

TEVERAL children have written to the Busy Bee editor asking if they may write continued stories, but the editor thinks that would be a little confusing, especially for the younger writers. If the little readers will notice, a number of Busy Bees write complete stories each week about the same person or subject. One Busy Bee, an ex-queen, sent in a splendid series of stories, all supposed to be told by Uncle Jack.

If the Busy Bees have followed all of the rules, their stories have not been thrown in the waste basket, as many of the children think, but will be published as soon as there is space on The Busy Bees' Own Page. The stories left from last week or the week before will be published next, so if the Busy Bees read their page each Sunday they will see their stories within two or three weeks after they have been sent in, unless they have written on both sides of the paper or forgotten some other important rule. Sometimes Busy Bees who have been sending in stories quite often forget to write their age on the story, and, while those stories are printed, they are never awarded prizes.

The Red side is ahead. This is the first time for many months. But a number of the Blue side decided to help the Red side, and this reign promises to be the most exciting and the closest contest that we have had. Myrtie Jensen, queen of the Blue side, and Maurice Johnson, king of the Red side, each have many friends, and both the king and the queen are good story writers.

Prizes were awarded this week to Margaret Langdon of Gretna, Neb., and to William Cullen, ex-king, and honorable mention given to Ruth Ashby, ex-queen. All were on the Red side.

Brave Maggie By Helena Davis.

window at the snow storm, and, safer quarters, for a big, open pasture in

turning to her little daughter, midwinter was not a comfortable place for

them to spend a night.

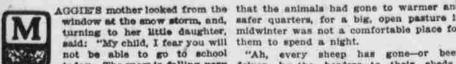
dark very rapidlys"

heart, and it caused her much sorrow to

Then, humming a tune, Maggie braced

"It has not been at all bad in the snow.

and I have kept my record for attendance



not be able to go to school "Ah, every sheep has gone-or been today. The snow is falling very driven by the herders-to their sheds,' fast, and it will be so deep on the ground said Maggie, feeling happy in the knowlbefore evening that walking will be very edge, for she had a kind and sympathetic difficult.'

said: "My child, I fear you will

"Oh, mama, do not say that," begged see animals suffer through neglect. Maggib. "I haven't missed a single day of school this term, and I am so anxious herself against the wind and snow and continue in the same good way. My trudged on. The evening was deepening attendence must-simply must-be marked and she could see a light gleaming from ten. So, do not say I cannot go to school the window of her own home. "I am so today. And I don't mind the snow, I like glad I went to school today," she thought. it when it's up to my shoetops. I'll wear my leggings and overshoes, so what does a little snow matter, mamma?"

"You are a dear, studious little girl," smiled Maggie's mother, kissing her only daughter on her rosy cheek. "And I cannot find the heart to have you break your fine record at school. So run and get your wraps and be off. It's almost half-past eight, and you have a mile to walk."

"Oh, but I'll get over that mile in fifteen minutes," orled Maggie. "I am a true country girl, you know, mama, and can do things a town girl couldn't do."

Then Maggie got her books and wraps and was off towards the little frame schoolhouse that lay over a hill a mile distant from her home. Although the road was a listened. Again came the low pleading call ing this girl the house."

where was there a house visible, save her led Maggie to the pretty little animal that tress does not allow strange girls here," bell. The door was opened by a sweet-faced two beautiful little fairies. They dwelt be- cured and her sister declared that it was aunt thought it did, but it did not. She Even the schoolhouse could not be seen nearly covered it. On the uplands the objections. from the highroad, and was reached by snow had not lain, the winds having swept turning the brow of a hill that ecreened it to the lower land, but evidently the it from the highway and sheltered it lamb's instinct had led it to a hollow place in the pasture where it was sheltered from from the north winds of winter. On one side of the road stretched a deep the wind. But here it had gotten into snow masture, in which grazed the sheep belong- that was too deep to allow of its walking ing to a distant farmer. And as Maggie about and doubtless when the herd boys passed the pasture she noticed several sheep came to drive the sheep to shelter had Albert Learns a Lesson and a few lambs trying to find some been missed. grass that the snow was fast cov- "You dear little cold thing," said Maggie, 3212 putting her arms about the pretty lamb. ering "I don't know what Mr. Jackson means "I cannot leave you here to perish. I simby leaving his sheep out in this pasture ply must carry you home with me." Then, when it is snowing," mused Maggie. Then lifting with all her strength, Maggie got she went on her way, for she knew she the lamb in her arms and went to the fence had but a few minutes in which to reach with it. Here she met the greatest obstacle the school house before the 9 o'clock bell in the form of barbed wire. But Maggie was determined, and after much effort got should ring. sorts. When the clock struck four and the little the lower wires sufficiently spart to adcountry school was dismissed, Maggie mit of the lamb's body, which she thrust through to the opposite side. Then Maggie with glowing cheeks, turned round the crawled through the fence and again took brow of the hill towards her home. "Oh, the lamb in her arms, but she found her what a lovely snow!" she exclaimed, plungburden a heavy one, and as she went stuming into it. "Wish some of my schoolmates to him. bling along through the snow often wonlived near to my house, so we could go dered if her strength would hold out till and come together. What fun we'd have dream. she reached her home. playing snowball. But all the other pupils But there are times in our lives when live in opposite directions from me, and I him, superhuman strength seems to be given must content myself by going home alone. us in our hour of need, and so it was with Well I never get lonely. There's so much in my life." Maggie in this emergency. Just when it to be seen. Little rabbits jumping here and seemed that her arms must of sheer exthere to look at me. And up on the hill the haustion let the benumbed little lamb drop prairie-dog town is so interesting, with the to the ground she felt a sudden strength little citizens coming up to bark at me and walked on bravely and surely to her as 1 go by. And the queer, wiselooking home. On reaching the door she called out owis that live in such close companionship to her mother to open it for her. You can with the prairie dogs are a study in them- well imagine the mother's surprise when solves as they perch on the mounds of dirt she beheld Maggie carrying a dear little



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

TIERS

 Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
Use pen and ink, not pencil B. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use ever 250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, sge 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

(First Prize.) **Olive's Strange Visitor**

By Margaret Langdon, Aged 10 Years, Gretna, Neb. Red.

ers at the back of the house. A pretty room it was, with its dainty white furniture and its mat and hanging of blue.

had been sent to spend the day in bed as By Richard Hartwell, Aged 8 Years, a punishment. Clarks, Neb. Red Side. In a sudden fit of mischief she had cut

then left her alone to be sorry for her unkind act. But she did not seem to be in a sorrowful mood. When mother had gone she crept from

her little white nest of a bed to sit by the window and watch the day fade away. did so around the corner came a little black unbroken by an absence mark. But-what haired girl about her own age, carrying a

tall, dead weeds and grass that are still

ing the pasture. Then she stood still and who have you there?" "Oh, I'm just showlonely one, Maggie never feit afraid. No- of the little lamb in distress. The sound "Well, you must go, little girl. My mis-

saw a poor girl. Strange to say, the fellow drink something from a bottle and haughty, proud Edith went to her and I took some, too, Wish I hadn't." Margaret followed. Edith asked what But he soon alighted and Bobby started she wanted. She said a nickel. Edith said pooh! and turned away. Margaret

again in search of new wonders. He saw a lady get into an airship and followed.

"I'm just going on a little excursion to the moon," she answered a friend. Up higher and higher they went. "We're nearly This taught Edith a lesson; she was never there," said the lady. Just then Bobby felt someone shake him

and looked up to see his mother standing over him.

Prosperity

tried to be like Robert.

"Let me go back. I'm nearly to the By Adale Tendryx, Kearney, Neb. Blue moon," walled Bobby.

"Oh, dear," cried Ethel, as she awoke "You've been dreaming, sonny, but come now, it's stopped raining and Gerald has the day before Christmas. "There's so much work today, the wedding tomorrow come for you to go and play with him." and Christmas too. I do wish we had some one to help us."

My Baby Sister "Oh, do you, dear?" said her mother. By Ruth Hamilton, Aged 8 Years, Davenport Street, Omaha, Neb, Red Side, 4103 "Now jump up and dress for breakfast.

Its 7:30 o'clock." "Is Bridget busy?" asked Ethel, as she She is a year and a half old. She is as came to the kitchen an hour later. "I quick a lightning. She says baby, mama, don't know how to arrange the bedroom papa and ding-dong, kitty, Emma and for Martha and I want some help badly." that's all she says. When she hears Now Martha was Ethel's sister and was somebody calling her she runs away. This to be married Christmas morning. Marge At last she gave up, saying: "Please tell is the end of my story for this time. was at grandma's and would come on

the train in the morning. An hour later Mr. Hurlton stepped into the room. "Drive down to Mrs. Swanson's and do anything." "Well, there's different ways

see if she can help me or else let her Once there was a boy named Peter and daughter come." another boy named Robert who were "Alright, mamma," said Ethel, and brothers. They were to take the cows

to the pasture. Peter was wicked and for the coachman. Robert was good. One morning they took "I want Frankie," she said. the cows to the pasture and Peter scattered them all over, and Robert could not

"Alright, Miss Ethel, he will be around in a hurry," said the coachman. Frankle was Ethel's pony, a pretty one, was a pond near and they were in the water, and at night they brought them black, with a few white spots on him.

back and they ran every which way. So As he came around he drew a little dog Peter never scattered them again and he cart painted red. "My, it's cold, isn't it, Tom?"

BEPRO

and girls pointing at him.

a time as I had today!"

home for supper now, daughter."

"Oh," I said, as I went to bed that night,

A Kind Deed

Gladys Hartwell, Aged 13 Years, Clarks, Neb. Red Side.

There once lived in Washington a girl

by the name of Edith Winters. Now,

Edith was very proud, selfish and un-

kind, while Margaret St. Clare, her friend,

Margaret and Edith were out walking they

asked her to tell her story. Then Mar-

garet took her home with her. It was

afterwards found she was Edith's sister.

A Good Lesson

haughty, proud or selfish again.

"Yes, indeed," said Tom. Ethel got into the cart and started for can't any doctor cure you?" "Dr. Ward

holding themselves above the deep snow." halting by the window. "I don't want any By Marguerite Gallagher, Aged 10 Years. And Maggie paused to listen. Yes, there laces, but I should like to talk to you." 623 West Washington Avenue, Coun-cil Bluffs, Ia. Blue Side. Marie was a small girl who had neither at the door. Mrs. Swanson opened the was time for them to stop playing. father nor mother. For a long time she door. Ethel told her the errand. She let Christmas was drawing near. By this her daughter May go to help Mrs. Hurl- time Jane and Helen had become fast had begged enough money to pay for the

Was Made King

playing and performing. The humped- knew any tricks. There was an idea! She off," and there were great trees to make back camel looked at the crowd of boys would teach the chickens something, and it nice and shady, while the birds sang and girls pointing at him. then Mrs. Gray could sell them for lots of from morning till night and it made one money. What should it be? She noticed a happy to hear them. "Well," said papa, "we had better go

pan of water, and thought of the ducks, so Grandma sat on the porch and watched she decided she would teach the chickens to the children while they played, and she "I don't believe I have ever had as good swim. She put them one by one into the laughed as heartily as they did when the pan; they seemed to like it, but there was funny things happened. Indeed grandma so little water that they soon jumped out actually came down and played with them again, and she saw they would never learn for a little while, and then there was the there. After that she thought of the horse most fun of all. When they played drop pond, so she gathered them all in her apron the handkerchief somebody was always and set off. She put the biggest in first, dropping it behind grandma, so that she and he did so well she threw four more in. had to be caught and kissed a great many "They are going under like the ducklings," times, and it wasn't just one kiss each time, said she, and she clapped her little hands. either. They almost amothered her before "Won't Mrs. Gray be pleased?" But, alas! they would let her go. But she didn't seem was just the other way. One day while They went so far under that they didn't to mind it. And when they sang "Look to come up again, so she had to send the the east and look to the west, and look to sixth to tell them it was time to come out. the one that you love best," it was always Just after she had put it in Mrs. Gray grandma that they turned toward, until rushed down to the pond, crying: "What finally she ran in, laughing and saying that are you doing now?" Poor lady, when she all the rest would be jealous if she stayed heard about the chickens she was so an- any longer. noyed that she could not keep from crying. Up in the garret was an old baby car-

How angry she was at stupid little Milly riage that the children's mammas and you will be able to think when I tell you papas used to ride in when they ware little the silly child had drowned a very valuable and grandma let them take that to play with. They put a hat on Fido's head and gave him a ride in the carriage, and he sat up as proud as a dog could be and enjoyed the sport as much as they did. After By Bessie Jackson, Aged 11 Years, \$15 South Twenty-third Street, Omaha, Neb. that some of the smaller children took turns riding in the carriage, while Fide ran beside, barking with enjoyment. He thought "Oh! I am so tired," said Helen, leaning it great to have so many children to play over to lay hor head on her mother's lap.

wtih. "I have not a thing to do." "Well, little They fed the rabbits and the chickens daughter," answered her mother, "there and the dear little calves, and they played are many things to do if you look about so many games and had such a goo time you. I know a person that touches elbows that I couldn't begin to tell about it all in with you every day." Somebody that a short story like this. They ate so much touches elbows with me every day, pondered too, that their clothes really seemed too Helen, "Is it Margaret?" she asked, "No," small for them. But a last it was time to answared her mother. She tried to guess, go home and after nearly smothering calling by name many of her playmates. grandma with kisses once more they went

Finding Her Way to Heaven

By Bessie Jackson, Aged 11 Years. No. 825 South Twenty-third Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

The large moon shone on the soft while her stories and a great many other ways." "That's right mother," she cried, "I can snow and the birds left over winter were in went to get her coat. She rang the bell start tomorrow." "All right, dear, try to their nests. Nature and human beings make others happy who are not as happy were asleep. No, not all human beings as you." With that her mother and she were asleep, for a little girl was wending her way in the pathless snow. Bareheaded Next morning after breakfast she went with scarcely enough clothing to keep her over to the little blind girl, whose name warm, torn shees were on her feet, which was Jane Wood. When Jane heard her were nearly fromen already. Presently she footsteps she cried out: "Helen, Helen stopped and mat down on the frozen ground Hale." "How can you tell it was me?" and huddled hemself together closer than asked Helen in surprise. "Oh! by your foot-ever, saying dreamily. I wonder how much longer I will have to walk-people say it is steps." "Ain't it a shame you can't see; a long way-I will have to hurry, for if I town. (Huriton's lived a half mile from said he could, but sister Agnes hasn't any it's nice there," she reflected dreamily. don't I will never get there. I wonder if

She sat on the frozen turf a long time, No more was said on the subject till it saying she must hurry or she won't get there, until she fell asleep. While she is

sleeping I will tell you her sad story. Her name is Evangeline; she is 9 years small attio in which she had lived. It was ton, and the work was done before ev- friends, and one morning Helen said to old. Her father and mother died not long her mother: "Mother I have thought of a age and she was taken to stay with her plan. The money I have in my bank I sunt and uncle. They were kind to her, and as she passed along the street she Two Little Fairies, or How He "It is a very unselfish plan." answerd with." but still she was not content. Often her "It is a very unselfish plan," answered aunt found her weeping silently in a dark her mother, "and if you want to use your corner, and asking her the matter only rebecame so tired that she could not walk By Fred Borry, Monarch, Neb., Aged 12 money in that way you can." Helen was ceived this answer in bitter tones: "I want much farther, so she walked up the steps of Years. Red Side. "I want delighted, and at once took her money my mother."

mother. One day a stranger came to visit leap from the waters in their play. There The day of Christmas Helen begged her her uncle. When he saw the child he took many beautiful and valuable articles. Then found some pretty clothes on the foot of who took pity on any poor creature. One Jane to her as a Christmas present to laughed with him in spite of her sorrow. Olive wished she had minded her mother. the bed in which she had slept. She found clear morning the prince took a little stroll stay with her always and always. Mr. and Finally she broke out with the question: tle rabbit hopping around suffering with ent. Helen was the happiest girl in town, heaven, I suppose-that is, if they are pain. The prince soon caught the little When the presents were given out Helen good." "Do you think mother and father thing. Its mate was under a pile of dead received a beautiful little tollet set and on went there?" "I believe so." "Is it very branches, but he hopped away when he every piece was carved out the words, far?" "Yes, my dear, a long, long way off.' "Would it take long to get there?" "You can't get there unless death, the angel of darkness, takes you-he knows the road." She said no more, but after he was gone she resolved to steal out by night and seek the way to heaven. She is on her way now Suddenly Evangeline awoke with a start "I wonder how late it is," she said. For

Olive's room was on the ground and looked out upon the shrubs and flow-

Today Olive had been very naughty and

off all Rolf's hair and left the poor dog shivering and shaking with the cold.

Mother had brought her her lunch and get them together for a long time. There

At last she opened the window and as she

was that sound? I surely heard something basket on her arm. that was not the wind sighing through the "Buy my laces, buy my laces," she said, Marie's First Happy New Year came the sound, faintly, but sure, and it said Olive. " Come in, won't you?"

was so plaintive that Maggie's heart was In crept Bess, the gypsy girl, on tiptoe. touched. "A lamb, a little lamb, left out It was guits an adventure to have this in the pasture," she said. "I must find it, strange girl coming to her room, when and I must find it soon, for it is getting she was supposed to be asleep. Presently, Olive, proud of her beautiful home, was Thereupon Maggie lifted the lower barbed showing Bess all about, and at last they wires of the fence which surrounded the entered mother's room, where Nancy, the

sheep pasture and crept under them, enter- old servant, was at work. "Why Miss Olive,

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaka Bes.

William Cullen, ex-King, Aged 11 Years, 12 Webster Street, Omaha. Red Side. One day Albert was coming home from school. He had a strap of books over his discontented as any little boy could ever feel. It was a lovely afternoon in Sep-

tember, so lovely that you would never think a little boy would feel so out of He passed a little stream and then he

(Second Prize.)

"I wish, I wish," began Albert in his

He was startled by someone saying to "Well, what do you wish? "I wish that I could be happy for once

"Why, that is easy," replied a brownie, for it was one who answered Albert. "I will give you a rule to follow and it will best part of the evening. make you happy all your life long." "And what is the rule," asked Albert. "It is this, little man." "Do something for someone every day." "Now see if this

works or not," and he vanished instantly. Albert woke up only to find that there rule which he carried out even to this day, food,

> " (Honorable Mention.) Bobby's Dream

By Ruth Asher, ex-Queen, Aged 18, Fair-mont, Neb. Red. "Dear me, I haven't a thing to do this day," said Bob Evans, nestling deeper into

the big chair, "How would you like to take a trip with me?" said a voice. Bob started and looked around, for he thought himself alone. He beheld a little man standing on the window atil.

"I guess I would," said Bobby. 'Very well, then, close your eyes and

count to ten and then open them," Bobby obeyed. He was surprised to find himself in his own town, but, Oh, how changed! "I have carried you to the year 10009. You're invisible, so go about as you please."

Bobby walked along the street till he came to a door where great numbers of people were pouring in. He was unable to read the writing above the door, but when he got inside he found it was a museum. He stopped before a skeleton and heard a man say: "This is a president of the United States in prehistoric times. His name was Theodore Roosevelt."

"Ha!" thought Bobby, "I'll follow that stairs eating my breakfast. That afterfellow around and find out about things." But Bobby's man and Bobby suddenly began to ascend. "Why," gasped Bobby, "What kind of a thing is this. I saw that

And Maggie, very happy in having saved

SHE WENT STUMBLING ALONG THRO UGH THE SNOW.

nes' entrances. But how deep half-frozen lamb. After Maggie had ex- was deepening and I was afraid she might the snow is. Mercy, I can hardly wade plained the situation the good mother put have strayed from safety." through it in some places! I would love to her arms about her, saying; "One dear And Maggie, very happy have a sleigh rids over such a fine snow as little lamb gave succor to another dear the life of a poor forgotten, freezing little this!" little lamb in distress, and I have comfort lamb, said: "I'm doubly giad, mamma,

uning with herself. Maggie and happiness for both. Papa will take the that I did not miss school today. Had I Thus along toward har home, which was dear little rescued one to a warm place in not gone that poor animal would have the barn and see that it gets a good sup-frozen to death in the pasture. So I shall per and tomorrow will notify its owner of always go to school on bad days, not only its whereabouts, and also of the manner in to learn and to keep up my attendance recng into sight around the brow of She could see the smoke curling All. She could see the smoke curtue, its whereabouts, and also of the manner in to isarn and to keep up my attenue in the chimneys and knew that comfort its whereabouts, and also of the manner in to isarn and to keep up my attenue in the good cheer would great her there. which it was saved. And now I must look ord, but to look in that pasture for ismbs m she got along beside the sheep pass after my own little ismb, whom I was on that might be forgotten and loft there to the stonged to look about, hoping the goint of going to meet, for the night perish." the hill. so she stopped to look about, hoping

That very night, the gypsies, led by Bess, her to a pretty little bedroom. broke into Olive's home and carried away The next day was New Year's and Marie lived near the lake a kind-hearted prince, father and mother if they would not give a great liking to her. She talked and

had a very happy New Year.

The Toboggan Party

just yesterday that the cruel landlord had ening.

turned her out. It was New Year's eve,

could smell the savory odor of roast goose

and many other good things. At last she

By Alta Wilken, Aged 13 Years, Waco, Nab. Red Side. branches, but he hopped away when he every place was carve saw the prince. The prince took the rib- "To an unselfish girl." "Oh, mamma, Sadie Stowe just sent me bon from his hat and bound it tightly about the animal's leg. He then let it go, shoulder and he was feeling as mean and an invitation to come to her house Friday to a tobogyan party; please may I go?" and it scampered off in the woods. The asked Jennie and her mother said she prince went home, for it was growing dark, might. Friday came at last and Jennie was and went to bed early so he could rise roady to go. They were to come at 7:30 early.

and stay until 10:30. When she got to Just as he was going to sleep the two lit-Sadie's house nearly all of her friends were the fairies stood by his bedside. One bethere. They went outdoors and down the gan to speak. thought he would rest himself on the messy hill they flew, exchanging merry words as bank for awhile. He took one of his books they sped by each other. The uphill work ing." the fairy said, "and you will remomin his hand to read, but he soon fell asleep warmed them and put roses into their ber it all your life. This morning you came and had a dream which proved valuable cheeks. Time flew so pleasantly that no

one realized how late it was until an in- and you bound it with this ribbon." She warned them. Such cups of delicious coffee, held the ribbon up, and said again: "It was such dainty sandwiches, such splendid I to whom you did this kind deed. I shall home-made cake were never known except give you three wishes for your reward, at Sadie's. Before going home the children which you may guess for yourself."

went into the parlor and sang songs. When they were ready to go home they found a large bobsled waiting to take each one to that I may be happy and cheerful; my

The Two Bears By Cecil Martin, Aged 9 Years, Geneva, Neb. Red Side.

held the ribbon up, and said again: "It was The prince said: "My first wish shall be that I may be the next king; my second,

their home, which they declared was the third, that I may marry a beautiful prin-COSE." The fairies vanished without saying a word. The prince went fast asleep and got up early, for he had to count his father's gold. Many years passed by, and finally Once a bear was looking for food. After his father died. The prince was made king,

he had gone about half way through the and lived happy and cheerful ruling his was no brownie near him. He then knew woods he saw a trap that had some food people, just as he had wished. He was marhe had a dream, but he never forgot the in it. The bear thought he could get the ried soon after. It was all done by helping a little rabbit, just as the little fairy said.

He put one of his front paws in the He remembered this as long as he lived. trap for the food, but his paw got

caught. While he was looking around for Teaching the Chickens to Swim

to his chum and the other bear came to By Mary Olivesky. Aged 13 Years, Thirty-see what he wanted. The hear that was in the trap whiled Neb. Blue Side.

The bear that was in the trap whined Milly Lee was a dear little girl, but, as in such a pitiful way that the other bear she had always lived in the city up to the time I am writing about, she did not know much about chickens or their habits, as you will soon see. Mrs. Lee had gone abroad for several months, and sent Milly to a friend of hers in Jersey, whose husband was a farmer. The little girl was "to have clothes that would wash, if she spoiled them," and was "to be allowed to run about all day in the fields;" in fact, she was to do whatever alle liked, except get into mis-

chief. What a happy summer that wasand there were not many accidents, either, By Eunice Wright, Aged 10 Years, 508 North Bell Street, Fremont, Neb. Certainly the gow ate her hat and she fell

into the water, and the magpie stole her thimble, and the parrot bit her finger, and her doll's head melted when she forgot it in the sun, and a few such trifles, but then, to forgive them if they would always rethey didn't count. One of the "real" accidents was about the chickens. Oh! that

tiresome old cat stole the cream, and Mrs. anything not belonging to themselves. Gray had scolded her and told her she must be more of a woman, and so on, and then paw out from under the bars of his cage, sent her off to play in the yard. For a

to get out, but at last he laid down to very stupid, she had not meant it, so she rest. The long-necked giraffe was munch- would have a game and be more sensible ing his feed at the top of the tent in a in the future. So off she ran to the yard, every five minutes grandma counted them kind of a tin basket. The hippopotamus and there the first thing she saw was the seemed content living in his pond of new brood of chickens-such cunning little just like a flock of chickens, you know," The pretty_stripped sebra was things. She sat down and watched them panting, for he was so hot in the tent, awhile, and then wondered why Mrs. Gray of you some of you may stray off." The big gray elephant was tired out thought so much of them. Why were they carrying people around on his back and worth more than other chickens, and so on? was swingin his big trunk back and forth. They were pretty, and fluffy, but they didn't want to stray off anywhere else. The pretty little fawns were asleep in couldn't do anything. Her brother had told It was a pretty place. The grass was soft the hay. The monkeys were fighting, her birds were worth far more if they and green, with no sign anywhere to "keep

lady, whom she asked if they would give side a large lake, whose waters were as the biggest and most unselfish present she kept thinking about her lost father and her shelter for the night. The lady took clear as the sky. Fish of many kinds would had ever received.

arose to go to supper.

out that the lady was her aunt and she beside a large green wood. He saw a lit- Mrs. Hale consented and she got her pres- "Where do people go when they die?"

brood and left not a single one.

Unselfishness

Red Side.

me. I can never guess." "It is the little

blind girl who lives across the street."

of helping her. You might read to her, tell

"But how can I help her, she can't see to

The Broken Vase

By Myrtle Jensen, Queen Bee, Aged 11 Years, 2909 Izard Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Mrs. Hoffman was reading an article in a monthly magazine, when someone rang the door bell so vigorously that she was forced to stop.

dignantly. Just then Hortense came in and an-

ounced the new minister.

went down the pollshed stairs.

banister ralls upstairs.

"It's the minister," whispered Josephine, as her mother appeared in the hall and

they went into the library. left on the chair. Let's go down and see," her father and mother-telling her also how

suggested Isabell. "Yes, let's do," agreed Josephine. So downstairs they tip-toed.

"Oh what a beauty!" whispered Isabell drawing forth a beautiful and costly oriental vase.

"Let me take it, Isa," said Josephine. Isabell handed her the vase, and after looking at it she said, "We'd better put it back again."

"Wait a minute, Josle," said Isabell, "Here's a card, it says, "To my wife as a birthday present." "

"It's a splendid present," said Josephine. As she was going to put the vase into the box again, she dropped it and it fell to the floor in a thousand pleces.

"Now you've don it!" exclaimed Isabell. "Oh, what shall I do," walled Josephine clasping her hands. Just then, Mrs. Hoffman followed by the

minister came into the hall, having heard the crash.

"Oh, my beautiful vase!" exclaimed the minister.

As Mrs. Hoffman knew nothing about it, Isabell explained the whole affair. Josephine was sobbing and after a few minutes the minister said that he hoped it would be a lesson to them and promised

member that day and let it be a lesson to them. Hanging their heads, they went was awful, and Milly never dreamed of slowly upstairs and spent the rest of the doing any mischief. That morning she left afternoon in their own room, but they the pantry door open by mistake, and the never forgot that day and never touched

Games On the Lawn

th Eighteenth Street, 1 Omaha, Neb. Red Side,

All the little grandchildren were spending the day at grandma's, and about once in to see that they were safe. "Because you're

she told them, "and if I don't keep watch The children laughed at this and said it was so pleasant out on the lawn that they

the sun was peeping over the eastern slope. "It must be very late. What a naughty "Mercy, will that person never stop girl I was to go to sleep," and she gave pushing the bell?" she exclaimed in- herself a smart slap on her face. Then she stood up, saying: "I feel so hungry, I won-

der if I can get anything to eat." She walked on till she came to a little cottage "Oh," said Mrs. Hoffman, the expression where she was given a good dinner. Whe on her face immediately changing as she she told the good woman what she was up to doing she looked doubtful. "Nobody has Isabell and Josephine had also heard gone there unless the dead. You will never the bell ring and were looking over the find your way; you will freeze to do death maybe then you will go there." The kind woman gave her some provisions, telling

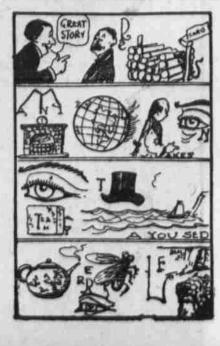
her to cat them while on her way home, for the woman had explained to her that "I wonder what's in that big box he's when she grows older she will then meet impossible it was for living people to reach there, for there is immortal joy. Next morning she started for home, but not knowing her way very well soon lost herself in a strange wood. It was growing

colder and colder; the little girl felt that there was little life in her now. When she saw the dark wings of death approaching a smile of joy lit her face, for soon she was to meet her dear father and mother. Soon her soul floated away to the place it longed to go.

Late that afternoon some woodmen found a little lifeless form which they brought to town and which belonged to an aunt and uncle who had been searching for her everywhere. Evangeline was buried near her father and mother. The aunt cried, but the uncle said: "She has gone where her soul longed to go. That is to her father

and mother."

Illustrated Rebus



One morning as my father came into my room he said: "Well, daughter, how would you like to go to see a menagerie?" "Oh," said I, "do you really mean it?" "Yes," said he; "hurry up and get dressed." I quickly dressed and was soon down-

A Visit to a Menagerie

Red Side

noon we went to a large tent and when we got in there were many animals. The lazy old lion was asleep, with one

The white polar bear with his long neck while Milly felt in disgrace, and didn't play By Sigrid Sandwall, Aged 11 Years. 726 was swinging it back and forth. The 'at all; then she thought to herself that it

tiger was on his hind legs, trying in vain was only an accident, and though it was

water.

helped him out, but the bear's chum was caught. Just then a man came to see if he had caught a bear in his trap. The bear that was in the trap asked the other bear to help him out, as he had helped him. The bear that had been in the trap first said: "It is better to have one bear caught than two bears," and then he ran away. The other bear was killed for meat

and for a robe.