HITTLEBEES I WINDER OWN

UST 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 Holliway, 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 rebus 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. Rutt, Octavia, Neb., and Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb.

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

When Pussy Piggin Was Rescued

And in that far-away land there were five miles to the next crick whur we'll be

towns were few and far between, and of green cottonwood with which he made

roving bands of Indians wandered here a little campfire in the yard. And soon

and there, sometimes becoming very hos- there was some hot water in the coffee

tile toward the white men who were en- pot, which was given to Nannie to drink,

creaching on their territory more and more, some of it being used to dip clothes in to

and driving them from their hunting lay over the badly behaving stomach. But

tiersmen were called, traveled from the till tomorrer, ma, I jest can't. I'm too sick.

"out west" in big covered wagons that And so the afternoon passed away with

were drawn by oxen or mules, horses sel- Nannie still complaining, the cramps in

dom answering the purpose of drawing the the "stummick" apparently no better. And

heavy burdens, for their strength and en- the parents were too much alarmed about

durance were not adequate for the travel. her to try to push on that day, and de-

leading toward the setting sun. Inside was able, they would pursue their journey.

this wagon, and on the front seat, sat a That night, soon after they had par-

which guided a pair of well built mules that them all by saying: "The stummickache

were trotting along as if the burden of the is goned, an' I can eat some bacon and

wagon-household goods piled high inside bread, ma.' And you may better believe

the front seat would occasionally turn to she was given a good supper and then told

say: "Now, Nannie, stop that bawling, the bedding from the wagon and had made

go all the way back-eight or ten miles- As Nannie lay very quietly, eyes tightly

just to git a cat. There'll be plenty o' closed, her mother, thinking she was asleep,

cats whur we're a-goin' to, mind that, whispered to Sam to go to bed and make

Never yet seen a place whur white folks no noise during the process. Then she and

lived that there wan't plenty o' squalin' the father soon crept quietly into their

came a mournful little voice from the half an hour, and Nannie felt sure that she

depths of the wagon, away inside under could creep out of bed without disturbing

"Au, she ain't no punktns," came another softly from the shack, drawing the door

voice from inside the wagon, a boy's shut after her. Then she flew toward

brusque voice. "I'd be glad to be shed o' the mules that were tethered to grass near

"I want Pussy-Piggin," wailed the little Nannie, leading the larger of the mules

voice, which was plainly that of a little toward the wagon. There she found the

wife, and mother of the little ones tucked pallet bed where Nannie had been lying,

said the man on the front sent, who was down the road toward the east.

"Well, of you'd a-missed her after we'd bit between old Ginger's teeth. In another

You know well enough that we couldn't up beds on the floor,

"But it ain't any ole cat 'at I want,"

the canvas cover. "I want Pussy-Piggin."

just started we'd a-gone back fer her,"

none other than the father of the voices

from the toside of the wagon, And the

woman heside him on the seat was his

away inside. "But we can't go back 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

But even as she peoped at the lone

"settler's" shack the little girl kept en

"I reckon we'd better stop thar an' water

the mules an' fix our own snack," said the

man, meaning by "thar" the frame shack.

And within a little while the moving wagon

had pulled up in front of the "settler's"

from the 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. Nan-

nis-the little girl from the wagon-sat

bit, and just as everything was about ready

for the start, Nannie began to cry and

acream vigorously, holding to her little

the anxious mother came to her at once.

But in spite of her gentle solicitude Nannie kept on bending double and crying very

At this point the father came into the

ing his little girl in such distress. To go on

became much alarmed at sec-

loudly, "Oh, my stum-mick!"

crying softly and murmuring every few

minutes; "I want my Pussy-Piggin."

there was such a dearth of it.

we're a good piece from thar now."

more civilized states to the new country Can't we stay here all night?"

And the "white settlers," as the fron- weep, declaring: "I can't git in the wagon no breakfast.

at the time of my story no railroads- able to git wood."

such as honeycomb the country now, and

Hester Ruit, Octavia, Neb.
Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.
Claire Roth, 605 West Koenig, Grand Island, Neb.

And, Neb.

Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
Elsie Stastny, Wilber, Neb.
Kathryne Mellor, Maivern Ia.
Ethel Mulholland, P. O. box 71, Maivern Ia.
Ethel Mulholland, P. O. box 71, Maivern Ia.
Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Edythe Kreltz, Lexington, Neb.
Eleanor Mellor, Maivern, Ia.
Ruth Robertson, Manilia, Ia.
Earl Perkina, Reddington, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avanue, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Carrathers, Ell North Twenty-fifth Street, Omaha.

reet, 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. Daviels, Ord, Neb. Irene Reynolds, Little Sloux, Ia.

Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb.
Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Falis City, Neb.
Jean DeLong, Ainsworth, Neb.
Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Louise Reeds, 2009 North Nineteenth ave-

Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha. Edna Behling, York, Neb. Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. Louis Hahn, David City, Neb. 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 Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.

Pay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Frelt was far wider than usual. The children did not know what to do at once. mont, Neb.
Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.
Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street,

maha.
Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.
Edna Enis, Stanton. Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln,

Neb.
Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, the dinner," cried Nancy. But Frisk knew what to do. He ran and caught the basket

HE story which is about to be re- thought of, and the parents fell to doc- little Tim?"

Mississippi river, but east of the Rocky one of the mules an' ride over an' see if ought to have a share of it."

I can git some sticks for a fire. It's good

And so the father rode over the hill-a

One fine spring day a white-canvased cided to remain in the deserted shack till She had taken her dinner to school today

man and a woman. The man held the lines taken of their supper, Nannie surprised a nurse came out and bade her be quiet.

bed and were soon slumbering soundly.

After the house had been slient for about

the sleepers, she got up and went ever so

the house. "Ah, I'll ride on Ginger," said

bridle and after some difficulty had the

minute she was astride his back, riding off

wagon was seen going over the prairie road the following morning, when, if the child and didn't get home till 4 o'clock.

lated happened many, many toring the child as well as they could

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS By Helen Holliway, Aged 12 Years, 206 Fourth Terrace, Nebraska City, Neb. Blue.

jiilleFolks

(First Prize.)

A Brave Dog

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

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

Frisk, the dog, would have said, "I will,

too," but he barked and wagged his tail

Nancy's and Tim's father was a wood-

cutter and his work was a long way from

Nancy said: "Oh, you good, good doggie!

You have saved papa's dinner." They

soon reached their papa's little log house.

(Second Prize.)

Helen's Lesson

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

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

Helen went out feeling very discontented.

Arriving home everything looked dismal.

The doctor's rig was out by the gate and

"Your mamma is very sick, dear, and you

Helen went to her own room and burying

with kisses and never again went away

(Honorable Mention.)

The Story of the Shoe

table and went on with some work.

cannot see her." she explained.

without kissing her.

"I will

her mother.

her answer.

mother.

"but do hurry."

angetly.

said little Tim.

instead.

 Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
 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. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. First and second prises of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT. Omaha Bee.

dren did not know what to do at once. and then went down the street a ways. But Nancy said, "I have it," and she took where he met some boys who were playing off her shoes and stockings and put them marbles. He got down on his knees and in the basket. She intended taking Tim on started to play. But, oh! how he did kick her back to the other side, and then come and scuff around till all our nice shine was: back after the basket, so she put the basket all off. That night when he came home on a big stone and started across. They we felt as though we were almost worn had gone just a few steps when the basket

A Brave Girl

in his mouth and swam ashore with it. By Helen Goodrich, Aged 13 Years, 4010 When Nancy and Tim reached the shore Nicholas Street, Omaha, Neb. Red. When Nancy and Tim reached the shore "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.

He said, when they came up to him: "Well, "Yes, mother," replied the little girls, for did you come to bring papa's dinner, too, they were glad of the especial treat to be alone and do just as they wished. They told him how Frisk had saved the

Mrs. Lowell then went away, leaving the years ago in the far west, without conveniences of any kind. "If dinner. Mr. Wills (the children's father) children playing in the nursery. She hated That is to say, the scene only we had not water," said the mother, said that Frisk was a brave dog, and when to leave them alone, but she had to go and of action was at that time "I seen smoke raisin" over the hill yon- he had finished his dinner he gave the resit with a sick friend and had no one to called the far west, for it be- der a while ago," said the father. "Maybe mains to Frisk. He said: "You are a good leave with the children.

was a that region of country west of the there's some settlers over thar. I'll git on dog, you have saved my dinner and you 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 p'ay in attic," lisped little

Loraine. there were no large cities, either. The mile away-and returned with a few sticks By Miriam Devries, Aged 12 Years, Fre-"All right," and they ran up to the atticand amused themselves for a time by play-

wear that dress," said Helen, ing house. Soon Elizabeth, who was looking on the

"No, dear," replied her mother, softly, shelves, espied a small box and opening it found it contained matches. "Oh, look at the pity light," said Loraine when her sis-After Helen had put on her dress she was in vain! Still did Nannie bend double and so angry that she spited herself by eating ter lit a match. "Do it again." So Elizabeth lit several and then pro-

"Come kiss me, and be a good girl," said posed 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 sting flames.

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried the fright-

ered girls. Mildred Evanston, a girl of 14, who was on her way to the grocery store, was the first to see the flames and smoke and without 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 ar-As the mules trotted along the woman on ful sickness of the entire afternoon. So I wouldn't kiss her," she sobbed to herself. \$50. She did not like to take it, but did be-It was nearly two weeks before she could cause they were so poor and her mother someone inside the wagon behind her and to go to sleep. The parents had brought see her mother, but then she covered her was an invalid.

The Rabbit and the Violet

By Catherine McNamara, Aged 10 Years, 1916 Military Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red. There was once a little violet that grew at the top of a hill. Every day a little girl By Anna Nielsen, Aged 12 Years, Lexing- called Lucille, would go to look for violets. One day she went out to look for them "I was lying in a box with my mate, and found a rabbit in one of the violet high up on a shelf in a shoe store, when beds. Lucille, not knowing what it was, 3. He took the box from the shelf in which rabbit and that she must put it back where hunt violets. we were lying, and showed us to the she found it. That night her father told He then went to the counter and wrapped street steps.

us up. The woman went out and walked up a dirty street till she came to a dirty rabbit taking each one at a time to'a nest back with the violets. Alice put the violittle house. She went in and laid us on a under the porch. When the little rabbits lets in a glass, and the next morning After we had laid there a while a dirty a rose bush and another under a illac bush, was pleased and asked her where she got boy came in with a shoe-blacking box over but she did not touch them. She would them. Alice said, "We picked them in the And those in the little frame house slept his shoulder. The woman told him to put go and see if they were safe each day be- woods." So Thursday night the teacher on and on, not waking till dawn. Then the the shoes on. He took the shoes and fore she left her mother for school.

another dead and the next day a third they hunted for violets again, one was dead. The old mamma rabbit had never again appeared after it had ran away from her babies.

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 his pocket and gave her one of them, "This just wind enough to make it fly good is for your sister when she learns to set 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 By Angelene Reece, Aged 10 Years, Ashshe told him that his uncle had been there. One day we found a very small kitten in

them, but the mamma rabbit had dis- brought their lunches, and when they appeared and the next day when she went were tired of walking the children and she might sell them and have the money to see them she found one of the little their teacher sat down under some shade for herself. Bertha sold her eggs and rabbits dead. The next day she found trees and ate their lunch. After lunch then took the money and bought herself

The Two Sisters

When Lucile went to bed she felt very By Helen Lemon, Aged 11 Years, Ashland, Neb. Red. There once lived in a little cottage a

small family. Here 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

Our Pet Kittens

Spring Day in Town



"PUT IT OVER."

it, and the human beings on top it all-were the father, mother and Sam were delighted her head in the pillows she sobbed as rived and wanted to take Ernest home with the hay. It never grew to be very large. that she had recovered from her very pain- though her heart would break. "Just think Mildred was rewarded for her bravery by him. "But you did not come when I called We named it Honeybunch. It seemed you," said his mother. Ernest was sorry very smart and playful, and had bright and he promised his mother after that blue eyes. We petied it so much it died. when she called he would always come. A little while after that we found five His uncle came again Monday and got other kittens and one of them looked like them asked, "Have you seen two purses Ernest. He had a delightful time and Honeybunch, so we named it Honeybunch with \$25 in each of them?" Erwin said the next week he was ready to go to the Second, but we never petted it so "yes," and gave them his. Then they asked school

> Hunting Violets By Ronald W. Robb, Aged 9 Years, Wil- By Willie Cullen, Aged 10 Years, 1212 Webber, Neb. Blue,

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Alice Brown, and her sister's name ert. One spring day he saw his father one day a poorly dressed woman came in put it in her apron and carried it to her was Ruth Brown. One day she asked her making garden and he thought he would and asked for a pair of cheap shoes, size mother. Her mother told her it was a mother if she could go with Ruth and like to make one, too. He imagined it was

woman. She said something to the man, her that he had seen a nest full by the noon Alice and Ruth started for violets. Alice took a little basket with her and a garden. His father said yes and Robert A few days after Lucile saw the mamma they were not gone long until they came set to work and planted it. Robert was were learning to run she found one under Ruth took the violets to her teacher, who said: "We will go tomorrow noon and father rose and looked toward the little ferked them upon his feet. He laced us up She came home one day and ran to see hunt for violets." The children all

"No. ma, I wasn't a bit sick. I was pre-

if we'd a-gone much further I couldn't

ps, show ma an' Sam Pussy-Piggin,"

very sleepy, though contented in its nest.

ride in the nighttime keep me from dain'

my duty to her, an' I love her like she

Whereupon the father, smiling indul-

noon, too. It was dreadful!"

on the little girl.

much and it is still living.

The Young Gardener

ster Street, Omaha. Red. There was once a little boy named Robeasy to make garden; he never thought it Her mother said she could, so that after- was hard work. So he asked his father if loved by all. he could have a small piece of ground for delighted, for he thought his work was all done when he had finished planting. He never thought there were other things to do. But he soon found out his work had just begun.

Soon his vegetables appeared above the ground, and Robert was delighted, but with them came the weeds. His father told him - to pull up the weeds, but Robert thought that was too hard work, besides they didn't hurt the garden anyway.

But soon the weeds grew so high that tendin' just to keep us from goin' on, fer Robert could hardly see his vegetables, and he got discouraged. So Robert let the gara-gone back for Pussy-Piggin. An' Pussy den go. He thought it was too hard to was so glad to see me. She just come take care of. In bed one night Robert had runnin'. She must a-bin awful lonesome a dream. Before him were two gardens 'round that place whur there wasn't a soul and he knew them at once. One was his father's and the other one his. His father's "But, child, don't you know it was wicked garden looked very nice. No weeds were to pretend you was sick-an' to go off that to be seen anywhere. Robert's was difa-way? Why, we was scared to death." ferent. His was covered with weeds. And the poor mother bent an injured lock Standing by his garden was a fairy named Sloth and by his father's garden stood one "I s'pose I wus wicked," admitted Nan- named Industry.

nie. "But I reckoleckt that I heard you Robert heard them talking and listened say onct that of two cylls we must choose to their conversation. Fairy Sloth asked the-the-littlest. Well, it was much Fairy Industry why his garden tooked so wickeder to leave my Pussy-Piggin thar nice. Fairy Industry said that he took alone to starve than it wus to pretend good care of his garden and pulled out all like I was sick. An' I meant to get back the words, so they had no chance to grow, before you wus awake. I didn't know it Fairy Sioth then said the weeds made no would take so long to go there. I couldn't difference.

ride very tast for old Ginger jolts so. But, Fairy Industry told Robert not to take Sloth's advice, for he was a very lazy fairy, and if the fairies had to live off of gently at his kind-hearted little daughter, what Sloth raised in his garden they surely took from the breast of his coat a thry would starve. Robert believed this even if it was a

blue-eyed, fuzzy kitten that sat blinking at the light and stretching its mouth as if dream, and the next day he weeded his garden. He took good care of it every day since and now it looks as good as his "You see, ma," said Nannie, "Pussy-Piggin is an orphan an' I'm her stepma, so father's. I couldn't let a little fib an' a dangerous

Bertha's Chain

A true story.

Bertha and Lydia Herrick lived in the country with their mother and father, her grandmother was and said: "Grandma, "No, my child, I'd go to the end of the Lydia had a gold chain of which she was the good dandelions are all gone; tell me very proud. Bertha had always wanted why flowers need to die." of the cornfield and put a large stone cloud."

a gold chain. (The writer of this story is her daugh-

ter and is now wearing the chain),

A Heroine

By Emma Lyon, Aged 13 Years, Nebraska City, Neb. Blue.

It was a stormy night in the latter part of June and Mrs. Brown was coming home from her work. Suddenly she stopped with a cry of terror. The gushing water from the river below had torn the middle of the treatle away. She knew that the passenger

train was due in a short time. She hurried back and by taking a short road she soon arrived at home. She got the lantern, lighted it and was soon on her

She had a thin summer shawl around her shoulders and the rain was pelting down upon her and the lightning was flashing around her, but still she would not think of herself, she was only thinking of what a terrible thing it would be to see the train fall into the gushing and roaring water be-

Hark! She heard the shrick of the train in the distance. She hurried faster and faster, her poor limbs aching sadiv.

She soon reached the spot, the train was puffing around the corner, she waved the fantern to and fro. It being a stormy night the engineer did not see her. She was in a great state of excitement and anxiety, when suddenly the train was slowing up, and with a jerk it stopped just a few feet from the bridge.

She 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

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 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, while Erwin grew to be a fair, honest, studious and truthful man, be-

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, 2828 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, 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. Sho went home and was

The Dandelion

good ever after.

By Theresa Donnelly, Aged 12 Years, Council Bluffs, Ia. Red. One bright summer day little Flossie was playing out of doors in the bright sun-By Helen Weeden, Aged 13 Years, 2109 shine. She picked up a downy dandalion Grant Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue. ball and blew it—one, two, three times. Its little plumes fluttered around in the air. Then she ran into the room where

jar in it. Then, after gathering the oggs "Yes, my dear, they are levely fairies and put them into this jar. Very soon Flossie went out glad to hear what he she had the jar full and took them to her grandma told her.



shack and the driver had called out; from the inside of the shack, the man in awake, how she was feeling after a good the wagon got down from his sent and night's rest. But, to his astonishment, he went to the pine board door and pushed it saw an empty bed. He spoke to his wife open. The place was deserted, the "settler" and she, still drowsy, declared that Nannie having "pulled up stakes" and moved away. had just gone out to look about and would Soon the movers were inside the shack, probably come in within a few minutes: the woman setting some cold victuals

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, hoping to make an early start

very silent, meditating deeply. After a stomack and doubling up. "Oh, my stummick!" she wailed. "My stummick!" we slept and stole away our darlin' child. that their little girl had gone on a dan- the other a little form, clad in a pink cal-Oh, what can we do? What can we do?" Now, what can be the matter?" And

steal away at night an' take one of the child.

on their journey. Can you imagine the wonder of them all when they falled to find Nannie and discovered the absence of one of the mules? "Oh, it must have been some prowling Indians!" walled the poor, distressed mother. "They must have crept in while

IN ANOTHER MINUTE SHE WAS ASTRIDE HIS BACK, RIDING OFF DOWN THE ROAD TOWARD THE EAST. bet that's whur she's gone." And so it dawned upon the parents, too, over the prairie, on one a man and on you, jest because you'd got started without

gerous trip over a lonely prairie road, he- 'ico dress, which fluttered in the warm, Pussy-Piggin. She said yesterday, while the temporary camp, the former praying and the mother, after clasping lovingly the we was in the wagon, that she meant to allently for the safe return of her precious little hand of her daughter, said:

slarm, "I bet sis has gone back after day. The mother and Sam remained at After a few minutes all were together Piggin."

mules an' ride back for Pusey-Piggin. I In the middle of the afternoon the wait- thing? And you was so sick all after- Ham."

"Say, ma," said Sam, after a few mo- set by Indians and woives, to fetch her brocks. In their engerness to greet the earth for you if you'd get lost from me," ments' thought, and while his father was pet cat. Hurriedly the father mounted the returning runaway and her protector the said the mother. "And you shall not be a chain for her very own. Every night "Did you see where they went, my dear," bridling the other mule preparatory to remaining mule and rode off toward the mother and brother went down the road, seedled for this act, for I see plainly that she had to go and hunt for the eggs. One said the old woman starting to the nearest town to give the old place they had left on the previous waving their hands in welcome. We should have gone back for Pussy- day she dug a hole in the farthest end "Why of course I continued to the previous waving their hands in welcome."

was my own-jest as you love me, ma, ing weman and boy saw two mules coming An' you wouldn't leave me to starve, would

> we should have gone back for Pussy- day she dug a hole in the farthest and "Why of course I did; they went on the "Well, she'll never be left again,"

clared Nannie. "I'll watch out for her at night, she took away half of them now and send their blessing to you." "Why, child, how could you do such a jest as you an' pa watches out fer me'n