

# BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

JUST four more weeks for the present king and queen, and the Busy Bees must choose new rulers for the three months beginning June 1. The queen writes that she is very much pleased the way the Blue side is working. The king is trying to make up for the way some of the Red side have been idling by writing a lot of good stories himself, but the Red side must help him. A mistake was made last week. In some way the story written by the king of the Red side was marked "Blue," but it will be credited to the Red side.

The prizes were awarded this week to Helen Hollway, aged 12 years, of Nebraska City, on the Blue side, and to Miriam Devries, aged 12 years, of Fremont, Neb., on the Red side, and honorable mention to Anna Nielson, also aged 12 years, of Lexington, Neb., on the Blue side.

The correct answer for the Easter Sunday illustrated rebuses was: "Easter Sunday, warm and bright, came April 19, and the boys and girls went to church when the bell rang." Correct answers were sent in by Letha Larkin, Norfolk, Neb.; Helen Weeden, Omaha; Hester E. Rut, Octavia, Neb., and Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb.

More new names have come in for the Post Card Exchange for the Busy Bees. The list now includes:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| Hester Rut, Octavia, Neb.                                     | Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb.                         |
| Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.                            | Aha Wilken, Waco, Neb.                             |
| Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.                          | Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.                      |
| Anna Nielson, Lexington, Neb.                                 | Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.                      |
| William Merwin, Butler City, Neb.                             | Jean DeLong, Alinsworth, Neb.                      |
| Claire Roth, 602 West Fourth, Grand Island, Neb.              | Mildred Robertson, Moxley, Ia.                     |
| Ma Crunkle, West Point, Neb.                                  | Louise Reed, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.  |
| Elsie Siatry, Wilcox, Neb.                                    | 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha.                        |
| Kathryn Mellor, Matver, Ia.                                   | Edna Behling, York, Neb.                           |
| Milton Seiden, P. O. box 71, Malvern Ia.                      | Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.                      |
| Estelle Seiden, Nebraska City, Neb.                           | Louis Hahn, Davis City, Neb.                       |
| Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.                           | Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.                       |
| Edwina Kretz, Lexington, Neb.                                 | Pay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb. |
| Edwina Kretz, Lexington, Neb.                                 | Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.                         |
| Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.                                  | Maurice Johnson, 167 Locust street, Omaha.         |
| Earl Perkins, Redding, Neb.                                   | Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.                     |
| Emma Margaret, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb. | Faulline Parks, York, Neb.                         |
| Emma Carrithers, 211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.        | Louise Hahn, Davis City, Neb.                      |
| Ada Morris, 324 Franklin street, Omaha.                       | Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.                      |
| Clara Miller, Utoha, Neb.                                     | Edna Egan, Stanton, Neb.                           |
| Emma Kozal, 105 G street, South Omaha.                        | Alice Grassmeyer, 125 C street, Lincoln, Neb.      |
| Florence Pettijohn, Long Pine, Neb.                           | Juanita Innes, 2709 Port street, Omaha.            |
| Edith Reed, Fremont, Neb.                                     | Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.           |
| Margie L. DeWitt, Neb.  |  |
| Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.                             |  |



## A Brave Dog

By Helen Hollway, Aged 12 Years, 26 Fourth Terrace, Nebraska City, Neb. Blue.

"Oh, dear, who will take father's dinner today?"

"I will," said Nancy. "I will go, too," said Little Tim.

Frisk, the dog, would have said, "I will, too," but he barked and wagged his tail instead.

Nancy and Tim's father was a wood-cutter and his work was a long way from home, and the children always took his dinner. They started off through the woods and soon came to the little creek, but it had swollen so with the recent rains that it was far wider than usual.

The children did not know what to do at once. But Nancy said, "I have it," and she took off her shoes and stockings and put them in the basket. She intended taking Tim on her back to the other side, and then came back after the basket, so she put the basket on a big stone and started across. They had gone just a few steps when the basket rolled off the stone into the water. "Oh, the dinner!" cried Nancy. But Frisk knew what to do. He ran and caught the basket in his mouth and swam shore with it.

When Nancy and Tim reached the shore Nancy said: "Oh, you good, good doggie! You have saved papa's dinner." They soon reached their papa's little log house. He said, when they came up to him: "Well, did you come to bring papa's dinner, too, Little Tim?"

## A Brave Girl

By Helen Goodrich, Aged 13 Years, 4012 Nicholas Street, Omaha, Neb. Red.

"Will you be good if I leave you alone?" asked Mrs. Lowell of her two children, Elizabeth and Loraine, who were only 4 and 5 years of age.

"Yes, mother," replied the little girls, for they were glad of the special treat to be alone and do just as they wished.

Mrs. Lowell then went away, leaving the children playing in the nursery. She had a lighted match had fallen among a pile of old clothes, so she had to go and sit with a sick friend and had no one to leave with the children.

As soon as she was gone Elizabeth, who was the oldest, said: "Mother said we could either play here or in the attic. Where do you want to play?"

"Oh, let us play in attic," lisped little Loraine. "All right," and they ran up to the attic and amused themselves for a time by playing house.

Soon Elizabeth, who was looking on the shelves of a small box and opened it found it contained matches. "Oh, look at the pity light," said Loraine when her sister lit a match. "Do it again."

So Elizabeth lit several and then proposed to play hide and seek among the boxes and trunks. She had not noticed that a lighted match had fallen among a pile of old clothes, so she was very much surprised to soon find the attic full of blazing flames.

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried the frightened girls. Mildred Eyanston, a girl of 14, who was on her way to the grocery store, was the first to see the flames and with- out a thought for herself rushed up the stairs, threw off her coat, wrapped it around the two girls, ran down stairs and was out of doors in a shorter time than it takes to tell it. The fire wagon soon arrived and part of the house was saved. Mildred was rewarded for her bravery by \$50. She did not like to take it, but did because they were so poor and her mother was an invalid.

## The Rabbit and the Violet

By Catherine McNamara, Aged 10 Years, 2125 Military street, Omaha, Neb. Red.

There was once a little violet that grew at the top of a hill. Every day a little girl called Lucille, would go out to look for violets. One day she went out to look for them and found a rabbit in one of the violet beds. Lucille, not knowing what it was, put her hand upon it and carried it to her mother. Her mother told her it was a rabbit and that she must put it back where she found it. That night her father told her that he had seen a nest full of the violet beds.

A few days after Lucille saw the mamma rabbit taking care of a time to a nest under the porch. When the little rabbits were learning to run she found one under a rose bush and another under a lilac bush, but she did not touch them. She would go and see if they were safe each day before she left her mother for school. She came home one day and ran to see

## 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 250 words.
  4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Give 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 BEE.

and then went down the street a ways, where he met some boys who were playing marbles. He got down on his knees and started to play. But, oh! how he did kick and scuff around till all our nice shins was all off. That night when he came home we felt as though we were almost worn out.

## Spring Day in Town

They fainted away and knew nothing more till morning. Her son was at her bedside, for she had taken cold and was sick for many days.

The preceding night she did not only save the lives of many unknown people, but the life of her beloved son, who was the joy and light of her life, for her husband had died when he was a little boy, and he was the only real friend that she had.

When the people whose lives she saved heard that she lived in a poorly built house they said let us build her a new house in town and get the boy a good position in some store, for she has saved our lives, which are dearer to us than all the gold and silver in the world.

The plans were carried out and were highly appreciated.

## What Makes Character?

By Alice Temple, Aged 9 Years, Lexington, Neb. Blue.

Edwin and Erwin Shaw were twins, but entirely unlike each other. Now, I want to tell you how they grew up. When they were 8 years old they were in the fourth grade. The teacher was going to give a prize of \$5 to the best arithmetic worker. Erwin studied and worked every night for one hour, while Edwin played. At last the day came. Erwin had his problems neatly written on a sheet of clean paper. Soon it was time for school, so they started off.

Edwin had not a problem and did not know how to work them. When they came to the school house Erwin went in, while Edwin stayed out to play marbles.

Soon it was time to go in and Edwin hadn't his problems, and as the teacher was to take them up in a few minutes, he did not know what to do. At last he thought of something—the answers were in his book. So he quickly got it and his paper and pencil out and copied the answers. When the teacher took up the papers Edwin's was the only one correct, so he got the prize.

But he had cheated. After school they were going along when each of them found a purse with \$25 in each. Edwin at once bought \$10 worth of things he wanted. Erwin kept his. Soon two girls came running along and one of them asked, "Have you seen two purses with \$25 in each of them?" Erwin said "yes," and gave them his. Then they asked Edwin and he said, "no." Then they asked Edwin and he said, "no."

Soon it was found out that Edwin had the purse and he was fined \$10 and sent to the reform school for six months. Then it was found that he was a liar and a thief. When he came back he did not get his work, but copied all he did get and played.

So he grew up to be a cheat and a dishonest man, who never worked a day in his life, honest, studious and truthful man, beloved by all.

## The Fire

By Aleda Bennett, Aged 10 Years, Elgin, Neb. Blue.

One day Mr. Brown and Mr. Kay were talking about fire. Just then they heard the fire bell. Mr. Brown ran out and saw that Mr. Hall's house was on fire.

Mr. Brown's wife and baby had gone to stay with Grace Hall, because her father and mother were away. Mr. Brown ran down to the fire and heard his wife's call for help.

He ran in the house, caught his wife and baby in his arms and ran out through the fire. Mrs. Brown's hair was singed a little, but that was all she was hurt.

## Little Girl that Got Her Wish

By Margaret Matthews, Aged 8 Years, 228 California Street, Red.

Once there were two little girls. One was a good little girl and one was a bad little girl. The girl that was good was named Edith; the one that was bad was called Polly. One afternoon Edith was walking in the woods when she saw a fairy. She went to the fairy and bowed to her. The fairy looked up and said, "what do you wish?" Edith said, "do you really mean to let me have a wish?" The fairy said, "yes." Edith said, "Oh, I wish that I could be a fairy." "All right," said the fairy. The little girl went home that night feeling very happy. She told Polly what had happened. Polly went for a walk the next day thinking she could be a fairy, too. When she came to the place there was no fairy. She went home and was good ever after.

## The Dandelion

By Theresa Donnelly, Aged 13 Years, Council Bluffs, Ia. Red.

One bright summer day little Flossie was playing out of doors in the bright sunshine. She picked up a dandelion ball and blew it—twice, three times. Its little plumes fluttered around in the air. Then she ran into the room where her grandmother was and said: "Grandma, the good dandelions are all gone; tell me why flowers never die."

"Did you see where they went, my dear?" said the old woman.

"Why of course I did; they went on the cloud."

"Yes, my dear, they are lovely fairies now and send their blessing to you." Flossie went out glad to hear what her grandma told her.

them, but the mamma rabbit had disappeared and the next day when she went to see them she found one of the little rabbits dead. The next day she found another dead and the next day a third one was dead. The old mamma rabbit had never again appeared after it had run away from her babies.

When Lucille went to bed she felt very sad to think that the old rabbit had run away from her babies.

## Ernest's Lesson

By Gladys Scott, Aged 13 Years, Burwell, Neb. Blue.

Ernest was a little boy 10 years old. He lived in a beautiful house near the edge of the city. He never liked to help his mother. One day Ernest was upstairs making a kite. He and some other little boys were going to fly it. There was just wind enough to make it fly good. Ernest's mother called him, but there came no answer. Ernest was busy and he just thought that his mother wanted him to get a pail of water or a bucket of coal, so he did not go. About an hour later when he came downstairs with his kite, she told him that his uncle had been there.

They lived two sisters, one 10 years old and the other 12.

About noon their uncle came. Their father was away and their mother was preparing dinner. She said that they might entertain him. The eldest got her book and read while her sister entertained her uncle very nicely. After a while her uncle called her. Then he took two rings out of his pocket and gave her one of them. "This is for your sister when she learns to act like you."

There once lived in a little cottage a small family.

## Our Pet Kittens

By Angeline Reece, Aged 10 Years, Ashland, Neb. Red.

One day we found a very small kitten in the hay. It never grew to be very large.

But he had cheated. After school they were going along when each of them found a purse with \$25 in each. Edwin at once bought \$10 worth of things he wanted. Erwin kept his. Soon two girls came running along and one of them asked, "Have you seen two purses with \$25 in each of them?" Erwin said "yes," and gave them his. Then they asked Edwin and he said, "no." Then they asked Edwin and he said, "no."

Soon it was found out that Edwin had the purse and he was fined \$10 and sent to the reform school for six months. Then it was found that he was a liar and a thief. When he came back he did not get his work, but copied all he did get and played.

So he grew up to be a cheat and a dishonest man, who never worked a day in his life, honest, studious and truthful man, beloved by all.

The plans were carried out and were highly appreciated.

When the people whose lives she saved heard that she lived in a poorly built house they said let us build her a new house in town and get the boy a good position in some store, for she has saved our lives, which are dearer to us than all the gold and silver in the world.

The preceding night she did not only save the lives of many unknown people, but the life of her beloved son, who was the joy and light of her life, for her husband had died when he was a little boy, and he was the only real friend that she had.

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## When Pussy Piggin Was Rescued

By Maud Walker.

THE story which is about to be related happened many, many years ago in the far west. That is to say, the scene of action was at that time called the far west, for it belonged to that region of country west of the Mississippi river, but east of the Rocky mountains.

And in that far-away land there were at the time of my story no railroads, such as honeycombed the country now, and there were no large cities, either. The towns were few and far between, and roving bands of Indians wandered here and there, sometimes becoming very hostile toward the white men who were encroaching on their territory more and more, and driving them from their hunting grounds.

And the "white settlers," as the frontiersmen were called, traveled from the more civilized states to the new country "out west" in big covered wagons that were drawn by oxen or mules, horses seldom answering the purpose of drawing the heavy burdens, for their strength and endurance were not adequate for the travel.

One fine spring day a white-canvassed wagon was seen going over the prairie road leading toward the setting sun. Inside this wagon, and on the front seat, sat a man and a woman. The man held the lines which guided a pair of well built mules that were trotting along as if the burden of the wagon—household goods piled high inside it, and the human beings on top it—all—were of no consequence.

As the mules trotted along the woman on the front seat would occasionally turn to someone inside the wagon behind her and say: "Now, Nannie, stop that bawling. You know well enough that we couldn't go all the way back—eight or ten miles—just to get a cat. There's plenty of plenty cats whurr whurr a-goin' to, mind that. Never yet seen a place whurr white folks lived that there wasn't plenty o' squalls cats."

"But it ain't any ole cat 'at I want," came a mournful little voice from the depths of the wagon, away inside under the canvas cover. "I want Pussey-Piggin." "Ah, she ain't no puss, she's another voice from inside the wagon, a boy's brusque voice. "I'd be glad to be shed o' her if 'twas me."

"I want Pussey-Piggin," wailed the little voice, which was plainly that of a little girl.

"Well, ef you'd a-sassed her after we'd just started, we'd a-sassed her for her," said the man on the front seat, who was another than the father of the voices from the inside of the wagon. And the woman beside him on the seat was his wife, and mother of the little ones tucked away inside. "But we can't go back now, as we're a good piece from thar now."

"Ah, yonder's a house!" cried the boy's voice, and a dirty little masculine hand was thrust from beneath the side of the wagon cover, pointing toward a little frame shack that stood like a dot on the prairie. Then the faces of the two children might be seen peeping from under the wagon cover, interested in anything that spoke of animal or human life on that prairie where there was such a dearth of it.

But even as she peeped at the lone settler's shack the little girl kept on crying softly and murmuring every few minutes: "I want my Pussey-Piggin."

"I reckon we'd better stop that 'an' water the mules an' fix our own shack," said the man, meaning by "water" the frame shack. And within a little while the moving wagon had pulled up in front of the "settler's" shack and the driver had called out: "Hello, thar!" But as no response came from the inside of the shack, the man in the wagon got down from his seat and went to the pine board door and pushed it open. The place was deserted and moved away, having "pulled up stakes" and moved away. Soon the movers were inside the shack, the woman setting some cold victuals—the man mess box in the wagon—upon an old pine box table which remained in the shack. During the noon hour, while the mules ate their dinner and rested, Nannie—the little girl from the wagon—sat very silent, meditating about ready for the start. Nannie began to cry and scream vigorously, holding her little stomach and doubling up. "Oh, my stomach!" she wailed. "My stomach!"

"Now, what can be the matter?" And the anxious mother came to her at once. But in spite of her gentle soliloquy Nannie kept on bawling and crying very loudly. "Oh, my stomach!" she wailed. "My stomach!"

At this point the father came into the shack. He became much alarmed at seeing his little girl in such distress. To go on with her in this condition was not to be

thought of, and the parents fell to doctoring the child as well as they could without consciousness of any kind. "If only we had hot water," said the mother. "I seen smoke raisin' over the hill yonder a while ago," said the father. "Maybe there's some settlers over thar. I'll git on one of the mules an' ride over an' see if I can git some sticks for a fire. It's good five miles to the next creek whurr we'll be able to get wood."

And so the father rode over the hill—a mile away—and returned with a few sticks of green cottonwood with which he made a little campfire in the yard. And soon there was some hot water in the coffee pot, which was given to Nannie to drink, some of it being used to dip clothes in to lay over the badly behaving stomach. But in vain! Still did Nannie bend double and weep, declaring: "I can't git in the wagon till tomorrow, ma, I jest can't. I'm too sick. Can't we stay here all night?"

And so the afternoon passed away with Nannie still complaining, the cramps in the "stummick" apparently no better. And the parents were too much alarmed about her to try to push on that day, and decided to remain in the deserted shack till the following morning, when, if the child was able, they would pursue their journey. That night, soon after they had partaken of their supper, Nannie surprised them all by saying: "The stummickache is gone, an' I can eat some buoon and bread, ma." And you may better believe the father, mother and Sam were delighted that he had recovered from her very painful sickness of the entire afternoon. So she was given a good supper and then told to go to sleep. The parents had brought the bedding from the wagon and had made up beds on the floor.

As Nannie lay very quietly, eyes tightly closed, her mother, thinking she was asleep, whispered to Sam to go to bed and make no noise during the process. Then she and the father soon crept quietly into their bed and were soon slumbering soundly.

## Second Prize

By Miriam Devries, Aged 12 Years, Fremont, Neb. Red.

"I will wear that dress," said Helen, angrily.

"No, dear," replied her mother, softly, "but do hurry."

After Helen had put on her dress she was so angry that she spit herself by eating no breakfast.

"Come kiss me, and be a good girl," said her mother.

"I won't; I look like a scarecrow," was her answer.

"Very well, you needn't," replied her mother.

Helen went out feeling very discontented. She had taken her dinner to school today and didn't get home till 4 o'clock.

Arriving home everything looked dismal. The doctor's rig was out by the gate and a nurse came out and bade her be quiet.

"Your mamma is very sick, dear, and you cannot see her," she explained.

Helen went to her own room and burying her head in the pillows she sobbed as though her heart would break. "Just think I wouldn't kiss her," she sobbed to herself.

It was nearly two weeks before she could see her mother, but then she covered her with kisses and never again went away without kissing her.

## Honorable Mention

The Story of the Shoe

By Anna Nielson, Aged 12 Years, Lexington, Neb. Blue.

"I was lying in a box with my mate, high up on a shelf in a shoe store, when one day a poorly dressed woman came in and asked for a pair of cheap shoes, size 2. He took the box from the shelf in which we were lying, and showed us to the woman. She said something to the man. He then went to the counter and wrapped us up. The woman went out and walked up a dirty street till she came to a little house. She went in and laid us on a table and went on with work.

After we had laid there a while a dirty boy came in with a shoe-blackening box over his shoulder. The woman told him to put the shoes on. He took the shoes and jerked them upon his feet. He laced us up

intending to inquire of her, should she be awake, how she was feeling after a good night's rest. But to his astonishment, he saw an empty bed. He spoke to his wife and she, still drowsy, declared that Nannie had just gone out to look about and would probably come in within a few minutes.

The father, mother and Sam were soon up and dressed and Sam went out to call his sister, while his father went to feed the mules. They made an early start on their journey. Can you imagine the wonder of them all when they failed to find Nannie and discovered the absence of one of the mules?

"Oh, it must have been some prowling Indiana!" wailed the poor, distressed mother. "They must have crept in while we slept and stole away our darlin' child! Oh, what can we do? What can we do?"

"Say, ma," said Sam, after a few moments' thought, and while his father was bristling the other mule preparatory to striding to the nearest town to give the alarm, "if but his horse goes back after Pussey-Piggin. She said yesterday, while we was in the wagon, that she meant to steal away at night an' take one of the mules an' ride back for Pussey-Piggin. I bet that's whurr she's gone."

And so it dawned upon the parents, too, that their little girl had gone on a dangerous trip over a lonely prairie road, beset by Indians and wolves, to fetch her pet cat. Hurriedly the father mounted the remaining mule and rode off toward the old place they had left on the previous day. After a few minutes all were together and the mother, after clasping lovingly the little hand of her daughter, said: "Why, child, how could you do such a thing? And you was so sick all after-



## A Brave Dog

By Helen Hollway, Aged 12 Years, 26 Fourth Terrace, Nebraska City, Neb. Blue.

"Oh, dear, who will take father's dinner today?"

"I will," said Nancy. "I will go, too," said Little Tim.

Frisk, the dog, would have said, "I will, too," but he barked and wagged his tail instead.

Nancy and Tim's father was a wood-cutter and his work was a long way from home, and the children always took his dinner. They started off through the woods and soon came to the little creek, but it had swollen so with the recent rains that it was far wider than usual.

The children did not know what to do at once. But Nancy said, "I have it," and she took off her shoes and stockings and put them in the basket. She intended taking Tim on her back to the other side, and then came back after the basket, so she put the basket on a big stone and started across. They had gone just a few steps when the basket rolled off the stone into the water. "Oh, the dinner!" cried Nancy. But Frisk knew what to do. He ran and caught the basket in his mouth and swam shore with it.

When Nancy and Tim reached the shore Nancy said: "Oh, you good, good doggie! You have saved papa's dinner." They soon reached their papa's little log house. He said, when they came up to him: "Well, did you come to bring papa's dinner, too, Little Tim?"

## A Brave Girl

By Helen Goodrich, Aged 13 Years, 4012 Nicholas Street, Omaha, Neb. Red.

"Will you be good if I leave you alone?" asked Mrs. Lowell of her two children,