for Artic, whom she saw languishing in the cold corner. She had scarcely entered the nursery when she beheld the poor rag fellow lying there, face drawn and miserable. Besides the look of dejection on his face there were numerous stains of blackbarry jam, for during his days of favoritism he had been indulged with many delicious dainties, such as jam and candy. Now he repined without so much as a smell of those delicious gwoots.

"Oh, what a big boy-dolli" And the littie visitor, whose name was Minnie, had Artie in her arms instantly, hugsing him close to her heart.

"Oh, that's old Artis," said little Laop "You may have hin, if you want him, don't care for him any more."

Oh, the fickle Lucyl It gave poor Artis's hears a twist to hear her speak so. This pretty soon his hurt was soothad by the tender solicitation of his new mistress, who had esquiry accepted Little Lacy's gift, nover once repeating the fact that it was an old cast-off rag doll that had lost all favor in the nursury of har cousin

"Oo meeds 'our face washed, don's co, pretty Artia?" And Minute and to work accomplish this that, finding some water in a drinking giam and a hapoblet in her pocket. She scrubbed and scrubbed the face of Artis, and although also succeeded merely in smearing the jam stains all over it, she was planned with the result and put the poor follow's base sub at the

Artie felt the sawdust in his heart stop short, and he shivered as with cold. Ho dared that impudent, insolent beast, that went on all fours, to grin triumphantly at him? Artie rose and went straight at the bear, his feelings so outraged that he forgot to be afraid. Before the bear knew what was happening Artic had him by the neck and was flinging him to the floor.

And Artis, still amiling from his place

5. Write your name, age and ad-dress at the top of the first page. First and second primes of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to Teddy fell with a dull thud. It hurt him, CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT. too, for he gave vent to a grunt. Then Omaha Bee. he was up and at his antagonist, his teeth

Omaha's Busy Bees

(First Prize.)

By Nora A. Cullen, Aged 12 Years, 3212 Webster Street, Omaha. Blue. In the beautiful city of Omaha, on Seventeenth and Farnam streets, is a large bechive. The king and queen bees live in

hands. But Teddy Bear was tenacious. this beautiful city, while many of their subjects live throughout the United States. more vicious. Then, seeing by the clock There , are hundreds of these bees of all that it was almost time for Minnie's revarieties. turn home, Artis warmed to the conflict Each bee contributes some part of his

or her work to "The Busy Little Bees-Their Own Page." There are certain rules which these bees are supposed to follow, but many do not, and these are the drones who are too lazy to do honest work. There is also a bee editor, who looks over their work, and if it is not satisfactory,

saw the furry fellow coming through the of bees, the Blue team and the Red team. air, and, instead of Teddy Bear falling on Each bee belongs to either one of these the hard pavement, he dropped into the teams and each team has a captain. arms of the newsboy, who had welcoming Now, these bees are supposed to furnish

honey from their own flower gardens, but "Gee, I've got a Teddy Bear at last," he as in every hive there are a few drones muttered, his face radiant with happiness. who do not even try to make honey, but "Ah, I guess not! Bears a-fallin' from want to receive the highest reward for third-story windows right into me mits!" some one else's work. All of the bees ex-And away went the new master of Teddy cept the drones are very willing to work Bear, taking him home, where he would and are honest and active, but the drones revive him in short order and make him as find in the end that it does not profit them

And in the playroom Minnie was saying: by taking other people's honey. (Second Prize.) The Drunkard

on the chair, knew that he was still his By Earl Perkins, Aged 12 Years, Deadwood little mistress' favorite An favorite An favorite S. D. Red. little mistress' favorite. As far as the fate Once in a little town near Deadwood, of Teddy Bear was concerned-well, Artis

he came home drunk. Many times after this he came staggering home, drunk. He drank so tions. First comes our mother, the queen first to taste it. An expression of horror much that he lost his place and became a bee; then the laborers, or honey-makers, drunkard. He grew poorer and was com- as I am, and then the lazy fellows, the pelled to move from his mansion to a little drones. cottage.

He still retained a fat pig. One day he came home drunk and announced his intention of killing the pig. He sharpened his knives and he and Adrian went to the pen. He told Adrian to hold the pig and he would stick him. Adrian caught the

pig and held him. Just as the father was about to stick him the pig got away. The father raised the knife and stabbed Adrian. He was carried up to the house and recovered. The father was sentenced to

there was a wealthy gentleman and his

iem except himself. One day

three years' imprisonment and is in prison now, but he is no longer a drunkard. His wife and Alberando were supported by Adrian.

(Honorable Mention.) The Chase

By Joseph Kolar, Aged 14 Years, 1912 South Eighth Street, Omaha. Red. Once there was a hunter who lived in

the woods in a log cabin. He hunted every day. One day he thought he would go and shoot some deer. He knew a place where he had seen deer feeding, so he took his cance and gun and paddled up the lake. casts it aside. There are two regiments He came to the place, but there was no deer in sight, so he paddled further up the lake till he saw a deer a good way ahead of him. The deer ran as soon as it saw him and disappeared in the woods. He paddled faster till he came to the place,

where he got out of the cance and followed the trail, which led up into the mountains. He followed the trail for a mile or more till he saw the deer lying under the shade of a tree, and ran after it, but the deer got ahead; and as the deer was running it

woke a bear which was sleeping in its den. The bear didn't see the deer, but saw the hunter. He turned around and ran back to the canoe and the bear followed. He was nearly exhausted, but he reached the canoe at last, and he paddled as fast

as he could down the lake. When he got home he thought he would never again chase a deer, because he knew how he felt "I am a laborer and have the hardest

work to do. I go from flower to flower, sipping the sweet juices of the flowers. "The drones are such lazy fellows they

bees who don't work don't have to eat any of our sweet honey that we stored up for the winter. One day late in the fall we, 'the hard workers,' assembled and threw all the drones out of the hive and trampled on them till they were dead.

"After that we went to our hard-earned winter's rest."

A Wish that Came True

By Malcolm Price, Aged 12 Years, 325 Mc-Donald Street, Newton, Ia. Red. "I wish that I could be of some use," said

a small, but proud, cracker box off in one corner of the very dark cellar of a grocery store.

Little it thought of what it was to do in the next few days.

Morning after morning the elevator descended to the cellar and more boxes were little go-cart to put her in. The next day dumped off, until there were a great num- being Saturday, Maud took the doll and ber.

After a while all of the other boxes began to murmur the same wish.

One morning the cellar door opened and a pleasant looking drayman came in, fol- girls became very good friends. lowed by one of the clerks. "Are these the

boxes?" the drayman asked. "Yes," came the reply. There was a great commotion among the

cracker boxes, tobacco boxes, lye boxes squeaky voice right beside the cracker box The cracker box pointed its finger and said, "Are you not ashamed?"

The drayman gathered and took them to day to work. Mrs. Smith asked Helen to "Look at that!" his wagon. He drove to an office building come to her house that night. She had and put them in a cellar beside a furnace. just got there when seven little boys and Vane, Marion's mother, found her in the The next morning a man came, grabbed the girls walked in. She was very much sur- hall sobbing. Mrs. Vane wanted an exproud cracker box and, to the wonder and prised and said, "I must go at once," think- planation, which Mabel gave her. awe of the other boxes, broke it up and ing that they had come to see Mrs. Smith.

started the fire in the furnace. the other boxes warm.

A Poor Little Dog

By Josephine Robbins, Aged 11 Years, 1924 Enumet Street, Omaha. Blue.

One day as I was walking along the street I saw a little dog get run over with an automobile and the poor little thing was hit in the head and rolled over and over in the road, and as I was stand ing there the thought came to me that if they would put fenders on the autos like they have on the street cars, it would save many a poor little dog from being so badly hurt; also little children who sometimes play in the road.

The Strawberry

By Letha Larkin, Aged 14 Years, South Sixth Street, Norfolk, Neb. Blue. Mr. Winter sat in his easy chair, when he was startled by a voice, he knew it was the strawberry. "Please, dear Winter," began the strawberry, "will you spread a cover over me, I am shivering and so afraid- of Jack Frost, for he comes every night and bites my toes." Old Winter expressed his sympathy, so the strawberry went home and soon feit the warm coveriet Meanwhile Mr. Winter was talking to the "I will shine and make the world bright," said the sun. "But I don't want any sun today," said Winter. They quarreled until the sun had his way. The next day the sun shone brightly and melted the snow. During the night Mr. Wind blow

"You know we are divided into three sec- off three generous slices. Burt was the instantly crossed his face. Harry and Tom had now taken a bite and Tom cried out, "Citrons." It was true. In the moonlight they had mistaken citrons for watermelons. I think this is the last time they ever robbed Farmer Gordon's watermelon patch.

The Broken Doll

storm had come up and the people were crying for help. Everyone was afraid to One day as Maud was going to school go out, but a young man named Harbart she came to a little girl who was crying, beside her lay a broken doll. Maud asked Fenton. He got into a small rowboat and started for the wreck, but the waves her why she was crying and she answered brought him back again. He was about to "Oh I have broken my dolly, it is the only give up in despair, when his mind turned I have, what will I do without it? doll Maud felt very sorry for the little girl but back to the cozy little sittingroom of his as it was time for her to go to school she home when he had such a hard time with told the little girl not to cry. As she was his problem. He recalled his grandfather's hurrying along to school she though to saying, "If you don't succeed at first, try, herself "This little girl had only one doll try again. Have you followed this rule, and I have so many, why can't I give her grandson." Herbert put all his remaining one of mine." That evening when she got strength into a last effort and reached the ome she told her mother about it and said, ship in safety, and the people crowded into "Can't I give her one of my dolls? You the boat. The waves carried them back to know I want to do unto others as I would the shore and all were saved. The people have others do unto me and I think this crowded around Herbert to thank him. "It would be a very good place to begin." Her wasn't I that did it," he said, "It was mother was very well pleased and said. grandfather's old rule, 'If you don't suc-"You can give the doll and I will get a ceed at first, try, try again." "

cart over to the little girl, she also took one of her own dolls with her so they could play together. The little girl was very well pleased with the doll. The two

Helen's Birthday

There were just twelve girls there, as By Ruth Weiler, Aged 10 Years, 2014 North Marion was only 12 years old. Among them Twenty-first Street, Omaha, Blue. was one poor little sirl named Mabel. Sha It was Helen's birthday. She would be had only brought a small handkerchief and, in fact, all kinds of boxes. One little, & years old the next day. She expected with Marion's initial embroidered in the nothing, for she was a poor little girl. Mrs. corner, while others, whose parents were said, "I would rather stay here and sleep." Smith, the rich lady in the next block, was rich, brought rings, beads or bracelets. planning something for her. Mrs. Thorn, Marion said to her mother in a low tone Helen's mother, went to Mrs. Smith's every of scorn, which Mabel happened to hear,

Soon after Mabel was missing and Mrs.

A Spoiled Birthday Party

By Ethel Reed, Eighth and Logan Streets, Fremont, Neb. Red.

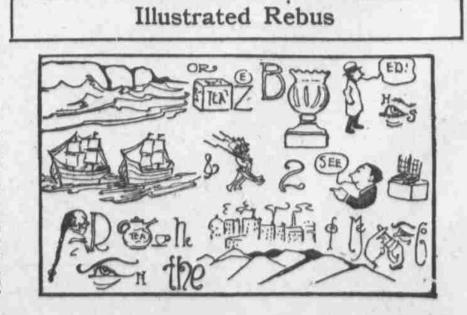
ary. Besides the presents of her brother

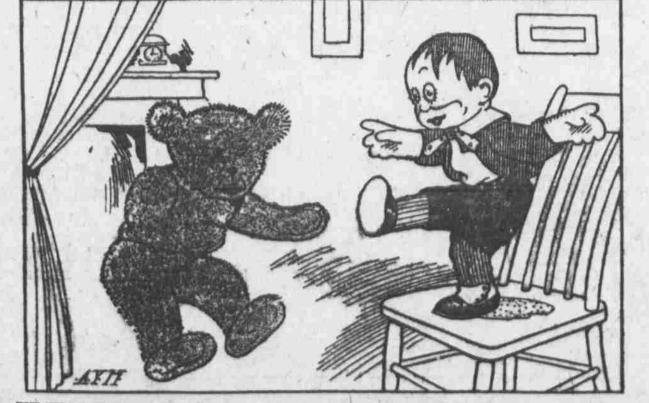
and sister her mother gave her a party.

Marion's birthday came the 28th of Janu-

Mrs. Vane then took Marion in a bed Mrs. Smith said, "No, this is for you." room and told her about Mabel. This made It made a very bright fire that kept all Mrs. Smith had planned different games for her very sad. She then told her mother them, such as "Pinning the tail on the Mabel should have the best present she donkey," and the one who got it nearest got, which was a beautiful bracelet.

the right place got a prize, which was a Mabel refused it at first, but as Marior box of candy. There were several other wished it she accepted it. Marion thought prizes for the different games. After they the handkerchief the best of har presents, had played for a couple of hours they had but every time she saw it it reminded her lunch, which consisted of candy, nuts, ice of that sad day she was twelve.





BUT TEDDY BEAR WAS TENACIOUS. HE KEPT UP THE ATTACK, GROWING MORE AND MORE VICIOUS.

never leave the hive. "So one day we concluded that all the By Alta Wilken, Agefi 12 Years, Waco, Neb. Red.