number of votes have been received for the next King and Queen of Busy Bees. Each Busy Bee is entitled to send in two votes in all, that is one for the Queen and one for the King. The editor wishes that the little writers would send in their votes as soon as possible for there is only one week more in which to vote.

Not as many stories were sent in this week as usual. Probably the Busy Bees are spending the holidays, reading their new books, which they received for Christmas and the younger ones playing with their dolls and toys, while several have written that they were spending the holidays with cousins or other relatives. Next week school begins and the editor hopes that all the Busy Bees have had a good time during the holidays and that they will send in some stories about these good times for the other Busy Bees to read.

Prizes were awarded this week to Rena N. Mead of Blair on the Blue side and to Mary Olivesky of South Omaha also on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Bessle Jackson of Omaha 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 includes.

Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.
Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.
Matbel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
Agnes Dahmke, Benson, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Louis Halm, David City, Neb.
Rhea Freidell, Dorchester, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Fails City, Neb.
Ethiel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Ethiel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.

Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth street, Omaha.

Mabel Shelfeit, 4914 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.

Wilma Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Huida Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.
Emerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha.
Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha.
Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha.

Jessie Crawford, 405 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb. Lydia Roth, 866 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb. Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 923 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Neison, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Neison, Lexington, Neb.
Marian Hamilton, 3229 L atreet, Lincoln, Neb.
Allce Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
Marian Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln,
Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln,
Neb.
Elsie Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Irene Disher, 2020 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hughie Disher, 2020 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hughie Disher, 2020 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma M. Jouardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Lillian Wirt, 415 Cass street, Omaha,
Ada Morris, 242 Franklin street, Omaha,
Myrtle Jensen, 2999 Izard street, Omaha,
Gail Howard, 472 Capitol avenue, Omaha,
Helen Heuck, 1625 Lethrop street, Omaha,
Mary Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha,
Leonora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and
Pacific streets, Omaha.

New Animal Analogues

By the Author of "How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers," Prof. Robert Williams Wood, Johns Ropkins University





The Pansy. The Chim-pansy.

Observe how Nature's necromancies Have clearly painted on the Pansies These almost human counte-nances. In yellow, blue and black nu-ances. The face, however, seems to me To be that of the Chimpanzee, A fact which makes the zentle Pansy Appeal no longer to my fancy.

ished when she forgot, too.

distinctly: "This medal is awarded to Miss

Jennie Hood for the best recitation this

Not many liked it because of fealousy,

Jennie was always proud of her first

medal. But mother told her that it was not

the purse and the fine clothes we wear

that win the medals of life, but what we

make of ourselves during the golden op-

(Second Prize.)

Kindness

The other day Gertrude bought a book

the girl threw some cents to her. The

money fell on the sidewalk and rolled

away, but the girl did not stop to pick it

up. The beggar heard the sound of the

money as it fell, but could not help herself,

nor did she need to for Gertrude ran for-

ward, and in a minute was on her knees

searching for the money. This took some

time, but at last Gertrude found it all,

and handed it to the beggar. "May

woman, "O, thank you," replied Ger-

trude, "that was no trouble. I am glad

(Honorable Mention.)

Violet's Lesson

By Bessie Jackson, Aged 11 Years, 821

South Twenty-third street, Omaha. Red.

There were two girls named Violet and

Daisy Graham. Violet, the eldest, was very

selfish, but Daisy was kind and sweet-

At the next door lived a woman with a

tittle girl whose name was Lillian Phelps.

They were very poor and could not afford

to dress as well as the Grahams. One day

Violet Graham was out walking when she

met the poor little girl, Lillian Phelps,

pleasantly said, "Good afternoon," and re-

ceiving no answer she felt very much of-

offended her the other day. She brought

fended and walked home.

Don't you?

tempered.

good God bless you, my child, keep your sight," said the

cheered her.

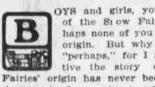
afternoon."

portunity of youth.

Copyright, 1998, by Paul Elder and Company.

The Origin of the Snow Fairies

By William Wallace, Jr.



that is why I am going to tell it now, that you may hear something strictly new. In the very, very long, long ago there

the parents and two children, a little boy and a little girl. They were very happy together till one day the father, going out on the ley mountain side, slipped and fell into a deep gorge that was filled with snow. Of course, he was instantly killed, and the good wife, endeavoring to reach bim, hoping that she might find him still alive, lost her footing in the snow and ice and was precipitated to the bottom, dving beside the already cold body of her hus-

Now, can anything be sadder than the fate of those dear little children, Dado, the boy, aged 9, and Pinto, the girl, aged 7? There they were, away up in the mountains, walled in by snow and ice, and surrounded by as wild a country as ever mortal man heard of. There they were, alone both parents lying dead in that great canyon down the mountain side. And lurking about in the mountain forests were wild beasts Whose rears, growls and howis made the night something to be feared you, my little ones. Now, while I warm by those little orphans. When father and me by your cheerful fire, tell me your mother were with them they feared noth. dearest wish and I shall grant it." ing. But now that they were alone, and so at every step.

All day long the little Pinto wept and know, together in a corner of the great fireplace. before by their father still burned brightly and gave out light and warmth.

"I am so hungry," whispered Pinto. thinking of food for the first time that day. 'I am so hungry that my head spins round and round."

"You must eat something, sister," said Dado, rising and going to the cupboard to find some food for his sister. But only a bit of dry bread was there, and Dado remembered that that very day was to have been his mother's baking day, and that his father had gone out hunting for meat when he met with the fatal acci-

He gave Pinto the bread, but her sorrow choked her till she could not swallow food, and she put the bread on the table, declaring her hunger had vanished. face in her apron-

gently, then closed again. But during the maid does not wish to be a fairy." moment's interval between opening and "Yes, yes, I wish to be a fairy, a snow

DYS and girls, you have heard shutting a white-robed figure had entered of the Slow Fairies; but per- the room. Dado, who was looking intently haps none of you know of their into the fire, wondering what he should origin. But why should I say do on the morrow for food and fuel for "perhaps," for I am very posi- his sister and himself, did not hear the tive the story of the Snow slight noise made by the opening and clos-Fairles' origin has never been told. And ing of the massive wooden door, nor the gentle footfall of the intruder. But Pinto, her little ears easerly listening for anything that might happen-and hoping dwelt in the Alps a family consisting of against hope that all this calamity which had befallen her home might prove to be a dream-caught the sounds, and she looked up from the folds of her apron. Then she quickly touched the hand of her brother and pointed toward the newcomer, directing Dado's eyes thither. "See,"

maia. Hilah Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street,

Omaha.

Emilie Brown, EEE Boulevard, Omaha.

Eva Hendee, 4402 Dodge street, Omaha.

Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street. Omaha.

Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street. Omaha.

Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.

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.

Emma Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha.

Ethel Enis, Stanton, Neb.

Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.

Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.

Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.

Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.

Eisle Stastny, Wilber, Neb.

Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.

Mary Fredrick, York, Neb.

Pauline Parks, York, Neb.

Pauline Parks, York, Neb.

Carrie B, Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.

Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.

Ethel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.

Kathryne Mellor, Malvern, Ia.

Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.

Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.

Henry L, Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Attica, Ind.

Fred Shelley, 20 Troup street, Kansas City, Kan.

she whispered: "It must be a fairy." "Yes, my little ones, I'm a fairy and I came to earth to see what I might do for you. But how cold it has grown! Ugh, I cannot endure the snow, and it is falling very rapidly outside."

"Snowing?" asked Dado, rising and going close to the fairy.

"Yes, my little one, it is snowing heavily, and I, being a cloud fairy and always keeping close to the warmer zones, cannot breast this storm. And here I am, as helpless as a human being. But while I cannot change myself nor my climatic temperament, I have the power to change others. I can wave my little wand and make or By Rena N. Mead, Aged 12 Years, Blair, mar fortunes. And I came here to help The fairy sat down beside the fire and

helpless, their hearts were very, very Dado and Pinto drew close beside her. heavy, and fear stalked about with them They told of the sad death of their parents, the particulars of which the fairy did not

called for the mother she knew could Then they discussed many things, one of not come to her, and all day long little them being the weather, and the fairy Dado sat with downcast eyes, his heart said with feeling: "Do you know, my too sad to allow of speech. Then as the little ones, that the fairles would come to night came down the little ones crept close the mountain folk oftener if we could brave the bad weather? But we feel the till she got her a new dress. where the huge logs placed there the day ice and snow keenly and have to remain stay near to those who need them. Ah, if She had nearly a week. only we had some hardy fairles among us Jennie wanted a new dress, too, but her -fairies who loved the ice and snow!" mother pressed her old one and it looked stretched out her hands to the fire.

For a few minutes not a word was said, spoke: "Good fairy, cannot you change But she did not seem to mind. The pro-

dren who need fairles' help." mother and father I want-not food," she fairy. "I shall try to perform the miracle whispered, heart brokenly, burying her you suggest. But"-and she turned to

Pinto, who was listening eagerly to all fairy, as brother says. I would not be At that moment the door opened ever so that was being said-"perhaps the little anything else-if brother is one," Pinto de-

The good fairy smiled and raised her tiny

A sudden darkness fell in the room, and when again the light of the fire defined the objects there Dado and Pinto had disappeared and in their places were two beautiful anow fairles, with happiness before them. "Ah, now we shall carry you, dear Cloud Fairy, to your own warm clime," said the snow fairy who had been Dado. speaking to the little fairy whose charm had worked so marvelous a miracle. "Yes, we will protect you from the snow-which we love-and see that you reach your own dominion soon," declared the snow fairy who had been little Pinto a few minutes

And away flew the three fairies, happy as could be.



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use 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 Bee.

(First Prize.)

Jennie's First Medal

Neb. Blue. "I don't see why I can't have a new dress, too." So spoke Evalyne Smith to her mother one day. It was Saturday and they were to have a program at school the next Friday. Mrs. Smith was poor and had to work hard for a living.

Jennie Hood thought she'd like a new dress, too, but she would not worry her mother with it because she had all she could do. There was a medal to be awarded for the

best recitation and Evalyne seemed to think that the prettiest one won the medal because she teased her mother and pouted Marie was to have a new pink silk dress

where the temperature is more congenial. to speak in. Her folks were rich and most But there are so many little folk in need of the girls looked up to her. This and her of the fairy's aid in the ice-bound moun- new dress were certain to win the medal, tains that it seems a pity there are no so she didn't study her recitation very fairies that can brave the elements and well. Besides there was plenty of time.

Hereupon the good little fairy sighed and all right. The problem of dress over she began studying her piece. Friday afternoon came at last and the and Dado, who had been intently thinking, girls all had on new dresses but Jennie.

my sister and me into fairles-snow fairles? gram began with such a lot of visitors If you can we will remain here in the present. Marie came first. She started out mountains and be of help to the poor chil- fine, but oh! what was that next word? She could not remember and was com-"Brave, noble little boy!" exclaimed the pelled to take her place without finishing.

clared enthusiastically,

wand. Passing it slowly over the heads of the little orphans, she murmured some strange words; then, with a quick turn of the wand, she cried: "Change, lad and maid, from human to superhuman, from boy and girl to snow fairles."

This way Violet Graham was cured by another girl's unselfishness.

A Remarkable Dog

away by an angry wave Last of all came Jennie. The girls had sneered at her and said the professor would never give her the medal. But she the brave dog bringing the child to them. spoke her piece clearly and loudly with Could they live until they reached shore, such an emphasis that all the crowd As they knelt in silent prayer the dog The professor held the medal up, saying and laid it at the mother's feet.

Trixie's Lesson

Trixie is a very pretty little dog and she is our only pet. At night she goes to her bed about 8 o'clock and waits to be covered up. She sleeps with her head upon the pillow like some little child would and she loves all of us. We feed her on warm meat, for she won't eat anything else. When we sit down to eat our supper Trixic will stand and jump until she gets By Mary Olivesky, Aged 's Vears, Thirty- her supper too, and when supper is over, Sixth and U Streets, S uth Omaha, Blue. Trixle runs and jumps upon the bed, for papa always plays with her and she knows with the money her aunt had given her her frolic is coming every evening. One for a birthday present and was hurrying morning after papa had gone to work, we cried the woman. Gertrude felt serry, but she was down to a little town about a half as her last cent was spent she had noth- mile away. She was gone for two days and ing to give the woman. Just then a lady then the grocery boy brought her home. and a little girl went by. They were richly She had lost her collar and was hungry

head on Lillian Phelp's shoulder, no longer sobbing, but laying lovingly on it.

A little girl was playing by the sea. Her and work every hour of the day. They fool dearest wish," name was Kate and she was the daughter of a seaman. She was tossing sticks into the sea, and as she bent to pick up a stick she lost her balance, fell and was carried the child brought the mother to the door. only to see her child tossed about by the waves. She started down the shore to find some men, but found them coming in haste to the spot. All eyes were bent seaward, but none dared to attempt to rescue her. As they strained their eyes to the dark speck on the waves another appeared. The specks grew larger and they found it was brought the strangling, half lifeless child

By Dorothy Birkhaeuser, Aged 12 Years, Sheridan, Wyo. Blue.

By Pearl Smith, Aged 10 Years. Fort Crook Neb.

dressed, and as they passed the beggar, and didn't have any place to sleep. Now to get warm and she slept there all night. story and this day she is out of doors.

By Maud Walker.

How Little Bessie's Wish Came True

-by name Aunt Martha-would might be made of them.

could not enjoy their play very much while their mamma was absent. "We can play in the attic," whispered Bessle to Billie as they sat very quietly in the sitting room after breakfast. Aunt

Martha was sitting there also, darning a very long and very heavy woolen stocking. "If we want to play ghost or fairy up there Aunt Martha can't hear us." "What are you whispering about?" asked

Aunt Martha, furning her sharp eyes toward the corner where her 6-year-old niece and 8-year-old nephew sat like tortured little mice, fearing to move lest the old cat might gobble them up. "What are you whispering about? Can't you speak aloud? Nobody is going to eat you! Come, who was doing the whispering? I dislike to hear whispers; they tickle my ears like a feather wiggling about in them. One only hears sounds and can't make out the me." words."

"I whispered to brother that we might play in the attic," confessed Bessie, "We won't bother you, Aunt Martha, if we're

"But it's as cold as the north pole up there, child," said Aunt Martha. However, a smile of agreeableness played about the sharp corners of her mouth as she said this, for the truth is she thought it a good idea for "the vexatious youngsters" to play somewhere a long way from her, good Fairy," She had not been a child for sixty years and had forgotten all about their needs it," replied Billie. "But, if you want to play there for half an hour, why, go up and do floor, or shricking, or laughing too loudly.

"I'd like to stay till mamma comes home," whispered Billie to Bessle, as they crept along the hall towards the stair. And up the steps they went like little culprits, fearing lest their tiny feet might make stocking: "Children are a dreadful bother. I am thankful I don't have to put up with

ESSIE and Billie were awfully away valuable time playing with toys and Their mamma had reading foolish fairy tales. So few people gone from home the day before know how to raise children. Hard as it and left them in charge of a very would be. I'd like to take those two chilaged aunt. And this aged aunt dren in hand and show their parents what

not allow Bessie and Billie to make any Meanwhile Bessie and Billie had reached noise while at play, for she said "children's the attic, closed the door to keep inside noises, cats fighting and dogs barking all their noise and opened their mouths drove her clean distracted." So, you will and cried: "Goody, goody! It's so nice to readily understand that Bessle and Billie get away from Aunt Martha." "What shall we play?" asked Billie

Shall we play ghost?" "Ugh, not It's too scarey, Brother. The attle is so dark and I'd get so frightened. I'd hide and cry. Let's play Fairy."

"All right, Sister, let's play Fairy, Who'll be the fairy-you or I?" "You be the fairy, Brother, and play 'at I'm a little girl what's lost in the big forest, and, and 'at I'm crying for my

mamma." "All right," said Billie, "I'll play that I'm n a tree and when you come along under it I look down and see you crying. And I'll ask you, 'What's the matter little girl? And you must say: 'Oh, I'm lost in the forest and can't find my mamma, And the bears are about, and a big snake is under the boulder, and I don't know

where to go. Oh, please, good Fairy, help "Oh, that will be such fun," cried Bessie, clapping her hands, "And now let's begin." Bessle walked along beside the box, gropped down up n the floor, and began her pretense of crying. "An, little girl, what is the matter?" asked Billie, "Can I do

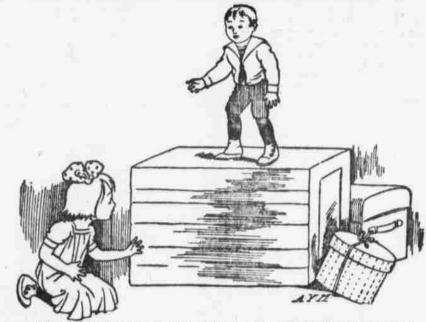
anything for you?" "Yes, good Fairy, I'm lost in the forest and a big bear wants to eat me, and a big snake wants to bite my big toe. And I can't find my mamma. Will you help me,

'Yes, make your wish, and I shall grant

"Well, good fairy, I want my dear mamma," replied Bessle, and her voice so. But mind, no tumbling down on the trembled a bit as she said this, for she voiced her dearest wish in very truth, as well as in play.

Bille waved his wand, saying: "Wave, wand, for luck, Wave, wand, to help those in distress. Wave, wand, and keep the bear from eating her. Wave, wand, and a noise to disturb the aged aunt below strangle the snake before it bites her big stairs, who was communing thus to her toe. Wave, wand, and find her mother for her, for that is her dearest wish." "Ah, bless my bables, what are you doing

'em very much longer. Their mother ought in this cold attic?" And to the supreme to be home sometime tomorrow. And she, delight of Bessle and Billie their mother silly woman, thinks those two noisy, bad-came into the attic and had them in her mannered little brats are angels. If they arms, kissing them and hugging them till run and scream like wild Indians, she they could scarcely get their breath. And laugh and says: 'Bless my bables! Just when at last they could speak, Bessie said: see how happy they are.' Bables! Ugh, "Mamma, brother made the bestest fairy six and eight! Ought to be put at books in the world. He brought you to me, my



"AH, LITTLE GIRL WHAT IS THE MATTER?" ASKED BILLIE.

Trixle stays at home and is a good little When my brother, Warren, came to shake dog because she has learned there is no the furnace be shock it on the kitten. place like home.

About My Little Kitten

Well, I will have to go on telling about her. Well. I will tell you her name, age and address. Her name is Merry Little home to read it, when she passed a blind let her out of doors and she ran away or beggar woman. "Please help the blind," else someone carried her away. Anyway,

By Ruth Hamilton. Aged 7 Years, 4:03 Snow Flake and her age is three months. Davenport Street, Omaha, Neb. I have a little kitten named Merry Little mouse. When Anna says "scat" the kitten Snow Flake. But I call her Snow Flake, runs downstairs again because she is and one night when I was out, what do you afraid of Anna. I guess she knows Anna is think, the little kitten got in the ash pit not very fond of kittens. This is a true

Gleanings from the Story Teller's Pack

PARTY of northerners was tour. dered it. ing Virginia some years ago and as the crowded train was crawling through Stafford county, near Fredericksburg, an old and wizened woman that I could help you," and she started for with a basket bigger than herself came

her home again feeling as happy as could aboard and edged diffidently into the vabe. Now, of the two, which do you think cant place beside one of the men. After was more kind, the girl that gave the a while her seat mate decided that it could money or the one that picked it up. I think do no harm to draw her out, a little for the girl that picked it up is more kind, the benefit of the rest of the party. "This is very poor land that you have note that simply read: around here, madam," he began.

"Mighty pore," she assented, humbly. "I never did see such worthless soil." 'No, suh," with an air of deep dejection "Don't you ever sow any crops at all?"

he kept on. The ancient dame did not lift her head. "Naw, suh," she drawled. "This hyer land around hyer was soyed 'bout three foot deep with Yankees, 'long 'bout forty article was laudatory. I soon discovered

A Cure for Heart Trouble.

George Christie, nephew of the noted Violet passed her by, but Lillian minstrel man, and himself a well known composer, says that he never was sorry but once that he helped write a song, When Bert Fitzgibbon came to him with The next day Violet Graham was sick the lyric of a song called "You Can't Stop ant smile. 'Oh, no, my friend. It is only and the doctor had to be called Lillian Your Heart from Beating" young Christie a five horse-power. A hundred horse-Phelps felt sorry for her, though she had most enthusiastically set to work to put music to it, but now he's sorry It hapher some flowers which she had picked pened this way. Christie occupied the ad- the noise, said the farmer,"-Pittsburg

from her little garden and spoke soothing joining room to a newly married couple Chronicle Telegraph. words to her. Violet felt ashamed of her who were very much in love. conduct and cried out: "O, Lillian, won't The husband had learned Christle's song you please forgive me. I am ashamed of and all day long he sang it to his bride. In Judge Hough of the United States circuit do." "Of course I will, now, don't cry plaited tenor voice warbled "You Can't New York a misapprehended law. you will have a headache." Entering a lit. Stop Your Heart From Beating for the

The last straw was added to the camel's back when the bride learned the song and me of a southern millionaire. He came east the love-struck couple sang the song in for his wife's sake and took a Fifth avenue barber shop harmony. This was too much house. There the lady plunged, as madly for Christie and he left the hotel, sorry as society would let her, into the social

that he had ever written the song. struck him and he entered and purchased examining her, reported to her husband: a bottle of carbolic acid. Wrapping it up "'Well, Doc, what's the verdict?' the the bell boy to the honeymooners with a

"This will stop your heart from beating. Use it.."-Rochester Herald.

The Sting in the Tail. tor of the Daily Spectator of Columbia ranged. Is she liable to be violent?" "New university, said the other day of a critfelsm:

"When I began to read I thought the years ago and we ain't been able to raise my mistake, however. That article recalled nary crap since."-Harper's Weekly. junior last month.

"The junior's car was not a remarkable one, and out in the country, after luncheon, the young man was rather pleased when a farmer said to him;

'I guess that thar automobile o' yourn is a hundred horse-power, isn't it?" "'Oh, no,' said the junior, with a pleaspower would be ever so much larger." "'I wa'n't jedgin' by the size, but by

Ruined by Swell Society.

"This law is perhaps obscurely worded, at

same and as a good night solo he ren- said, "and that, perhaps, is why it is so

totally misapprehended. "The misapprehension of this law reminds amusements of the season. Toward the sea-Passing a neighboring drug store, an idea son's end she fell ill and a physician, after

in a neat package he presented it through southern millionaire inquired anxiously. "'Your wife, sir,' the doctor answered, 'is suffering, I regret to say, from func-

tional derangement. 'The millionaire's eyes filled with tears. 'Doc,' he said, 'I told her she'd go under if she didn't stop gadding about to all them. Vu Koo, the brilliant young Chinese edi- swell functions. And now, by gee, she's de-

> York Press. Democrats at a Discount.

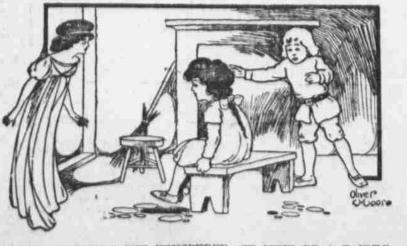
Charles Alien, an Arkansas planter, who enjoys the distinction of being the only white republican in his section of the state, has in his employ an aged negro known as Uncle Heuben, who "fit fur de union endurin' de wah." For some time the old man had been

endeavoring to secure a pension from the government for this service. A few days ago, as Mr. Allen was riding by a field where he was plowing, Uncle Reuben halled him with the words:

"Marse, I'se done got my pension, an' I wants to swear to it befoh you." "Glad to hear that, Uncle Reuben, but

you must do your swearing before a magiatrate. 'Squire McCabe is the man for you "Now, marse, quit tryin' to fool ele

Reub. My li'le gal, who goes to school an' kin read writin', done read me frum dose myself. I will try to be better, oh, please the morning before breakfast his accordion court was discussing at a legal dinner in papals dat I mus' sware to dem befole a notorious republican, an' dem you is, kase ever'one knows dat 'Squire tie later Dalsy Graham found her sister's Girl You Love." After lunch it was the least from the popular point of view," he am a democrat."-St. Louis Republic.



"SEE, BROTHER," SHE WHISPERED, "IT MUST BE A FAIRY,"