THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: NOVEMBER 15, 1908.



HREE little Busy Bees from one family each sent in a story this week, the younger two being new Busy Bees. This little Busy Bee not only got two of her own little brothers and sisters to join the writers for the Busy Bees' Own Page, but also two or three little school too. «That little Busy Bee will never be called a drone. The editor friends, was very sorry to hear that one of the little Busy Bees had copied a story last week from the "Second Reader" which is used in the public schools, and it must be that the little writer did not know the meaning of "original." The Busy Bees must think out and write their stories by themselves or they are not original and may not be used. The editor received a good story from a little girl 15 years of age this week and we were sorry not to print it, but the age limit for the Busy Bees is 14 years.

The prizes were awarded this week to Lee Beckard of Waco, Neb., on the Red side, and to Frances Waterman of Omaha, on the Red side, and honorable mention to Mary Brown of Omaha, also on the Red side.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to any one whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

Postcard Exchange, which now include: Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb. Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb. Lillian Merwin, Bcaver City, Neb. Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb. Agnes Dahmke, Beneon, Neb. Vera Chenoy, Creighton, Neb. Louis Hahr. David City, Neb. Rhea Freidell, Dorchester, Neb. Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb. Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fre-mont, Neb. Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb. Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb. Bund, Neb.
Bartholomew. Gothenburg.
Jessie Crawford. 405 West Charles street.
Grand Island. Neb.
Ella Vons. 407 West Charles street.
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Grand Island. Neb.
Elland. Neb.
Elline Schulte. 412 West Fourth street.
Grand Island. Neb.
Alice Temple. Lexington. Neb.
Marian Hamilton. 2029 L street. Lincoin.
Alice Grassmeyer. 1555 C street. Value

Neb. Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln,

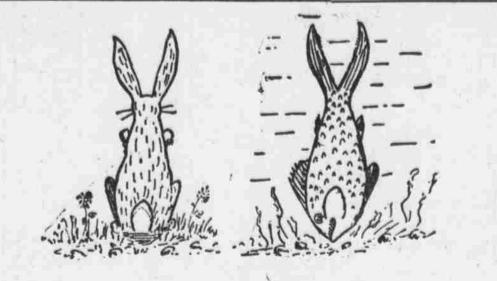
Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb. Eisle Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln, Neb. Irene Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln, Neb. Hughle Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln, Neb. Louise Stilles, Lyons, Neb. Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. Milton Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb. Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. Harrey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb. Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb. Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Nor-folk, Neb.

Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Nor-folk, Neb. Emma M. vouardt, Fifth street and Madi-son avenue, Norfolk, Neb. Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb. Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb. Hester E. Rutt, Leshara, Neb. Lifilian Wirt, 4158 Cass street, Omaha. Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha. Ada Morris, 842 Franklin street, Omaha. Myrtle Jensen, 2909 Izard street, Omaha. Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha. Helen Heuck, 1625 Lothrop street, Omaha. Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth street, Omaha.

Mabel Shelfelt, 4914 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. Wilma Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha. Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb. Emerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha. Helen Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha. Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha. Hilah Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street,

Emilie Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omäha, Eva Hendee, 4402 Dodge street, Omaha, Juanita Innes, 2768 Fort street, Omaha, Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb, Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb, Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb, Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb, Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb, Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb, Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb, Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb, Earl Perkins, Stanton, Neb, Enna Kostal, 1816 O street, South Omaha, Ethel Enis, Stanton, Neb, Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb, Clara Miller, Uifca, Neb, Mary Fredrick, York, Neb, Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb, Mary Fredrick, York, Neb, Pauline Parks, York, Neb, Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia, Irene Reynolds, Little Sloux, Ia, Ethen Mulholland, Rox 71, Malvern, Ia, Kathryne Mellor, Malvern, Ia, Midred Robertson, Manilia, Ia, Ruth Robertson, Manilia, Ia, Ruth Robertson, Manilia, Ia, Hondrad, Sheridan, Wyo, Henry L. Workinger, Oare Sterling Rem-edy company, Attica, Ind.

New Animal Analogues By the Anthor of "Row to Tell the Birds from the Flowers," Prof. Bobert Williams Wood, Johns Ropkins University



, The Bunny. The Tunny. The superficial naturalists have often been misled. By failing to dis-crim-inate between the tail and head: It really is unfortunate such carelessness prevails, Because the Bunnies have their heads where Tunnies have their tails.

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Silk and it's pink." "Oh, how fine!" said Grace Thomas. "When will it be done?" asked Mary. "Why mamma expects to have it finished by Sunday. I'm going to wear it then. Well, good bye," and she ran home to try it on.

"Well, dear, I hope you like it. It's lots of work for me," said Mrs. Wyatt. Emma told everybody she would wear a new dress, Sunday.

It certainly was a nice, fancy one, trimmed in lace and embroidery.

Mrs. Wyatt was up in Emma's bedroom. "Wake up!" she said, "it's time to get up."

of bed. "And I am going to wear by new so she sent Dorothy to her room. Dorothy

best after all." Honorable Mention.

## Smarty

By Mary Brown, Aged 12 Years, 2222 Boule-vard Avenue, Omaha. Red. One fail evening when we were waiting for papa to come for supper we noticed as he neared the house that he had something under his arm like a small basket, but when he stepped into the kitchen he did not have .ti We begged him to tell us what he carried, but he only said he did not have anything. Well, we knew better, but did not

ask him again. The next morning when mamma went to feed the chickens, and as she opened the door of the chicken house out marched Mr. Turkey with the rest of the chickens. rled under his arm the night before. come, no matter where he was.

was seen coming into the yard holding his poor kitty. head so proud as if to say, "I know Thanksgiving is past and I am coming home again." We will take better care of him

next Thanksgiving.

#### The Dog's Dance

Dogtown. The houses were made of wood their only child, a girl of 11 years, was once a little dog wanted to have a dancing on one occasion they were in a hurry, so party, but the father said, "Wait and have she was left at home with Mary, a girl it Hallowe'en night."

But the little girl said, "Papa, I can't wait 'till Saturday, it is too long." "But you will have to wait anyhow," repeated the father.

So the little girl went to bed angry. In the morning she said, "Papa, may I have Jack lanterns for decorations and have ghosts."

"Yes," said the father, "that is why I wanted you to wait." So she went to the dogs' public school

very happy. That night after school she said, "May

I write the names of the children, mamma?" "Yes," said the mother.

So she wrote the following: "Sport, Daisy, Nellie, Sir W., Sue L., Rags, Fido, Spots, Buttons, Dora, Toots, Billy and stasted to untile the string, when the chair

Well, at last Saturday came and they were all there.

Two Short Stories

way she acted.

fried chicken.

One day her mother had callers and Emma opened her eyes, and jumped out Dorothy was very annoying to her other, By Pearl Maupin, Aged 12 Years, 216 North

as she lay there, "Ethel was dressed the lines and bobbers so they could be traced. At dinner time they were discovered missing. Their father and neighbors soon started after them. It was not very hard to follow them because of the tracks the horses made in the mud.

> They found them the next day while the Indians were camping. They killed two of them, but the others ran, leaving the boys behind.

> The boys were taken home to their mother, but now they have a big story to tell the other boys.

#### Kittie and Little Brother

By Margaret McCormack, Aged 7 Years, 1222 South Thirty-second Street, Omaha, Neb. Bhue.

My mother went out to see grandpa, who was sick, and took my little 2-year-old When mamma came into the house she brother with her. While there he played told us what the bundle was that papa car- with the cat, and when he started home he asked grandma to give him the cat, so sha We called him Smarty, and every time we gave it to him, and mother brought it went into the yard and called him he would home in a basket. When little brother was sitting on the floor playing with the About two days before Thanksgiving cat he though its tail looked too long and Smarty was gone. We hunted and hunted, he went and got a large nall and asked but Smarty was nowhere to be found. We mother to nail the tail up on the cat's had to give up having a turkey for dinner, back, so he wouldn't step on it. Mother The day after Thanksgiving Mr. Smarty said that would be cruel and would kill

> Jeanette's Lesson By Louise Stiles, Aged 13 Years, Lyons, Neb. Blue,

The Lawrences lived on a large farm near the village of Newbury. About once Prudence Wintersteen, Aged 7 Years, 706 a week Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence went to W. Military Ave., Fremont, Neb. Red. town to buy groceries, dry goods or any-Once upon a time there was a town called thing they happened to need. Jeanette, a week Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence went to and mud, and each had two rooms. Well, generally allowed to accompany them, but who worked for them. Jeanette was meddlesome and always wanted to see what was in overything. When Mary finished her work she went to her room to do some mending and Jeanette was left alone. First she tried to amuse herself with a book. but being unsuccessful in this, she took an apple and went out doors to the swing. After a few hours her parents came home and while her husband unharnessed the horses Mrs. Lawrence took her purchases into the house and putting them upon a high shelf, went in search of Mary. Jeanette followed her mother in the house and when her mother left the room she pushed a chair near the shelf and climbed upon it. Her mother had rpomised to bring her some candy and she saw a package which she thought contained it. She carefully pulled it to the edge of the shelf and slipped and down she fell, not much hurt except for a sudden prickling in her eyes, She gave a sudden scream which brought Sir W. danced so hard he fell down. The her mother and Mary to the rescue. Mary refreshments were cream, potatoes and picked up the package which had fallen from the shelf, its contents being plentifully sprinkled over Jeanette, in her eyes

included, and which contained, not candy, By Eleanor Mellor, ex-Queen, Aged 12 but ground red peppers, while Mrs. Law-Years, Malvern, Ia, Blue. 12 rence washed the peppers from Jeanette's rence washed the peppers from Jeanette's Dorothy was a very pretty child, but not eyes. I think this cured Jeanette of medvery agreeable to have around. She knew dling, especially as she was not allowed she was pretty, but did not care about the to have any candy.

# A Thanksgiving Turkey

found good homes, others were not so fortunate. Among the latter was Billy, the far, far away towards the setting sun. subject of this story. He was 9 years old And with a still lighter heart he was told at the time of his being "shipped west," that he was going to a place where a man and he had no other name than Billy. This and his wife kept a little railroad station little pet name had been found pinned to eating-house, away over the mountains, his dress on the morning when a policeman near Salt Lake City. And this man and picked him up in one of the public parks. woman were to be his parents, for they And on the paper that gave his name as had no children of their own.

But after the first hour in his new home "Billy" was written these words: "Somebody be good to my little boy, Billy, and Billy was sick for the loveless asylum. God in heaven will bless you." But so His new "mother" was a cold, sharptongued woman, tireless in her work and far that "somebody" had not been found, and Billy's lot had been a pretty hard one. tireless in making Billy work also. And In the asylum where he had lived prior to the new "father" was a red-nosed man, bis being "shipped west" he had known given to drink, as Billy afterwards learned. only severity and work. The little time So, this was the "home" Billy had not that he and other orphans were allowed to dreamed of. And his hopes died during play was after work and study hours, and the first hour of his existence there. And all day long he was alone with this then they were too tired to make joyful strange, unaffectionate woman and redus of their leisure and freferred to lie about on the hard soil of the uninviting nosed man, save for ten minutes at the playground, with its jall-like high fence, noon hour, and the minutes again at 6 and rest their tired limbs. And lying there o'clock in the evening, when trains stopped they would wonder if in some other world to allow their passengers to procure sandthey would have papas and mammas, like wiches, ple, doughnuts and coffee at the little station eating-house. And during the other children-children of the great big outside world. So often these little orten-minute rush twice a day Billy was happy, for there were people laughing, phans would watch with wonder the "other children" going past the asylum, and a chatting, bustling people, eating, drinking, cry would sometimes burst from their lips as fast as they could. And Billy helped to walt on them, work he much enjoyed, for and tears spring to their eyes as they compared their own desolate life with those though tired out from constant toll in the garden and kitchen the excitement of the care-free and happy children on the "outcrowd made him forget his weariness. aide." And so life passed on and on in the lonely

How Orphan Billy Found a Mother

By Maud Walker.

most part nameless, waifs were distributed who dressed in blue overalls and gingham

about among farmers in various states shirt, and who whistled such lively tunes

west of the Mississippi river. Some of them as he drove up to the grounds.

YEAR before this story opens orphans, but would have a nice Sunday

a carload of orphan children sult, like the "outside boys." And for

were sent from a great eastern every day he would dress like the grocer's

city to the far west. These delivery boy who came to the asylum, and

little homeless, and for the who was so read-cheeked and merry, and

And with a light heart Billy we

And Billy had been one of the little mourn ers, for these heavy-hearted orphans could place with the woman whom he could not hardly be called anything else. And when call mother, and the man whom he could not call father. But as neither of these one day the news spread throughout the "new parents" seemed to care about what that about fifty of its inmates he called them, so that he did his work were to be "shipped west" Billy was one well, he was not corrected when he adof the first to cry out: "Oh, let me be dressed them as Aun? Jane and Uncle one of them! I want to go to-to-a home." And Billy was one of those chosen to be Tom. "I may find a mother some day." sent to the farmers living in the far west, he would whisper to himself. "A good and he dreamed of the time when he would woman that will love me for my own not wear clothes just like all the other sake, and not just feed and clothe me for



"DO YOU LIVE HERE, LITTLE MANT" SHE ASKED, SMILING DOWN ON HIM.

**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 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 ad-dress at the top of the first page.

First and second prises of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Boo.

(First Prize.) An Imaginary Trip to the Moon By Leo Beckord, Aged 12 Years, Waco, Neb. Red.

friends and I once made up our minds to take a trip to the moon in an airship. So we got our airship made, but when he wanted to go, it would not go. So we had to get it fixed better. After a while we got started. Some people told us the moon was made of green cheese.

ceased speaking of children who were not orphans as "outside children.") The people who had given Billy a home

expressed their intention of adopting him him. child's claim on them and their property, windows, which was open, a sweet-faced of the first passenger coach, and not a but they had put this matter off from lady put out her hand to him. "Come moment too soon, for almost at the same boys went fishing, and good fishers they month to month, and after a year's so- here, little man," she said. And when instant the porter closed the vestibuled journ with them Billy was still the un- Billy stepped close to her window, looking door and no one from the outside could named orphan boy, having no lawful claim up into her kind face, smiling, she handed

on anybody or anything. But being so him a great yellow orange. young he did not realize the wrong these people were doing him. He did not know asked, smiling down on him. that they were to adopt him as their own that part of their contract Billy did not feared she had seen "Aunt Jane" and "Uncle, ing and saw him. bother himself about it. Indeed, sometime Tom" and he could not bear to have her he hoped they would never adopt him by think he was their child. Then he added: law, for then he would not belong to them entirely. And so long as the adoption had Since then I've hved here, ma'am." not taken place he felt a sort of freedom-

felt that if the opportunity presented Staelf he might leave the station eating-house And do you love the woman and man with and the unlikeable Aunt Jane and Uncle whom you live?" There was so much sym-Tom, and hunt for a home elsewhere. At last, however, there came a day

which Billy would never forget in all his life to come, even though he lived to be 100 years old. It was a cold November day and the wind swept across the sandy desert carrying a breath from the snowcapped mountains that hemmed them in. Except for the little five-acre irrigated garden which belonged to the eating house proprietors, there was not a spear of grass nor sprig of weed to be seen for ten miles in any direction. And the desolation of the fall and winter time was much harder for Billy to bear than it had been during the summer. When it was garden time ho could find plenty to do out of doors, but with the cold weather his "Aunt Jane" kent him busy in the kitchen under her cold eyes. But on this day of which I speak the evening train was obliged to stop for to lose and everything to gain. He would half an hour at the station, for there was be as well off anywhere as here. There a "hot box" and the train could not pull was no hope of anything better happening out till some work was done to the heated

cold-hearted, thankless man and woman wheel The evening shadows were settling about with whom he now lived. Yes, better risk and the lighted train held a great fascina- anything. If the dear, good lady should tion for Billy. After all the customers had not want him he could-

dress," she thought.

to find out. We found out that it was Breakfast over and Emma ran up stairs After awhile Dorothy's mother came up not. The man who guided the airship did to dress for Sunday school. It didn't take and told her that no matter how she there lived a family of five children and not go the right way, but hit the man in her long to dress, and soon she started off looked she is always judged by the way their parents, who were very poor. They the moon in the eye and blinded him, so with her new dress and pink parasol, in she acts. after that he did not shine so bright. We great style.

saw many different sights and people. The "Here comes Ethel." she thought, as she people laughed at us and we laughed at walked down the street. "Look at that them. We did not like it there as well dress, will you. I won't speak to her." as we did at home. So we thought the Why I wouldn't walk to church with her in best thing for us was to go home. We that costume," and she tossed her head turned our airship around and started for high in the air. home. We were going to light in the city

Now Ethel was a nice girl, but she was of Denver, but by a mistake lit on Pike's poor. "Oh, dear, it's starting to rain!" and she

In the morning we say one of the most beautiful sights, which is to see the sun- raised her umbrella. "Anyway I won't let Ethel come under it. I'll have to run or my rise. In the morning at \$ o'clock some dress will get wet." donkeys came and we rode down on their

So she started to run, but it rained harder backs, and at 11 o'clock we got on the train and harder. and returned home safely. Hoping to take another trip some time, but not to hit the

man in the moon in the eye, because I am ground, just because her new shoe were afraid that if we did, he will not shine at slippery.

> parasol," and she started to sob. She picked herself up and looked at her dress. 'Oh, but look at it now."

head high in the air.

hand bleycle. When she got home she was sent to

He had always wished he had a bicycle, buy it with. and tried hard to get it. He would watch

bleycle but kept on selling papers.

but he knew that that little sum would not giving day. buy a bicycle. Just then a little child happened to run across the street and stopped

in front of a coming street car. Boof! bing! and Emma went to the

"Ouch; oh, dear, my new dress, my new

She walked back home, but not with her

Oh, no! It was hanging down now

Charley is now a messenger boy in the city of Chicago.

Two Boys' Indians form and walked up and down by the side conductor was waving a lantern in the By Rena N. Mead, Aged 12 Years, Blair, Neb. Blue. of the train. He could see the passengers darkness, the engine was puffing and the sitting beside the windows, some of them wheels starting to go round. There was John and Harry lived in the west before

were, too.

eating the lunches they had bought from no time for debating the matter in mind. the civil war. Their father was a brave He must make a quick decision. And he trapper. There were many Indians near, her mamma crying. according to the law, thus giving him a As Billy paused in front of one of the did. With a leap he was on the platform but, the boys were not afraid.

enter the moving train.

"Yes'm, I live here with the gentleman and talked with the lady. And as he

In another minute he was sitting close beside her, weeping silently, her arm about "I haven't any mother or father. I am an orphan an' was shipped west a year ago. "And have you a good home, dear child? train."

"I want to go with you-I never, never want to go back to those people again. pathy in her voice, so much solicitude, that They are so hard with me. I am so Billy's eyes glistened with tears. He dared miserable. I want to be like other chilnot try to speak, so he shook his head. dren-outside children, you know, and have Then, thinking he had done something a home and-and-a mother."

wrong, ran down the station toward the en-And as the train sped in through the darkness Billy poured out his sad story Once outside the giare of light of the to the sympathetic cars of the lady who car windows, Billy stood panting, tears had opened her heart, as well as her arms, streaming down his cheeks. How heavy to receive him. And before the supper was his heart was! The few kind words spoken called she had said to him: "You shall be to him by the gentle-volced lady in the my little son, for I have none other; and car had roused all the longing in him for you shall be made so by law. I shall insomeone to love, and someone to love vestigate your connection with these peohim in return. Ah, how he could love ple back at the station and if everything that dear lady who had spoken so is as you say there will be no reason why sweetly to him and who had given him the I may not take you for my own. And then, big orange! Oh, if he only dared---my dear little man-so brave and true-Then a plan unfolded itself in his mind. you shall have the happiness you so richly But it was a plan he feared to follow out, deserve-as every child richly deserves. But why should ne? There was nothing And now clear your pretty eyes and we'll go to the dining car and have a nice sup per. Isn't it a fine thing that you should have found a mother just as I have found to him while he remained a drudge for the a son?"

> And Billy could only look up and smile into the sweet face of the good woman who was henceforth to be his own dear mother.

felt very ashamed of herself.

mates think she is very nice.

Twenty-Eighth Avenue, Omaha Neb. Red.

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, lived in an old family shanty of two rooms

Dorothy remembered what her mother This family had no clothing to wear only told her, and now all of Dorethy's play- what people gave them. It was just four more days till Thanksgiving, but these peo-Charley Wright was a poor boy and had ple did not expect to get anything extra to earn his living by selling newspapers. good to eat, for they had no money to

Well, Thanksgiving came at least; and the boys as they came to and from school what do you suppose happened. Some liton their bicycles and wish that he too had the girls brought them a big turkey, and one. But he no longer thought of the they were so thankful over it that they invited the little girls over to eat with He had now almost seventy-five cents, them. They all had a pleasant Thanks-

Petty and Teddy

It's mother was not watching it so By Emilis Brown, Aged 10 Years, Boulevard Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red 2322 Charley jumped in front of the car and One day when papa came home for dinner saved the child just in time. The mother he brought me two little goslings. They had just missed it and saw Charley pick were only one week old and the funiest the child up. She called Charley across little things you ever saw. I called them the street and gave him his reward of five Petty and Teddy. Pretty soon they got to dollars. Charley thanked the lady and know their names, and when I call them went home and took the money he had they will come, no matter where they are saved in his bank, which was only 50 cents, They have feathers now and are big. and put all of it together and got a second-

Mamma said we were going to have them for Thanksgiving dinner, but I bet she don't get them, because I am going to tell them all about Thanksgiving, and tell them to run away for a few days so they will

Adventure with not get killed for our Thanksgiving dinner.

#### Little Eleanor's Surprise

By Marie Mittendorff, Aged 12 Years, 915 East Avenue, York, Neb. Red. Eleanor was sitting in the big chair by

"What are you crying for, my child?" Their home lay near a creek, where the said her mother.

"Oh, only because we are not going to grandpa's farm Thanksgiving," said Elea-One day, as John and Harry sat fishing, nor.

they saw about a dozen Indians riding Nothing else was said in regard to it until It did not take Billy long to run through toward them. They could not run because a day before Thanksgiving, when a letter "Do you live here, little man?" she the two or three coaches that separated the Indians would overtake them before came from her grandma, but Eleanor's

him from the rear one, where he had seen they reached home, so they hid in the mother would not let her read it. bushels. But the Indians had seen them. Eleanor woke up Thanksgiving morning son-some time. He had been told this and lady who keep the cating house," re- walked down the aisle of the car toward The Indians came up and stopped to fish. feeling almost heartbroken. As Eleanor by the asylum officials. But as they did plied Billy. "But they're not my mother her his face pale with anxiety, hope, fear. They seemed friendly. Presently the boys was dressing for dinner she heard a bus not seen in any great hurry to carry out and father." he quickly explained, for he she looked up from a book she was read- found themselves in the grip of two In- drive up near her house, but did not pay dians. The Indians put them on two horse's any attention to it, thinking it was driving backs. The Indians then started back at up to a neighbor's house, until she heard a breakneck pace for fear somebody would dear familiar voice calling, "Eleanor!" She him and her coaxing voice in his ear, discover them. The boys fell off in the was then happy, for her dear grandma, "Come, little man, tell me what grieves mud once or twice, pretending they did not grandpa and auntie had come to spend the you and how you came to be aboard the know how to ride. They dropped their day with her instead.



(Second Prize.) Emma's New Dress Frances Waterman, Aged 12 Years, 546 South Twenty-Fourth Avenue, Omaha, Red. "Oh, girls, mamma is making me a new

Peeak at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

We'did not believe them; so we were going dress!" cried excited little Emma Wyatt, bed without her supper, and she thought the work I do. Oh, how I want to be loved been served with their "quick lunch" in Oh, the train was getting ready to pull like the outside children." (Billy had never the eating house he slipped out to the plat- out; the engineer was in his place, the

gine.

all.