How Some Omaha Busy Bees Welcome This Page

HE BUSY BEE editor has been much pleased the last week by receiving a number of Easter cards and souvenirs from the boys and girls who contribute to our page. Thank you, Busy Bees.

The editor has also been pleased to meet several of the Busy Bees of late, who have come to her office to call. Three of the girls from out of town have called and two boys from Omaha.

Both prize stories and honorary mention went to the Blue team this week, Louise Raabe of Omaha winning the first, William Cullen of Omaha the second and Mildred Jones of North Loup, honorary mention.

The Post Card exchange now includes the following Busy Bees:

The Post Card exchange now includ Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb. Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. Anna Nellson, Lexington, Neb. Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb. Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb. Claire Roth, 905 West Kochig, Grand Island, Neb, Mae Grunks, West Point, Neb. Elnie Stastny, Wilber, Neb. Kathryne Mellor, Malvern, Ia. Ethel Muiholland P. O. box 71, Malvern Ia. Milton Solzer, Nebraska City, Neb. Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb. Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb. Eleaner Mellor, Malvern, Ia. Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Is. Earl Perkins, Redölugton, Neb. Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb. Emma Carrathers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.

treet, Omaha.

Ada Morria, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha.
Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.
Emma Kestal, 1818 O street, South Omaha.
Florance Fattijohn, Long Fine, Neb.
Etiksi 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 DeLong, Ainsworth, Neb.
Mildred Robertson, Mandila, Ia.
Louise Reeds, 5000 North Nineteenth ave-

Louise Reeds, 5000 North Nineteenth avenue, Omana.
Gail Howard, 5722 Capitel avenue, Omaha.
Edna Behling, York, Neb.
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, 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,

maha.
Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Huida Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.
Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.
Alloe Grassmeyer, 1545 C strees, Lincoln, Neb.

Juanita Innes, 2709 Fort street, Omaha. Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg,



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
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 200 words.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

(First Prize) The Easter Rabbit

Louise Ranbe, Aged 12 Years, 2009 North Nineteenth Avenue, Omaha. Blue. One morning the Easter rabbit came out of his den to take a walk. He thought there was something peculiar in the air, it made him feel so glad he leaped for joy. The grass was beginning to turn green and even little violets were peeping out their heads. The brook no longer had on his coat of ice, it hubbled and splashed over the rocks, glad to be free and sure enough there was Mrs. Hen, "gluck, gluck, gluck," calling ber little ones. The rabbit began to run. "I hope I wont be late," said he as he went into the purson's house to ask him when Easter Sunday was. The purson said it was just two weeks more. The Easter rabbit was kept very busy now. He went to the farm yards and told all the hens to lay as many eggs as possible so the children would have enough for

He also went to the confectioners and ordered candy rabbits and chocolate eggs. Mrs. Easter Rabbit was to color the eggs She sent her youngsters to the drug store to get some dye, beautiful bright colors,

Saturday before Easter everything was ready. On Easter morning very early the rabbit started on his rounds. He went to the good children and brought each die some colored eggs and if one was extra good he put in a candy rabbit or chocolate egg. What fun they had when they got up and found their eggs. Sometimes they had to hunt a long time before they found

> (Second Prise.) Albert's Voyage

William Cullen, Aged 10 Years, 2212 Webster One evening Albert was sitting in an armchair reading one of Anderson's fairy tales, when he was suddenly startled by seeing a little dwarf dancing about on the "Who are you?" said Albert.

"Who am I?" said the dwarf. "Why, I am friends, anyway. the fairy of story book land and I am going to take you on a long journey with me. Don't you remember your wish yesterday when you were reading Neddle's Voyage? You said you wished to go on a long trip like he did and so I will take you now." Albert's book fell from his hand and his only thought was about the trip. First the dwarf changed Albert into a fairy about his own size and the two went hand in hand over the mendows. Presently they came to the banks of a beautiful river and here there was a lovely boat watting to carry them across.

The dwarf took him, over to the palace and introducing him to the king and queen of story book land and Albert was greatly pleased. So were the king and queen who had never before seen a human being. Albert was just getting into the boat once more to come home when he opened his eyes and there he found he had been asleep in the armshair and that his trip was only a dream.

> (Honorary Mention.) The Morning Ride

By Mildred F. Jones, Aged 14 Years, North Loup, Neb. Blue. "Oh, mamma! may I go and take Helen riding in my pony cart?" cried Muriel one bright morning, "Yes, dear," said her mamma, and Muriel darted away to tell the coachman she wanted her pony

She started off and had not gone far when her attention was arrested by a littie girl sitting on a porch. She was a pale-faced little girl and her mamma was trying to make her comfortable.

Helen don't know I am coming and I

think I will take this girl riding," said She drove up the driveway and jumped

"Can't you take a little ride with me this morning?" said Muriel to Frances, for this was her name. Frances' face lit up joyfully. "Do you

mean it?" she cried. "Certainly," said Muriel. "Mamma, may I go?" cried Frances, "Yes, dear, and I hope it will do you good, for you have been so pale since you Now I shall have a fine dinner."

Were sick," she replied.

The mouse saw that he was can

looked brighter. been sick and since she was better, as mouse with his red Sunday coat. she was the only child she got very "Perhaps he will taste better," he lonesome. 'Every morning afterwards thought, "Very well, Mr. Mouse," he said, be great friends. Before very many weeks Frances was well and strong again.

A Thrilling Experience

Hazel Tillery, Aged 13 Years, 105 Pearl Street, Council Bluffs, Ia. There was once three men who lived in New York. They were talking of going on a voyage for the summer. So they got their clothes and meals and went down to buy a ship. So they bid their relatives and friends goodbye and started on their voyage,

They sailed and sailed until they came to a little town. One of the men said someone should go and get some food, and so one of the men got off and went to get some food. When he come back he found that his companions were gone and saw them sailing away. There he was-friendless, homeless and lost.

As he was looking around he saw some people near the shore and so he ran and behind some vines around the porch When they got to the shore one of the girls got out and went up towards the hut. She was very pretty, As she stepped near where he was hiding he grabbed her hand; she jumped and screamed. He said, "I won't hurt I am friendless and homeless." you. She said for that "You shall marry me." He agreed and they were married. night they slept in the forest; that night she told him not to look around.

The next morning he saw a new house and barn standing there. He asked her how it happened. She smiled and said, "I don't know." She told him to come and go over to her

home. They both went, and when her father saw him he threw a pickage at him. He jumped and missed it. She told him not to look around until they got some chickens, gresse and cows and horses. falling. That was the present her father gave together. He said the men were not his

Bill's Experience

By Ruby G. Denny, Aged 12 Years, Casper, Wyo. Blue. Bill was a tenderfoot. That was the name they gave him when he came out west. He had lived in New York all of his life till he heard about the big profits made by sheep out west, had bought a band and had come out here to live,

The other sheep herders' faces were sunburnt and swarthy; their hands were hard and calloused. They were rough and rude and phawed tobacco and smoked. Bill's face was not tanned, and his hands were as soft and delicate as a woman's. He did not chew tobacco, though he did smoke an occasional eigar.

Bo they called him "The Tenderfoot," and Bill, though his name was William Harper, One night while a lot of sheep herders and Bill were in a saloen, a man came in and said that he had a bronco that needed breaking. Soon they were all out chasing around the corral, and after much kicking and snorting and bucking the bronco was finally secured, hobbled and saddled Then came up the question of who should ride him. At last Bill was chosen. They helped him up in the saddle. Then began a series of bucking. Away went the hurse and its rider; over stumps, rocks, tree branches and other things, while poor Bil clung to the saddle hern in an agens of

At last the horse threw him to the ground, and finding itself free of its rider bounded off to the other end of the corral. The men came running up to where Bill lay and after helping him up took him home. It was found that one arm had

been broken by the fall. A doctor was sent for, who dressed the wound. Bill has been over his broken arm nov for a long time. In the meantime he learned to bust broncos. Indeed, he is the champion bronco-buster of his state. Instead of "Tenderfoot" he is Bronco Bill.

The Wise Old Mouse

South Twenty-fourth Avenue, Omaha. A wise old mouse went on tiptoe into the kitchen to see if Jane had swept up all the crumbs. There to his surprise he met Buzz, the cat. "Oho," cried the cat, "this is lucky!

The mouse saw that he was caught, so Muriel and Frances went into the coun- he said, "Thank you, Mr. Buzz, but if I try where everything was green, and am to dine with you, I should like to Muriel noticed that her friend's face first put on my red Sunday coat. My old gray jacket is not nice enough." Then Frances told her how she had amused the cat. He had never seen the

when Muriel went for her daily drive she "do not be long, for I am very hungry, to go in the country and visit for the . Helen and Kate were very bad little girls.

wise old mouse did not come back. tord. It is this: "A mouse in a gray got it while my sister slept. jacket is sweeter than a mouse in a red

Busy Bee Family

Sunday coat."

By Eleanor Melloe, Aged 12 Years, Mai-vern, Ia. Blue. One time there lived in a little house a large family called Busy Bees. There was one little boy who was always idle, so the mother called him "Drone." was a large family and everybody had

One day when all the Busy Bees were working the mother noticed this little boy called "Drone" was idle again. she took him out in the back yard and made him chop wood while washed. "Drone" didn't like this, but he had to keep on working. Pretty soon his mother said he could stop. She said: By Mabel Prosser, Aged 9 Years, 4781 like the rest of us I will change your name and call you a 'Busy Bee.'

"Drone" didn't answer at once, but after and help you all the time, but first I want my name changed to 'Busy Bee.' so his name is one of Busy Bees now and he works better than any of

A Robin's Story

By Willie Cullen, Aged 10 Years, 3213 Wob-stre Street, Omaha. Red. One morning when I was high up in a tree a hailstorm came up and the first thing I-knew I was falling down, down to home. When he looked around he saw the ground. I thought I would never stop

The next thing I knew was that I was him. They were rich and lived happly picked up by a little boy whom the rest called Frank. He was a very small boy and he had such a kind look in his face. He carried me into the house and laid me on some cotton and I soon fell asleep. When I opened my eyes there was Frank standing over me.

I was taken such good care of that I soon got well and one bright sunny morning in April I felt myself being carried out of the house in Frank's band and when he hald out his hand he said. "Now. little bird fly to your mate." I stood on his hand and sang my sweetest farewell song and then I flew from his hand into a maple tree near his house. There I sang another song and Frank waved his little hand to me and said "Good bye." I really must say I was sorry to leave such a kind little boy, but I love to be l'rue and be with my mate. Then I flew away from the maple tree and came to my mate who

rejoiced to see me alive once more. Maybe you think I have forgotten little Frank, but I have not, for I never forget kind deeds especially this one. And when the fine weather comes and I will build my fittle home I will select for it a nice place up in Frank's maple tree and there I will sing for him every day until I am tired. No I shall mover forget Frank for he has shown his love for me by saving my life.

Harvey, the Newsboy

By Myrl Taylor, Aged 13 Years, Ninth and Colfax Streets, Blair, Neb. Blue One day as Harvey was selling newspapers upon the streets, a kind-looking gentleman came up to him and said, "How many papers have you sold?"

Harvey answered, "twenty-three, and I would like to sell the two I have left, so I could take hime to mother 50 cents. Would you buy them?" "Yes," said the

with a light heart, having sold his papers. sister, As he trudged onward, he met Tony, the Marie said: "Oh, let us have a tea party. bootblack. Harvey told him the story of Mary will give us some cake and fruit with the money. Tony wanted Harvey to dishes." take him and go to the show, and after- Then they got the cake and fruit and wards get an oyster supper. Harvey began to eat. thought he would like to, but something in and gave him a job in his office He is now a young man and often While they were washing the dishes thought how it all came about. His mother Rover looked as if he would like to help, said, "All by being honest, my son."

Sunday Afternoon By Mildred Roberts, Aged 13 Years, Manila, Ia. Red.

One Sunday mamma made up her mind By Lena Francis, Aged 18 Years, Dallas, Tex. Blue. The mouse lost no time, but at once About 10 o'clock they came after her.

popped into his hole. The cat waited all She was ready, so they started immediday, softly singing to himeself, but the ately, taking my youngest brother with them. My sister and I were left to Since then there is a new proverb in cat get dinner, so I started the dinner and

When dinner was ready I called my two brothers. They came. After they had eaten their dinner they again went out of doors to play.

We did the work, paying no attention to the boys. When the work was done I was ready to go to the Junior league when the telephone rang. I answered it; it was my mother, saying that the boys had walked out there, it being only one and a half miles. I told her to send them home and I would start out and meet them, but they wouldn't come home. about 6 p. m. mamma came home with the boys. Supper was ready. They ate their suppor in a hurry and rushed to

The Wild Busy Bees

When we lived in the wood we used to see lots of been; not Blue bees or Red bees, but just black and brown bees, with awhile he said: "Well, I think I will try stripes around them and awful sharp toe nails. One day papa found a big hollow tree. He said it was a bee tree and he The mother said she would change it, got the ax and out it down. When it fell it broke open and the honey ran out. We tried to get it, but the bees got busy and we all got busy trying to get away, but never disobeyed their parents again. the bees were faster than we were and they paid us for breaking up their home and taking their honey. I guess I like the Blue and Red bees best. I am a Red bee By Ruth Manning, Aged is Years, Wessingnow, I was red when I got away from the ton Springs, S. D. Blue. other bees.

A Happy Day

By Frances Bollands, Aged Il Years, 2115 Sherman Avenue, Omahs, Neb. Blue. One day Marie was sitting on the wide windowsill reading. All at once her mother called her. Sh put down her book and ran and asked her

mother what she wanted. "I want you to go out and play with "All right, mother," said Marie.

She went out in the yard and found

Illustrated Rebus



gentleman; "the smallest change I have Ruth asleep, so she took a straw and prepare the breakfast, which they did. It is \$2, but I can trust you with it, for I can tickled her neck. Ruth woke up and tried was yellow pollen. This little boy came tell by your looks that you are honest." to brush it off, for she thought it was a every day to watch this fairy house. After Harvey took the money and walked home fly. Then she looked up and saw her while the subjects refused to wait on the

meeting the gentleman and trusting him and we can have our little table and palace, and this swelled the king and queen

Woods."

GROUP PHOTOGRAPHED EASTER SUNDAY MORNING.

his heart seemed to say, "Don't do it." At the house, gave a bound and jumped onto ended the king and queen of the apple last he said to Tony, "I won't." He went the table after the cake crumbs. The table blossom. to the office of the gentleman the next fell over with Ruth under it. Marie called day and handed him the change. The gen- Mary and they pulled Ruth out, not hurt tleman took it and handed him back \$5 a bit but laughing, while Rover stood around with a sorry face.

but they would not let him, for they knew how he would wash them.

A Forest Fire

One day their papa and mamma were going out fishing, and were to leave the little girls at home, as they had been naughty

all the morning. "I will tell you what we will do. Kate." said Helen, with a pout. "We will hide under the seat of the big wagon until we get there, and then we will run to the

Their father and mother were sitting on the seat, quite unconscious that their little girls were under the seat hardly daring to breathe. They reached the river about 10 o'clock. The girls soon had a chance to get away. They are their lunch, and hunted berries and wild flowers. They had been gone for about two hours, when Kate was startled by a cry from Helen: "The woods are on fire, Kate! Oh, what shall we do!" Kate grabbed her hand and they ran as fast as they could. The smoke was so blinding that Helen stumbled, and she fell bed for fear my father would scold them, into a dark cave, pulling Kate with her. They reached the bottom sere in body and spirit. Kate dragged Helen to the farther end of the cave, and they lay there, hardly daring to breathe. The trees were burning through and falling in the cave, when all of a sudden there came a flash of lightning and a peal of thunder and it began to pour down rain. The girls cried for joy. about fifteen minutes the whole forest was clear of smoke and fire. And on looking up the girls eaw their mother and father were looking at them.

This taught the little girls a lesson; they

The Little Heroine

Juanita Jones, the pretty 10-year-old daughter of Widow Jones, was trudging along the mountain ratiroad, which curved in and out between the forest-covered hills and the steep preciplees.

Juanita was thinking how she could earn ome money for her poor mother, who could harely make a living, when she was startled by the sight of a badly broken

'And it's train coming in five minutes," exclaimed she; "what can be done?" Then, quick as a flush, she sat down and pulled off her shoes and tossed them aside. She then took off her red stockings and ran around the next bend. The train was in sight! Juanita excitedly

waved her red stockings until her arms ached, and the train stopped. "Why did you stop me?" growled the engineer. "Come Juanita led the way to the "God bless you, little one. You have

saved us all from an awful death. What is your name?" 'Juanita Jones," came promptly from Juanita, wondering why the passengers

were wiping their eyes so. "But I've got to get on to the coal house," and off she ran. One passenger stopped her. "I have two little ones at home, dear, and if I had been killed what would they have done?" She thrust ber hand in her purse and drew out a ten-dollar bill and placed it in Juanita's hand. "Oh, thank you," cried Juanita and ran off joyfully.

The Apple Blossom

By Nellie Peterson, Aged 12 Years, 2725 thought it very fine. Chicago Street, Omaha. Red. He concluded that h on an orchard farm went out to rest under

They snatched all the pollen food in the

Just as they finished Rover ran out of the two apples and ate them all. Thus

The Birthday Present

moved on the outshirts of the city in a family and always will be. beautiful home. One morning during summer Ladale was playing with her dolls, when her mother By Velma King, Aged 12 Years, 2624 Fort called her. Street, Omaha. Blue.

she knew she must hurry home, and help horses and two mules. One day he hitched her, her birthday being on the next day. She ran along the path until she met her father who had walked a ways to meet

"What has my little girl been doing this morning?" asked her papa. "Papa, I've been playing with my dolls all merning, but now I am going home to

help mamma," answered Ladale. "Wait and come with me." said

"I see the little lamb," cried Ladale. "I wish I might have it." That night she went to bed. In morning she was awakened by two light

kisses that fell on her cheek. "Happy birthday," called mamma and pape. "go into the yard and see what is there for you." She returned, and guess what she had

The little lamb that she had wanted so badly.

How Mary Saved the Children

When the day before Christmas came Mrs. Stanford told the children that she He was only 7 years of age. He was sellwas going to the city to get Santa Claus ing The Omaha Sunday Bee. He saw a the presents for the children. They lived out near a woods which contained many wild animals.

Dinner and suppor were eaten and after paper?" supper, Mary said, lets play "hide the thimble." The game was played for about an hour, when they heard something outside. Thinking that it was their parents, they ran to the door and saw a big grizzly. With a shrick they ran into the house and locked the doors, the pounded the door with all his force, but the door was a strong oak. "Oh, what shall we do!" cried Alfa, the

oldest girl. I don't-" "Oh, don't you remember papa's gun. will get it and shoot the bear. Now open the door a little,"

Harry pulled the trigger and bang! roared the gun. The bear rolled over and pawed the air with its feet in agonies of death. When the parents came home and learned of the bear Mr. Stanford said: "Harry, you are a brave boy."

The next day Mr. Stanford went to town

Disobedience By Dorothy Sheldon, Aged 11 Years, 2213 By Ruth Temple, Aged 10 Years, Lexington, Nicholas Street, Omaha. Neb. Bine. Come Mary, said Mrs. Gray, come try on

your new dress. In a minute, said Mary. It was half an hour yet Mary didn't come to try on her dross. Mrs. Gray went downstairs and in half an hour came upstairs to read a little while. When Mary came in and said, now, mother, I'll try on my dress. No, dear, it is too late now. I gave it to a poor girl going by. It just fitted her. Next time remember to come when you are called.

Frank's Circus By Helen Wilkinson, Aged 10 Years, Hebron, Neb. Red. Frank was a very clever little boy. He their things," was at the Easter Brother's show and

He concluded that he would have a show a Shetland pony, some pigeons and a tur- it was time for the party, but no invitation.

Inside this palabe was a king and queen key. He was determined to have these. Just then the door bell rang and she found pistil, who ordered the royal subjects to Now, said he, where shall I get my a note with the words "Revenge to sweet."

tickets. I don't think papa will care. When my tickets are fixed I shall set to work on my signs. Circus day came and with it came the rain. So he postponed if till next day, which was a very bright day. He had a very successful circus and he said when I grow up I mean to are a real circus and travel around the world with it.

The Kittens By Ardyce Cummings, Aged ? Years, Box 225, Kearney, Neb. Red.

One morning Wayne came running in and said he had found some kittens in the barn. We all ran out to see them and there in the old manger were six baby kittens, four gray like their mother, two black and white, like a tiger. One day Wayne was carrying them all when he heard he could take a ride with grandpa and ran to put them away. When near the barn he dropped one of the black and white ones and stepped on it, and it died in two or three hours. So we only had five cats left. Grandpa did not like the mother cat because she caught the birds. So once when my auntie came down she took the mother and two of the gray kittens. The black and white one was the wisest cat. We named him Tiger. Our dog bit one of the gray ones on the nose, so we named him Red Nose and the other kitty Gray. We loaned Tiger to a neighbor one day and never eaw him again. Kitty Gray was fond of meat and she ate so much she has fits, and sometimes she would get sick and not eat anything for two or three days. We cannot find her any place and think she is dead.

Captain

By Archie Hurford, Aged 9 Years, Norfolk, Neb. Red. Captain was an old war horse, very in-

telligent. I will tell you about him. His master was Captain James Dundee He was very kind to him, and the old horse loved his master very much. The old horse was in many wars. He once was taken across the sea to be in a war. The men put two big straps under his body and hooked them to a derrick on the ship. They hoisted him onto the ship. They put him with other horses in a dark room in the hold. It was so small they didn't king and queen. This brought them to have room in the night to lie comfortably. It was a long journey; the fleet started at New York bay. The morning of the last charge, and the men were waiting for the more and more till at last they became red order of the awful day. The bugle blew and larger than a child's ball. Soon this and the men got on their horses and little boy who rested under the tree picked waited for Captain's master to say "Charge." He said "Charge," and away they went past the enemy's field guns, It was an awful day. Just as they were going back over the slippery field a cannon ball whizzed past. Captain heard his master By Helen Johnson, Aged 13 Years, 416 South
Seventeenth Street, Lincoln, Neb. Red.

Ladale was a bright eyed child of 9, well known flag. Captain is now an old
horse past any work. He is in a kind with brown curly locks. Her father had horse, past any work. He is in a kind

Runaways

"Ladale, you must come now dear, and Once there lived a man named Mr. Black get ready to take papa's lunch to him." who resided on a farm twenty miles west obey her mamma for of Washington, D. C. Mr. Black had two up his horses and his mules to his two wagons. Then when he and his little boy, named John, were ready to go to Washington Mr. Black took the leading wagon and John took the last one, and they started out for their twenty-mile ride, When they reached Washington they went directly to their aunt's and then they unloaded their wagons and Mr. Black went down town to the retail stores and bought what he needed and on his way back to his aunt's be had a runaway. It did not break the wagon or anything. This was the second runaway in the same week. When he got back to his aunt's he said good-bye and then John and he went home. One other day the horses and mules got loose and ran off. One always follows the other and Dick, one of the mules, always leads. Mr. Black did not know that his horses and mules were loose and at night when he went to feed them no horses nor mules were there. Mr. Black advertised them, but he never found them.

How Fred Found His Home

By Milton Selzer, Aged 15 Years, Ne- Mae Hammond, Aged 10 Years, O'Neill, brasks City, Nob. Red. Neb. Blue. Fred was a poor boy, selling newspapers. rich man walking down the street and asked him if he wanted to buy a paper, He asked him "What is the name of your

"The Omaha Sunday Bee." "I will take one." He gave him a quarter and said he might keep the change. "What is your name, my toy?" "My name is Fred Brown."

"Why, that is my name," said Mr. bear Brown. Why, you look something ilke the boy that was taken away from me some years ago. Who are you living with?" "I am living with Jack." 'Who is Jack?"

"Jack is a mean man and he said he stole me from a rich man and that I would never get back any more." "Ah, I believe you are my son. Come with me and we will get the police after Jack."

They found a policeman and they ar-Jack and he was sent prison for five years, but he escaped and was shot while at work robbing a house. and brought home a nice, shining rifle for Fred lived happy with his father and

> Jennie's Revenge Jennie Irwin came home from school with a pout on her pretty face. Mamma looked

from her sewing and said: "What is the matter now?" "Nothing; only Mary Pratt is going to have a party and she didn't invite ma,"
"She den't need to if she don't want to," said mamma.

"Well, I guess she told me perhaps she would if her mamma would let her, and now she's got some friends from the city, and she said as my new dress was not finished she wasn't going to invite ma."

said mamma. Jonnie's birthday came at last. Mary's city friends were still there. Mary expected to be invited and told them about Once upon a time a little boy who lived all by himself. He took one long pole the fine things Jennie said they were going for the center of his tent. He then took to have. She even went so far as to have an old apple ires. He thought he heard six longer poles and fastened them to a new dress made. (Her mother wasn't voices and he did. He heard a clear voice the fence. Then he put canvas over them, home.) The night for the party came say come let us build the palace, he Now where shall I get my animals? said at last, but Mary hadn't received any instared breathlessly and soon saw a green he. He had a black crow and Tom Jenks vitation and she was beginning to feel foundation upon which pink and white had a goat and a parrot. His cousin had anxious, but said nothing. The time went-

"I don't think it is very nice of her, but I wouldn't want to go if she has friends from the city, for you would be jealous of