

BUSY LITTLE BEES IN THEIR OWN PAGE

THE Busy Bee editor has made a great discovery this week. It is the secret of so many good stories finding their way to her wastebasket—and what do you think that secret is? It is Carelessness. Last week she asked all the boys and girls to read all the rules and then to state whether they had done so by writing "Yes" or "No" at the top of the next story they sent in. Almost all the stories bore the word "Yes" at the top this week and the editor was greatly pleased until she read them over, when she discovered that several bearing the word "Yes" failed to bear the word "Original" and several others did not state on which side they wished to be counted, while one little boy forgot to give his age. Another Busy Bee, one of the girls, wrote the editor a letter saying that she was very careful to read all the rules, but her story which accompanied the letter had over three hundred words.

Suppose we all try again, Busy Bees. Let us each one read those single for young writers all over again carefully and then try and keep every rule one. Will each Busy Bee who reads the rules this week write the word "Yes" at the top of the next story sent in?

The blue team won all the honors this week, the first prize going to Clarence Leggett, age 13, of Buffalo, Wyoming, and the second prize to Madge L. Daniels, age 14, of Ord, Neb. Ruth Ashby of Fairmont, age 12, won honorable mention.

No new names came in for the Post Card Exchange this week, but several of the boys and girls write that they are enjoying it. The list now stands: Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.; Emma Marquardt, Fifth and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.; Emma Carrathers, 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 Sioux, Ia.; Alta Wilker, Waco, Neb.; Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manila, Ia.; Louise Reede, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gail Howard, 4723 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Marguerite 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 Enls, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 O street, Lincoln, Neb.



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
 2. Use pen and ink, not ball point.
 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 200 words.
 4. Original stories or letters 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 DEPARTMENT, Omaha, Neb.

Eddie, "Oh, mother, I forgot the cow," but as they drew near the barn Amy called out, "Bossy's all right, and this is the time I remembered."

One St. Valentine's Day

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 13 Years, Fairmont, Neb., Blue.

It was St. Valentine's day. Not the kind of Valentine's day which one would enjoy, but a bleak, cold day. The wind was blowing a gale and a cold sleet was falling. In a little tumble-down hut a girl sat crying. She was about 6 years old. Her tangled golden curls framed her pretty face, but her blue, doll-like eyes were full of tears.

An Adventure with a Bear

By Clarence Leggett, Aged 13 Years, Buffalo, Wyo., Blue.

My two brothers, George and Verdon, and Frank Davis were camping on Clear Creek last summer. One day George and Frank went out to get some fish for dinner. They had gone about five miles from camp, when Frank said, "There are bear tracks in the sand back there."

When Amy Remembered

By Madge L. Daniels, Aged 14 Years, Ord, Neb., Blue.

"Oh, Amy, I told you to watch the bread and here it is all burnt up. Why can't you remember?"

Jessie's Disobedience

By Eleanor Mellor, Aged 12 Years, Malvern, Ia., Blue.

There was a little girl that was always disobeying her school teacher. One day the teacher sent a note home with Jessie (as Jessie was the girl's name) telling her mother that she had disobeyed her.

The Quarrel of the Calendars

By Lillian Wirt, Aged 9 Years, 418 Cass Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue.

Two new calendars had been brought to the home of the Greys. One was a small one with very little figures on it, but it had a very pretty picture on it, too. The other one was a large one and had big

black figures on it, but it had only one advertisement at the top.

"Just look at my fine, large figures," said the large calendar. "You have your figures so small it quite hurts my eyes to look at you."

"Yes, I know your figures are large, but you have only an ugly advertisement, while I have a beautiful little picture."

"Well, I guess I am more useful than you are, anyway, and besides, I go farther than beauty, I—"

"But it was cut short in the sentence, for outside a step was heard and in came the cook. So that ended the quarrel of the calendars."

Two Little Children's Pluck

By Margaret Jones, Aged 13 Years, North Platte, Neb., Blue.

Christmas Eve had come and with it a severe snowstorm. The Union army surrounded Greenville, but in spite of this, a Confederate, Major Daniel, had come home to spend Christmas, bringing each member of his family a present.

The family were sitting around the fire when a knock was heard at the door. Clyde, the major's son, answered it. A Union general stepped in. Major Daniel was now at the door and the general asked, "Are you Major Daniel?"

"I am," was the reply.

"You are under suspicion as a spy and must come with me."

As Major Daniel had on citizen's clothes he was condemned and sentenced to be hanged. A sad parting from his family followed, after which he was carried off. The next morning two little children could be seen hurrying to the Union camp. The snow was so deep that they were nearly exhausted when they reached it. Clyde—for it was he—his sister—went up to the general and handed him a toy gun and a doll. "Can't we have our papa, now?" he asked.

Several soldiers standing around said, "Pardon him, general."

The general not only pardoned Major Daniel, but returned the children's presents.

"There's a good example of pluck," he said. "Just think of those children coming such a distance in this deep snow." His face grew sad. He was thinking of his own children, who were so far away.

Dorothy's Tooth

By Hulda Lundberg, Aged 13 Years, 388 I Street, Fremont, Neb., Blue.

Dorothy was a little girl 8 years old. She looked very happy, but now she was getting ready for school with tears in her eyes. Her parents looked troubled too. This was on account of Dorothy's tooth, a tiny tooth so loose that it was held in place only by a small thread, but she would not let any one take it out.

Her mother and father had offered her a new teddy bear and a new doll carriage, but she would not bear to open her mouth. So she started for school with a sorrowful face. "Miss Murphy will be sorry for me," thought Dorothy. "I'll tell her first when I get to school."

Miss Murphy was a very nice teacher and very kind to the pupils. When Dorothy came to school she said, "Oh teacher, I've got a loose tooth."

"Let me see it," said the teacher. "Why it's the cutest little thing," said the teacher, "wait and I'll show it to you." And in a minute Miss Murphy was holding it between her fingers.

"Isn't it cute," went on the teacher, "I'll put it in this silver paper and you can take it home in this little box."

Dorothy looked proudly that her tooth was so important. When school began, Miss Murphy held up the tooth and told a funny story of the little white people that lived in the red prison, too, and how they wanted to get out to make room for the boys and girls.

Dorothy looked very happy, but her tooth had "helped" school.

"Why, were you brave enough to let Miss Murphy take it out when you wouldn't let me touch it," said mamma.

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My Horse Rollie

By Sadie H. Finch, Aged 10 Years, 1818 E 19th Avenue, Kearney, Neb., Blue.

I have a fine large bay horse named Rollie. My papa bought him for me from Dr. Cameron. The doctor lived eleven blocks from the livery barn and when he came home tired and hungry he would let the reins to the whip and tell Rollie to go and get his supper, too. He would walk very carefully. One time a man thought he was a runaway and tried to catch him, but he made a failure of it, for Rollie ran faster than the man, but stopped when he was no longer chased. The doctor sold him because he got an automobile. I think he is the best horse in the world. I gave him a birthday party in October, when we could have colored letters to decorate with. I invited my friends, Phyllis Johnson and Beryl Clifton, over. One brought him some loaf sugar and the other a nice red apple. I gave him some carrots, gingerbread and cookies, and for supper a nice bran mash.

I am sure he had a very pleasant birthday and we all wished him many happy returns of the day.

Howard's Ride

By Adah L. Hendry, Aged 12 Years, Kearney, Neb., Blue.

"Oh, mamma, may I go to the park all alone and feed the monkeys and ride the horses on the merry-go-round?"

"No, Howard, not today. Now do be still when I am trying to write to grandma. Go get a piece of paper and I will give you a pencil so you can write."

"I don't want to," pouted Howard. Howard went out of the door and down the street, he caught the street car and started for the park. All the time something seemed to be saying "Howard, come home, I want you." All at once the car gave a jerk and Howard knew nothing but to get out of the car. He was all right his mother drew him to her knees.

"Where were you going when you fell?" "I was going to the park," sobbed Howard. "I'll never go any more." "Well, I believe you," said mamma, "after you have been sick so long," and he never did.

Harry's View

By Earl Perkins, Deadwood, S. D. Red.

There was once a little boy who thought he would like to go to church. So one day his mother took him.

Harry behaved well until he had heard them sing three hymns. Then he thought he would sing one, so he got up and sang in a loud voice "Sing a Song of Six Pence, a Pocket Full of—"

But that was all he said, for he was set down rather hard and began to cry.

Then he put his head into his mother's lap and went to sleep, and when he awoke

he was home, and when his mother asked him if he would like to go to church again or not he said, "No, I don't if you won't let me sing when other boys sing. I don't want to go to church, and that's my view of the matter."

Then his mother laughed and said she would learn him to sing what other boys sang.

An Exciting Hour

By Grace King, Aged 10 Years, 410 East 15th Street, Fremont, Neb., Blue.

It was the day the Fremont Normal burned. The North school had just dismissed at noon when the fire whistle blew for first ward. We looked all around us and saw it was the college, which was two and a half blocks away. We all ran to see it.

Almost before we were out of the line, without thinking of lunch. Nearly everyone in the school building went.

When we got there it was just blazing a little on the roof. The firemen were turning the water on it and it looked as though they would put it out, but then the house broke, in first one place and then another. Then the water stopped coming and the flames got bigger and bigger. Then they began to carry out the things. They carried out books, desks, furniture, dishes, chairs and other things. Then my big sister came and told me I must not carry out any more dishes, which I had been doing for the funny story.

This made everyone very much excited. Pretty soon mamma came and told me to come home and eat some dinner, and then go to school, for the second bell was ringing. I did not like to do this, but I did, and got to school just in time, so I was not tardy. They said the damage to the college was \$30,000.

Mabel's Boat

By Anna Dahl, Aged 12 Years, 141 South Eighteenth Street, Omaha, Red.

"Now, Mabel, be very careful, for this is our boat. Don't move; if you do we'll sail upset. Steady, there! We're all ready!"

Mabel tries hard to follow directions. She is hardly 3 years old, and her brother Walter is 7. They are playing they are in a sail boat, but their boat is only a box, with a barrel stave for a seat, and the clothesline for an oar.

"Hold on to your dolly," says Walter. "I'm just going to push off." So saying he gives a hard push with his car and little Mabel, who tried to be prepared, but is not, falls over backward on the soft green grass. Walter helps her to her seat again, picks up her doll and her hat, and places the seat a little nearer the center of the box. Now he makes an easier push with his car.

"We shall be in deep water," he says, "when we get through this seaweed. Don't fall overboard again."

"Oh, no," says Mabel. "I'll take good care."

The soft wind blows Mabel's fair hair from her forehead. She talks to her dolly and tells her what a nice sail they are having, and they enjoy it as well as if they were in the finest yacht that ever sailed.

The Park in Winter

By Ruth Koch, Aged 11 Years, 105 Hawthorne Avenue, Omaha, Red.

When the leaves have left the trees and the grass has lost its color Jack Frost comes, in the tree tops the old bird's nests lay here and there a squirrel's nest is found in a notch in a tree or in an old trunk.

"But listen! What is that jingling sound heard along the road? There it is again. Oh, it is Dr. Brown's sleigh laden down with boys and girls. It's bringing the lake. Everyone has his or her skates slung across their shoulder."

Let's see. There is Helen Bicknell, Hazel Lamareaux, Ruth Jorgensen, Don Kiplinger, Raymond Trainer and Blanche Bush and Frances Barnhart. Now every one is spinning across the lake. Upon the hill there is a crowd of children sliding down the long hill toward the lake. There Raymond has bumped against Don and sent him flying across the lake and as he lands on the other side he wears a very long face, like a puppy dog that has just gotten a whipping.

But hark! What is that sound? Every one looks at each other in an unhappy manner. It was the 5 o'clock whistle. Off must come skates and every one hops into the sleigh. Silence reigns in the park. Nothing is heard but the wind whistling through the trees.

Our Cave

By Archie Hurford, Aged 9 Years, 1504 Norfolk Avenue, Norfolk, Neb., Red.

We boys, Earl and John Lynde, Harold Morin, Ray Musselman and I, have a cave upon a hill west of our house. It is quite roomy, it being about eight feet deep and six feet wide, and about twelve feet long. We have a cookstove, and our own electric light in it. We have gunny sacks on the walls and top. We have steps carved in the clay to get in the cave, and we have bunks on the walls. We chop down little trees and chop them up for wood. We have

The Fate of Miss Bunny

By Rozena Frith, Aged 12 Years, 510 Hickory Street, Omaha, Blue.

On the borders of a large western prairie there live many rabbits, among which was an aristocratic family that occupied quarters in a rugged cliff. This family had only one daughter, but the parents of this daughter were very strict with her. Her family had a hiring whose name was Mr. Jack Rabbit. One day Miss Bunny saw the hiring and thought very much of him, as he did of her. So the good-hearted Jack wrote Miss Bunny a note of his great love for her. But this note had to be given her in a secret way in which the parents would not see him. So one night he gave it to her between the rocks. She answered it that same day and gave it to him in their secret way. But the strict law of the parents forbade her to have anything to do with the Jack. So one day she got sick and they sent for the best doctors for her, but it was no use. She got worse every day. But as soon as the father took Mr. Jack in, her heart began to feel lighter, and soon she was well, and the great law of her parents agreed to consent that she marry Mr. Jack, and so they were married.

And the parents found out that love is stronger than death.

My Christmas Vacation

By Sophie Hebeness, Aged 10 Years, Florence, Neb., Blue.

We had two weeks' vacation from school and it was a very merry one. I will tell you what I did through my vacation. I was going home at night on the last day of school and I was very sorry that we could not go to school any longer. When I came home mamma was surprised to see me. Next day I did my work, as usual, Wednesday, or Christmas, I got sick, but Thursday I was better. Tuesday night, or Christmas eve, I hung up my stockings and went to bed. In the morning what do you think I found? Just what I wanted from Santa Claus! I found a Teddy bear that would squeal, a doll, a purse and a pencil box. In the evening some of my friends came and they gave me a set of furs for my doll. I must say I got lots of candy and nuts and oranges from good old Santa Claus.

I must also say I had a fine time, even though I was sick.

The New King and Queen

By Edith Martin, Aged 13 Years, Fairmont, Neb., Red.

It was a pleasant evening for "The Busy Bees" were in a very long line. The queen, The "Bee" had gathered from all parts of the world to Omaha, the capital of the Busy Bees. It was about half past ten when a buzzing sound came from the bushes and down flew about a dozen bees, maids or honor. They arranged pots of flowers in a queue, the maids of honor, which was placed a large blue ribbon was to be the seat of the new king and queen. Soon came the noise of wheels, and a chariot in which rode the former king and queen and surrounding them were earls, dukes, lords and courtiers. They had come early, so that they might be ready when the king and queen came. While they were waiting a buzz of bees was heard and up rode the king and queen. They dismounted and, giving a bow, walked slowly up to the throne. After the ceremony was completed the "Bees" all had a feast and the old king and queen rode home in their chariot.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor: This is my first letter to the Busy Bees, and I hope it won't go to your wastebasket. I hope it will be interesting to the Busy Bees. I am a little Omaha girl and I moved to Jersey City two months ago.

I read the Busy Bee page every week and enjoy it very much. I am 9 years old and in the third grade in school. I miss my Omaha friends very much.

We can see New York City and harbor from our dining room windows, and enjoy watching the steamers going to Europe. Some of them are very large. We can see the Statue of Liberty, too, and watch the boats sail around it. We often go over to New York City and take a ride in the subway, which is built under the ground. It is like a train and goes very fast.

We will enjoy going to the seashore in the summer, and bathing in the ocean. There are many interesting things to see here, but I love Omaha because I was born there, and I will not forget all my friends there. I wish they could all come and see me here. I must close now. I hope to be counted one of the Busy Bees. Please put me on the Red side. Your friend, EMILY ALLEN.

122 Palisade Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Tommy's Strange Party

By Annie James.

TOMMY SMITH was spending the winter with an uncle and aunt in the sunny southland. Tommy's mother and father had gone to Europe on a business trip, and had decided to let Tommy remain in his native land, thus keeping him in school without interruption.

During the first week of his parents' absence Tommy felt very lonely, indeed, and many were the hours that he longed and longed to be with papa and mamma, who were sailing on the great Atlantic ocean.

But on the second Saturday after his parents' departure Tommy was awakened early in the morning by his aunt, who said to him: "Come Thomas Henry, get up and dress quickly. I have a great and splendid surprise in store for you today. Don't ask a single question; but get into your Sunday suit and best hat and shoes and be ready for breakfast within twenty minutes for at the expiration of three-quarters of an hour we'll be starting."

"Starting where?" asked Tommy, scratching one ear and rubbing one eye to get awake.

"Now, Thomas Henry, didn't I tell you not to ask a single question?" And Tommy's Aunt Mary laughed and shook her head at the still drowsy boy. "Come, open wide your eyes, for I promise a good time is in store for you." An then Aunt Mary was gone from Tommy's room, and he could hear her bustling about in the kitchen downstairs preparing breakfast.

Tommy dashed some cold water over his face, and was soon as wide awake as he could be. Then, recalling all that his good aunt had said to him, he almost jumped into his Sunday best, taking pains to lace his shoes up very neatly, not missing a single hole.

Then downstairs he went at a bound, and was in the dining room—which was a big open porch—and was saying a cheery good morning to his jolly uncle, who was also attired in his "dress-up."

"Well, Thomas Henry," cried Uncle Joe, "Aunt Mary says there's something doing today. Can you guess what it is?"

"But I mustn't guess," declared Tommy. "Guessing would only be one form of asking questions. And Aunt Mary has told me—"

"To get to the table this minute and have breakfast," said Aunt Mary, bustling into the room with the tray of coffee, toast and eggs. "Come, no time to lose. We've got to leave this house at 8:30. It's almost 8 now."

There was no time wasted in conversation after this bit of information, for Uncle Joe, as well as Tommy, loved a day's outing and a surprise. So they made away with the food as quickly as good manners would allow of.

Just as the clock was striking the half hour past eight, Aunt Mary led Uncle Joe and Tommy down the street towards the railway station.

"Well, I eat my hat if we're not in for a little trip to the city," said Uncle Joe, nudging Tommy and winking.

Aunt Mary said never a word, but taking three bits of pasteboard from her pocket-book, she held them up for Uncle Joe's and Tommy's inspection, and marched them through the waiting room of the railroad station straight to the train platform.

"It's an excursion, you see," she at last spoke, "and we must jump on the minute

the train draws in, for the seats will be snapped up like hot cakes."

In another minute Aunt Mary, Uncle Joe and Tommy were hustling for seats in the train, which had hardly stopped before they made their entrance into it.

"See whiz, I call that a scramble!" said Uncle Joe, as soon as the three of them secured two good seats, which they turned together.

Tommy's mouth was spread from ear to ear, for if there was anything he really enjoyed above all other pleasures it was riding on a railroad train.

"Well, I'll bet my best boots that there's a big surprise waiting at the other end," said Uncle Joe, beaming on Tommy. "And how does this strike you, son? About as good as a ride on the old Atlantic, being so gaisak that even the thought of water makes you turn your boots inside out!"

"This is great," said Tommy, looking at the flying landscape.

"And it will be greater," declared Uncle Joe.

And Uncle Joe was right. As soon as the train pulled into the city station Aunt Mary said to Uncle Joe and Tommy, pointing to a great billboard that faced the train: "What'd you think of going to see the circus this afternoon, eh?"

"The circus?" cried Tommy. "Why, I didn't know they ever had circuses in the winter time, Aunt Mary."

"Of course, we have 'em down here during the months you northerners call winter," laughed Aunt Mary.

But there was no time spent in idle talk. The train started for the circus, and took her guests to a restaurant, where they had a fine dinner of fried chicken and sweet potatoes. Tommy ate so much that he declared he'd not want another bite that day.

"Wait till after the circus," warned Uncle Joe, warningly.

After dinner they repaired at once to the circus grounds, where was assembled the greatest crowd Tommy had ever seen. Two o'clock found the three through with all the side shows and ready for the big tent. As they passed through the menagerie tent toward the circus tent Tommy was deeply impressed with the strange animals that were crowded about in cages.

"Oh! let's stop an' see them!" he cried, all enthusiasm.

"We'll do that after the circus," explained Aunt Mary. "As we come out we'll go round the menagerie tent."

It was Tommy's first circus, and he had never enjoyed anything so much in all his life.

But even while the exciting circus performance was going on Tommy's eyes became heavy and he felt that unless he should do something to drive away sleep he would certainly succumb. He had gotten up unusually early that morning, and the ride and the abundant dinner had combined to make him drowsy. He put his head against Aunt Mary's shoulder and closed his eyes, deciding to steal a bit of a nap.

But he hadn't napped long when of a sudden the clown led the circus ring and came up to the row of seats where Tommy sat. "Come with me, kid," he whispered in Tommy's ear. "I'm going to give you a real party in the big kitchen tent."

"Now, to the gayest party that ever was seen," said the clown, dancing and frisking ahead, lead Tommy to a great outside tent which they entered hand in hand.

And it was surely a great party. There were assembled all the curious animals that Tommy had seen in the menagerie tent. But now they were uncaged, and

Hully gee, but we'll have a gay time! Say nothing of this to anyone, but creep softly down and follow me. We'll return before time for the circus to close."

"But I want to see the menagerie," said Tommy in a whisper to the clown.

"It will be there to the last monk," declared the clown. "You just come with me and see. Why, the party I'll give you will make you turn double-bottom-sets, you'll laugh so hard."

Tommy slipped from the side of Aunt Mary and as the good lady was so busy watching the Japanese jugglers she had no eyes for anything else. Down beneath the high seats Tommy jumped and made his way under them to a curtained exit through which he had seen the clown disappear. And there on the other side the curtain stood the funny fellow, waiting for Tommy.

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