TLEBEES I BEROWN

OST of the Busy Bees are reading the rules carefully before writing their stories and very few have to be thrown away now. One of the most important things is to have the stories original, for it is wrong to copy stories written by someone else.

So when the little writers send in their stories that they have written all by themselves, they must mark them original. Some of the Busy Bees have started an interesting way of writing stories. They write different incidents in the life of the same character. For instance, they write about different things that have happened to Uncle Jack, or Mary at school and Mary taking her vacation and Mary's little brother Edward etc. These make very interesting stories.

Some unusually good stories have been sent in the last two or three weeks, the prizes being awarded this week to Esther C. Stahlhut of Nebraska City, on the Blue side, second prize to Emma Kastal of South Omaha on the Red side and honorable mention given to Madge Daniels of Ord on the Blue side.

The illustrated rebus for last week was . "In May the birds sing and the daisies bloom in the fields." Correct answers were sent in by Ruth Ayres and Esther Stahlhut. Answers for the week before was sent in by Letha Larkin

Some of the younger Busy Bees have been sending in their names and addresses for the postal card exchange and some of the little writers have been moving and have sent in their new addresses. The postal card exchange includes the following:

Mother Fin Swimmer and Children

Jean De Long, Alnsworth, Neb.
Irene McCey, Barnston, Neb.
Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.
Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
Ruth Ashly, Pairmont, Neb.
Eunice Hode, Falls City, Neb.
Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Frenont, Neb. ont, Neb. Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb. Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb. Marguerite Bartholomew, Göthenburg,

Neb. . Claire Roth, 66 West Koenig street, Grand sland, Neb. Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Allee Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln.

Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Nellson, Lexington, Neb.
Florence Pettijohn, Long Pine, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Milton Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harriory Bedwell, 25 South Second street,
Norfolk, Neb.

Marjory Rodwell, 25 South Second street, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma M. Touardt, Fifth street and Madi-son avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Mildred F. Johes, North Loup, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Hester E. Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Mayer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha,
Gall Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha,

more friends than had she.

to follow her and have a feast.

Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha. Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha. Emerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Helen Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street,

Falah Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street, Omaha. Louis Raube, 1999 North Nineteenth ave-

Omaha.

Louis Raabe, 2899 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.

Emmä Carrathers, 2211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.

Walter Johnson, 2605 North Twentieth street, Omaha.

Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb.
Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.
Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wye.
Emms Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha, Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.
Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.
Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
Pauline Parks, Yerk, Neb.
Ledna Behlirg, York, Neb.
Ledna Behlirg, York, Neb.
Letha Behlirg, Waltern, Ia.
Ethel Mulhelland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
Kathryne Meller, Malvern, Ia.
Kuthryne Meller, Malvern, Ia.
Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.

By Melena Davis. LD MOTHER FIN SWIMMER headed them off, "Beware of snything Alfred said, "Mamma, it wasn't a dream, right with Norah. When breakfast time was out in the middle of the that comes dropping right into your very stream looking for something mouth," she whispered. "There is somestream looking for something mouth," she whispered. "There is some-in the way of food for her thing wrong with that worm-he doesn't but always did what the rug told him, quess I'll make some taffy." So saying, little son, Swift Swimmer, and seem to be alive. And see how stiff and her little daughter, Grace bent his body is. He doesn't wiggle and She was a fine, big fish, and twist as he naturally would do were he to none in that especial part of the creek had drop accidentally into the water, for, as

On this morning of which I write old do not live under water." Mother Pin Swimmer had come from her "But what difference can that make?" ne beneath a great ledge of rock which asked Swift, his mouth watering for a one of his sheep was alling. At length, it projected far over and into the water, and taste of that juicy worm which hung so lay down by the roadside, and he left it where she had left her little son and temptingly near. "I'm in for trying him, to die. daughter askep. The two little ones were anyway. I shall just nibble a bit at one fond of napping of mornings, and often of his ends."

their mother would take a long swim "Don't you dare to approach that worm," down the stream in quest of a race swarm said the mother, knowing that some danger of gnats and flies, and upon finding them was hidden there to ensuare the unwary would rush back to call to her little fishes fish who might be bold enough to bite. "Obey your mother and follow her. Come, Well' old Mother Fin Swimmer had not let's go on and get our fill of gnats before

long to walt-or to hunt, rather, for right they are all devoured by other fish." But as mother and Grace swam off down in front of her came a fine cloud of gnats, the stream Swift lingered behind to take fat and toothsome, from a fish's point of another longing lock at the pink worm, view. "Ah." thought old Mother Fin Swim-And then his youthful hunger being so mer, "here's as fine a layout for a sumkeen he decided to disobey his wise mothmer morning feast as I have ever seen. I er's warning and to try a nibble at the shall swim back as fast as my fins and tempting worm. So he swam round and strength of wind power will take me and round the dangling pink form, getting call those sleeping youngsters to come and nearer and nearer to it with each circle, eat. Before the sun gets ten minutes till soon he was within biting distance of higher there'll be 100 fish there to break-Then he deliberately took a hibble fast," And so thinking, the good fish-And as he did so the worm gave a sudden mother went swimming back to the ledge leap upwards and something sharp eaught of rock, where her son, Swift, and her in the upper part of Swift's mouth. Oh, daughter, Grace, were still floating, fins how it hurt him, for it plerced the very bones and flesh of the roof of his poor "Here, you two lazy ones," cried out old mouth. Into the air he was jerked, far Mother Fin Swimmer, "Come, stir your above the water. Then of a sudden the tails and wiggle your fins and follow me! sharp thing that had caught into his mouth There's a fine feast awaiting you down let go and the suffering fellow fell into the

water again with a great splash. "Ugb!"

8 THE MOTHER AND GRACE SWAM OFF DOWN THE STREAM SWIFT LINGERED TO TAKE A LONGING LOOK AT THE PINK WORM.

And you may better believe that Swift he grunted as he touched the soft waves

and Grace waked in a hurry, for they loved a good meal as well as do little boys. and girls who live on dry land. So away they swam, keeping close behind their mother, who could fight any necessary battles for them. Often fighting was necessary, too, for there were plenty of hungry big fish swimming about in that stream that would awallow whole a little girl or boy fish without the least compunction in the matter. So old Mother Fin Swimmer was always on the alert to watch for these cannibals.

But all went well on this morning, for none of those greedy, heartless fellows chanced to come along in the water, and the mother and children enjoyed their through the warm, brilliant stream. But just as they were nearing the place where the gnats had come to hover about a great pink worm dropped himself into the water right in front of old Mother Fin Swimmer's nose. For a moment she was startled at seeing so appetising a morsel drop right into her fins, so to speak, that she stopped right off and just looked at Then she noted that the thing seemed to be held into place by a long string. Now, old Mother Fin Swimmer was quite wise enough to be on the safe side always, and when, an instant later, Swift and Grace was his dear mother's voice calling to him. Gee, but he was a fine little fellow, as Up hill, down dale, they gally roam, came close beside her, and sceing the She was coming back upstream to look fat and pretty as you please. He'd been With only fun in view. worm, made a dash for it, she cautiously for him. And when she saw the blood a dandy broiled. And since that nibble I

and sank into his beloved stream once more. "Ugh, that was a narrow escape. Had I got more of that sharp thing into my mouth it never would have let go. It was the mere nibbling at the worm that saved me. A big bite of him would have destroyed me forever. Gee, I should have frelic and play gone, followed his kind obeyed my dear mother, who always knows mother down stream, where he had to conjust what to do. And how she will scold me, too, for my disobedience, which will serve me just right. And how my poor the consequences of his disobedience, and mouth does hurt me, too. I don't believe kept pretty close in his little home bensath can ever eat with relish again. Ah, the great cool rocks. what's that red stuff that's flowing from my lips? It colors the water. I wonder if little way from the Swimmers' house, were I'm going to die! Oh, if only I had fol- two boys fishing. "Say," said one, adswarming on the surface of the water."

lowed my dear mother! If I live I'll obey dressing the other, "did you see that pretty her explicitly after this. And now I can't sunfish that was on my hook a bit ago? eat any of the files or gnats which are He had nibbled for a minute, and I supposed he'd got a firm hold on the hook. "Swift! Swift!" came a voice well But just as I was about to toss him on known and well beloved by Swift, for it the grass behind me he fell from the hook

boasting and Dale was intensely selfish.

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

 Write pininly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
 Use pen and ink, not penoil S. 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 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 Bes.

(First Prize).

The Talking Rug By Esther C. Stahlhut, Aged 11 Years, Nebraska City, Neb. Blue. One day little Alfred kicked the rug over and there it was rolled up in a little bundle. In the afternoon it rained so hard that Alfred cried, because he wanted to play marbles with the other boys. As he came into the parlor where the rug was rolled up, he stumbled and looked back, and there he saw that he left the

rug, but he did not fix it. He started to get up, but he was startled; he heard a voice; he looked around, but saw no one. He heard it again, and it said: "If you learn to be polite and clean and whenever you kick up rugs to always fix them, you will be a good man, but if you do not something bad will hap-

Alfred fixed the rug and ran to tell his mother what he had heard. He said, "The rug talked to me, and it

them over; and, if I do, something nice ter, Gwendeline. will happen, but if I do not, something bad will happen."

His mother said, "My boy, I think you because I stumbled over it; but I will do and he grew up very heat and orderly.

(Second Prize.) The Sick Sheep

A few minutes later, a small lad came by, and seeing the poor animal, went up to it, and patted its head. The sheep opened its eyes and glanced for a moment into the boy's pitying face.

"It wants water," thought the lad, and off he ran to a fountain nearby, and filling his hat hurried back to the sheep. The poor animal at first took no netice, then it lifted its head, and, seeing he water, took a drink. At this the boy was delighted. His hat leaked so that he had to run to the fountain for more water happy day after all, with all the castor two or three times, and on each return the oil she took and the pain her foot gave sheep tok a few drops.

After a while it seemed to revive and the boy had the delight of seeing it slowly rise and step towards him. "I'll take it home and keep it," said he,

eight.

by its owner.

(Honorable Mention.) The June Prize

friends could not tell them apart. They was more contented. had the same frank, blue eyes and curly. A few days later, a little girl passing brown hair, the same white skin with a by saw the bluebell and said, "Oh, how dear little dimple in the center.

obscience, his poor torn mouth hurting

him so badly that he could scarcely talk.

"But I'll never disobey you again, mother

mine," he promised in a penitent voice.

"I disobeyed a little bit today by taking

only a hibble, and almost lost my life. If

I had disobeyed a big bit and had taken

the whole worm into my mouth I would

it means to suffer the consequences of

disobedience," said old Mother Fin Swim-

mer. "And now, come with me down-

stream, where your sister is having a fine

breakfast on gnats. And such frolic, too,

you never saw as the young fishes are

having, jumping and leaping out of the

water after the gnats. If you had obeyed

your mother and kept with her and your

stater you would now be having the joiliest

And Swift Swimmer, his poor torn mouth

giving him such pain that all appetite for

food was banished and all disposition to

tent himself by watching the enjoyment of

"Well, I'm glad you have learned what

have been done for now."

time of your life."

ing no voice can compare with mine,"

discusing the June prize, a \$5 gold piece,

which the teacher was to give next week.

of the June prize. This contest was not to be one of him. brains," she said, "it was to be a race

along a road where ill temper, selfishness and boasting could not enter. The prize has been fairly won by Ida Ashton." Two little girls in fluffy white dresses pinched each other.

'Vale Ford, it was your bragging.' "Dale Ford, it was your selfishness." Two little girls in fluffy white dresses pinched each other and laughed. 'Vale Ford, I'm cured.'

"Dale Ford, I'm cured." "Let's go tell mamma."

Virginia's Happy Day

By Ruth Ashby (Queen Bee), Aged 18 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue. "Mother, I wish that I could do anything I want to for one whole day," said Virginia Sommers. "Well, dearle, I think we could arrange it if it would make you said that I should always be clean, polite any happier." "Why, Jinny, do you think and always fix the rugs whenever I kick that it'll be fun?" asked Jinny's big sis-

"Well, I'll think!" Gwendoline smiled from experience.

The next day Jinny got up early. She must have been dreaming, but you must made cook cross by mussing around the always do those things anyway." But kitchen, But Mrs. Sommer's made it all came Jinny could eat nothing for she had she made some taffy. She passed it around, but no one took any, so she ate it herself. Now Jinny's mama had never allowed her to climb trees, though Jinny had often teased to climb an inviting-I have told you, worms and files and bugs By Emma Kostal, Aged 14 Years, 1516 O looking apple tree. New was her chance do not live under water."

Street, South Omaha, Neb.

and she made good. Up into the apple Street, South Omaha, Neb.

A drover passing through a town noticed tree she climbed. She carried a book with her and began to read. But the branch on she clung slipped and Jinny was landed below. She tried in vain to get up, but did not succeed for her left leg hurt her. Gwendoline and Mr. Stephenson were strolling in the orchard, when they found Jinney asleep. Mr. Stephenson lifted her and started to carry her into the house, but she gave such a shrick that he almost dropped her. She told Gwandoline and Mr. Stephenson about her fall. He carried her into the house and the doctor attended to her spraisd ankle. Jinney confided to her mother that it wasn't such a her, it wasn't worth while.

The Bluebell's Reward

By Eunice Bode, Aged 11 Tears, Falls City, Neb. Blue. noticing that the drover was now out of Beside a little brook there grew a bluebell that was very discontented with life At last the shop found itself in a com- and wished to travel and see the world. fortable pen, and no sheep colld have better One morning, when Bluebell was more eare, than this poor creature left to die discontented than usual, a meadow lark flew down beside her.

"Why, Bluebell," he said, "why are you so discontented?"

"Oh," said Bluebell, "It's so lonesome By Madge Daniels, Aged 14 Years, Ord, here. I want to travel and see the world."
Neb. Blue. "Then I would be contented, for con-"Then I would be contented, for con-Vale and Dale Ford were twins. They tentment brings reward," said the lark, looked so much alike their most intimate and he flew away. After that Biuebell

pretty! I just must take it home to Allie," They were in the same class, dressed and she took Biuebell up, roots and all, alike, talked alike and acted alike. They and took her home. She put Bluebell in were healthy, happy girls, but they each a little flower pot and took her upstairs. had one glaring fault. Vale was always The little girl opened a door and went

pouring from Swift's mouth she became haven't had another one. Guess I'll leave very much frightened and inquired of him this part of the creek and move downwhat had happened and why he had not stream. The fish here seem to be educated laughed at many times. followed her, as she had bidden him to do, to the dangers of the hook and angle Then Swift had to confess his dis- worm. Come, let's move away."

Ideal Playtime



others. And for a whole week he suffered When summer time is really here. Then comes the "sure 'nough fun;" for boys and girls can get outdoors. And shout and skip and run. And that day, sitting on the bank just a

No one to say to them, "Sh-sh-sh!" If they do make a noise. Oh, it is hard to glay indoors, Especially for the boys.

But out of doors, 'neath summer skies, Gay youth may have its sway. And run and shout till they are hoarse Throughout the live-long day.

Has all been gotten through

lying on the bed was a girl, pale and thin. "Look, Allie," the little girl raid, "I have brought you a pretty flower." "Oh," said the sick girl, "how sweet; it

bell's petals with her thin hand. The little girl put Bluebell in the open window, where the sunlight streamed in. How happy Bluebell was to cheer the sick girl's heart, and besides she could see quite far from the window. "The lark was right," she thought; "contentment brings reward." And the swallows in their nest beneath the caves echoed her thought by twittering, "Contentment brings reward,"

George's First Bible

By Kathryne Mellor, Age H Years, Mal-vern, Ia. On this particular morning the twins were One spring day George did not feel well Are you glad to look at those dying blosenough to go to school so stayed at home, some lying about on the ground? Were About noon his papa came home with a they not much more pleasing to your eye "I know I will get it," Vale exclaimed. package for him. He ran for the scissors when they were living and nodding in the "I am just as sure of it as anything. I am and then out the strings. He opened the breeze and smiling toward blue heaven? the smartest girl in school. I play the best on the plane, and when it comes to sing. package and he saw a little bible. Inside And how sweet was their fragrance, too. of it was a card written on it "To George for it floated about in the mir, making it "Don't be too sure about it," Dale refrom Grandma." George's folks could not af- delicious to the human nostrils. Ab, little plied, "that gold piece is mine. Two dol. ford to get one so his Grandma sent it to him, girl, do you know how wicked it is to lars will buy me that monogram ring I After dinner he read a few chapters. Wantonly destroy these dear flowers?" want so badly; another \$2 will get a white Pretty soon he saw one of his school mates "But how can they be dead when they slik parasol and the other dollar will get pasing and called her in to see the present never breathe?" asked ignorant Bessie. a huge box of chocolates, which I shall Grandma had sent him. She said, "O, I "Flowers don't live-they can't walk." eat all myself. Oh, look! Vale, there goes have a book at home of fairy stories, I "Yes, we do live, little girl," explained Ida Ashton dressed up in two of our old would rather read it than that." He took the voice which came from a tall tiger dressee. You know mamma gave them to his bible to bed with him that night hug- hily. "We all live and grow. We eat from her mother when she was sewing for us." ging it as closely as a mamma would a the soil and drink of rain and dew. We The important day arrived at last and child. His mamma and papa said, had they come from tiny seeds and grow into flow-Miss Thorne arose to announce the winner known he cared so much for a bible, they ering plants to make the world more beauwould have tried long ago to get it for tiful. Did not your mamma want us here?

Willie's Kind Act

Little Willie was a newsboy. His parents had died many years ago, and he had to support himself. So he folded the newsboys' league and sold papers. One day as he was going across the

street he saw a little child on the car track and the street car was coming very fast. Wille, without a thought of himself, jumped to the track to save the child. By and by the car whiszed by. Then Willie asked this little child who its parents were and where he lived. The child teld him and he brought it safely to its girl this morning; but I shall never, never of cold water. And almost immediately mother. The mother was very much worried.

Then she asked Willie why he had many papers in his arms. Then he told her nor table, or to carry to a sick friend, that and always after this morning's chat with he was a poor newsboy and his parents were dead, and that he had to sell papers for his living. He told her he had not sold one paper that day. Then the woman said, "Well, now, for saving my baby I will buy all of your papers." She invited him to be a welcome caller at her house any time.

Then Willie thought it all over and said, "I have only done my duty." People By Louise Bailey, Aged 12 Years, Omaha. heard about his kind deed and he was more successful in selling his papers after

The Selfish Ghost

By Clyde Rimerman, Aged 10 Years, 2211 Wirt St., Omaha, Neb. Red. ton out of a pumpkin, on which she put day mamma had gotten the lunch and the

whitewash and made green eyes for it. were coming by there.

jumped in front of them. They all dropped their pumpkins and ran

as fast as they could. Helen went home and teld her mother what she had done and asked her if she could go to the people's houses and scare them, but her mother told her that she could not, because she had spoiled the other children's fun, so she must have her own fun spoiled.

Jasmine's Reward

By Helen Goodrich, Aged 13 Years, 4016 Then they were taken home and warmed. Nicholas St., Omaha. Red. Jasmine Stanhope was a beautiful girl of 14 years, who was very poor and lived with her aunt. One day she was sitting

on the porch reading, when the postman handed her a letter addressed to herself. Eagerly opening it, she found it to be a letter from the lawyer of a rich uncle of hers who had recently died. It said that Mr. Greyson, her uncle, was a very pair of old shoes to her. It also said work and washed the dishes, but Mary The next day she met Wilhelmine and queer man, and that he had willed a that they would be sent in a few days, said, "I don't care what mother said, you told her that she had told a lie, and gave Jasmine had heard of her uncle's death do the dishes and work alone; I want to her back the small pocketbook. few days before, but as she had been his favorite niece she expected something greater than an old pair of shoes

She ran and told her aunt, who was as much surprised as she had been. Sure enough, in two days Jasmine received a package containing a pair of the shab piest looking shoes she had ever seen. In one of the shoes was a note, which read: "Wear these shoes and you will be rewarded." So Jasmine decided to wear them, and she did, although she was

At length she had worn them for so long a time that the leather was beginning to wear out. One morning she mending the leather, when a gold plece fell out from the hole. Hastily ripping the leather, she found many bills and gold pieces and a note which said, "The patient and humble are always rewarded." There was a great deal of money, so she gave some to her aunt and had enough left to get many things that she had always desired.

The Magic Slipper

By Emerson Goodrich, King Bee, Aged 11 moons bigger than that. Years, 4019 Nicholas St., Omaha, Red. Mattle White was a pretty blue-eyed girl who lived in the slums of a large city. The one misfortune of her life was that she was lame and had to go about in a wheel chair. One day as she sat in her wheel chair

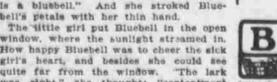
in the front yard of her home, reading a book which had been given her as a present, her eyes began to get tired, so she closed her eyes to rest them a little. Soon a little fairy, dressed in a gown of azure plue, with a diamond scepter in one hand me a quarter." and a pair of dainty slippers in the other, appeared and said:

Mattle, you have been very patient all these years that you have been lame, and maye," was the reply. I have a pair of slippers that whenever you put them on you can walk as long or as far as you wish and you will never get tired."

can I ever repay you." "You have already paid me by being patient, for you must know I am the fairy Patiena." With these words the fairy With these words the fairy handed the slippers to Mattie and disappeared. Mattle then tried them on and started out for a walk. She walked a long ways and then turned around and reached said, "There's nothing new under the sun."

Bessie and the Flowers

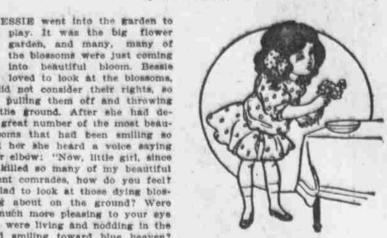
By Annie James,



play. It was the big flower garden, and many, many of the blossoms were just coming into beautiful bloom. Bessie loved to look at the blossoms, but she did not consider their rights, so she began pulling them off and throwing them on the ground. After she had destroyed a great number of the most beautiful blossoms that had been smiling so sweetly at her she heard a voice saying just at her elbow: "Now, little girl, since you have killed so many of my beautiful and innocent comrades, how do you feel?

If she had not loved us she would not have had the gardener plant us and tend us so industriously. And here within a few minutes you have destroyed the lives By Lydia Thompson, Aged is Years, Wis- of flowers that have been growing all ther, Neb. Red. through the goring, putting forth their through the spring, putting forth their fresh soft leaves and blossoms to help make this garden a piace of beauty and purity. See how those little blossoms on the ground are withering under the sun's rays? Ah, within another half-hour they will be entirely dead. But had you not pulled them from their parent stem they would have lived many, many days, to add beauty and love to this world."

Bessle stood quite still for a minute, then will be different. Then, with your permis- old Tiger Ldiy."



sion, good Mr. Tiger Lily, I'll gather a few of the full-blown blossoms, for they wouldn't live much longer, anyway."

"Flowers love to be gathered to adorn the dining table and to make the room of a sick person cheerful," said the voice. "They are then put into nice fresh water and do not die for ever so long a time, and their being in the water prevents them from suffering. Indeed, they enjoy themselves very much when doing good. It's only when being ruthlessly destroyed as you destroyed so many of them this morningthat they suffer."

"Well, never again will a dear little blossom suffer at my hands," declared Bessie. "And if I could put these poor heads back on their necks again I'd do so." And so saying she picked up the withering blossoms from the ground and held them tenderly in her hands "I know what I can do, though," she added. "I can put them in a bowl of fresh water and set them in a cool, shady place in my room, where they may feel happy in adding their fragrancewhat isn't already destroyed-to the delicious morning air."

And then Bessie ran to her foom, placahe replied: "Yes, I've been a naughty ing the half-wiited flowers in a dainty bowl kill another flower just for the fun of pull- they began to open up and look refreshed ingit off the stem. Of course, if mama and happy. "Oh, you dear things!" ex-says to gather some flowers for the din- claimed Bessie. "I shall love you always

her home just as her mother called her, read this book May loaned me, and I'm

Two Brave Children

on was making a head of a skele- his little children, Gretchen and Hans. One got for being selfish and naughty. children ready, but she was afraid of a The next night Helen put a white sheet terrible snowstorm that was coming. But around herself and put the pumpkin on the brave little children knew that their By Agnes Dahmke, Aged 13 Years, R. F. D. her head and hid in the alley, for she page would be hungry and they were will. her head and hid in the alley, for she papa would be hungry and they were willknew that a crowd of make-believe shosts ing to start. So both started out. When they reached their papa he took the basket, In a few minutes they came and Helen and bidding them goodbye, told them to past her so proud and never looked at her. hurry home for the snew was coming fast. They kissed their papa and hurried on, but found a small pocketbook and ran to Hazel instead of going towards home they went and asked if it belonged to her, and Hazel

in the opposite direction. It had begun to snow now and was grow- pocketbook, ing dark and they had been away three As Hazul came home she went to the hours. Mamma had grown anxious and papa hammock thinking of the pocketbook she had come home and he must go to the got that morning. While she was lying monks to tell them to send their St. Bern- there she went to sleep.

Selfishness

and their mother went out washing for a her and waking her for dinner. sure to lock the door. Alice went right to about it

She awoke and found that it had all been not coming home till supper's ready, so there." Alice did the work up nicely and went to school, but came right home at night to got supper ready for her lazy sister and her mother. But her mother was home waiting for the children. When Alice Way over in Switzerland among the Alps came in her mother asked where Mary was. lives a small family. The father is a shep. Alice said she was over playing with May. herd and all day he is watching and tend- Her mother took Alice down town for a ing his sheep with kindest care, and at little candy. When they were home and night leads them to their fold, and then he eating supper Mary came and ate. When goes home to his good wife and children. they were through supper Mary was sent It was the day before Hallowe'en and The father's lunch is brought to him by to bed without any candy. That's what she

Hazel's Troubles

As Hazel as walking down the street one day she met a ragged girl. Hazel walked Wilhelmine (as the little girl's name was)

said, "Yes." So Wilhelmine gave her the

ard dogs to look for the lost children. An She dreamed that she saw two little hour was spent in hunting and then two good forms, one Honor, the other Dishonor, dogs found them buried under the snow. Honor found a bank book and asked all the people if it belonged to them and they all said, "No." So he went to the police. Dishonor found a pocketbook and put it in By Dorothy Sheldon, Aged 11 Years, 2012 his pocket and ran home. A policeman, Nicholas Street, Omaha. Mary and Alice were two little girls of Just then a soft hand struck her hand and 8 and 10 years old. They were very poor awoke her. Her mether was standing by

living. Alice and Mary were told to do The scene of Honor and Dishonor so imthe work before going to school and to be pressed her that she told her mother all

Prattle of the Youngsters



OU'VE been fishing," said the Bright Boy-Well, perhaps there wasn't "I hope, father," said the York. boy, "that you will make the punishment fit the crime," "That's what I propose to do, sir."

Little Elmer, upon seeing his baby sister for the first time, was told that she had just arrived from heaven. "Hurry up, baby," he said, "and tell us all about heaven before you forget it."

"Well, father, I only got one hibble.

That's all the crime amounted to."

Aunt Carrie-Come here, Harry, and look at the new moon. Harry (aged 5)-Oh, I've seen lots et

"Did your father catch you smoking cigarettes?" asked the bad boy. "Yes, he did," answered the youngster with the injured air.

"What did he do?" "He took them away from me and smoked them himself!"

toy bank and was told to save his pennies. "Mamma," he said one day, "please give "What do you want a quarter for?" asked

Small Fred had been presented with a

his mother. "I want to get it changed into pennies to

"Well, dear?" "Does the Bible honestly say that we "Oh, thank you," replied Mattle, "how gotta love our enemies?" "Yes."

> "What's the matter?" "I-I wish't Id 'a picked some diff'rent enemies."

Sunday School Teacher-King Solomon

stern parent. "Come with me, in his day, but now we have New Hampsir; I'm going to punish you." shire, New Jersey, New Mexico and New

> Small William, whose stomach had been taking a day off, was trying to make a next morning breakfast on grapefruit. "I wish," he said, looking enviously at the generous supply of food on his little sister's plate, "I was well enough to eat bacon and eggs, too."

> "Huh!" exclaimed his little sister; "I wish I was sick enough to est a grapefruit!"

Illustrated Rebus

