LEBEES NIER OW

HE BUSY BEES write that they are enjoying their vacation and some of them who have little cousins and friends visiting them have invited them to join the Busy Bees and we have received some good stories from some of the new ones. Some of the writers forgot to read the rules over carefully; one of the little boys wrote on both sides of the paper and two Busy Beca did not send in their ages. The boys are not writing as many stories as they did in the winter and the girls are sending in many more stories than the boys. The editor suggests that some of the boys write some base ball stories.

Several very good stories were sent in this week and the prizes are awarded to Myrtle Jensen of Omaha and Madge Daniels of Ord, Neb., and honorable mention given to Hazel Cronk of Curtis, Neb.

Any of the Busy Bees may send postal cards to any of the following Busy Bees who belong to the postal card exchange.

Genlevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.
Irens McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.
Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Louis Hain, David City, Neb.
Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.
Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Neb.
Coamford 405 West Charles street, Street, Omaha.
Waiter Johnse

Eisle Hamilton, 2023 L street, Lincoln, Neb. Irene Disher, 2020 L street, Lincoln, Neb. Hughie Disher, 2020 L street, Lincoln, Neb. Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb. Eatelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb. Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Nor-

tolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue. Norfolk, Neb.
Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Hester E. Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Mayer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha,
Gail Howard, 472 Capitol avenue, Omaha,
Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha.

Wilma Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Emerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Helen Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha.

Hilah Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street,
Omaha.

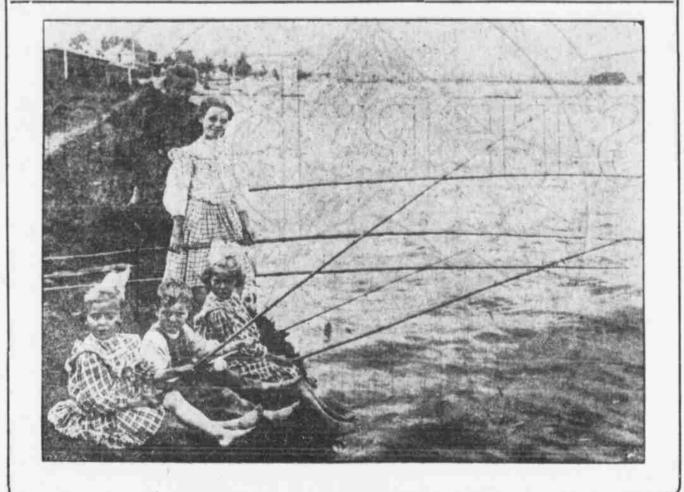
Louis Raabe, 2909 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.

Emma Carrathers, 2211 North Twenty-fifth

Johnson, 2665 North Twentieth

Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg,
Neb.
Jassie Crawford, 405 West Charles street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Claire Roth, 606 West Koenig street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kreits, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, E46 C street, Lincoln, Neb.
Islae Hamilton, 2028 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Islae Hamilton, 2028 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Eastelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Eastelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Esset Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
Lotta Woods, Pawner City, Neb.
Eana Enis, Stanten, Neb.
Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.
Elsie Stastny, Wilber, Neb.
Elsie Stastny, Wilber, Neb.
Altr Willey, Waco, Neb.
Mary Fredrick, York, Neb. Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
Elsle Stastny, Wilber, Neb.
Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
Mary Fredrick, York, Neb.
Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
Edna Behilbg, York, Neb.
Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
Irene Reynolds, Little Sloux, Ia.
Ethel Mulhelland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Kathryne Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Mildred Robertson, Manulla, Ia.
Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Attlca, Ind.

Busy Bees and the Finny Fish



Captain Jimmy

By Mand Walker.



river a mile distant from their you know."

bank of the river. Piercing this cliff were rands for Mrs. Perkins." numerous cavelike tunnels, scarcely large "Well, us kids-a lot of us-are down

"I tell you, kids," declared Hank Jones, Jimmy looked undecided. leader of the band, "that we'll find some- know about that," he said, beginning to thing worth our work if we'll dig into clean the spade. "Mr. Perkins is awful this cliff. All we've got to do is to en- particular about his machinery and tools. large one of these tunnels, and then we He gives orders that nothin' in the tool can walk right into a cave that may shop be loaned."

"Ho-ho-ho," laughed Andy Thomas at this evening." Bert's expense. "Pennsylvania? Well-I "But I mustn't let anything go out of guess not. The Mammoth cave is in old the mill while Mr. Perkins is away," in-Kantuck, or so the geography says. You'd sixted Jimmy. And thereupon he took better find out something about caves be- the spades and put them in the implefore you talk about them."

'Well, I don't know as it's of any importance-the Mammoth cave," said Hank Hank and Bert turned away; but as as a signal that all was ready. They had fluffy tassel on the end. the public is: 'Shall we organize a cave. "We'll get even with you yet, kid, for for a ball, which they were to give in honor diggens' union-and go to work at once?" your smartness. So-long!"

not one said "no.". "Well, we'll have to go up to the mill his work. He trades at my father's store, and he'll to pass the town boys' camp, situated, as clover carried by twenty of his subjects, remember me, all right, all right,"

upon reaching the mill the boys were seek revenge on a chap like you." told by the head miller that Mr. Perkins Then, before Jimmy had a chance to gracefully through the air. The others The girls walked down the street and it. had gone to town, and that he would not say a word, half a dozen boys surrounded chose partners according to their wishes. take the liberty of lending anything from him and began to torment him by calling the machine shop of the mill. Filled with him ugly names, and to strike him pretty disappointment Hank and Bert started to sound blows. Jimmy, seeing that he had return to their camp ground when they only the sixth part of a chance, decided saw a little chap busy about the mill not to fight, but to use calm reason. __ He was what is commonly called a "small "Now, will you tell me, boys, what this hand," and was performing small chores, all means," he asked, trying to dodge not refuse to lend spades to us again—if plore it. But you're a little Smart Alec Help is coming!" And all the time that he boys who had been so unkind to him a moon, Truth and the stars Purity." At the moment that Hank and Bert be- the slaps from the various hands that we ask for 'em, will you?" held him he was cleaning dried dirt from swung about him. "I ask you to please "You bet I will," replied Jimmy with dea large spade, while nearby lay another allow me to go on my way. Mr. Perkins termination. "When I'm in charge of an- back this way, either."

implement waiting for cleaning. "Say, they're the very thing we want," be delayed." declared Hank, pointing to the spades. "But I'll bet we'll have a time getting in your present condition," boldly laughed he got from somewhere-I forget where, take that and that for your kindness in you'll see our cave-one as fine as you'd and, turning around, beheld that the dirt But, say, let's ask him for the spades, lending us the spades the other day." And find anywhere. And if you'd have behaved was crumbling from the mouth of the re-

IRING the vacation days sev- So saying. Hank approached the boyeral of the boys of Linville, a whose name was Jimmy Malone-and small country village, decided said: "Say, Jim, don't you know me? upon spending a week or ten I'm Mr. Jones' kld. Pa has the grocery lays on the banks of a beautiful store up town-the one by the postoffice,

homes. The place chosen for their outing "Oh, yes," said Jimmy, putting down was within a short walk of a big flour mill the spade to chat with the boys. "Yes, and was on a rocky cliff overhanging the I know your pa. I often go there on er-

enough to admit of a small ground animal. here on the river camping," explained But the boys who had come there to "camp Hank. "And we've decided to do some out" imagined that within the cliff at a cave-digging, if we can get the implecertain distance from the small entrances ments to dig with. Now, we want to they might find a large cave or inner borrow those spades you have there. If cavern where might be found relics of a Mr. Perkins was here he'd let us take 'em right off."

outdo the Mammoth cave of somewhere— "Oh, he'd not refuse me, kid," declared Hank, determined new upon getting pos-"Pennsylvania, ain't it?" asked Bert session of the desired spades. "Come. Jackson, meaning the noted cave in ques- let me take them. I'll give you my word

that they'll both be returned to you early

mill. "The question just now before they did so Hank called out to Jimmy: been for three days making preparations

"Yep," cried half a dozen voices, and "That's all right," laughed back Jimmy.

"It's too far to go home for Jimmy on an errand to a farm a mile to help the great moon and the winking and he'll lend us some spades and picks. a "short cut" to the farm, was obliged came the monarch, resting on a large, red my friend's." I have said, just round the bend in the and last of all the King and Queen bee rid- in the store." So it was agreed that Hank and Bert river from the mill. As he was passing ing in their lovely carriage of rose petals. should go to the mill-just round the the camp he heard a familiar voice calling. Now the band, which was composed of bend in the river-and ask to borrow some out to him! "Helio, there, Smart Alec! fifty-three crickets, began to play an ex-

has sent me on an errand, and I mustn't other person's property I'll protect it. If So saying, Hank gave Jimmy a shove, by

"Mustn't is a pretty strong word to use have to go to him for it." anyway. He can't do anything but re- Hank gave Jimmy several other keen slaps in a friendly way toward us Cave-Diggers cently dug cave. He ran back with all mouth. across the check and ears. "I guess you'll we'd have invited you to go into it and ex-

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

 Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
 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 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 DUPARTMENT. Omaha Bee.

(First Prize.)

The Moonlight Ball

By Myrtle Jensen, Age 11 Years, 2909 Izard Street, Omaha. Blue. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle rang the little bluement ahop which was attached to the bells, so faintly as not to be heard by human ears. It was understood by the bees tiful one, long and finely woven with a Dortha found herself in bed again. of the butterflies.

Then butterflies of every imaginable de-Then, whistling merrily, he went about scription arrived at the place where the bought it of Mrs. Gray." ball was to be, which was a large meadow king and a large Cecropia were gliding meaner than ever in her life before. After five dances refreshments were served. Everyone received a dainty cup, Marjorle said. furnished by the pretty little nictelia blos-

you want anything from Mr. Perkins you'll

dew drop. Honey was passed around on white daisy petals.

Then the dancing was resumed. At midnight the bluebells rang again, Then a loud buzz and a flapping of wings was heard, as guests and hosts bade each other farewell, and then flew off to their homes

In less than a quarter of an hour every bee and butterfly had vanished, while nothing was left to indicate that a ball had

All was calm and hushed, as the moon

smiled fondly down on the sleeping daisies.

(Second Prize.) Dorothy's Red Cap

By Madge L. Daniels, Age 14 Years, Ord, Neb. Blue. "Here, Dorothy, I bought you a red cap downtown this morning," Mrs. Lyle said as she handed a package to her daughter. a red Tam O'Shanter just like Marjorie's." Dorothy unrolled the package and took herself dancing with a beautiful rose. out a scarlet toboggan cap. It was a beau-

Dorothy threw it aside. "I don't like it. I won't wear it: I am going to change it." "Very well," her mother replied.

Dorothy met Marjorie on the corner and and borrow some digging implements," A few days later Mr. Perkins sent where hundreds of fireflies were employed they went to Mrs. Gray's dingy little shop. "My mamma bought this cap this mornem. I know old Mr. Perkins, the miller, distant from the mill. Jimmy, in making stars to light up for the occasion. Then ing and I want to change it for one like By Nina Stiles, Aged 8 years, Lyons, Neb. But just then two men came up, "Why, deary, that is the only cap I have

"Then can I have my dollar?"

counted on that dollar buying cough syrup digging implements with which to gain Want to get acquainted with us? We're quisite butterfly dance. For his partner for my little granddaughter, but here it is." an entrance to the imagined cave. But the Cave-Diggers, and we know how to the monarch chose the queen bee, while the And as Dorothy took the money she feit stopped before a window.

"There, Dorothy, is one just like mine,

They entered the dim shop once again. "Mrs. Gray, here is the dollar and I want the cap. I think it is the most beautiful cap in the world. And happy Dorothy went out the door again.

(Honorable Mention.)

Dortha's Dream By Hazel Cronk, Aged 9 years, Curtis, Neb. Red.

Dortha was 5 years old. She had a habit of picking flowers, then throwing them down and crushing them in the dust with her foot. This week she had not destroyed any

flowers, so one night when she was in bed Lily came and said:

"Here, Dortha, the queen of the fairles sent you this note. Then the Laly laid the note on the table and disappeared." The envelope and note paper were made

of fine silk, like spider webs and on the paper was written: Dear Dortha: You have been good to the flowers this week, so you are invited to

come to my palace tomorrow night when the moon rises. Cordially yours, the By Huldah Lundberg, Aged 14 Years, 348 they had not seen when they had been in South I Street, Fremont, Nab. Blue. the room a moment before and that was Queen of Fairles. The next night when Dortha was in bed Lally came in again and said: "You must hurry, Dortha, for the party begins soon.

What dress are you going to wear?" "I am going to wear my blue silk," anawered Dortha. "But hurry," interrupted the Lily, "we

don't want to be late." Soon afterwards they found theselves in a ball room full of flowers and fairies. The queen sat on a throne upholstered with white velvet set with diamonds. She

welcomed Dortha warmly and bade her "Oh, I am so glad. mamma; I hope it is sit down next to her till the music began. When it began Dortha suddenly found About 3 o'clock they ate lunch and at 4

> O, my! exclaimed Dortha, "how did I get here?" She never found out, though after the party she never destroyed flowers because she thought that perhaps some day the queen of the fairies would invite her to a party again.

The Jack o' Lantern

It was hallowe'en and Marion and Robert Brown had a pumpkin with which to make a Jack o' lantern. On the morning of "Yes, sir, I did. Is it yours?" "Yes, dearle, if you want it, but I had hallowen'en they made it. By and by the evening came. They took their Jack o' man, and then they walked away. lantern and soon came to a neighbor's house and held it up to the window. The thing, but I'm glad I gave it back," sald woman who was a negro, looked and saw Bernard, crying. "Goodness gracious me." she yelled, Dorothy looked with tear-dimmed eyes dropped the pumpkin, which rolled away. want." Then she disappeared. soms. Each cup contained a glistening and said: "Let us go back to Mrs. Gray's." The negro woman ran out of the house Bernard ran home very fast. His mother

apron and tied it around it. Then they them to do unto him. set it up by one of the windows and let the pumpkin face look in. The negro came to this window and saw it. "Goodness gracious me," she cried again, "the ghost is chasing me. I will read the paper and pretend I'm not scared and p'raps he'll go away." So she carried out her word. She happened to see a few lines that said this was hallowe'en. So she boldly went out and knocked the homemade ghost down. This was what they did on the hallowe'en. Saying No.

By Frances Byrne, aged II Years, 750 South Thirteenth Street, Omaha, Neb Biue.

One day when Elsie Wright was in the library reading the heard a light rap on The Omaha Busy Rees!" the door and in came her mother with a note in her hand.

merrow. You may go if you wish, but reyou think."

Poor Elsie. It was a hard temptation to bravely: "No, I will not go."

"Well, daughter, have you decided?" I was wrong. I will always try to do just. All of The Busy Bees were very tired when as you think, though it may be a little evening came and they were glad when hard. But by all means I will be honest." Then raising her fair face for a kiss she said, as if speaking to herself, "Whatever mamma says it will be with a cheerful

Friends.

By Genevieve Loeb, Aged 9 Years, 307 North Tenth Street, Nebraska City, Neb. Red. One day Gertle did not know what to do. She saw her papa coming, so she ran to meet him. He had a covered basket in his arms. Gertie asked her papa what it was, Her papa said, 'It is something you have been wanting for a long time."

When Gertie got home she lifted up the lid and said to her mother, "Guess what it is." Her mother said, "I cannot guess." Then I will have to tell you," repeated Gertie. "It is a dear little white puppy." Gertie named it Trix. They played togeather like sister and brother. When the dinner bell rang Trix went too. They were not happy unless they were together.

Soon after Trix died. Gertle cried as it were her brother. Trix was buried in the garden under an evergreen tree. Gertie saved up her money and got a monument with a picture of a dog on it. Gertie never had such a good friend. She used to say, "I wish Trix were here."

How Sorrow Brought Happiness bed. There they noticed something which

lived a family consisting of Mrs. had rolled from the table to a Fordly and her two children. Bernard was ing nearby, causing the bump and the If years old and Ruth was 5. Their home force of the blow had caused the chair was a very lonely one, consisting of two to move a few inches, causing the scraurooms and a few pieces of furniture. ing sound. So after a good laugh and a Since the death of his father Bernard large piece of muskmelon they went bank worked hard selling papers, but his earn- to bed and slept none the less senselly for ings amounted to very little, so at last they their temporary fright. grew so poor they could not even pay the

"Oh, if I was a man, so I could do something," sighed Bernard.

"My darling does a great deal now," said By Marjory Bodwell, 502 North Twelfth samma, kissing his cheek.

Street, Aged 11 Years, Hearing, mamma, kissing his cheek.

The next day was a cold one and Bernard Once there was a poor old woman who down in the snow.

Presently, as he moved about, he felt thought and at last found a way that something hard under the snow. He pulled might make them happy. She went to The it out and found it to be a purse contain- Omaha Bee building and asked if they

ing \$1,000. "Oh, now we shall be rich," said Bernard.

"Have you found a purse this way?" asked one of the men.

"Yes, it is mine. Thank you," said the "I think he should have given me some-

Just then in front of him stood a fairy. "there's a ghost." She ran out with a "Do not weep," said the fairy. "Run broomstick to chase the ghost away. The home. Your mother and sister are no children saw her coming and ran. They longer poor. They have all the things they

"And we're with you, Captain Hank," cried five voices, and the Cave-Diggers meant every word of what they said.

he found the Cave-Diggers assembled in Mr. Perkins' private office on the top floor of the mill. And from the way Mr. Perkins greeted Jimmy he knew the 'cat was out of the bag," as he expressed it afterward. pleased with his little "rousty" that he gave him the afternoon off to go merrymaking with the Cave-Diggers, and slipped a dollar bill into his hand besides. "That's to buy any little gimeracks in town that you might want," he explained. "And now

Jimmy our captain. I resign in his favor. A captain should be brave and today I And amidst a cheer from the six throats

just in time to see the pumpkin rolling at and sister were ready to leave the lonely her. She dropped the broomstlek and home. Mr. Barton was the man who had ran in the house. She went to one of the lost the pocketbook and he had brought windows and cautiously pecked out. Mean- this money to Bernard's mother. The while the children, who had been hiding happy family now live on a beautiful, behind the house put the pumpkin on the fashionable street in Lincoln. All because broomstick. Marion took off her white Bernard did unto others as he would want

The Busy Bees' Picnic

Nora A. Cullen, Aged 13 Years, 222 Webster Street, Omaha. Blue. One day there was a notice in The Omaha Ree of a picule given for The Busy Bees, The Busy Bees were delighted. It was to take place on Tuesday. Great preparations were going on in the homes of The Busy Bees. When Tuesday morning arrived you ought to have seen the crowd of Bees outside the hive waiting for the trolley cars to take them to the park. Finally two trolley cars stopped in front of the hive. The Busy Boos and the editor, who went, too, boarded the cars for Patrinouni park. You ought to have heard the noise they made. They were shouting: "Harran for

They at last reached Palemont nack and each Busy Ree put on an artificial pair of "My dear," said her mother, "I have an wings, and when you saw them scrambling invitation to a birthday party for you to- up the hill in the park with their big wings on you would surely think they were real member the time when you went assinst bees just alighting on something. They my will. Now I will leave you to decide had a fine time playing and at noon they and this evening you may tell me what were all scated and had refreshments, They had their pletures taken in the afterneon, all of The Busy Bern except the resist. She fought her own fight and said king and queen being scated on the grass and behind them, each sitting on a At the supper table her mother said: throne, were the king and queen, Emerson Goodrich and Buth Ashby. Each had a "Yes, mamma, I will not go, for I know golden crown set with emeralds and rubles, they were safe and sound in bed that night,

Mrs. Bronson's Burglar

By Louise Stiles, Aged 13 Years, Lyons, Neb. Blue. It all started with Mr. Bronson's love of muskmelon. Mr. Bronson was a grocer and always returned to his store after supper. One evening when he came home he brought a muskmelon with him. After he and his wife had partaken liberally of it they went to bed, leaving what remained of the melon on the kitchen table, leaning up against the wall. They slept well until about midnight, when Mrs. Bronson was awakened by a loud bump and the sound of a chair scraping across the uncarpeted floor of the kitchen. She learned over and, touching her sleeping busband on the arm, whispered, "John, John, wake up. 1 am sure there is a burglar in the house!" Mr. Bronson turned over, yawned, opened his eyes and sleepily demanded to know why she thought so. Mrs. Bronson told him and he went downstairs to investigate with a lamp in one hand and a bedslat in the other. His wife followed with a broom, They saw nothing alarming in the kitchen, so they made a thorough search of the other rooms. Having satisfied themselves that Mrs. Bronson had been dreaming, they returned to the kitchen to have a piece of muskmelon before going back to the room a moment before and that was Far, far away, in the cold part of Can- the cause of the trouble. The mu kinden

How the Busy Bee Page Was Started

Neb. Red.

started out again to sell papers. When he lived in an attic. Her one pleasure was was half way to town a snow storm came to make children happy. She went out up. Bernard hurried along very fast, but daily to wash and brought home a little the wind became so strong and the snow so money. She used this for buying presents deep he could go no further, so he lay for children. This did not seem to make them very happy, so she thought and would not have a page for the children and they said, "Yes." And so the next Sunday there was a page called The Busy Bees' Own Page. Many children from all over the United States wrote stories Bernard thought a while and then said: for it and this old woman said she would give two prizes for the best stories. Now many children try to win prizes and they, are very busy.

Catherine's Story

By Orian Mayes, Aged 12 Years, Lusk,

It was a cool evening in May and the Moore family were sitting in the front room when Mattie said to her eldest wisters "Catherine, tell me a story." Catherine said "All right, I will tell you about the sun, moon and stars." "We will call the nun Goodness, the

"Once Goodness, Truth and Purity went scolding for having been so long about it, said, 'Go to those children who are sewing over there and tell them to be good, for "No, you won't get a scolding, Jimmy, they have been bad and disobeyed their

Illustrated Rebus







SK TOU TO PLEASE ALLOW ME TO GO ON MY WAY. MR. PERKINS HAS SENT ME ON AN GRAND AND I MUSTN'T BE DELAYED."

Then came a faint wail from the interior

side. But so much dirt had crumbled into feet in length and eighteen inches in height, you boys here forget it." that Jimmy and the rescued boy (by name, loose soil to keep the boys inside the cave minute he could hear them yelling at the look anybody in the face for a month." top of their voices: "We're alive! Somebody dig us out of here! Help! Help!"

could scarcely speak, so exhausted were his

with me; there's no time for fooling."

vigorous Dan Smith. After about ten minutes of work, Jimmy,

way of emphasizing his words. Then, with with some aid from Dan, had a hole large a loud whoop, the boys ran to the mouth of enough for the boys to crawl out through. "Oh, thanks for the information," sneered the cave and crawled in, one at a time. And a badly scared lot of half-suffocated them from that kid. He's old Perkins' Hank, giving Jimmy a cuff on the ear Hank. 'But we got spades and picks, all But just as the last boy was half way into fellows came into daylight, heaving to fill favorite 'rousty,' and is an orphan that which made it tingle and tingle. "Now, that we wanted. And if you'll turn around the cave Jimmy heard a smothered scream, their lungs with the welcome fresh air. "But-say-who-" And then his legs of the last boy entering were still pro- us-out?" Hank asked of Jimmy, his face light." truding. Without a moment's delay Jimmy fiaming with a blush of shame. grabbed up a spade that lay near and begun "Weil, I helped," replied Jimmy, "I got

digging for dear life. Soon he had the box Dan Smith out and together we did the extricated, and when he pulled him from rest. But that's nothing." "Nothing!" and Hank's voice quavered.

the debris the poor, haif-smothered fellow "No, and it was nothing for me-coward lungs for want of air. "All the breath I that I was to slap your face a little while could get was from the cave inside," he ago, and nothing for you to turn around gasped. "But-the other kids-I'm afraid and rescue us all-six cowards-from death, they'll smother." "We've got to get 'em for as sure as we are standing here we'd out," declared Jimmy. "Here, get to work have died in there if it hadn't been for you, Jimmy. And, for one, I'm ready to say that you're a hero and that I'm a blamed of the cave, which was a chamber of some coward-or was a coward. But right here six feet square, and which the "cave I want to say that your conduct today. diggers' had found on enlarging one of the has made me ashamed of myself and that little tunnels running into it from the out- after this minute I'll try to act in every way as I think you-Jimmy-would act. the entrance tunnel, which was about four You're a brick, you are, and don't any of

"He's all right," said Bert, batting his Dan Smith,) had some difficulty in reach- eyes to keep back tears of emotion, as he ing the imprisoned boys. But Jimmy felt grasped Jimmy's shoulder and pressed it in sure that enough air entered through the a boyish way, trying to show his gratitude. "And, like Captain Hank, of the Cavealive for some time, and their cries for help Diggers, I feel so ashamed of myself that to Mr. Perkins. "And we're going to make assured him in this supposition, for every I could hide my head in a hole and not

in a hole you ought to want for a lifetime," And Jimmy would call back to them: "Be laughed Jimmy, too kind-hearted and for- Jimmy was led from the mill and was patient. Wa'll soon show you daylight, giving to entertain resentment against the called "Captain Jimmy the Braye,"

and we don't want to have anything to do encouraged them he worked like a trooper, short time before. "And now I must be with you. So get along, and don't come digging with a fury that astonished the less off to attend to my errand. I'll get a good to fairyland. A fairy came to them and too, if I don't look out."

for I mean for us boys to go in a body to parents' So Goodness. Truth and Purity the mill and report to Mr. Perkins your went over and talked to them. Then the heroic conduct. And, what's more, I mean children became good and truthful and to make a clean breast of the way we had pure hearts. So the fairy took the "Gee, I thought our time had come!" do. treated you a few minutes before the children back to their parents and they clared Hank, spitting some dirt from his cave-in of the tunnel. And I'll also tell always obeyed them after that. So Goodhow we wanted you to lend us the spades ness went home, and Truth and Purity possible speed and saw, to his horror, that eyes fell on Jimmy, who was resting on and picks belonging to the mill. Oh, I went back to the beautiful sky and shone the earth about the little cave's entrance the handle of a spade, perspiration stream. shan't keep back a thing, even if the truth brightly all night." had fallen into the cavity, and the feet and ing from his face. "Say, did-you-you-get- and the whole truth does put me in a bad

> That day on Jimmy's return to the mill And so it was, and Mr. Perkins was so

remember you are to have a day off each week and a dollar bill with which to colebrate the holiday. When I get hold of an honest, brave and industrious boy I mean to make it worth his while to stay with me. And now, get you off, young fellows, and put in the remainder of the day above ground. Lot caves and cave-digging alone," "Yes, sir; thank you," said Hank, bowing

"Well, you've had about all the hiding proved my unworthiness to the office."