OME of the Busy Bees forgot to write their age on their stories this week. If the children would look at the Busy Bees' Own Page just before writing their stories they would see that the prize stories have first the subject, then the name, age, address and the side that the writer chooses. Few, if any, of the stories sent in lately have been thrown in the waste basket, for the Busy Bees have been very careful about observing the rules. We have saved a lot of good stories which will be published as soon as there is room for them.

The editor has received a great many interesting letters from the Busy Bees and regrets that these letters must be answered mostly in these little 'chats' each week, for there are too many to write each individually. Myrtie Jensen, the queen of the Busy Bees, called on the editor this week and she is pleased that we have so many little writers for our page.

Prizes were awarded this week to Myrtie Jensen, queen of the Biue side, and to Edna Heden, alco on the Blue side, both of Omaha. Honorable mention was given to Vera B. Cheney of Creighton, Neb., 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:

Walter

Little Pee-Wee

By Helena Davis.

abused animals, using his little, but noble by the misery of the poor little prisoner.

to the helpless creatures that could not pro- the old woman. "Just hang the cage in the

For a few moments Freddie looked pity- bother," said Mrs. Jones, tying a twins

ingly on the woeful prisoner, then he boildly about the parcel of books and magazines.

addressed the old woman, who was wrap- "I couldn't think of having you do it. Be-

ping up several books and magazines to sides, Jane should have a reminder that

send to Freddie's mother. "Say, Mrs. she neglected to attend to Pee-wee yester-

Jones," began Freddie, "don't you think day. It is her work, and she must do it."

the sun is too strong on your bird? He "I am not thinking of Jane," said Fred-

seems to be all doubled up in the bottom die, his face flushed with indignation at

of the cage, trying to get out of the awful the old lady's heartless manner towards the

Mrs. Jones turned her attention to the thinking of your bird, Mrs. Jones. You say

cage, and going to it looked in at its oc- he is old and has lost his voice and can

cupant. "Pee-wee!" she called. "Come, sing no longer. If we are to tire of poor

stir up, you lasy old fellow. Why, you creatures as soon as they become old and

haven't a bit of water, have you? I told useless the world will be a cruel place to

Jane emphatically yesterday to put fresh live in. Old people should not be neglected

water and seed in your cage, and she evi- and treated heartlessly just because they

dently neglected you as usual. Oh, well, can no longer work and are of no use to

you are so old and lazy now you ought to the world. Wouldn't that be worse than

turning to Freddle, she went on: You see, Freddle's voice vibrated with excitement

that bird is a very old one. He never as he talked, and his innocent thrust at

sings any more and we just keep him for the old lady was understood by her, for

sympathy's sake. He used to be a fine her own wrinkled cheek colored a bit and

singer, but years ago his voice gave out she showed confusion. "Oh, of course,"

be starved a bit to make you sing." Then, savagery, Mra Jones?"

any creature punished, mis- turns."

the glare almost blinding the little feathered should return.

REDDIE GRAY was one of the well reach his cage to carry it some place.

treated or neglected. He was al- "But can't I hang his cage some other

"Oh, yes, if you will be so kind," agreed

"Oh, but that would put you to so much

poor old pet in his prison. "I am only

Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha. Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. Ada Morris, 342 Franklin street, Omaha.

Myrtie Jensen, 2009 Izard street, Omaha. Gall Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha. Helen Houck, 1625 Lothrop street, Omaha. Erzerson Goodrich, 4619 Nicholas, Omaha. Helen Goodrich, 4619 Nicholas street, Omaha

Maurice Johnson, 1027 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, 2809 North Nineteenth ave-

nue, Omaha. Mabel Sheifelt, 4914 North Twenty-fifth

Smma Carruthers, 2211 North Twenty-fifti Street, Omaha. Walter Johnson, 2405 North Twentieth street, Omaha.

Esther Newman, 224 North Twenty-fifth Juanita rines, 769 Fort street, Omaha Mildred Erickson, 200 Howard street, Omaha. Secar Erickson, 2709 Howard street,

Oscar Erickson, 2709 Howard street,
Omahs.
Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.
Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.
Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
Rhea Freidell, Dorchester, Neb.
Eunica Bode, Falis City, Neb.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.
Marguerits Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Lydia Roth, 606 West Koenig street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Etla Voss, 607 West Charles street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street,

Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 466 West Charles street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street,

Walter Johnson, 2005 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, El6 O street, South Omaha.
Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.
Ethel Enis, Stanton, Neb.
Ins Cainey, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.
Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.
Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
Edna Behling, York, Neb.
Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
Irene Reynolds, Little Sloux, Ia.
Ethel Mulholland, Box Ti, Malvern, Ia.
Kathryne Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Is.
Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Is.
Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Is.
Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Attica, Ind.
Fred Bhelley, 200 Troup street, Kansas City, Kan. Jensie Crawford, 465 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 923 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 923 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 1846 C St., Lincoln, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 1846 C St., Lincoln, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 1846 C St., Lincoln, Neb.
Marian Hamilton, 2029 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
Marian Hamilton, 2029 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
Helse Hamilton, 2029 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
Hughle Disher, 2020 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Letha Larkin, So. Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madjson avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Mildred F, Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Mary Brown, 1822 Boulevard, Omaha.
Lullan Wirt, 4158 Cass street, Omaha.
Emile Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.
Emile Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.

Viola was shown both large and small val-

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. De not use over 250 words. 4. Original stories or letters 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 CHILDBER'S DEPARTMENT,

(First Prize.) Love Rules on St. Valentina's Day

By Myrtie Jensen, Queen Bee, Aged 12 Years, 2909 Izard Street, Omaha. Blue

Bessie Lloyd and Mildred Evans were chums. There had always been an intimate friendship between them and they were By Vera B. Cheney, Aged 13 Years, Creigh-always together. always together.

One day their teacher, Miss Cleveland, asked them to stay and help her with some on the evening before St. Valentine's day work. They consented and after they had and of course Ellanore and Evelyn were finished Miss Cleveland remarked: "Girls, you did your work beautifully, Thank you."

After she had gone Mildred said, "Bess, let's clean our desks. Mine is dreadfully dirty."

"Yos," agreed Bess. "let's do." Soon they had their books, slates, boxes, etc., piled upon their deaks, when Mildred said, "Do you know where my gold fountain pen is, Bess? It's not to be found in my

"Why, no," answered Bessie. should I know?" "No one has been in the room except yourself, Miss Cleveland and I, and I had at it 3 o'clock," continued Mildred.

"I haven't seen it, Millie," declared Bess. "Well, now, it's my opinion that you, yes, you, Bess, have taken it," stormed Mildred.

"But I haven't." said Bess, indignantly, you own up before searching you.

best-hearted boys in the whole and Jane has gone to market, so I guess world. He couldn't bear to see he'll have to stay where he is till she re-Mildred, her best friend, accuse her of to Nellie the boys sent them to Nellie. stealing. The tears trickled down her Evelyn and Ellanore each said they would cheeks. After a time, she knew not how never be so mean again. ways on the outlook for poor place?" asked Freddie, his heart touched long, she put on her wraps and went home. Their playmates inquired in vain what

tect themselves against their mightier foe, kitchen. You'll find a hook over the sink." would tell. and taking to his home such animals as Freddie took down the cage and went to stray cats and dogs to minister to their the kitchen with it. But he did not hang it on the hook over the sink, for Jane, the One day Freddie's mother sent him on an cook, had made up a great fire in the range "From Bess" was written on the a pretty hood. Her name is Minnie. errand to the home of an old neighbor before going to market and the kitchen was back of it. woman who lived only a few blocks distant, hot to suffocation. Carrying the cage back

"Oh, so Miss Bessie thinks she'll bribe and while he was sitting in the living- into the living-room Freddie explained the me this way," she sneered. "Well, we'll room of the old woman's house he noticed condition of the atmosphere in the kitchen, see, But," she reflected, "I'm sure Bess a bird in a cage near to the window. The and also asked if he might not put some didn't take the pen. Oh, I'm sure of it I have a pony that is pure black, so I sun was heating through the glass window seed and water in the cage and not oblige now! How could I ever accuse her! How have named her Black Beauty. I got her pane and falling directly on the wire cage, the poor little sufferer to wait till Jane could I!"

In a few moments she was over at Bessie's house, asking Bessie to forgive her. in the barn was the prettiest pony I ever "With all my heart," answered Bess. The next day Mildred found her pen in a box which she little used.

"Dear Bess," she murmered, "how she took all my abuse." The next day I had our neighbor's boy (Second Prize.) Wait and See

"Mamma, may I go to Bessie Benton's

house?" asked Viola Vayne. "Yes, Viola, but be sure and put your coat on snug!

around you, as it is very cold," answered the mother. "Are you going down to see By Donald McVann, Aged 10 Years, 112 Bessie's valentines?" asked Mrs. Vayne. North Thirty-first Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side. "Yes, I suppose she has received many and

One fine day in June a little boy went I only one postal. I do just think it a out to his grandfather's farm and stayed all night. He went out and let the When Viola reached Bessie's home she chickens loose, then he fed the pigs. was heartily greeted by her little friend. You ought to hear them grunt, Then "Oh, Viola, you have just come in time to he drove the cows to pasture, and then see my pretty valentines I have received." he went home and got something to

Viola went to bed rather sulky that night, but was in better humor the next day. When Viola came home from school to

the reply of the mother.

"Did you have a nice time, my dear?"

hardly any," said Viola, bursting into tears.

'My little girl must not be selfish," was

eat her dinner she found on the table all kinds of envelopes of every description and size, all addressed in her name. She opened them all as fast as she could. When she had opened them all there was a surprise in store for her. It was a St. Valentine's surprise. All her little friends did not give them the day before, but sent them by flew away. mail. Viola saw her selfishness and always resolved to "wait and see."

(Honorable Mention.) tines

going together. They lived across the way from each other and were great friends. They had been down town and were coming home planning on the good time they were to have that night. "I hope I get that pretty valentine we saw, don't you?" said Evelyn. "I suppose I will get just as nice a one from Harry," said Ellanore. "And I from Gerald," said Evelyn. They reached home and parted until time to go to the party. They went at 8 o'clock and of course got for their partners Harry and Gerald.

'Oh, there's Nellie Brown and she's got buy one for herself," said Evelyn, thinking the boys would like her for her smart talk. "See that ribbon she's got on," said Ellanore. They went on talking about Nellie. They noticed the boys move away and feeling hurt they started home, thinking the

boys would come, but they did not. "Oh, but you have." said Mildred, sailing but instead they found a homely one, say-

My Doll trouble existed between them. Neither By Fay Donaldson, Aged 10 Years, Hill boro, Is., Rural Route No. 3. Red Side.

My Pony By Elaine Hockenberger, Aged 11 Years, Columbus, Neb. Red Side. for my birthday last September, and at noon when I came home from school there

do? It was to take her out and have a said he would not steal anything. girl put me on, and before I was quite on the pony threw me off. That was the first time I was ever thrown off.

get his saddle and bridle and put it on he did. and he broke her. Afterwards I used By Edna Heden, Aged 13 Years, 1010 North his saddle and bridle until I got mine for Twenty-ninth Street, Omaha. Blue Side. Christmas, and I rode her every day until Christmas, and I rode her every day until

On the Farm

from eld age. I would like to get rid of she stammered, "we must always look out him, but I don't know who would relieve for the aged. They cannot look out for age, and are mere pets-nothing more." me of him. He is such a bother, too. Now, themselves. But with pet birds and aniyou have just called my attention to his mals it is different. They never did anybeing in the beating sun. But I can't very thing for any person, you know. They are "And that was why you kept old bird. him. I call that doing something for others,

> he is. I must give him some water." "If he were of any account I'd give him wearily. "But he would only be a bother to you and would afford you no pleasure." to me," he said eagarly. "I'd just love to have him. I don't mind his being old and his not being able to sing any more. I want to make him happy, and by so doing

I shall be happy, too.' Mrs. Jones smiled, then said: "Very well son. Pee-wee is yours, and I shall be glad to be rid of him. But-will you please fetch me a glass of water? Jane forgot to bring in my customary pitcher of water before she left this morning. And-will you he so good as to open the kitchen windows so that the fresh air will come in? I have rheumatism so badly in my shoulder that

I cannot do those things for myself." Freddie was only too happy to be of assistance to his old neighbor, but while he was performing the little duties for her he said to himself: "What if I had said to her. Just wait till Jane returns for your glass of water, for it is her work, and she should have a reminder that she neglected doing it.' I guess poor old Mrs. Jones have had a taste of poor old Peewee's discomfort. Only, she could manage to get to the kitchen to get a drink, while he, poor caged fellow, couldn't get outside bars, and must stay there and

After handing the old lady the glass of water and opening the kitchen windows, Freddie filled the cage glass with water fore starting to his home. Then, bidding able and sad old age and death.

cared for from their infancy to their old Mrs. Jones good morning, and begging her to call upon him whenever she needed "But your poor old Pee-wee used to sing some one to perform errands for her, he captain, start. Tomoy stood on the edge for you when he had a voice," protested ran away, happy in the ownership of the of the wharf, straining his eyes to see

And old Pee-wee soon found that he had his balance and disappeared beneath the fallen into other and better hands. He waves. In an instant Bruno had also dis-Mrs. Jones. But-see how tired and thirsty was fed regularly, given fresh fruit and appeared, and in a few moments Bruno water every few hours during the day; came up, bringing Tommy with him. The to you," said the old lady, sitting down his cage was kept in a comfortable place dog barked loudly for help and an old by a big window through which he could skipper came to the rescue. Dry clothing look into a leafless but pleasant park, was put on Tommy and he was taken Freddie looked up brightly. "Give him The old birdle was neglected no more, home Some twenty years later, if you but loved and made much of and began would have looked on a certain green hill to hop about his cage with new spirit. in Boston, among a bunch of fragrant iliac And one day, while Freddie was allowing bushes, you would see a headstone, and on him the freedom of the big library, the it the following words: happy fellow perched himself on the top of a picture and began to sing.

At first the song consisted of but a few faint, trembling notes, but once having found his voice, old Pee-wee kept on trying to coax it forward, and pretty soon he warbled forth a song that delighted Freddie immensely. Running to his mother's room, young again!"

"That comes from happy surroundings, a loving hand to care for him, and a youth-

And with their arms about each other, are so quiet?" picture frame, happy in possession of his I might have a vacation." flew into his open cage, ready to have a that all of us could come and spend the the woods she saw a fairy, dressed in field if I could get enough seed."

drink, a bite to cat and a nap. And never summer with her. How would you like while, This frightened her, but the fairy "Aunt Mollie will tell you all about was there a more contented little pet in all to do that?" and gave the old Pee-wee time to drink— the world than that same Pee-wee, whose "Oh," said Mary, "I would like to so fairy and won't hurt you." At these words "I just love to hem and back-stitch which he did as if half famished be new master had saved him from a miser- much."

Bertha said, "Oh, good fairy, take me to since grandma brought this deep little

berries. He wore a straw hat and put week." the inside. After awhile he returned to she had never been so happy before. the house, and it rained, and then the sun "When they got there, their aunt met them people. Then said the fairy, "you can come shone and he saw a great rainbow. The at the train and said she would be glad with me to fairyland" and they both blew next day he got on the street car and if they could stay there always. After away to fairyland, Now Bertha is a fairy

The Tame Wolves Anna Nissen, Walnut, Ia. Aged 9

years. Blue Side. One time my uncle was out getting some straw at the straw pile, when he spied a big hole in the straw pile. Afterward they found out there were some wolves in the hole. There was two old ones and some young ones. They kept two of the smaller ones and they killed the others. These two were tied up by a big rope in the front entines with beautiful pictures on them. yard. Their names were Punch and Judy. After playing games and playing the plane They were very mischievous. If a chicken would come by they would pounes upon it and try to kill it. After a while they asked Viola's mother when she had gotten became very tame and they they sold them. home. "Yes, most of the time. Bessie has received so many valentines. I have

Russell's Dream

By William Dairs, Aged 9 Years. 221 West Third Street, North Platte, Neb. Blue Side.

Russell was lying in the hammock, when suddenly a fairy stood beside him. She said, "You have been so good this week I will grant you three wishes." "Hurrah!" cried Russel. "First, I wish would always be rich. Second, I wish I would always be happy. Third, I wish I could go skating this afternoon. Mamma

said I couldn't." "Your wishes are granted," she said, and

Russell awoke with a start. Where was the fairy? Just then his mother canme and said that his uncle had come and had left a large amount of money, and he could Ellanore and Evelyn's Valen- so skating. You may be sure that Russel was very happy.

Squirrels

ton, Neb. Red Side.

There was going to be a valentine party John Sherman Ashby, Aged 3 Years, Fair- under a bucket and blew it up in the air mount, Neb. Red Side. the town where I live there are a pair of squirrels. Wishing them to come here we scattered nuts around the trees. Now they will come and sit up in the trees with a nut in their paws and chatter happlly. For their store in the winter they will take a nut and dig a hole in the ground By Dorothy Koepnick, Aged 10 Years, and cover it with leaves One day a ban- Bancroft, Neb. Blue Side. tam came over and tried to get a nut, but the squirrel hit him with his paw. Then the squirrel ran up the tree. The bantam tried to peck him and then tried to get a nut, but the squirrel would not let him. Once our neighbors put out some nuts to "Why on her cousin's dress. She's too poor to dry and when they went to get them they were most all gone and they found that the thieves were the squirrels.

Helen

By Emilie Brown, Aged 10 Years, 2322 Boulevard, Omahs, Neb. Red Side. The next day they each got a big box whose name was Edna. She was a spoiled and when the teacher told who got the and opened them to see their valentines, child; everything she wanted she had. prize Ruth Mason was ashamed, for she out of the room, her head high. "I'll have ing, "Don't be so smart," from the boys, going out to spend the day with her basket to Elener Brown. How her eyes They afterward found that they were going grandma. She took her dollie and started shone when she know it was for her. Bess stood there bewildered. How could to get nice ones, but as they acted so mean out. On the way she met one of the She did not know she would get the Edna came up to her she said: "My she, too, was glad. Do you think you dollie is prettier than yours; mine has could ever get the prise? got real hair and will open and shut her eyes." This made the little girl cry. Hills. She went home and asked her mamma if she could not have a big doll like Edna's. Two weeks later, on St. Valentine's day, My doll is very small. It has big brown Her mother thought about it for many the postman handed Mildred a large box. eyes and white hair. She has a white dress days, because they were very poor. But On opening it she saw a beautiful valen- on. She is very pretty, My sister made her she got it for Helen, for that was the little girl's name, and gave it to her on her 5th birthday. There never was a happier girl than Helen.

By Esther Ronk, Aged 10 Years, Bancroft, schoolmates. Neb. Blue Side. One day w

One day all the animals gathered together and said: "What shall we have for a Christmas dinner?"

So all of them said they would go to the And what was the first thing I should farmers and steal things, but the turtle So they said he did not need to eat anything they got.

But the turtle went and told the farmer to lock his barn on Christmas night, which

Then all the animals stayed away Christmas night, but they came a few nights after that and stole all the farmers chickens and other things.

When the farmer got up the next morning to feed his chickens they were gone. He did not know where to find them. He had never once thought of the foxes or of any other animals. But after all the ani-

Brave Bruno

mals had a good dinner.

By Marie Elliott. Aged 11 Years, Beatrice, Neb. Red Side. The steamer glided far out to sea. Little Tommy stood on the wharf, also big Brune, his pet dog. Tommie's mother had returned home, for all three had been down to see Tommie's father, who was a sea the ship. But, alas for Tommy, he lost

Here lies faithful Old Bruno. Who saved my life.

A Happy Little Girl

13 years. Blue Side. he cried: "Come, mamma, quickly; and she was coming home from school, one and mother were dead, and she lived with light. hear old Pee-wee singing. He has grown evening. "I wish I didn't have to go to some people who were very unkind to her. sencel at all, just stay out doors all the It was Saturday and the people sent Bertha and when Maybelle did so a large hole of

ful companion who infuses new life into white house on the hill and when it was walking so far, so she sat down to rest his little being." explained Freddie's time for supper they all went in to the din- before beginning to pick the berries. After and everything a small seamstress could mother. "There is nothing like love and ing room. Her mamma and papa noticed that filling her basket she sat down to rest need tucked away in the bright pumpking sweet sympathy, my child, to make us she was unusually quiet, so her mamma again. By this time she could see that it "I dearly love this pumpkin," said May-

himself. After that he picked some black- the first of June, we will start in one the fairy, but what brings the blackberries in his hat and staine! Pretty soon the time came and Mary said Bertha told the fairy of her parents being

lived right next to her aunt.

The Children and the Bear

By Bertha Landrock, Aged 10 Years, 2010 Poppleton Avenue, Omaha. Red Side. One time there was a little girl and her girl's aunt, and as they were going through the woods they met a bear. The bear said: "I have no home. Will you take me to your house and feed me?" "Yes." said the mother.

They took the bear home and fed it. The little girl had a little brother and sister at The bear was there for about a week and then ran away. When morning came the mother went to feed him and called and called until he came. When the children went to school they would get on his back and ride, and when the boy would come home from school he would go riding.

The Rabbit's Fourth of July

By Ada Donaldson, Aged II Years, Hills-bore, In. Red. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and all the rabbits were in the woods. They were to have a Fourth of July dinner and I will tell you what they had:

Cabbage leaves, hedge balls seeds, apples, you like to represent?" green grass and candy. They bought skyrockets and firecrackers. One of the rabbits named Bunny ran behind a tree and pilgrim." lit a firecracker and it caught the grass on fire and Bunny got so excited that he going to school, she met Alice New. slapped the fire with his paw and burnt it badly and he began tr cry so loudly that his mother came running to see what was the matter. His mother wrapped his sore paw up in a cabbage leaf.

And the rest put out the fire and one of the rabbits lit a firecracker and put it and it came down on one of the rabbit's heads. Soon it was getting daylight and they all went home, saying they had a good time, except Bunny.

The Prize

It was the last day of school and the sent this dress to me, and I know I am teacher had told them she would give a going to have the finest time I ever had." prize for the best one.

Her father was very rich and could af- selfish." ford to get his little daughter many nice things. She had everything she wanted. In the afternoon the teacher took a litbasket from her desk and told each girl to write on a slip of paper the one they thought best. They soon had all of the papers gathered up. There were fifteen girls in the class. Ruth Mason had five votes. There was one poor girl Once upon a time there was a little girl named Elenor Brown. She had ten votes, him there every night. No slarm clock One morning after Christmas she was had not got the prize. She handed a little girls who was in her class at prize and went home with a light heart. school. She had a little rag dollie. When When her mother heard she had the prize

A Kind Boy

Once there was a boy who lived with his father, mother and three sisters. His name was Howard. He was a very kind and polite boy. He lived on a farm and had happy.

the road. He picked up a stick and stood "Bab, bab!" in the middle of the road.

road. He had not gone far when he met a woman and man walking up the road. Other boys should be as brave and kind mamma?"

An Adventure in the Woods By Alico Boyce, Aged 13 Years, Carroll, Ia. Blue Side.

Four boys, Joseph, William, Edward and bring you a pumpkin. Do you think so? Harry, had plannned to go berry picking one fine day in summer. They were to knows it now. She always makes me a start at 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning little apple pie for my very own when I'm and take their lunch with them, as they there, and the rest have pumpkin pies. How did not expect to return till late in the do you suppose she kept the pumpkin from afternoon. One of the boys brought an 'way last fall?" sxe, so that they could mark the trees, for fear of losing their way, for the boys had mamma had to leave the room. Maybelle intended to go farther in the woods than puzzled and puzzled about the pumpkin a they had ever ventured before. The boys went on with long strides until they came to a little house in the woods, which showed that it had not been occupied for many years. The boys wished to go in and look around. There were only two rooms in quite valuable and the boys took them bag will supply me for that long." with them to the little town and sold that there were no disputing about it. The she was to receive such a queer gift. boys said that it was more than berries they got, for they had not expected such trunk this minute." a thing to happen.

The Fairy in the Woods 10 years. Blue Side.

into the woods to pick berries. When she ened in the side showing a number of Pretty soon she reached her home, a big reached the woods she was very tired from treasures. There were tiny speeds, a thinsaid, "What is the matter, Mary, you was getting dark and she got up and belle, hugging her treasure, said, "What is the matter, Mary, you was getting dark and she got up and to learn to sew right away," are so quiet?" said, "Don't be afraid, little girl, I am a when she comes," said Maybelle. "Very well," said her mother, "This is fairyland." "I couuldn't do that," said pumpkin."

these dark and lonely woods?" Then dead and she was staying with some cruel a while her papa put up a house and they and she makes other poor children as happy us she is.

Honesty

By Mary Berich, Aged 12 Years, 1327 South Twenty-fifth Avenue, Omaha, Red Side. One day as Helen Hale was walking down mother who were going to see the little the street with her playmate, Jennie, Helen stooped down and picked up a pocketbook containing \$5. Helen said, "I wish I knew who it belongs to?" "Keep it," said Jennie. Just then a man came along, "Have you found a pocketbook containing \$5?" asked the man. "Yes, here it is," said Helen. handing it to the man. Helen walked home very happy. About a week after a bundle came with Helen's name on it. When she opened it, to her surprise it was a little white dog, and on the collar was printed, "Honesty."

The Party

By Verna Kirschbraun, Aged 13 Years, 511 South Twenty-fourth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

"Oh, mamma, Jeanette is going to give a masquerade party next Saturday. May I go?" asked Gladys White as she rushed into the room.

"Yes," was the reply, "but what would > "Jeanette says we are to represent some

thing in history and so I'd like to be a The day before the party, when she was

"Are you going to the party?" she asked. "I'd love to, but we can't afford to get a costume," was the answer. Just then they reached the school and

Gladys went into her room. "I'm going to ask mamma if I can't give her my costume," she said to herself. "That would be very nice," said her mother when she told her what she had thought of, "and I have an old Spanish

dress that you can wear." They wrapped the costume in paper and dropped in a card signed "From a friend." As she was going into Jeanette's house a little figure in a Puritan dress came

toward her. "Oh, Gladys," she whispered, "somebody "I am, too," was the reply, and she added Ruth Mason was sure she would get it, to herself, "and all because I wasn't

A Chatterer By Mary Day, Aged 13 Years, 3843 Franklin Street, Omaha. Red Side. Tommy, a small monkey, was esteemed

very highly in a small village in Ohio. His owner was a young man, and had trained him to act much as a boy does. He had a small bed for Tommy, and put was needed in this house, for every morning at dawn Tommy would be seen patiently climbing, or rather, jumping up the stairs to his master's room. He would uncover his head and call out, "Bab, bab, bab, bab, bab." Then he would uncover

him again and repeat the chattering. He would often go to the neighbor's houses and rob them of different kinds of food, and then he would run home as fast

as be could. It happened on one occasion when he was By Hazel Donaldson, Aged 14 Years, Hills-boro, Ia., Rural Route No. 3. Blue Side. of dogs attacked him. Poor Tommy! He weakly climbed a telephone pole, but he could not hold out. He fall helplessly to the mercy of the dogs. They knocked him around. One old dog, whose name was lots of work to do, but he was always Bob, unmercifully bit poor Tommy in the He helped his father and mother all he away from the dogs he was fatally inback. Before the people could get him The Delayed Christmas Dinner could. At school he was liked by all his jured. He was taken to his little bed and lay there for many weeks. People came to One day when Howard was at home, he see him, and they would say, "Poor heard a noise in the road. He ran to see Tommy," and then he would call out as if what is was. He saw a team running down trying to tell them of the pain he suffered,

> When the team came up to him they The Pumpkin Maybelle Liked stopped. He climbed into the buggy.
>
> By Miss Minnie Gottsch. Age 12 Yearsturned around and started back down the
>
> Bennington, Neb. Blue Side.

> "I do wonder why grandma is going to bring me a pumpkin," sald Maybelle for They told him they had got out of the the twentieth time since the letter from suggy to get some flowers. The team be- the dear old lady came, telling of her ancame frightened and ran away. They ticipated visit. "She knows I just hate thanked him for stopping the horses. Then pumpkin pies and it's too late for jack-othey got into the buggy and went home, lanterns. What do you think about it,

"I think a little girl had better spend her time playing and wait until grandma brings the pumpkin," said mamma, kissing the anxious little face. "Even if you do bate pumpkin ples, it would not be nice to tell grandma so, since she says she will "No," said Maybelle slowly, "but she

But just then a visitor came in and long time, and then concluded to forget about it until grandma came as mamma had advised. Playing with a live. romping dog makes one forget a great many things, so Maybelle had no trouble in making the time fly happily.

"I didn't bring a trunk, for it is so muci the house and in them were relics of olden bother, and when William comes next week times, which showed that a pious hermit he will see to it," said grandma when her once lived there. Some of the things were son asked about her baggage. "This hand-

"Then I suppose I'll have to wait unti them for much money. They divided the next week for my pumpkin," thought money equally among the four boys, so Maybelle, who was anxious to know why "I wish Uncle Will was here with that

"Did you get my letter telling about what I intended to bring you, Maybelle?" asked grandma, as she opened the satche and drew out a yellow object larger than a By Mildren Johnson, Wahoo, Neb. Aged By Donald Gallagher, O'Niell, Neb. Aged very large orange. It certainly did look like a baby pumpkin just ready for fair; "Oh, dear," sighed little Mary Gray as Once there lived a little girl whose father pies, and the little girl screamed with de-

"Pinch it gently, dear," said grandma, ble, a needle case, a small pair of shears

mother and son went to the library, where "Oh mamma, I wish I didn't have to go she stayed. How she hated to go back to this variety of pumpkins," said a lady they saw Pee-wee still perched on the school, it is summer time now and I think those cruel people, but the wind was blow- who happened to come in and see the work ing and the woods seemed to dark and bag. "I think if more little girls had them voice again. And there the happy Freddia "Well," said her mother, "your sunt in lonely that she was afraid to stay any there would be less trouble when the sewremained till Pee-wee of his own accord California has written me and was wishing longer. Just as she was in the middle of ing hour comes. I'd like to plant a big

