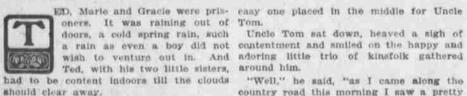
TILEBEESNIBEROWK

HE Busy Bees are doing splendid work. The Queen Bee and the King Bee are working hard, and their subjects are following the good example. The stories sent in this week are good and nearly everybody remembered the rules. The only mistakes were some of the children forgot to say their stories were original and some did not write whether they were on the Blue or the Red side. Some of the new Busy Bees are writing very interesting stories and we are glad to welcome them to the big Hive.

The prizes this week are awarded to Irene McCoy of Barneston, Neb., on the Blue side, and second to Emma Marquardt of Norfolk, Neb., also on the Blue side. Honorable mention is given Muri Beer of Oakdale, Neb., on the

One Busy Bee writes that "the postal card exchange is the best of all." Any of the Busy Bees may exchange postal cards with any one whose name is on the following list: Elsie Stastny, Wilber, Neb.; Kathryne Mellor, Malvorn, Ia.; Ethel Mulholland, Malvern, Ia., P. O. box 71; Milton Selzer, Nebraska City; Harry Crawford, Nebraska City; Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.; Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.; Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Ardyce H. Cummings and Grace Cummings, P. O box 225, Kearney, Neb.; Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.: Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.; Emma Carrathers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha; Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha; Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.; Emma Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha; Florence Pettijohn, Long Pine, Neb.; Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.; Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.; Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.; Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.; Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean Do Long, Ainsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reeds, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle Mc-Donald, Lyons, Neb.: Louise Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.; Ruth Ashby, Fairmorit, Neb.; Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha; Lotta Woods. Pawnee City, Neb.; Pauline Parks, York, Neb.; Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundburga Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha, Margnerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.

How Bunny Lost His Tail



'We've read everything in the the rabbit lost its tall." library, and I don't like re-reading stories. One always knows just what is going to Ted's eyes rounded in astonishment. happen, you know, when reading a story for the second time."

or old woman. Bah, how I do hate a cold rain when it's good fishing season."

"Well, I wish with all my heart that Uncle Tom were here," said Marie, 12 years old and two years older than Ted. "We'd have a good time if he were here today, for he knows so many interesting stories

'Oh, yes, if Uncle Tom were only here It wouldn't matter if it poured pitchforks," cried Ted. "I'd rather be shut up in the house with Uncle Tom than be at liberty on the banks of the river-just at the best fishing place, too-on a fine sunshiny day.

Uncle Tom is so Jolly, he is." "Children," cried their mamma at this is enroute to town, where he has some im- appetizing, portant business to attend to, and that as "'Ah, true you speak," said Mr. King soon as he has transacted it he will pay Rabbit, nosing slyly the basket which fiung us a call. She says, furthermore, that if it Uncle Tom to stay with us overnight, as dal about those gray foxes and their eneshe doesn't want him to make the long ride through such a deluge." *

"Hurrah!" cried Ted, turning a handspring for very joy over the news. "Goodle!" cried Gracie, jumping about the

in the library, for Uncle Tom loves an open

Half an hour later Uncie Tom, stamping his feet on the porch floor and crying out lustily: "Open the door of the ark and let a poor, half-drowned, two-legger in!" Then, as Ted, Marie and Gracie flew to meet him, he came in laughing and shaking his raincoat for all the world as a dog shakes his furry coat when he comes out of the water.

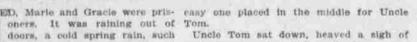
And then the children led Uncle Tom to the library, where a cheerful flame leaped toward the top of the chimney. 'We knew you would love a bright wood

blaze," explained Marie. "See, Ted built the fire, and he stacked the wood so as to make it look like a campfire.' "Ah, yes, I do love a wood blaze," said

Uncle Tom. "It always reminds me of is fitting that I beg your pardon and he supposed the fact was due to the dis--before I was reincarnated-I used to lie days that have now come to pass. And those times. 'Come, tell us of some of those interest-

chairs about the fireplace, the hig leather

By Mand Walker.



had to be content indoors till the clouds "Well," he said, "as I came along the country road this morning I saw a pretty "If only we had a good book of stories cotton-tail running for cover. It recalled to read," said Gracie, the youngest of the to mind the time, 1,000 years ago, when

"When the rabbit lost its tall?" and "Yes, for you see, a long, long, time

ago-before the incident I am about to re-"Oh, I don't want to sit down in a corner late to you happened-the rabbit had a and read," declared Ted. "I want to go fine, long tail, quite as splendld and fuil fishing, I do. Here is a whole Saturday as the tail of a fox. Well, one day the passing by and I'm kept indoors like a giri old boss rabbit of the rabbit dominion in other words, the King Rabbit-was out in the woods for a morning stroll. As he went along enjoying the fine, fresh air he fell in the company of a fox, a very pretty red fox, carrying on his arm a basket covered over with fresh grape leaves.

> "'Ah friend Fox, said Mr. King Rabbit, bowing low, waving his long bushy tail and shaking his ears, 'maybe we two are going in the same direction. If it be so, may I have the pleasure of conversation with you as we walk thither?"

" 'Certainly, neighbor Rabbit,' replied Mr. Red Fox, being a very friendly fellow. It will afford me great pleasure to chat with you as we walk along the same path. I am on my way to visit a sick fox, and am moment, putting her head in at the sit- taking a basket of dainties for him to eat, ting room door. "I just had a 'phone from You see, when one is sick one likes to have grandmamma. She says your Uncle Tom one's friends come in and fetch something

over Mr. Red Fox's arm. 'But, by the by, continues to rain for me to provail upon Friend Fox, have you heard the last scanmies, the chipmunks? Ah. you haven't? Well, let's sit us down here in the shade and rest a bit and I'll tell you all about it.' And the cunning old rabbit made it a point to sit down beside the basket, which, being very heavy, the red fox placed on the "Splendid prospects for a jolly day!" de- ground, glad of the opportunity to rest his clared Marie, a bit more calm than her arm a bit. Then, seating himself beside excited brother and enthusiastic little sister. his neighbor, the old rabbit, the red fox Now, let's build up a roaring wood biase gave himself up to the enjoyment of listening to a bit of neighborhood gossip and a few minutes rest. Old Mr. King Rabbit, sitting between the basket and its owner, could slip his paw quietly under the leaves as he talked and draw forth the dainties hidden therein and place them quietly behind him. Then, in an exciting point of his narrative, and while Mr. Red Fox was laughing till he thought he would die at : some joke the gray foxes had played upon their enemies, the chipmunks, he quietly gathered up some small stones that were cattered about the ground and slipped them in the basket beneath the leaves. Then feeling that he could wait no longer for a taste of the many dainties he had stolen from the basket, he suddenly calmed himself, stopped in the very midst of his narrative and said:

"Friend Fox, I am detaining you. It had started out with it, and added that a long way and, the day being hot, the wishing his neighbor, Mr. King Rabbit, dainties you are carrying to your sick good morning he went on his way, the in front of my campfire and dream of these friend will become heated and their flavor basket of stones over his arm. spoilt. So I beg you to be on your way, many things of interest transpired during and excuse me if I remain here to rest tion of the meal of dainties that he was ing happenings," urged Marie, drawing the feel the fatigue of walking on a warm berries, the freshest of wild bee honey, day. And allow me to say adisu as I sit the richest of grape juice, bottled, and

Spring Cleaning is in Order Now





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 ever 250 words.

Original stories or letters only be used. 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee.

(First Prize.)

Patience Brings Pleasure By Irene McCoy, Aged 11 Years, Barneston,

Neb. Blue. woods today," She began to cry bitterly, intend to write tomorrow."

"Oh! pshaw," said Ralph, "we never plan anything but what it rains,"

"The reason for old rabbit's wishing to

hidden the stolen dainties behind him,

covering them most adroitly with his big,

"The fox took up his basket, complain-

ing that it felt heavier than when he

is ready." Then they all rushed downbeautiful one.

At 4 o'clock in the morning Mrs. Grey passed through the hall and said: "Children, get dressed as quick as possible and to this one." Little Fan sat down in were soon downstairs, wondering what their mamma had for them. "We will go to the woods today," said

Mrs. Grey. 'I also have something to show you." She went straight to the barn, and there, guess what they saw. The dearest little pony and cart.

"This is Starbright, Alice's birthday present," sald Mrs. Grey. And as they went pleasure."

(Second Prize.) Jane's Prize

By Emma Marquardt, Aged 14 Years, Nor-folk, Neb. Blue. Jane had won a book as a prize from the

The old clock was just striking 5 on editor of the "children's page" in The Alice's birthday, when four little feet Omaha Bee and was showing it about to bounded out of bed. "Where is the sun?" some of her friends. "Let's read the story, said Alice in dismay. She ran up to the Jane?" asked Rose, one of her playmates, window and peeped through the glossy "that you wrote to win a prize. I wrote a white curtains. "Oh! Velma, it is raining story, too, but I was not so fortunate as and we were to have our picnic in the you, but I don't mean to give up, as I "Now, don't cry, Allce, dear, and if it Jane handed Rose the story, but in a

isn't nice this afternoon we shall have it hesitating way, as the story was not erigitomorrow." She ran to the next room, nal and it was a wrong way in which to I should do to others as I would have them who had no children of her own, looked where the twins, Ralph and Raymond, receive the book. But she only said: "No- do to me, and I never stole a flower or out of her cottage window and saw the "Boys, we can't have our picuic, as body helped me with it and you might try, anything else since that day. Mamma said snow heaped high around the house. She but I don't think you will win."

"Children," called a cheery voice, which the day before, but she did not say a word, because I knew how it felt now when any. around the house, and when Mrs. Brown they knew was their mother's, "breakfast She was delighted next Sunday to find she thing was taken from me, but I never saw how good John cleaned his walks off

she had thought out by herself and she one of her flowers."

(Honorable Mention.) Unwelcome Visitors

By Muri Beer, Aged to Years, Nebruska. City. Red.

At the edge of town lived a very poor family by the name of Nies. Their house was made of wood and half broken down. There were a lot of trees and bushes around the house and an old gate in the backyard, which opened into another yard where a lot of geese were kept.

the name of Ralph. He was 2 years old and had light hair and blue eyes. One day his mother was baking some cookles. Ralph asked for one, so his mother

Mr. and Mrs. Nies had one little boy by

gave it to him and told him to go and play, but not to go into the goose yard. Ralph always wanted to see the "goosies,

tion. He looked back, his mother was not

watching; so he went in. pond. When they saw Ralph, they ran to him. He was disoboying his mother and were trying to get his cookie, so she took

him into the house.

She did not punish him, because she thought he had been punished enough. But Ralph never went into the goose yard alone

Kate's Lesson

By Eleanor Mellor, Queen Bee, Aged 12 Years, Malvern, Ia. As Kate lay curled up in a chair reading. she all at once noticed a little white figure at the end of the room. Kate asked her what her name was and she said, "Miss By Vera Cheney, Aged 13 Years, Creigh-Stingy," "The reason I am here is because ton, Neb. Red. Stingy." "The reason I am here is because yesterday your little brother asked you for some of your candy, and you said that you hadn't enough for him.

"But if you had said, I will give it all to have been here."

Just then Miss Stingy disappeared, so that Kate would not have an excuse. When Kate's mother came home Kate told her about the little girl named Miss Stingy. Her mother said that she had been there to teach her a good lesson that she had been trying to break her of doing-not to be stingy. Kate said that she would never forget the

little girl named Miss Stingy.

One of Grandma's Stories By Nora A. Cullen, Aged 13 Years, Ex-

One afternoon when grandma was read-

ing, little Fanny climbed upon her lap stairs. The next day was a bright and and interrupted her by saying: "Grandma, please tell me a story-one that is real, not a make-up one." "All right, dear," said grandma. "Listen

grandma's lap and listened very intently to the story grandma was about to tell: "I was 5 years old then," said grandma, "and I had not started to school yet. One morning I was out playing and I took a stroll up the street. I passed by Mrs. Lake's yard, which contained many beautiful flowers. I was longing for even one blossom, but I did not like to go in the to the house Alice said, "Patience brings yard and ask the people for it, so I just went in and plucked the prettlest one I

> hand. "Mamma asked me where I got the pretty flower, and I said Mrs. Lake gave it to me. Now mamma knew that I told a lie, for she saw me steal it, but she said no

and went home with the flower in my

in our front yard, and I was very much annoyed that afternoon to see Maybelle (she was a little girl 3 years old that lived going out and taking them away from her, feeet deep. but mamma would not let me. She said Mrs. Brown, whose husband was dead and

here in the shade, for I am too weary to the daintiest of wild grain, made into cake no mercy on him, and told him there was and bring the coal into the house and chop paste with fruit juice, and started off no place for him in the camp, that so un- the wood she would give him 75 cents. So toward the bank of the creek, where he sightly an animal as a rabbit without a John set to work with his snow shovel, and

remain scated was the fact that he had might sit down and cat to his stomach's tail was not wanted in their grove and contentment. He feared to remain where meadows. he was with his stolen feast, for the fox "But old King Rabbit, so crucily hurt by might take it into his head to look into the treatment of his own brothers, decided the basket to see if all was safe therein, upon a terrible revenge. At night, when

neighbor, Mr. King Rabbit. the time a thousand year or so ago when let you continue your fourney, for it is tance he had been carrying it. Then, Once on the bank of the creek, but the time a thousand year or so ago when let you continue your fourney, for it is tance he had been carrying it. Then, Wr. King Rabbit found a nice grassy spot Every rabbit big, hitle, old, young, male "Then, chuckling with happy anticipaa bit before returning to my ewn home, so soon to enjoy, the old rabbit took up his feast, taking up the cake paste and straightway banished him from their midst.

long and deeply.

"But just as he set the bottle down, delicious draught, he cried out with aud- the world without tails." den and awful pain. Then, half leaping, haif rolling over in the grass, he walled and groaned, for he seemed to be suffering most intense agony. When at last he could cease his groaning and writhing But, look! The sun is coming out. Come, the school house when she saw James his beautiful tail; or, I should say, the place where his tall had been. But to his terrible sorrow and grief his tailthe pride of his life-was no more. In fact, it was being carried down stream the end of Mr. King Rabbit's back, thinking, no doubt, that he had found a very I see a rabbit running through the pas-

appetizing morsel of food, "But what a terrible plight old King Rabgot up and crept homeward as best he a grand old time we'll have, anyway." could, with the poor tail stub paining him till he could scarcely walk.

could no longer be their ruler. They had to be had by the wagon load.

and, beholding stones instead of food, all were fast asleep, he crept swiftly from return to the spot where he had left his one burrow to another, biting off the talls of all his kind, and when the morning "Once on the bank of the creek, old dawned a sorry sight met the rising sumoverlanging the water where he could and female-were going about tailless. And sit with his tail danging in the cooling now their former king was not alone in his stream, for he was very warm after his deformity. All rabbit-kind was bob-tailed. hurried run to the creek, carrying all And all rabbit-kind was in mourning. They the edibles at one load. He began on attributed their ill fate to their leader, and I am not so young as I used to be and the many goodies, such as the ripest licking it tastingly. Then, lifting a bot- in his unhappiness he ran and jumped into the of grape juice to his mouth, he drank the river, drowning before he could be rescued by sympathizing rabbits).

"But the tails of the rabbits never again By Alfreda Weaver, Aged 13 Years, Hersmacking his lips in enjoyment of the grew out, and all that were born came into "And is that the reason rabbits have no

tails?" asked Ted, as his Uncle Tom came to the end of the story. I'm going to take you home with me to

stop over Sunday. Then we'll investigate

the truth of the rabbit-tail story.' "Oh, it's too good a story to investigate," ture."

bit was in. Not only did he suffer agony had taken the story with "a grain of salt," of body, but agony of mind as well. He did but who had enjoyed it just the same. not finish the dainty meal he had begun "And now let's go and ask mamma's conwith such relish a few minutes before, but sent to go home with Uncle Tom. What "Yes, and I want a story of why the

chimpansoe hasn't a tail all the samey the "When he arrived in the midst of his fol- monkey, his brother," laughed Ted. lowers they all began to ridicule him. And away they all ran to ask permission laughing at his sad plight, and declaring to go home with Uncle Tom, whose home that since he had become bob-tailed he was on a jolly big farm where fun was

won her prize to an honest way. Now. On, grandmar sale pales, which do you think was the hap-never do a thing like that to anyone, be-sale (except Tom). pler of these two little girls? I think Rose cause I would want no one to do it to me. was because she won a prize, but not too That was a fine story, grandma. Be sure soon, and she carned it in an honest way. and have another one ready for me tomor-

How the Poor Were Cared For

By Marguerite Bremers, Aged 13 Years, 548 Second Clarkson, Frement, Neb. Red. Once upon a time there was a poor little girl named Majorie, whose mother and father were dead. She had no sisters or brothers. Her clothes were ragged and she had no shoes or stockings. There was another little girl named Edith, who was about the age of %. Her parents were the richest in the city. It happened that the 2d of December was her birthday. She was going to have a party of about a boys gave me a cigarette and I tried to hundred. They were all to come with their parents in the evening.

Majorie was going past this beautiful of the cabs were driving up and people were going up the steps. Majorie looked as he called them, so he went to the gate there for awhile, watching the people come. and looked in. It was too great a tempta- Oh, she thought, if I only had my parents never smoked another eigerette. living and if I only could have a dress, shoes and stockings and something to eat-The geore were just coming from the for she did not have a bite for three days.

As she sat on the sidewalk crying, half frozen and starved, a lady and child, well being punished. His mother heard him cry- dressed, who were going to this party, ing and went to him. She saw the geese picked her up and asked her what was the matter. She told them her pitiful story, This kind lady took her to the party and

had Majorio tell the rest of the people her story. Some of the people said, "I will take her home with me." But Edith said, "Oh, mamma, I want her. I have nobody to play with." So all agreed that Majorie should live with Edith in this beautiful mansion. Majorie had never thought that she would have such a nice home as this. Edith told her mother that this was the best present she had gotten or wished for.

The Four Friends

"Girls," said the professor, "the rules were that you shouldn't talk in the hall. You may go to your school room until the bell rings, then come to my room and reyou, because I've had enough, I would not cite your afternoon lessons." Four girls Edythe, Margaret, Alice and Jessie.

"Well, I'm glad of it," said Edythe. "So am I," said Jessie.

than usual" said Alice. "What if he would," said Margaret. They went to their school room. The bell

him scolding someone. "Go in and sit down," said the professor in a pleasant tone.

said Jessie.

He came back and told them to find their places in history. But he picked up a grammar and asked Edythe for the defithe afternoon passed.

Four girls walked home night. But they did not go right home. They went over to Margaret's and sat on the porch talking over what had happened next day went to a store and bought Shep that afternoon. Margaret's mother heard a collar. This was the hero's present. them talking and got a lunch ready for them. Alice was just saying, "I guess I'll have to go," when Margaret's mother came out carrying a tray with a nice little lunch.

An Honest Boy

could find. Then I walked out of the yard By Willie Cullen, Aged 19 Years, 3212 Web-One day John thought to himself: "If I could only have those skates in that window I would be so happy." But his parents were poor and they could not spare him the money to buy them.

That afternoon as he passed the shop window he was tempted to steal them, but "We had a lovely red rose bush growing when he thought of his kind father and mother, who were very honest people, he knew he would do wrong if he did so. So he hurried on his way home as it was

near me) go up to my rose bush and pick getting dark, and the snow falling fast.

that little Maybelle did not know any bet- did not know how she could go to the store Rose read the story, but it was the same ter because she was very young, and, also, that day for provisions. Now John had one she saw in her Sunday school paper she said Maybelle taught me a good lesson, his sidewalk all cleaned off and also a path she called him over to her house. She told him if he would clean off her walks when he had cleaned off the walk he then chapped the wood and brought in the coal for Mrs. Brown. When he had finished the work Mrs. Brown called John into the house and together they had a good dinner. When he was ready to leave she gave him 75 cents. John was going to spend it right away,

so away he ran as fast as his legs could carry him to the store. Here he bought the skates, which cost 75 cents. About a week after John went with some more boys to the ice pond to try his skates. When his mother heard his story she was

very glad that her boy did not yield to temptation that day he saw them in the

How Mary Earned Her Skates James and Mary were playing fox and

He got tired playing alone, so began to throw snowballs, Mary bit James very hard right in the face, which made him making a snowball. The snowball didn't hit her, but went into the window of the school house and hit the teacher, who was sitting by his desk. It made him angry and he gave Mary a good scolding. Her at that very moment by a huge turtle cried Gracie. "Don't let's question it. I brother had hid and so she took the blame that had snapped it from its place at shall always think of the old rabbit steal- and paid for the window out of her own ing the fox's basket of dainties whenever money, that she was saving to buy her some skates. It taught James a lesson which he never

"And so shall I," laughed Marie, who forgot, so he got Mary a pair of skates

Tommy's Lesson By Frances Waterman, Aged 11 Years, 546 South Twenty-fourth Ave., Omaha. Red.

Tom was 13 years old. He had just moved into the neighborhood in which he was now living. He had got acquainted with a few boys, but you may be sure he would not have played with them if he knew of their bad habits. One day he and these other boys were playing in his yard, when one

had won a prize, but her story was one thought how Ethel Lake felt when I stole of them put his hands into his pockets, pulled out a cigarette, lighted it and won her prize in an honest way. Now, "Oh, grandma!" said Fanny, "I will started smoking it. The other boys did the

"Why?

"Oh, I don't know. It might make me sick; then I never tried it," answered Tom, "Wanna try?"

Well," he thought, "Papa always says to act and be a man, and men smoke. "Yes, I will," he said, turning to the boy. So the boy gave him one. Tem puffed and puffed at it. "Oh, this is fine," he thought. But, oh! he didn't think it was fine very long. He was beginning to feel sick already. Pretty soon he made an excuse and ran into the house. He threw the

cigarette away. His mother sat there sew-

ing. "Oh, mother," he cried, "Those awful

Tom stood still, as if thinking.

smoke it, and it made me, oh, so sick." He fell helplessly on his mother's lap. "There, there," she said. "I'll call the mansion at the hour of seven, when some doctor and you'll be all right pretty soon." So she called the doctor and he said Tom. would be all right in a day or so. And he was, for the next day he was up. But he

His First and Last Slide for Life

By Willie Cullen, Aged 10 Years, 2112 Webster Street, Omaha. Red. Once there was a boy named Ralph. One afternoon he went to the Ak-Sar-Ben with his mother. He took great interest in the slide for life. When he got home and went to bed he dreamed all night of the

slide for life. The next morning he told his mother of his dream and asked her if he could make one in the back yard. She told him he could not, because he might hurt himself. His mother went down town that morning. While she was away he called over some of his playmates and together they made a slide for life. They were having great sport, when the wire broke and Ralph fell to the ground, breaking his

When his mother returned she found Ralph in bed with the doctor beside him. She did not scold him then, because she felt sorry for him, but when he felt better she called him to her and asked him if he learned a lesson of obedience. He said he did and he told her he had learned a lesson which would never be forgotten.

Shep, the Hero

"I hope he don't give us harder lessons By Walter Johnson, Aged 10 Years, 3205 Lincoln Boulevard, Omaha. Blue. Shop was a good shepherd dog that was used in the north as a food bearer. rang and they went to the professor's room. He was big and fat and knew his way But they stopped at his door. They heard all over the north. Jack was a boy, who lived in the north, too. One day he was "Just hear that. I'm afraid to go in," going to his grandmother, who lived far said Margaret. "So am I." said Alice. The off. She was very nice to him. On his door opened and the professor came out. way a blizzard came up, but he kept on going towards the way he thought she lived, but which was the opposite. Poor "I thought he'd be crosser than that," Jack got lost. He was just about frozen so he couldn't walk any longer, so he laid down. After a while he heard something. He looked up and saw a big shepherd dog coming. It was Shep. He came near nition for a verb. The girls laughed, and Jack, who was able to get up and open he, seeing his mistake, laughed, too, so the keg that Shep had and eat what was in it. Soon the blizzard was over. Jack was feeling better and soon got up and walked. Then he went home with Shen He was the son of a rich man and the

Their Mothers

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

Three little girls, tired and weary from their long ramble in the woods, aat down to rest beneath an old elm tree. It was very pleasant there on the fresh green grass, with the birds singing all around

them. But Bess, the oldest, finally exclaimed: "Girls, it's time I was going home, for mother is to entertain this evening and I

would not miss it for anything. Mother is so busy; she is in society, you know, and is always away at some party; she hardly has time to do anything at home. We are all very proud of her. Tell about your mother, Rose." A doubtful look came into Rose's eyes,

off the prettiest roses. I felt just like The next morning the snow was over two but she bravely exclaimed, "My mother is always busy; when anyone's sick, they send for her; she is always doing something for other people. And, you know, girls, I have to miss school real often to take mother's place at home. Now, Nell, it is your turn."

Sweet little Nell gazed up at the blue sky and stopped for a mement to hear a robin chirp, but there was no hesitation or doubt in her voice as she brightly replied, "My mother never has time to do anything for anyone else, for there are nine of us, you know, and she is always cooking, sewing and mending for us. Yes, mother works from morning until night, but she is never too busy to smile on the nine of us all day long."

Illustrated Rebus



