# BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

THE BUSY BEES are beginning the new year well, sending in good stories, and also getting new Busy Bees to join and send in stories. Some of the new writers are very young and it is difficult for them to write as good or clever a story as the older ones, but the editor is pleased to hear from them and find the children so interested in the page. The holiday spirit of making others happy is noticeable in the children's stories, and if they have these good thoughts they are probably doing some kind acts and are more thoughtful of their little playmates who are not as fortunate as most of the little Busy Bees.

The Red and the Blue sides are starting very evenly under the reign of the new king, Maurice Johnson, and new queen, Myrtle Jensen. Each side won a prize last week and each side a prize this week, so the contest will be more even than ever before. Prizes were awarded this week to Helen Johnson of Lincoln, Neb., on the Red side, and to Ruth Ashby of Fairmont, Neb., ex-queen of the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Bessie 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:

Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.
Irene McCoy, Burnston, Neb.
Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.
Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
Agnes Dahmke, Benson, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
Rhea Freidell, Dorchester, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.
Marion Capps, Gibbon, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Lydia Roth, 605 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
Ella Voss, 417 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 416 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schutte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 823 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
Elgthe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 1345 C St., Lincoln, Neb.
Marian Hamilton, 2029 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
Elsie Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Irene Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hughie Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Milton Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Larkin, South Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Loshara, Neb.
Hester E. Rutt, Loshara, Neb.
Mary Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha.
Lillian Wirt, 4128 Cass street, Omaha.
Emile Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha.
Eva Hendee, 4402 Dodge street, Omaha.
Juanita Innes, 2569 Fort street, Omaha.
Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha.
Myrtle Jensen, 2969 Izard street, Omaha.
Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Helen Heuck, 1625 Lothrop street, Omaha.
Emerson Goodrich, 4610 Nicholas, Omaha.
Helen Goodrich, 410 Nicholas St., Omaha.
Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust St., Omaha.
Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth, Omaha.
Wilma Howard, 4722 Capitol Ave., Omaha.
Hilah Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh, Omaha.
Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth, Omaha.
Louis Raabe, 2909 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
Mabel Shelfelt, 4914 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Walter Johnson, 2405 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
Leonora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.
Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb.
Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.
Emma Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha.
Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.
Ethel Enis, Stanton, Neb.
Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.
Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.
Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
Elsie Stastny, Wilber, Neb.
Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
Edna Rehling, York, Neb.
Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
Ethel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, a.
Kathryne Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Attica, Ind.
Fred Shelley, 230 Troup street, Kansas City, Kan.

## One of the Dear Little Busy Bees

RHEA FREIDELL.
Dorchester, Neb.

## LETTER FROM NEW QUEEN.

Dear Editor and Busy Bees: I feel greatly honored at being chosen queen of the Busy Bees, and I would like to thank all of the Busy Bees who voted for me. I had no idea that I was to be queen, though I have often hoped to be.

I was very much pleased to see my story in print last Sunday. I think the stories which received prizes last week and the week before were splendid.

I enjoyed my Christmas holidays until two days after Christmas, when I was taken sick with tonsilitis, and consequently, I spent most of the remainder of vacation in bed, but I was well again when school commenced. I received many Christmas presents, as I hope the other Busy Bees did also. I hope they will all have a happy New Year.

Again thanking the Busy Bees for wishing me as their queen, I will close.

MYRTLE JENSEN.

# Little STORIES By Little Folks

## 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 contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee.

(First Prize.)

### The Bird's Dance

By Helen Johnson, Aged 13 Years, 324 South Seventeenth Street, Lincoln, Neb. Red.

In a smoth grassy meadow surrounded by a beautiful lake, the eagle (king of birds) had chosen a spot for the birds' annual dance. The fire flies had offered themselves so as to make lights for them. And as the moon reflected upon the water it made it very beautiful.

The robin fluttered over the grass with her partner, the blackbird. And in a cozy little nook by the lake sat the white dove with her partner, the oriole.

Their orchestra was composed of orioles and larks, which were perched up in a tree. The bluejay, crow, woodpecker, sparrow and owl hopped around across the meadow. After the dance the parrot was called upon to make a speech. It was as follows:

After being called upon to speak, I will repeat to you a story which I once heard. A farmer who had been planting grain noticed a sparrow in his field one day. He watched it for several days and was anxious to discover what it was doing. He thought it was picking out his grain, but he was much mistaken. This little sparrow had seen insects on his grain and was trying to kill them so they would'n injure his grain. One day this farmer got a large gun and killed this little sparrow and from that time he was so bothered with his grain that he decided it was the bird that had saved his grain.

(Second Prize.)

### Virginia Gwendoline, the Fairy

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 13 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue.

It was a hot day in July and Eugene was tired of everything. She took her dolly, Virginia Gwendoline, and walked down the terraced lawn till she came to a large oak tree. She sat down and took her doll in her arms. "O dear! Jenny Gwen, I wish that everything I wished would come true." "So it will, Eugenie!" Eugenie looked around, but could see no one but Jinny Gwen.

"Yes," continued the voice, "only when you once wish a thing you cannot take it back and when you once wish a thing to go it is gone forever. I am Virginia Gwendoline, a fairy."

Eugenie danced for joy and then started for the house. On the way she was hungry and said, "O dear, I wish I had some candy." Instantly it began to rain candy, and when Eugenie had eaten all she wanted it disappeared. All went well for a day or two. One day she wanted to put on her pink dress, but her mama said "No." "Dear, I wish I had no mamma or papa, so I could do as I wanted." Scarcely had she spoken when Elsie, the maid, came and told her that both father and mother were dead. How Eugenie wept and bewailed her temper, but it was of no avail.

(Honorable mention.)

### Kindness

By Bessie Jackson, Aged 11 Years, 825 South 23d Street, Omaha. Red.

"Marie, look at my new coat and hat. I think it is the prettiest coat that any girl has around here." "Stop your bragging about yourself, Ethel." "I ain't bragging at all, but it is the prettiest coat here." "Well, maybe it is and maybe it isn't." Ethel Walton was very rich and lived in a beautiful house. She had everything she wanted, but was selfish and unkind and always kept bragging about the nice things she had.

Marie Sherman was rich also, but unselfish and kind.

One day when Marie Sherman and Ethel Walton were out walking they met a poor little girl who begged for a penny. Ethel passed her by and haughtily holding her head in the air said, "I suppose you compare her coat and hat to mine; I know you'll say I'm bragging but I don't care. I suppose you're going to stop and give that miserable creature some money or something like that." "Of course I will give her some money, poor creature," and walking toward the little girl Marie handed her some money, but to her surprise the little girl started to cry. "What is the matter, little girl?" she asked. She told her that they were very poor. Marie asked her to tell her story, and she began:

"My mother is so poor but she is too proud to let anybody help her; she would not let me work, but father died and she was too weak to work so I made her let me work. I worked a few weeks doing errands and made only $1.00 a week, but that was not enough to keep us warm and to have enough food and mother was sick and could not work, but after awhile she died and left me alone." "Is it long since your mother died?" "Yes, a year ago." "Where do you get your meals and where do you go over night?" The little girl stood a moment like a statue; "I can't tell you; if I did I would be thrown out and then I wouldn't have any place to go." "Please tell me. I will take you home to my mother and you can be my little playmate." "Well then I will tell you. When mother died there lived across the street an old woman with her son, who was seventeen years old. He was rough and unkind but he told me he would take me to his mother. I consented willingly. At first she was kind to me but after a week or so she grew very unkind, and made me do all sorts of work. Then she made me sing in the streets, and after that to beg, as I am doing now. If I don't bring home enough for supper she will beat me and make me go to bed without supper." Marie stood and stared at the girl. She never thought that so great a misery could happen in her beautiful happy world. At last she broke the silence and said, "I will take you home this minute, not for a playmate but for a sister."

Ethel did not listen to the conversation, for, thought she, "I wouldn't bother my head about a miserable urchin." Marie called her over and told the little girl to tell her story, and once more she told it. Ethel felt a twinge in her heart which had never been there before. With a glance of syympathy she actually stooped and kissed the tear-stained face. Marie gasped and stared at her. Was this the haughty proud and selfish Ethel of only a few minutes ago? Ethel wanted to take her home but Marie said she had spoken to her first so she had a right to take her home. At this speech Ethel turned as red as her hat but said nothing. She was to stay at Marie's house and visit Ethel frequently.

The little girl said afterwards that Marie's mother was the kindest woman on earth for when she saw the child she cheerily said, "You're welcome child; forget the past but think of the present." It was indeed a great change from the dirty street and tumbled down hut to the big comfortable house with a cheerful fire inside.

Ethel learned a lesson from Marie's kind act and she was unselfish and kind ever after that.

### The Two Little Dogs

By Frank Kostal, Aged 9 Years, 1516 O Street, South Omaha. Red

There were two little dogs which were always into mischief. They were running after two boys, who were going down the road. They barked and barked till the boys got down to the corner, then they ran after the little dogs and gave them a whipping. The little dogs went home crying and told their mother. The mother dog took the little dogs and put them in the house. Then the little dogs had to go to sleep. Then the mother dog looked for the two boys but she could not find them.

### A Christmas Story

By Dorothy Koepnick, Aged 9 Years, Bancroft, Neb. Red.

It was Christmas eve and a little girl sat by the fire. Her stepmother was sitting beside her. Her stepmother was very mean and began to scold Ellen, when all at once there came a knock at the door. Who could it be? They sat still a moment and then her stepmother went to the door. There stood some children. One was a girl with curly hair and the others were two boys. They asked if Ellen was at home. She said yes and they came in. One had a doll, another a sled and another a kitten. Ellen was very happy. There was also some candy and nuts. They said they had saved up all the money in their banks and bought her some presents with it. When she went to bed she dreamed of all the pretty things. I think the children who gave her the presents had a happy Christmas, don't you?

### A Kind Master

By David Carl Bingaman, Aged 10 Years, 2215 Grant Street, Omaha. Blue.

Once upon a time there was a little boy whose name was James. James had a little donkey whose name was Prince. Prince was a good little fellow, so his master loved him very much. So he was fed every few minutes in the day, and that was five times a day. They both were good little friends. They stayed together in a little room which was his barn. There was no way on earth for Prince to get hungry, for when he wasn't hungry he would have to eat. James went out driving twice a day and often three times. James has a very large green pasture for Prince. I believe he is the luckiest donkey that ever lived. Prince is kind to his master and his master is very kind to him. I think he is a happy donkey. This ends my story of the kind little Prince and happy little James.

### Jimmie

By Marion Capps, Aged 9 Years, Gibbon, Neb. Red.

I have a dog named Jimmie. He is a coach dog and is very cute. I got him from the livery stable. He is very playful, and had gotten him Christmas afternoon. He has black spots on his back and there is a man downtown who said to me, "Why don't you wash the spots off his back?" But I say, "I do not know, because they were there when we got him." My brother bought him from the stable, and my mamma doesn't like him very much because he gets into mischief. But I do not care, because I like him so much.

This is a true story, because he is my own dog, and he is here in the kitchen with me.

### Ella's Lesson

By Deloma Lambert, Aged 11 Years, Auburn, Neb. Blue.

Ella and Mary were cousins who both took music lessons. Mary practiced and always had her lesson when her music teacher came, but Ella would go and play and have a nice time, saying she would practice tomorrow, and when her teacher came she did not have her lesson.

When the girls were women Mary could give music lessons and entertain people, but Ella could not, and she wished she had practiced like Mary.

### A Trip to the Sun in Dreamland

By Mary Brown, Aged 12 Years, 2322 Boulevard Avenue, Omaha. Red.

It was a bright summer day some girls and I took a trip to the sun. We started about 5 o'clock in the morning with the sun from the eastern part of the earth.

The sun seemed to be a ball of fire. As the sun moved slowly and turned as it moved we saw many beautiful sights from the sky. We knew what time it was by the position of the sun. But we kept moving slowly but surely over farther and farther.

As the world is round we had to turn from south to west. As we were turning we happened to look down from the sun and see little objects moving back and forth. We about guessed these little objects were people coming home for supper. But as we were with the sun and the sun had to keep on going we could not go home for supper. We had to keep on going, too.

Just then my mother woke me by calling me for supper and that ended my dream.

### Marie's Lesson

By Ethel Reed, Aged 13 Years, Fremont, Neb. Red.

"I declare, I think mamma's mean. Here I've just teased and teased her for a beautiful big doll, and she just won't get it." These few words were interrupted by a storm of sobs, which shook the frail body of pretty 12-year-old Marie Bell. Her father was the owner of a prosperous mill in the city. Although Mr. and Mrs. Bell were good people, they spoiled their only child. A severe sickness when she was very small left her healthy body in a bad shape. Since then her every wish had been granted until Mrs. Bell suddenly realized her mistake.

After her storm of tears, Marie, somewhat relieved, put on her coat and hat for a walk. Soon a thin, shrill voice roused her from her deep thoughts and she saw before her a small child. In her impulsive manner Marie followed the child to its mistrable home. Such a picture of poverty can not be pictured here. There she found she could do more for them than for herself with the doll. On her return home she ran into the house and to her mother, crying: "Oh! Mamma! I'm so glad you didn't get that doll for me. I would much rather have the money, for then I could help Mrs. Langdon."

"Why, Marie; what is the matter?" asked her mother.

Then followed the whole story. Since then Marie has been happy in helping others.

### A Disobedient Child

By Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard Street, Omaha. Red.

Harold, who was a very small boy, usually obeyed his mamma, but this time he did not. Mamma gave Harold a piece of bread and butter and then told him not to go out until he finished his piece of bread. So Harold did not mind mamma and went out anyway. A little dog came along and first barked, then took the piece of bread away from Harold. Harold was very much frightened, for he knew he had disobeyed his mamma. He thought he would not tell mamma, so he went in, but mamma saw how pale he was and asked what was the matter, and he told her. He said he would never disobey mamma again.

Harold is my own little brother and this really did happen.

### The Lion and the Mouse

By Frank Kostal, Aged 9 Years, 1516 O Street, South Omaha. Red.

Once upon a time a lion and a mouse were great friends. The lion was fast asleep and some men were going to put a net on the lion. But in time the mouse saved the lion by gnawing the net. In a little while the lion went in the forest, but the mouse was very sorry. The mouse tried to find the lion. In two or three days the mouse found the lion. Somebody put a trap to catch the mouse, but the lion put his paw in the trap and it snapped and the mouse was saved.

### A Poor Widow

By Fred Sorry, Aged 12 Years, Monarch, Wyo. Red.

There was once a very poor widow, who had three children. Often the poor woman would sit in a poor home-made chair thinking of the happy times she had with her dear husband, who was dead. Many times the children would sit in one corner and weep for hours. The poor woman had to get some wood to keep the fire burning, for it was a very cold winter. She became weaker and weaker every day from lack of food. One day she heard a noise outside by the corner of the house. It sounded like the ringing of a shovel. She walked slowly to the door and, looking out, she saw a man dumping coal by the side of the house. She wondered if she had ordered any. She thought it over for a while. "I believe I did not," she said in a low whisper to herself. Then she wondered why he brought the coal there.

Then there was a low knock at the door. She went staggering to the door, opened it, and there stood a tall man with a basket in his arms. "Here is a basket for you and your children, Misses, and there is a load of coal by the house. Mr. Bradley, the mine superintendent of the Elmer Coal company, sent these to you."

The widow thanked the man and the superintendent very, very much for bringing all these nice things. The man went away. Now she didn't have to go out every fifteen minutes to keep the fire burning. The widow lived happily after that by the help of Mr. Bradley.

## Sally May and the Squee-Gee Man

By Maud Walker.

SALLY MAY was not so very old nor so very big; but Sally May was often naughty. One day her mamma gave her 10 cents and told her to get some bananas for herself and little brother Tom. Sally May loved bananas better than most anything to eat, and on her way home with the paper bag of fruit she kept smelling into the bag, sniffing her nose and saying: "My, these bananas do smell so good!"

At the corner of the street, just half a block from her own home, Sally May decided to do something her mama did not tell her to do. She decided to eat one of the bananas before going to the house. And she also decided to hide the peel in the corner of the hedge, so that no one would ever know she had eaten the banana that had been in it. So she ate the banana very rapidly, and it tasted so good that she decided to eat another right down as fast as ever she could. Now, the bag had only contained ten bananas, for the price was 1 cent apiece. So, after Sally May had eaten two of them there remained but eight. After eating the two bananas Sally May counted those remaining in the bag. "Only eight," she mused. "Four for me and four for Tommy." Then, closing the bag, Sally May started on toward the house. But before reaching the gate her appetite got the better of her and she sat down behind the trunk of a great tree, which stood just outside the board sidewalk, and opened the bag and drew forth another banana. "I'll just eat one more," she said to herself. "Then there'll be seven in the bag, and I'll divide them between Tommy and me." But as she ate she figured out just how many apiece the seven bananas would make. "Oh, there'll be three for me and four for the other," she said, pursing up her little mouth. "Well, Tommy is smaller than I am and should not have so much to eat. The biggest one should always have the most."

Then she hid the third banana peel under the hedge and closed the paper bag, going into the house and back to her mamma's room. Her mamma was sewing and Tommy was on the floor playing with the old cat and two kittens. On seeing his sister enter with the bag he cried out: "Oh, Sissy, Have you brought the bananas?"

"Yes; I've got 'em in the bag," said Sally May, holding tightly to the bag, lest Tommy might take it away from her.

"Give brother just one and take one yourself," said mamma, looking up from her sewing. "Then put the others on top the cabinet. You must not eat more than one banana at a time, you know."

Sally May did as she was bidden, giving one banana to her little brother and taking one for herself. But, of course, the naughty girl did not say a word to her mamma about having already eaten three of the bananas. No; she simply put the bag on the cabinet in the corner and sat down on the floor and ate the fourth banana. After Tommy had finished his banana he asked his mother if he might have a second one. "No, Sonny; not for half an hour," said mamma. "Bananas are heavy food and hard for little stomachs to digest if eaten in great quantities. One banana at a time as sufficient. You may have one more in half an hour or so. But after that no more until tomorrow."

Tommy, a most obedient little chap, did not coax or pout, but said: "All right, Mamma." Then he began his game with old puss and kittens, feeling that his mamma knew what was best for him. And Sally May, having already eaten four bananas, had the audacity to ask her mamma for another one, saying: "I'm so hungry, Mamma, and I'm so much bigger'n Tommy; can't I have just one more banana, please?"

"No, dearie; you know I have told you often that you must be very careful about eating bananas. One will do you no harm, but more than that might make you ill. Mother's little daughter must not ask for things which she has been told are not good for her. Now, in half an hour you may have another banana, but not till then."

But at the expiration of the half hour Tommy had gone out to play snowball with his little neighbor, Toodles Brown, and did not remember his mother's promise of another banana. And Sally May had stolen softly upstairs, feeling badly in her stomach. Into her room she crept, and as the pain increased as she walked she decided to lie down. So upon the little white bed she climbed, not taking time to remove her shoes, which were soiled from having been out in the soft snow and softer mud of the street. But Sally was not in a mood to think of soiled shoes just then. The pains in her stomach were chasing each other up and down, making Sally bend double and almost scream.

At any other time Sally would have called very loudly for her mamma, but just now she felt too guilty to have her mamma question her about herself. She knew she had done very, very wrong in eating so many bananas, and also knew the sudden terrible pains had been caused from the overeating of the heavy fruit. So, she decided to stand the pain and suffering without letting anyone know about it. And there, doubled up on the bed she rolled about in agony.

After a little while she began to feel a bit better, and grew drowsy. Fixing the pillow comfortably under her head she closed her eyes and fell into a sleep. But hardly had she done so when a tap, tap, came at her bedroom door. "Now, who can that be?" Sally May asked of herself, half waking. "Tap, tap, tap," again went somebody's knuckles on the door. Now Sally sat up in bed and called out: "Come in, and don't make so much noise on my door. Who are you, anyway, that dares to come and wake me up? And I am sick, and need to rest."

The door slowly opened, and the queerest-looking little old man, followed by a hunchback who carried a knapsack over his shoulder, entered. Lifting his finger to Sally May, the old man said in very low tones: "Now, don't make a noise, little miss, when I tell you I am the Squee-gee man, and this fellow here (pointing to the hunchback), is my assistant. We've come to cut you open. Oh, don't cry out. If you do your mamma will hear you, and she'll come running to see what the matter is. And then I shall tell her you have eaten four bananas, while she thought you ate but one. I'll tell her you ate three of the bananas before reaching home from the fruit vender's stand at the corner. And what do you suppose she will say to that?"

After his speech the Squee-gee man laughed, and the dwarf imitated him Then both shook hands and laughed some more.

Sally, still sitting up in bed, in trembling tones: "But why do you wish to cut me open, please sir?"

"To remove three of those bananas, my dear miss. Otherwise, you may die. They'll choke your poor little stomach to death, you see."

Sally threw herself on her face and began to weep, for the Squee-gee man's words frightened her so terribly that for a moment she did not feel the awful pains that chased each other in a mad frolic about in her poor little stomach.

"Oh, I don't want to have my stomach cut open," she wailed. "Oh, I wish I had not disobeyed my mamma. I knew when I ate the three bananas that I was doing wrong, for my mamma had often told me not to eat more than one at a time. But I was such a pig—"

"Pig! Ho, ho, ho! Just hear that, Doctor Squee-gee!" cried the awful hunchback assistant. "Isn't that too funny? A little girl pig! Ho, ho, ho! I shall surely die a laughing."

The Squee-gee man also joined in the laugh, and Sally May's wails were drowned by their merriment. "Oh, how wicked they are," declared poor Sally May.

"Better to laugh than to cry over eaten bananas," cried out the Squee-gee man. "But come, I have no time to lose. I must cut you open and take away those three bananas that are about to choke your little stomach to death. Come, lie on your back and be perfectly quiet. You see, I am a very busy man. I have to cut up so many disobedient boys and girls. Why, I've got to hurry over to your little friend Ethel's house as soon as I leave you. She has been disobeying her mamma and the result is I have to cut off one of her fingers."

"Oh, ugh, oh!" shrieked Sally May, hiding her face in her hands. The terrible news that Ethel was to have a finger cut off made Sally May quite ill. "Why are you going to do that?" she cried to the Squee-gee man.

"Well, little miss, you see, it's this way: Ethel's mother had some very choice spiced pickled peaches. She had put them in the cellar to keep till she shall have a big dinner party. Well, she told Ethel about them and told her they would have them for dinner when Ethel's aunt and uncle and cousin should come to pay them a visit. But the naughty Ethel couldn't wait for the promised dinner, so she crept into the cellar, tore a tiny hole in the piece of paper that was sealed over the jar of pickles and thrust in her longest finger and drew forth a peach. And every day she did that till at last every peach—though there had been a dozen—was taken from the jar by means of her longest finger. So I must go and cut off that offending finger. And that's why I'm in such a hurry to get through with your case. Now, Hunchy, give me the knife and the scissors."

The hunchback removed from the knapsack he carried a long, sharp knife and a pair of tremendous scissors. These he handed to the Squee-gee man, who took them in his hand with a merry laugh. "Ah, now little miss, we'll soon have you cut open," he said, and, advancing to the bed, he placed the point of the long, sharp knife against Sally May's stomach and gave it a twist. Cut, cut, right through her pretty white, lace-trimmed apron, then through her pretty, red, woolen frock, went the knife. "Oh, oh, oh! Mamma! Come, come, come! The Squee-gee man is cutting me open.. Oh, oh, oh.."

"Why, my darling child," cried Sally May's mamma a minute later. "What on earth is the matter, my daughter. I heard you screaming in such a frightened way and came hurrying upstairs to find you all doubled up and crying out in your sleep."

Then Sally May, sitting up on her bed, her hands pressed against a very ill little stomach, told her mamma all about the stolen bananas, and the Squee-gee man and his terrible assistant. And she even looked on her pretty apron to see if the knife had cut a hole in it.

It took several minutes' explaining before Sally May's mamma could make her understand that she had been suffering from nightmare, caused, doubtless, by overeating of the bananas. Then, calling to the housemaid, Sally's mamma told her to 'phone for the doctor, for Sally May would have to take some very bitter medicine, go without her supper, and lie in bed for two or three days, perhaps, on account of her naughtiness and greediness.

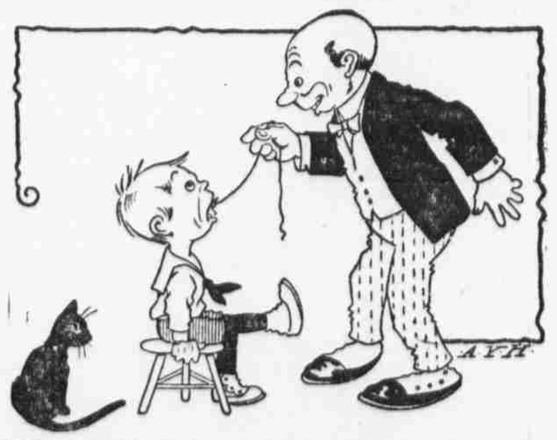
"Oh, mamma, I'm so sorry," wailed Sally May, still holding her hands over her paining stomach. "Never, never shall I be naughty again, never. And I wanted to play snow ball with brother and Ethel this afternoon. But—I wonder if the Squee-gee man has cut off Ethel's finger!" she cried, excitedly, for getting for the moment that her dream had not been a reality. Then, recalling the truth, she lay down on her pillow, saying: "I guess naughty children always have to suffer for their naughtiness, don't they, mamma?"

"Yes, darling, and the older they get the more they suffer from their wrongdoing. So, my little daughter must grow better and better as she grows older."

"I shall, mamma, I shall," declared Sally May earnestly. "And never shall I forget that Squee-gee doctor, the hunchback, and their terrible knife and scissors. Ugh!" but at that moment the doctor came and Sally May had to be quiet and swallow some very bad medicine.

THEN BOTH SHOOK HANDS ANL LAUGHED SOME MORE.

## How to Grow a Gold Tooth



When you have an aching tooth
That must be pulled, you know,
To let another better tooth
In its old place to grow.

If you will keep your tongue away
From where the old tooth grew
The new tooth coming in, I'm sure,
Will greatly surprise you.

For in that place untouched by tongue
Will grow a tooth of gold;
And will remain till end of life
A good tooth, so I'm told.

And if you do not cry when from
The old tooth you do part,
'Tis said a diamond will be seen
In the gold tooth's bright heart.