Letter from the Queen

been elected queen of the Busy Been

on the Blue side. I hope I will be

able to fill the place of queen all

will work hard and that we may have

no drones. I will send in a story as

soon as I can. I have so much school

work to do it is hard to find time, but

I will try and send in a story soon.

With best wishes, I am, one of the Busy Bees, ELEANOR MELLOR.

Malvern, In., March 1.

Dear Busy Bees

TLEBEESSTILLEROWN

N unusual number of good stories came in this week, and they were in unusually good shape, too. Some of our boys and girls have inquired why their stories do not appear. Each week brings in more letters than can be used, so they are used in turn. This makes them a little late sometimes. And then there are a great many very good stories that never get in because the rules have not been followed. It will be well for every Busy Bee who is anxious for a story on our page to be sure that story is in shape so it can be used.

Eleanor Mellor of Malvern, Ia., our new queen, writes a letter for our page this week.

The prizes were won this week by Maurice Johnson of Omaha, ex-King Bee, on the Red side; Louise Stiles of Lyons, Neb., on the Blue side, and honorable mention given to Ruth Manning of Wessington Springs, S. D., who is on the Blue side. This divides the honors pretty evenly this week.

The Busy Bee editor received a very pretty postal card from Edythe Kreitz, saying she would like to join the Postal Card exchange, and Eleanor Mellor, the new Queen, also joins this week. The list now includes: Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.: Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.; Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Ardyce H. Cummings and Grace Cummings, postoffice box 225, Kearney, Neb.; Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.; Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.; Emma Carrathers, 2211 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 Olty, Neb.; Jean De Long, Alnsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reede, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gall Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyens, 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, By Maurice Johnson, Ex-King Bee I, Aged 14 Tears, 1627 Locust Street, Omaha, Red. Fremont, Neb.; Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.; Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha; Lotta Woods, Pawne City, Neb.; Miss Pauline Parks, York Neb.; Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

How "Bricktop" Prevented a Panic By Maud Walker.



John

OR a whole month the High lain is determined to marry the "Queen and ants worked harder than ever and it school junior class had been re- of the Prairies." and makes his threat hearsing for a literary play that she shall never leave that room till most work. The fairy queen had appointed given up his money. (written by one of their class, she goes forth as his bride. As the villain commonly makes the threat, with upraised arm, the port to her at the end of a month. Edwards, called "Bricktop"), and they poor mother drops back dead and the beauwere now ready to give a productiful daughter, sobbing, throws herself tion of it in the town hall. There was a across the lifeless and beloved form.

classmates were proud of his efforts as a material used to get the effect would not playwright and were anxious to see his ignite. But as the young man in charge first literary effort tried on the boards- of the tableau light persevered there was and tried by his own talented young friends. a sudden explosion, and almost instantly possessed considerable histrionic abii- flames were seen climbing about the bits ity. Secondly, the class presenting the play of paper scenery round the stage. wished to raise some funds to go towards dozen boys and girls were about the the improvement of their gymnasium, which wings, and, seeing the danger, ran, was far from being completely equipped The parents and friends of the class had knowing what else to do. "Fire!" The helped in every way to make the enter- terrible word ran throughout the spacious tainment a grand success. The play had hall, and the people raised as one man, been appropriately costumed, and a very their faces blanching. Many men made capable director engaged to stage it. So wild attempts to stop the crowd, to reason

fort was most promising. The evening for the play's initial produc-the front seats had jumped upon the stage. Then, as suddenly, the curtain enthusiastic crowd of young folks than the had been rung down. High school class presenting it could not have been found on the earth's surface strong throughout the hall, "Stop! Be that night. Behind the scenes all was confusion, stagehands rushing here and there speak." with the bits of scenery which they were people paused and looked toward the stage. There, in front of the curtain, stood Brickadjusting for the first scene, and boys and girls, with several of the anxious mothers top, his face determined and calm. He assisting busily "making up" in their dressingrooms, which had been arranged at the audience to be seated. "There is no reason ends of the improvised stage built for the for uneasiness," he said. "We are fixing occasion.



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil 8. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words. 4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and ad-dress at the top of the first page.

First and second prizes 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.

(First Prize.) The Bees of Old

There was once a time, long, long ago, when the bees didn't have wings like they have now, and I am going to tell you how they got them.

A long time ago there were two industrious nations, the bees and the ants, who always wanted to be more industrious than the other. One day the fairy queen went to visit these countries, and she was so impressed by their industry and thrift that she said she would give a prize to the most industrious of the two, or the one who got

would have been hard to tell which did the several fairies to visit each country and re-The end of the month had come and a big banquet had been arranged, where the

double purpose in the presentation of Then the red light should have been try had won. There was silence in the fairy queen was to announce which coun- By "Bricktop's" play. First, his friends and thrown on the tableau, but somehow the great banquet hall when the queen got up to make the announcement, but a great her little daughter, Dorothy, who was buzz went up when she said that the bees curled up in a big arm chair reading a fairy had won (and not because they were more story. Dorethy obediently put her book industrious, because she said she couldn't away and went to bed. tell which was the more industrious), but

their work was better than what the ants made. But you can't guess what prize the bees

screaming, to their dressing rooms, not got, I'll bet. The queen was so pleased that she decided to give each bee a pair of wings like the fairles had, so that they could fly to the flowers to get the honey instead of crawling like they had before. the outlook for "Bricktop's" youthful ef- with it, but a panic seemed inevitable. At the first word, "Fire," a dozen men from they decided to have a queen like the fairies had, and that is why the bees always have

The bees were so pleased at this that

held a troop of wondrous folk. They were very small people, with silvery, gaugy wings and flowing green garments. They walked by twos and the first two were the king and queen of this fairy tribe. The king wore a golden crown and the queen wore a flower wreath on her glossy balr. "Today you have been so good that we

her bed. As she opened her eyes, she be

are going to grant you two wishes." said the king.

Half dazed, Dorothy wished to be always happy. seen? "Granted," said the king, waving his

wand over Dorothy's curls. Next she wished always to make others happy. "Granted," said the queen, klasing Dorothy's cheek.

"Those were such good wishes," said the king, "that you may make a visit to fairyland now." He took her hand and led her toward the door.

"Oh, thank you!" eried Dorothy. As the king touched her she became very I was very glad to see that I had

small and also had some pretty wings. Then, with the whole troop of brilliant fairies, Dorothy flew to fairyland. But the next morning Dorothy found herright. I hope that all the Bury Bees

self in her own bed. It had only been a dream. But let me tell you that Dorothy's wishes the pigeons.

came true.

The Approach of Spring By Nora A. Cullen, Aged 12 Years, 3212 Webster Street, Omaha. Blue.

One month more and beautiful spring will be here in all its glory and splendor; money" for doctor's bills. The next day then winter will lie asleep for another year. he left it with his mother, so if Ruth I saw the first sign of spring the other was worse the doctor could be summoned. day, and that was a little bird that comes When he returned at night the doctor before spring is really here. I also noticed was there. "Well, Robert! Pretty cold?" that the buds are on the trees already he said. Then he turned to Mrs. White and are ready to burst forth at nature's and said; "It's queer how if people have call.

to go out in the cold they dread it terribly, There will be great rejolcing among the but if they go out for pleasure they don't trees in the spring when all their children mind it. My son is always wanting to are restored to them. The evergreen trees go skating. Do you skate, Robert? No will not have so much rejoicing, because

I think they would fit you. You may have We will soon see the Illac bushes in them, if you wish. Mrs. White, give Ruth blossom and pussy-willows in their furry town, and that Saturday afternoon was the medicine every three hours and I will coats, but what we will welcome most of very busy. Many visitors had come and hurried into the house. call again in the morning. Good night," all is the little violet that comes springing now, as a handsome carriage rolled up to the best result for his labors. The bees and he was gone before Robert had time to up everywhere from its modest little home, the door, the orphans hastened upstairs. thank him. The skates were found to be which is sometimes a nock in an old brick The woman who step a dout was dressed By Ruth Ashby, Aged 13 Years, Fairmont, thank him. The skates were found to be which is sometimes a nock in an old brick The woman who step a dout was dressed By Ruth Ashby, Aged 13 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue. a perfect fit and Robert was glad he had or stone wall, but more often we will see handsomely, and her appearance was it peeping up between the cracks in the wealthy. The matron met her at the door

and took her into the parlor. sidewalk. "I want a girl, Mrs. Willis," she said. Everybody rejoices when spring is here, "One that can be trusted. My name is and when we see the raindrops falling in Mrs. Allen."

The next newcomer we will have will She is smart and pretty enough to be seen be little robin redbreast. He and his little anywhere." mate will go to housekeeping and they will be very busy the next few weeks getting their home in readiness. I hope the mischievous boys will not destroy the robin's

She had slept a long time when she was because the honey which was the result of awakened by the sound of a voice close to

Illustrated Rebus

wers

(Honorable Mention.)

Dorothy's Dream



Once there was a little girl named Mabel. She was a good little girl and very

came to see her. Mabel's yard was a very small one. They played nicely together do nicely." until they heard someone calling. The two little girls turned to see where it came

from. They waited until they heard it

Our Feathered Friends

SEEMS, perhaps, to some a these birds inhabit a certain corner of little act, and yet what a les- Farnam and Fifteenth streets, where every day the "peanut man" apparently enjoys son to be learned from it! Have you ever noticed how throwing popcorn and nuts to perhaps some many beautiful pigeons there of the same little "beggars" who have alare in the business district of ready been feasiing on corn at the Bee our city, and that they are as tame as any building.

chickens and more so than some I have Now let us give a thought to the thousands of busy little sparrows which have Each day at about 12:30 a very thoughtful grown so tame, for very often, had I tried, I am sure one might have been taken in person in the office of a large grain commy hand. Constantly flying over the city, pany on the third floor of the Bee building, on the east side, scatters grain along

they stop to rest on the telephone and telthe outside ledge of a window and in less estraph wires and ask themselves what they will do when wireless telegraphy is in use, than a minute many pigeons drop, as it were, from everywhere to enjoy their noon. Someone has told the following:

day meal, consisting of Nebraska's famous corn. No mater how stormy the weather these feathered friends are hiding in nooks If this wireless telegraphy proves to be We shall all have to sit on the air!" and corners of the New York Life building and the Brandels block, unseen by passers-

by, anxiously awaiting their "dinner bell," So, little girls and boys, let us give a and bothering no one, for why should they? thought to the birds, wherever we see This thoughtful person has won their con- them, for if the busy downtown people find fidence and never forgets to spend a few time to care for those down near them we moments of each busy day in caring for surely may spare a few moments to scatter crumbs for those near our homes.

Another instance is the way in which ELIZABETH B. BRADLEY.

boy asked if there was anything to do, but what-I-said," and she hung her head Mamma told him there was nothing, but as if ashamed. "You may go my dear to come in a minute. And she asked him, and mother will try to forget that part 'Are you hungry?" And he said, "Yes." and give you a good time.

So she gave him a very nice lunch and By the time Mrs. Wells (Bessle's mother) when he had finished she gave him a had finished speaking Bessle was crying basket which she had fixed up. He thanked violently.

mother and went home. When he got "Come Bessie, dinner is waiting and home his mother was very happy over the papa is calling." Bessle was the first to gift. Pretty soon the brother came home arrive the next day at the party. She won with \$2 and she had earned something her- the prize at playing flinch

After having a pleasant time they went home.

Bessle's mother and father were waltskates? Well, that's too bad. My son their children are with them all through By Dorothy Bartholomew, Aged 10 Years, a good time, dear," but all Beaste could has an extra pair which he's outgrown, the long winter. ing for her at the door. "Did you have The orphan asylum was on the edge of do was to shake her head yes. "Come there is another surprise for you," and she

Uncle Jack's Desert Isle

"Uncle Jack, tell us a story while Dorothy and Jack are here. Tell us an exciting story," begged the children.

"Well, I've got a real exciting one to tell, for it's different from the most of my stories." Uncle Jack lifted his favorite nephew, Bub, on his lap and gave him a sack of candy. "Well, here goes. When I was about 16 years old I went on a sea voyage. Our ship was wrocked near a desert island and I swam ashore. I was the only man who escaped alive and when the ship broke up a great many things were washed ashore. With an old piece of can-The maid disappeared and in about two vas I rigged up a sort of tent. So far as I minutes Edna appeared. She was tall, knew the island was uninhabited. I was about 15, and had big black eyes, black very happy to have escaped when so many of my comrades were killed. For the first "Edna, Mrs. Allen wants a girl, and I few days I was quite busy putting up my Here Mrs. Allen spoke. "I think she will beach. Then I began to have spare time to think of home. But still I was happy. "One night I was sleeping and dreaming

of home, when I awoke auddenly to find Edna went, but in her room she cried for a large black man standing over me. He

The children Hatened breathlessly.

"When I woke up and found myself sitting

The Hunt

Water, Neb. Red.

and I went hunting. We took a shotgun

and a 22-calibre rifle. We went up to some

Saturday about 9 o'clock Harvey, Phillip

"Oh, what?" Uncle Jack.

on a chair in the dining room.

April, we know we will soon see the many Ruth Manning, Aged 12 Years, Wess-ington Springs, S. D. Blue, seautiful flowers in full blossom. "Bedtime, dearie," called Mrs. Dodd to

happy little home among the branches,

By Catherine McNamara, Aged 10 Years, 1916 Military Avenue, Omaha. Red.

you have."

"Could I see her?" asked Mrs. Allen. "Certainly." Mrs. Willis touched a bell and in answer to the summons a maid appeared. "Tell Edan to come here," said Mrs. Willis.

hair and a clear white complexion. smart. One day a little girl named Lucile recommended you to her," said Mrs. Willis. tent and carrying up the things from the

self, so they all were happy.

How Edna Found a Mother.

"I would advise you to take Edna May.

"Edna go upstairs and put up what things

The house was soon crowded. Long beand indulgent.

Slowly the curtain went up; the applause echoed as the audience beheld the playgarb of "A Texas Ranger," a role quite suited to him as he was of athletic build knowing of the sickness of the poor woman them. luck to be born in Texas, the scene of his play. And so familiar was Bricktop with really interesting play around the "Lone Star" state's carly days.

After applause had subsided, and the audience were silent and attentive. Brickton's lines led the play. Other "wild men of the plains," that could "chaw skunk-skin when tobaccer was out," and "eat their cowskin boots for dinner during an Indian raid." came dashing into the "early-settler's cabin, will proceed." making a great deal of noise and saying but little.

The audience was pleased with every line, be it humorous, pathetic or commonplace, and showed their approval by generous outbursts of applause.

mayor.

only

ing.

And when the "queen of the prairies" (the favorite girl in the junior class, by name, Polly Jones) stepped upon the stage in her riding habit-which was very different to the approved style for a lady equestrian of today, the greeting she received from her auditors was deafening. Graciously and gracefully Polly bowed and smiled at the demonstrative reception she had received, for, as "leading lady" she was to share the honors of the evening with the "author-playwright," Bricktop. And then the first act drew to a close. strain mingled with the hundreds of voices in the hall. And Bricktop, peeping from a tiny hole in the drop curtain could see that his play was "a go." He knew from the happy faces of those ascembed that they appreciated the work of his past two years. And Bricktop's heart beat with the true pride that follows the ac-

complishment of a dear ideal. But he had little time to devote to "peeping," for everywhere he was needed at once. He must see to it that the scenery was set rightly; he must inspect the "principles" to note if their costumes were worn properly. The red lights which were to be thrown on the tableau that closed the second act must be looked after and final instructions given as to their use and the manner of handling them. In fact, Bricktop was his own stage manager and he was everywhere giving orders in a quick, calm voice. And then the curtain went up on the second act, a scene in a poor woman's shanty in a western town. Throughout this act tears flowed from the eyes of the audience, for the scene depicted a poor woman and her beautiful daughter-"The Queen of the Prairies"-in the deepest distress through the treachery of the villian of the play. At the close of the act the poor old mother dies on a pallet on the floor, begging the villian to spars her daughter and allow her to go to friends in another country. The vil-

"Stop!" The word rang out clear and

a queen now, and how they got their wings. Perhaps you have seen an insect something like an ant with wings; well, some of the ants were such hard workers quiet where you now stand and hear me that they got wings also. Involuntarily the panicstricken

(Second Prize.) Robert's Skates

smiled as he waved his hands for the By Louise Stiles, Aged 13 Years. Lyons,

Neb. Blue. Robert was a little newsboy whose father a prairie fire, and someone who did not was dead and whose mother was very poor. know what our artificial blazes and real Robert, his mother, and his 5-year-old fore the orchestra began its first overture smoke meant gave the foolish alarm. We sister, Ruth, lived in a tumble-down house every seat had been taken, and the general will now show you just what a real Texas in one of the suburbs of New York City. aspect of the audience was most favorable prairie fire looks like-on a small scale- Robert's one ambition outside of helpif you'll sit down there. Those in the back ing support his mother, was to own a pair of the house may pass quistly out if they of skates. He had often watched the boys feel afraid. We had meant to have the and girls skating and he did not doubt wright-Bricktop-on the stage in the prairie fire come to destroy the house, that if he could get money enough to buy and two of the brave rangers, a pair of skates he could learn how to use

for a chap of fifteen, and had had the good and the helplessness of her beautiful Finally he had been able to set aside daughter, were to have arrived in time to nearly enough money and he hoped soon take on the daughter on a third horse they to have enough to buy some skates. One the history of Texas that he had built a were leading and-and-" Hereupon Brick- Wednesday he had an especially lucky top glanced about him, peeping behind the day and he thought he could spare enough drop curtain. Then, as two or three of which, added to his other "skate money" the men from the audience came upon the would make a sum large enough to buy stage and the curtain rang up, he went on: a pair of skates.

"I guess the prairie fire has been put out. But that evening Ruth was taken sick ladies and gentlemen, and I thank you for and he cheerfully, outwardly, but rather your coolness in waiting till it blew over, reluctantly inside, gave up his "akate If you will now take your seats, the play

"And I will add this," said the town's that was the pride of his fellow citizens. acted like a lot of cowards that we'd go scenery. That can be repaired at the ing with melted stage paint. He was close tune.

then let the play go on."

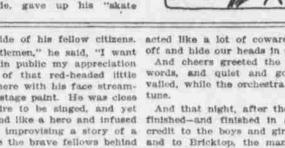
Then, as the sounds died away, with that can be put before them on such short might have been a very serious panlo. Bricktop bowing and bowing, and waving order. But, as to all of us (and the old And for a long time Bricktop-or to be his hands for quiet, an elderly gentleman gentleman waved his hands about to in- more correct, John Edwards-was not only rose in the rear of the house and spoke in dicate the audience, which had so wildly alluded to by the citizens of his town as a voice full of emotion. He was the prop- started at the first alarm), why, we ought "our boy playwright," but also as "our The curtain went down and the orchestra rietor of the town's best hotel, a hostelry to be so ashamed of ourselves for having red-headed hero."

one of the men who had dashed "Ladles and gentlemen," he said, "I want off and hide our heads in a hole." behind the scenes to help put out the to express here in public my appreciation And cheers greeted the old gentleman's blaze, "that we had a pretty stiff blaze, and admiration of that red-headed little words, and gulet and good nature pre- comb Agnes' hair. Mrs. White called but no harm has been done except to the feller standing there with his face stream. valled, while the orchestra played a merry Agnes, who was upstairs dressing her dolls. scenic artist's hospital. As for our young enough to the fire to be singed, and yet And that night, after the piny had been actor playwright here," laying his hand he held his ground like a hero and infused finished-and finished in a way that did on Bricktop's head, "he is also a hero in quiet into us by improvising a story of a credit to the boys and girls playing in it, capital letters. Please he seated and give prairie fire while the brave fellows behind and to Bricktop, the manager-the entire three cheers for our red-headed boy, the the scenes put out the flame. Now, I in- company, accompanied by many others

For several minutes the applause and come to my hotel after the performance who had presence of mind to halt a frightwild cheers of the audience were deafen- and I'll set up to them the best spread ened audience in time to prevent what



"STOP: BE QUIET WHERE YOU NOW STAND AND HEAR ME SPEAK!"



real playwright of our town, and vite him and his entire company, and all who were invited, went to the hotel, where those who helped to put out the fire, to a banquet was given in honor of the boy

again, and turning Mabel saw her mother five minutes. However, she packed up, said dragged me outside the tent, where at the window. She dropped some candy goodby and went off with Mrs. Allen. In great many more exactly like him. It was to the little girls and then went to work two months she had proven herself as fine light enough for me to see their faces and in the house.

playing house. Lucile was the baby and months Mrs. Allen adopted her. And that and began to pull me along. When I Mabel was the mother. When it came time is how Edna found a mother. for them to have dinner Mabel ate all the

candy and never gave any to her little A Boy Who Raised Chickens friend. Lucile went home early and Mabel By Willie Reinschriela, Aged 9 Years, 1710 South Tenth Street, Omaha. Blue. eat.

Mabel's mother came into the room. She ing chickens and dogs. One summer he asked her if she thought Lucile had en- raised 103 little chickens. One morning he when she did, she said she did not know. anything to Lucile. Mabel then told her church he sold them all, and gave the mother that she had eaten all the candy. money to his mamma. He was afraid some-Her mother did not say anything to her, thing would happen to the dogs the same but that evening for supper they had pud- as to his chickens; that's why he sold ding. Mabel was very fond of this kind. them. This little boy's name was Herman. By Vincent Bricks, Aged 10 Years, Weeping She said to her mother: "You have forgotten me, mother." "Oh, no, dear." said

her mother, "you see we are playing house and we are the grown folks and you are the baby."

Agnes' Habit

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

Agnes White had always been in the habit of saying "Wait a minute" when anyone called her. One morning it was nearly time for the last school bell to Mrs. White stopped her work tp ring. "Agnes," she said, "come and let me

comb your hair or you will be late to school. Agnes said, "Just wait a minute till I

get my other dolly fixed." Mrs. White waited a minute longer and then said, "Agnes, the last bell is going to ring, so come and let me comb your hair or you'll be late."

Agnes said, "in just a minute." In a minute the tardy bell rang and

Agnes was just ready for school. That morning she was tardy. After school was out that morning her

mother said, "Aren't you ashamed to be late?"

She said she was and said she would never say "Wait a minute" again.

Amelia's Penny

By Lillian Wiri, Aged 9 Years, 4158 Cass Street, Omaha, Blue,

One day Amelia went to the store with a penny that her mother had given her. She was going to buy a little piece of candy with it. When she got to the store she put her hand in her pocket to get the penny. It was gone! As she was walking slowly home she saw a penny lying on the aldewalk. She picked it up and looked at it. It was hers! She remembered just a certain little spot on it. Then she went home and told her mother about losing and finding the penny.

The Poor

By Lanore Allen, Aged II Years, 497 North Thirtieth Street, Omaha. Red.

In the little town of Minonk there was a poor family. The father had died and left four children, two boys and two gitls. The girls helped their mother at home and the boys used to go out and work. no errands, bring in the coal and all sorts of things like that. Some times the boys would get S a day apiece, but very zeldom. Most always 75 cents or \$1 or something like

One day one of the boys came to our house. Mamma went to the door and the

as Mrs. Allen could wish. In six months I knew in a moment they were cannibals, It happened that Mabel and Lucile were she was loved by the whole house. In ten A man much larger than the rest took me

> reached their homes I found another Amerlsan. He told me the largest man was Chief Parlweski and he intended to have a slew made of us. "By and by they came and dragged us

to a kettle. A man stood over us with a I know a boy who was very fond of raishuge knife. He started to cut off my leg. when-"

joyed herself. Mabel did not answer, got up and found all of them dead. Then he raised three little dogs. One Sunday Mabel's mother thought that she looked morning he had them all tied to one rope. doubtful, so she asked her if she had done and when the people were coming from

"But come, children, it's past bedtime now, and here's Bub asleep on my lap."

Bessie's Lesson

By Eleanor Robbins, Aged 10 Years, Twelfth Street and First Avenue, Red.

rocks, where there was a lot of rabbit Besaie was lying on the rug looking in burrows and we saw one up there once the fire. and got one there at another time, but we "Oh, dear, this is the stupidest old day, didn't get anything, so we went on until nothing happening at all." Her mother we came to where a dog had scared a coming into the room heard her remark and said, "be patient my dear child, some- rabbit in under a long burrow and we

couldn't get it out, so as we were going on we saw a rabbit going over a hill and the snow was so deep we couldn't get did not have time to shoot, so that was

When we got home mamma asked us where our game was. We told her it was in the weeds.

When we were eating supper mamma said, "There goes a rabbit, but he knows your gun isn't loaded." We went out and shot it and had it for Sunday dinner.

A Night Among the Pines

By Willie Reinscheiber, Aged 9 Years, 1710 South Tenth Street, Omaha. Red.

We went out camping in a grove of pines. We were all tired from the walk and were glad when evening came so we could go to bed. In the early morning about 3 o'clock my friend and I awoke and were very thirsty. There was a small spring a few yards away, so I stepped out to get a drink. The sllver stars in the heavens sparkled like diamonds. All around me the black and green firpoints stood upright and stook still and cast long, narrow shadows. My donkey was munching the grass, the only sound except the murmur of the brook, which sounded like the birds in the distance. The sky was of a beautiful blue and white color. When I had seen everything. I went back to my tent and fell asleep and dreamed about the sights among the pines.

Susie's New Year's Surprise By Charlotte Robb, Aged 3 Years, Lexing-ton, Neb. Blue.

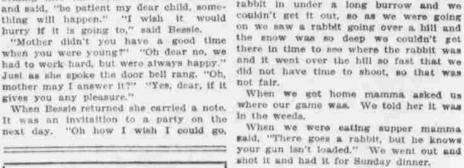
"A happy new year to Susle!" Papa and mamma both caught up their darling and kissed her fondly. "Tank'oo'," said Susie, smiling beneath her sunbonnet. "Same to'oo'." "And may every day bring her new joys," said her papa. "Here's a nice present to begin the new year with." And papa opened a closet and drew outwhat do you think? A sled Susie did not loss a minute in trying her present. She went out of doors, pulling her aled with her. It was Junuary and the snow was just hard enough to make sledding pleasant. Up and down the street she went, and the fresh, bright air made her checks so red and her eyes so bright that everybedg said, "How sweet little Susle looks"

At base ball he's a pitcher. And a dandy one, at that, Or, he is equilly as fine When put behind the bat.

But when he's in the schoolroom ¹⁴ He's no good at all; And boys just half his splendid size Can make him look quite small.

Ho'd better take this warning And get to work at once. Or soon the time will surely come When he'll be called Tom Dunca.

If Tom could do his lessons Well as he does his play. There's no mistake hut what he'd be A wondrous man some day.









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