

REBERSON BERNOW HE first beautiful days of spring are here, and, if any of the children

know of some jolly games to play on the lawn, or anywhere outdoors, I am sure the Busy Bees would like to read about these. The birds will soon be coming north again and it would be interesting to have some good stories sent in about birds. How many of the Busy Bees read and study about birds and know which ones are the most useful and which ones are the best songsters? Birds and animals of other countries are also interesting.

The first of next month a new king will be chosen for the Red side and a new queen for the Blue side, and the Busy Bees must be thinking about whom they wish to vote for. The present contest between the Red side and the Blue side is the closest we have ever had. Since the first week in January eleven prizes have been awarded to the Red side and nine prizes to the Blue side.

Prizes were awarded this week to Ruth Ashby, ex-queen, from Fairbury, Neb., who is writing for the Red side, and to Maurice Johnson, king of the Red side. Honorable mention was given to Frances Johnson of Omaha, on the Blue side.

Several new names have been added to the Postcard Exchange this week. Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to any one whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

Brown, 22 Boulevard, Omaha.

Postcard Exchange, which now include Jean De Long, Ainaworth, Neb. Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb. Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb. Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb. Anna Gottach, Bennington, Neb. Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. Marle Gallagher, Benkelman, Neb. Marle Gallagher, Benkelman, Neb. Veta Cheney, Creighton, Neb. Louis Hahn, David City, Neb. Eunice Bode, Freimont, Neb. Eunice Bode, Fremont, Neb. Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb. Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb. Mary Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha. Eva Hendee, 462 Dodge street, Omaha. Juinita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha. Lillian Wirt, 4185 Cass street, Omaha. Emile Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha. Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha. Myrile Jensen, 2900 Izard street, Omaha. Helen Houck, 1625 Lothrop street, Omaha. Helen Houck, 1625 Lothrop street, Omaha. Maurice Johnson, 1027 Locuet St., Omaha. Wilma Howard, 4720 Capitol Ave., Omaha. Hilah Fisher, 2007 Leavenworth, Omaha. Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth, Omaha. Mabel Sheifelt, 4914 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. Mary: Marion Capps, Gibson, Neb. Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb. Lydia Roth, 66 West Koenig street, Grand Lydia Roth, 656 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb. Ella Voza, 667 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb. Walter Johnson, 2405 North Twentleth Valter street, Oma-Edna Heden, F street, Omaha. Irenand, Neh. Irene Costello, 115 Grand Island, Neb. Jessie Crawford, 405 Grand Island, Neb. Pauling Schools West Eighth street, street, Omaha. Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifty street, Omaha. Leconora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha. Mae Hammond, O'Neill, Neb. Macge L. Danleis, Ord, Neb. Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb. Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb. Marie Fieming, Osceola, Neb. Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb. Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb. Edra Enis, Stanton, Neb. Edra Enis, Stanton, Neb. Ethel Enis, Stanton, Neb. Ethel Enis, Stanton, Neb. Clara Miller, Utica, Neb. Mag Grunke, West Point, Neb. Elivie Stastny, Wilber, Neb. Alita Wilken, Waco, Neb. Pauline Parks, York, Neb. Mary Frederick, York, Neb. Mary Frederick, York, Neb. Ethel Bartiett, Fontanelle, Ia. Irene Reynolds, Little Stoux, Ia. Ethel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia. Etheanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia. Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia. Maidred Robertson, Manilla, Ia. Margaret B. Withers, Tan. Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth West Charles street. 412 West Fourth street, Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island. Neb. Martha Murphy. 5:3 East Ninth street, Grand Island. Neb. Hugh Ruit, Leshara. Neb. Hester E. Ruit, Leshara. Neb. Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb. Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb. Anna Nellson, Lexington, Neb. Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C St. Lincoln, Neb. Marian Hamilton, 2029 L St. Lincoln, Neb. Marian Hamilton, 2029 L St., Lincoln, Neb. Fisle Hamilton, 2029 L St., Lincoln, Neb. Hughle Disher, 2020 L street, Lincoln, Neb. Estelle McDonaid, Lyons, Neb. Milton Selser, Nebraska City, Neb. Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb. Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb. Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb. Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb. Milton Selser, Norfolk, Neb. Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb. Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb. Milton Selser, Norfolk, Neb. Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb. Milton Selser, Norfolk, Neb. Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb. Milton Selser, Nebraska Street, Omahs Milton Selser, Stores, Norfolk, Neb. Milton Selser, Street, Omahs Milton Selser, Street, Omahs Pauline Grand Island, Neb. Ruth Robertson, Manilia, 16. Margaret B. Witherow, Thurman, Ia. Fred Sorry, Monarch, Wyo. John Barron, Monarch, Wyo. Edith Amend, Eheridan, Wyo. Fred Shelley, 230 Troup street, Kansas City, Kan. Omaha Oscar Erickson, 2709 Howard street, Omain. Louis Raabe, 2809 North Ninsteenth ave-

Omaha. Louis Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth ave-nue, Omaha. Eather Newman, 2214 North Twenty-fifth Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Attica, Ind.



Tim and Fred had had a "scrap" About some trivial thing, And sticks and stones and ugly names

Did at each other fling. And for a solld week these boys, When out of school, did fuss;

They kept their parents in a stew. Their own tempers in a muss. But on St. Patrick's morning, bright,

Tim to his mother said: 'I'm sorry that I've 'acted up' Toward my school pal, Fred." And on that very self-same morn

Fred to his mother went, And said: "'Tis true that Tim and I An ugly week have spent, We used to be the best of chums,

Like a brother toward a brother,



And it is wrong for us to fight, And so abuse each other."

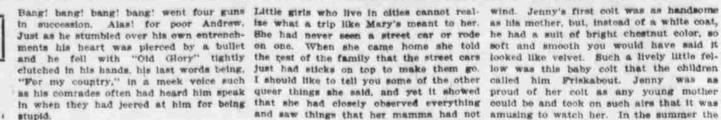
And on the way to mass that morn Fred saw his old chum, Tim, And with a genial smile he ran Right up and said to him:

"If good St. Patrick, long ago, Could from old Ireland drive The poisonous reptiles all away. So that no harm should thrive,

"Why shouldn't we drive from our hearts

All envy, hate and spite, And love each other as of old And live our lives just right?"

And Tim, his heart a-throb with joy, "I am with you there, Said: For on St. Patrick's glorious day Good should reign everywhere."



(Honorable Mention.) An Unwelcome Guest

By Frances Johnson, Aged 13 Years, 933 North Twenty-fifth Avenue, Omaha. Blue Bide,

The 19th of June dawned bright and beautiful. Everything in nature was as lovely as a dream. The butterfiles were flitting gaily by the latticed windows, while the dew was kissing the flowers. It was certainly a gain day in the big stone mansion on State street, where Dr. Bartletts lived. Fanny was the only child himself he went in his room, got his bank, followed. As soon as she saw that help in his fortunate family. She was to be took all his money out and when the nurse hostess at an elaborate birthday party that was not looking he went downtown.

very Saturday afternoon. busy in the kitchen making an enormous birthday cake.

The clock having struck 12 the dining table was arranged.

Now the huge cake had been placed in the pantry by the open window to cool, but a naughty, mischlevous parrot from the neighboring house had made himself an unexpected guest, by stealing in through the window and vigorously devouring the cake. What a sight for Aunt Sally to behold! The guests had now arrived and what was she to do?

Just then in stepped Grandma Dare. Grandma had brought a tempting looking cake. Refreshments having been served, every

child was to tell of some kind deed which he or she had done. One tiny tot piped out: "I pulled a turtle out of the water so that By

it wouldn't get drownded." Presently one child suggested, "Let's go

over to poor, lame Anne's and give her a flower shower" "Agreed!" was the chorus.

So they immediately gathered all the flowers from the vases and went gally over to the little cripple's unpretentious home. They opened the door and showered the

flowers on her, leaving Anne sitting in dumb surprise, while, as for the children, they were gone in less time than it takes me to tell about it.

tion, and like many of the soldiers of that The children returned to Fanny's house war, was but a mere boy. He had been where the rest of the afternoon was spent left an orphan just before the war broke in guessing contests and merrymaking. out and when the call to arms was given That night when nurse tucked Fanny he was one of the first men to enlist on into bed, Fanny said: "This has been the the side of the "cause." He was not a bright boy, far from it; but very meek and Anne said the same. good natured. He never could learn how

Mr. Mouse

shoulder arms, even when he had been en-listed for three years. Some of his com- By Donald McVann, Aged 10 Years, 112 rades jeered at him because of his stupid-Red Side.

ity, but he bore it all in meek patience. Once upon a time there was an old rat The story opens just before the Battle of that lived way down in the cellar. He other time, don't you? Brandywine, in which Washington was dehad lots of good things to eat. He had feated. The company in which Andrew apples, potatoes, corn and a bag of nuts.

ments his heart was pierced by a bullet on one. When she came home she told soft and smooth you would have said it and he fell with "Old Glory" tightly the rest of the family that the street cars looked like velvet. Such a lively little felelutched in his hands, his last words being. Just had sticks on top to make them go. low was this baby colt that the children

those who know more than we do. Harry's Curls

By Aleda Bennett, Aged 11 Years, Elgin, Neb. Blue Side. Harry Willis's hair was curly and for that reason everybody called him Babe. He did not like this and one day when there

> There was no one in the store but an "All right," he said, and he lifted Harry

on the chair. His uncle went by seeing him, he went home and told Mr. and Mrs. Willis. They all decided to act as if they did not know him when he came home. When Harry got his hair out he started for home. After he got there he went in just like he always did. Mrs. Willis was in the room and she said: "Did you see Harry?" "I'm Harry, mamma,"

he answered. "No, our little Harry has curls," said Mrs. Willis. "I took my money and had my hair cut," said Harry. "No, our Harry is saving his money," Mrs. Wil-

lis said. At the supper table everybody called him Babe and he wished he had not spent his money, as it did no good. Pet Squirrels

Howard Ohman, Aged 9 Years, 1042 South Twenty-eight street, Omaha. Red Side.

Around our house there are very many trees and our neighbor has put two boxes up in a tree for the squirrels. Across the street from our house is a large wood and

the squirrels run all around there. One day, when I was sitting on my porch a little squirrel got up in my lap. I said to myself, "If I only had a nut for him!" Just then my slater looked out the window and saw him in my lap. She ran and many invitations," said Helen as she came got a nut to give him. He took the nut home from school. "Well, my dear, I'm porch and began to eat it. It was get- be away on your birthday," said her ting so late that I had to go in the house. The next day I was out playing, with my hand back of me, when I felt something on my hand. I looked around to see who her mother found out she didn't have to happlest day of my life!" and I'm sure it was and it was a little squirrel. I be- go, so was going to give Helen a surprise lieve it was the same one that came the party on Washington's birthday, because day before. I happened to have a nut in that was Helen's birthday. Helen went to my pocket, so I gave it to him to see stay all day with a friend, so they had what he would do with it. Instead of eating it he went across to the woods and 7:30 and found the house decorated in flags, dug a hole and dropped the nut in it. I hatchets and pictures of Washington. Helen

A Rabbit Chase at Midnight

I should like to tell you some of the other called him Friskabout. Jenny was as queer things she said, and yet it showed proud of her colt as any young mother that she had closely observed everything could be and took on such airs that it was and saw things that her mamma had not amusing to watch her. In the summer the seen at all. I think it is a good thing two were allowed to graze in a fine field to notice, then learn what we can, even near the bank of a river, and such frolica if we do have to ask many questions and as they had there! Such races from one say things that sound odd and queer to end of the field to the other! Such rolls on the sweet, velvely grass! It would have delighted you to see. But one day something happened that came near putting an end to all of their good times. It was a pleasant morning, and papa, seated on the plazza, was reading the newspaper, when

suddenly Jenny came galloping up to the house, looking so frightened that he threw was nobody at home, but the nurse and down his paper, and, calling the workman, was near she turned and galloped off fast as she had come. Straight to the river she

went, and there found Friekabout strug-As soon as Fanny arose, the door bell old man, and Harry did not know this was gling for his life. It was hard work to rang. There stood the florist with an enor- a barber. He walked up to the old man get him out, but he was at length rescued, mous box of cut flowers, which were to be and said, "Is the barber here?" "Yes, I and Jenny was almost wild with delight. artistically arranged in the spacious din- am the barber," answered the old man. Friskabout became more sedate after that ing room. In the meantime Aunt Sally was "I want my curis cut off," said Harry. and in his gayest moments took good care to avoid the bank of the river.

Lottie's Dream

y Ella Voss, Aged 13 Years, 407 West Charles Street, Grand Island, Neb. Blue Bide.

Lottie's mamma had a party one evening, but Lottle was put to bed before the company arrived. Lottie was about 6 years of age. So she went to sleep and dreamt that she had a party and all her little friends were there.

She dreamt that they were all playing games and her little friend Ruth won first prize and Dorcas second, and Lottie won the booby prize. After the game was over they had a

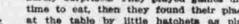
lovely lunch and Lottle was having the best time when she awoke and found her mother standing by her little bed and calling her.

Lottle told her mother all about her party. So Lottle had a party after all, even if she was put to bed.

Helen's Washington Party Vera B. Cheney, Aged 14 Creighton, Neb. Red Side. By Years,

"Oh, dear! Mamma I do wish I could have a party, because all the girls have had one and invited me and I owe so from her hand. He jumped down on the afraid you can't, because I am going to mother. "Dear! And I did so want a Washington party," said Helen. So they let the matter drop. Helen expected no party, but

time to fix things. The ohlidren arrived at suppose he wanted to save it for some came home a few minutes later and was surely surprised. They played games until time to eat, then they found their places





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 ever 200 words. 4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and i dress at the top of the first page.

First and second prises of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT. Omaha Bee.



By Maud Walker.

Worthiness of Little Patrick

AV-STR

Irish saint. be called Patrick instead of plain Pat," grandmamma entered the kitchen. the coming birthday and the plans for a little Pat's birthday. About twenty young don't know what I can do to make myself was expected by Pat. Indeed, he knew uncommon. At present I'm no more than everything would go off splendidly, for dear Johnny Woods, Fred Smith, Fatty Thomp- old grandmother had superintended everyson and Snubby Travis. And all those kids thing pertaining to the party. And secretly are just common kids."

Somehow, dear old grandmother knew just for though apple ple as a rule is very in-She never forgot that while Pat was to meals, he loved a nice fat doughnut or a understand.

And I don't like the name Pat. I want the store for green ribbon, for the decorato have my full name, Granny, dear."

"Bless my boy." smilled the old lady. one must call you Patrick. But-come to the kitchen with me-I've got a fine "turnapple pie, too, with a sprinkling of brown ous and happy success? sugar on top."

day devoted to the celebration kitchen ahead of grandmother. And for and Elizabeth, her 4-year-old daughter, was account of the powder smoke in which they in. Slam! Bang! Crash! went the broom. of the great Saint Patrick, the time his eagerness to do something trying to help. And that was why little "Pat"- worthy of the name of Patrick was foras he was commonly called- gotten in his enjoyment of the spicy smell guess I'll go and see about the boats?" He just as he reached it the flag-bearer, standhappened to be named in honor of the good that came from the big cooking oven. put on his coat and went out. Jack, who ing only ten feet from him, was shot, ap-

said little Pat to himself one day after The days passed and preparations were

"But I'm just a little Irish kid and guests had been invited, and a fine time she had baked a little-very little-"turn-

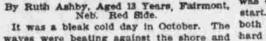
Then Pat was called to run an errand for over" apple ple for each invited boy and his grandmother, who lived in Pat's home, girl. "I know what they will enjoy," she and was Pat's best chum of all the family, had said to herself. And she was right; what children wanted, and she understood digestible when eaten at night (and Pat's Pat's wants as well as she knew his needs. party was to take place at 8 o'clock in the evening), dear old grandmother's plo was have plenty of good wholesome bread and not the heavy kind. She knew how to bake milk and vegetables and fruit for his "child's pie," a secret few people of today

should love to do something-something- mother. Aunt Kate and Bridget, the house name of Patrick, but until I do something horse to the buggy, and I'll go to the worth notice I must remain plain Pat Ryan. florist for green ferns and leaves, and to

tions must be in keeping with the day." said grandmother, as full of enthusiasm as Well, you'll do something yet, sonny, that though she were a child again. But was will make you a real hero, and then every- not it her dear little Pat-who was already in her eyes-whose birthday was to be celebrated that evening? And was it not the over" pie in the oven baking for a certain greatest joy for her to help with the aryoung laddle that I know. And it's an rangements and to make the party a glori-



THE LITTLE FIGURE LEAPED INTO THE AIR



(First Prize.)

Dixie

while mother gets supper." Just then Mr. Callendar entered with a Britisher. As he cleared the space where box in his arms.

bundle to his wife.

surely keep it."

it. Jack was very much interested in it. going on between these two men and a "turnover" ple occasionally, and with her When the morning of the 17th arrived He was as yet able to say only one word party had been set of the and started to go own ready hands she made the doughnuts everything was bustle and hurry in the and that was the name of the land he lived rade. As Andrew turned and started to go back he saw some fresh pursuers coming Aged 11 Years. Blue Side.

dog.

It was a few minutes before 4 o'clock

ing to keep her balance on the seat, let ing like a boat on troubled water. found the guiding lines gone.

In vain she called out to Custer to stop. cry went from throat to throat that "dear for he was in the spirit to travel and felt of a sudden and terrible death," for the no restraining hand. Down the almost deserted street he went, now turning his gait

into a swinging gallop. Poor old grandmamma sat white and silent, realizing her great danger. As she was traversing the residence streets there were few persons about, and those few hardly grasped grandmamma's dilemma before the buggy was out of sight around a corner.

After a few minutes old Custer turned into one of the busicst streets of the town and there his excitement grew. Vehicles were passing him every which way and he became nervous and frightened and must have wondered why the driver had ceased to guide him. He probably did not understand that the flapping strings about his hind feet were not guiding lines and that the dear old lady in the buggy could not turn him this way or that, according to their path of safety. Bo he went at a run,

was enlisted was sent to the front at the start. The firing was becoming hot on It was a bleak cold day in October. The both sides and the Americans were being to dinner. They went into the pantry. waves were beating against the shore and hard pressed on their front and left flanks. First they feasted on a mince pie; next

to port arms, present arms, right or left

shoulder arms, even when he had been en-

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Callendar, "I proaching the American entrenchments, and his mouth.

"It's "turnover' all right, all right," he was about 2 years old, was playing with parently as if it had been planned before "I wish I could do something great, and cried, laughing with happy anticipation as his blocks and when Mr. Callendar opened hand. In leaped the red coat and grabbed the door, the wind blew over the mar- the flag and away again without anybody velous tower he was building and he be- seeing him but Andrew. A sudden passion he and his mother had been talking over made for the 17th, St. Patrick's day, and gan to cry. "Betty, love, play with Jack. to do some brave thing now seized upon lines of valentines. Pretty soon two small him. Quick as a flash he leaped after the

Mrs. Callendar unwrapped the pretty com- to do some "tall" running to catch the man Then they gave it to the postman. fort and there was a tiny baby of about before he reached his own side. He exerted It looks as if it were Japanese. We must footed Englishman. They were now not her great delight, she found the valentine

decided and the baby became an inmate of fell and before he could rise Andrew was smiles. the Callendar home. They put an adver- upon him and had jerked "Old Glory" from Helen is now a grown lady, but she has tisement in the paper, but no one claimed his hands. The British now saw what was the valentime still on the shelf.

"Granny," said Pat to the old lady, after to attend school as usual, but the prepara- He persisted in calling the baby "Dixie," not more than twenty yards behind him. I knew a little girl who lived in the counhe had performed the errand for her, "do tions for the evening event went on during so it was decided to name it "Dixie" and he try all her life and had never been in a beautiful, large, brown eyes. She was so you know what I should love to do?-I his absence, for there were grandmother, for a middle name give it "Dorothy." Mrs. exerted every ounce of muscle in this final large city. One day her mamma was go-Callendar's own. So Dixle lived with the contest. On and on they ran and as the ing to Omaha to shop and decided to take to the voice, that even the children were well, something that everybody can't do, servant, to get things in readiness for the Callendars and was treated as their own red coats saw that they were gaining no little Mary with her. Oh, how she won- allowed to drive her, and yet she was an you know. I want to be-deserving of the great even, "I'll have John hitch up the and thus we will leave her until next week. advantage they proceeded to fire at him. dered at all the pretty things she saw! animal of great spirit and as fleet as the

One day a man named Gray Coat came to visit him. He had a party of rats and mice By were enveloped had been stealthily ap- Mr. Mouse went home with his heart in

Helen's Valentine

By Marian Hamilton, Aged 10 Years, 2029 L Street, Lincoln. Blue Side. It was near St. Valentine's day and the

storekeepers were busy with their new children came into a store to buy some valentines. So they looked and looked unour little barbor," and he held out a eighth of a mile further were the British and took it home to address it to Helen, otherwise. We dressed as fast as we could works. Andrew saw that he would have their friend, who lived in a far-off city.

One bright, sunshiny day-St. Valentine's "Just as you say Dorothy." So it was Suddenly the Englishman stumbled and in to show her mamma. Her face was all chase, which, I hope, will be the first and

cards, then they had all kinds of candy Sigrid Sandwall, Aged 11 Years, 729 North Eighteenth Street, South Omaha. Red Side.

in shape of hatchets and cherries and ice cream in the shape of hatchets and char-

waves were beating against the shore and mate press they feasted on a hince pres have all children have ries. Then came a big cake the shape of a light rain was falling. Mrs. Callendar A daring and dashing young British officer they feasted on a plate of cookles. When some kind of a pet. Some have dogs, some large hatchet. When the children went As you all know, almost all children have ries. Then came a big cake the shape of a TTLE Patrick Ryan's birthday "Um, Granny, that sounds good!" And a slight rain was failing. ars. Callenar a who was not seen by the Americans on they were half way through the cook came cats and some have rabbits, and I am now home they declared they had never spent going to tell one of the experiences I had a more pleasant evening. with my pets, because I have two of them,

and they are the sweetest rabbits you ever A Theft and How the Thief Was saw. Their names are Jimmy and Molly. Molly is a pretty brown rabbit and Jimmy Caught

is just as pretty with specks of white on By Dora Ohlsen, Aged 9 Years, Loup City, his head, and very spry. Neb. Red Side.

his head, and very spry. A young man, his name being unknown One night last week, after we all had retired, we were suddenly aroused by the by the people of the vicinity, came into 'phone ringing. My cousin answered and the City hotel and lodged there a few was very much surprised when one of the days, but, being short of money, he could neighbors informed him that my rabbits not pay for his board and room, so he dethe smoke was he saw the British officer 111 at last they found one that seemed to had gotten out of their pen and were now cided to steal some money from a rich mer-"Look, Dorothy, see what drifted into not more than fifty feet ahead of him. An suit their fancy. They then bought it enjoying a freedom they are never allowed chant named Mr. Black.

sliver dollar.

The next evening, everything being silent, and started out for the most exciting chase he crept slowly down the street and, thinkof our lives. After about five minutes we ing the best way to make an entrance caught one, but still had the hardest job without disturbing the adjoining places 6 months of age. It smiled up into the kind all his strength in this run, not only for day-as Helen was sitting on the porch left on our hands, because the other one was to go through the cellar, which led into face above it. "O, John, what a sweet his life but for "Old Glory." Try as he the postman came and handed her a large was so much harder to catch. But after the main part of the store, and doing this baby. See what cute little slanting eyes. might, he could not gain on the swift- box and she hurriedly opened it, when, to we had taken a few tumbles, because it without being caught, he succeeded in was pretty dark, we finally caught the reaching the vault, which contained many more than 100 yards from the British line. that the two children sent her. She hurried other one, and with that ended our rabbit valuable papers, and, finding the vault the last one at midnight.

Friskabout

By Ingrid Sandwall, Aged 9 Years, 726 North Eighteenth Street, South Omaha. Blue Side..

Jenny was a pretty, snow-white mare with a long tail and flowing mane and docile and obedient, both to the rein and

open, which the proprietor had forgot to close, he took many of the valuable papera He again slowly and noiselessly crept through the cellar and out of the outer door, where he was confronted by two policemen who were on duty. They took the thief to the police station and searched him, finding two revolvers and the papers, which were returned to Mr. Black.

This man had been wanted at several places for similar robberies and was never before detected. A week after he was brought to trial and pleaded guilty and was sent to the penitentiary for a term of five years. After having served this term, he became a brilliant, upright man and

Illustrated Rebus

and took up the lines and called put to lowed the ranaway horse, but it seemed eral freight cars, there dashed from the to be very peaceable again, and gathering him to trot along. Custer, feeling sprightly no one could reach old Custer's head to pursuing crowd of men and boys one little up the dusty lines, he climbed into the and in need of exercise, for the weather stop him in his madness. Several men figure, a figure slight and swift. With buggy and told Cuter to "get up." And was cold for March, and Custer had been made a dash toward his bridle, but the almost superhuman effort one slim arm as he and Grandmamma rode homeward, standing in the warm barn for days to- next instant Custer was far away from was swung out, the little figure leaped into going first to the florist's for green ferns sether without once feeling the bit between them, turning corners and dashing through the air and Custer's head was jerked and leaves, and to a shop for green rib-

off down the street at a lively gait. At white-faced old Grandmamma sat perfactly to his haunches, while the buggy, rolling very calm to have passed through so dangerous an experience. Most any other cld denly that poor old grandmamma, in try- to the earth, for the frail buggy was rock- The crowd gathered about, cheering the lady would be hysterical."

brave boy who had come just in time to "I have forgotten the danger of the infail the lines. They were jorked over the Within a few seconds after old Custer's prevent a most terrible accident-maybe a cident, sonny, in remembering your brave dashboard by the quick swaying of the advent into the busy part of the town the most terrible death, for both woman and deed. You risked your life for old Granny. buggy, and when grandmamma again be- streets were thronged with an excited and horse, for the railroad tracks were only It was a noble thing to do, and you shall came settled comfortably in her seat she anxious crowd of people, for the occupant about 100 yards distant when old Custer be called from henceforth by your full of the burgey had been recognized and the was brought to such a sudden stop. name, for you deserve it. You are not a Then the brave boy who had saved the saint, child, but no saint is greater than

life of dear old Grandmamma Brown came a great hero, and you are Hero Patrick, from the horse's head, and going to the named for the great Saint Patrick. And buggy looked into the face of the dear old no one shall call you plain Pat any more."

lady, who was smiling as quietly as though A flush of pride crossed Pat's face, and nothing had happened. "Well, Granny his heart beat high. Then, pressing one of dear, you had a close call." It was Fat's the dear, wrinkled old hands of Grandvolce that spoke, and dear little Pat's mamma, he said: "Granny, I had no eyes that looked so lovingly at the old lady thought of becoming a hero-of being And then it was that Grandmamma broke brave-when I ran out through that crowd down and wont, wept from very happiness to get hold of Custer's bridle. I only saw and pride, for she understood that it was that you were in danger, and I said to her own dear little Pat who had saved myself. I must save Granny at all costs." her from fatal accident. Holding out her Then nothing was said for several minhand to him she whispered through her utes, but Granny's lips twitched and her tears: "You are a hero, dear sonny, a eyes moistened. And, after a little, she real hero, and you deserve your birthday said: "Your party shall be the grandest to fall on the glorious seventeenth of that any boy ever had in this town, for March. Come, fix the lines, and let us you are the dearest and bravest boy, and be going home together. Your father and deserve that it should be so. Tonight we mother will be proud of this day. Is old onlebrate the birthday of two Patricks-Custer calm and reassured, poor old horse? Saint Patrick of old, and Hero Patrick of

He must have wondered why some hand today-the latter my own dear little sonny-



when grandmother, in cape and bonnet, his head thrust out, his nostrils dilating, pursuing people expected to see the buggy Quickly the crowd dispersed, knowing never afterward in all his life stole a climbed into the little black-covered buggy his eyes full of fright. He did not turn thrown over against a lamp post or a tele- that all danger was past and that Grandto which was hitched old Custer, a fine, out of the way of other horses and vehicles, phone post at any moment. mamma and Pat wanted to be alone, for ==

spirited horse, but one as gentle as a and often he and his precious freight came Just sa the danger was growing, for old the entire emotion of each was battling Custer had headed toward a railroad track for expression.

Grandmother was used to driving Custer. A crowd of pedestrians grew and fol- on which were passing an engine and sev- Pat soothed old Custer, who now seemed

his teeth, pricked up his ears and trotted streets wildly. And all the time dear quickly to one side, the old horse dropping bon, Pat said: "Grandmamma, you are

the corner old Custer took the turn so sud- still, not daring to move lest she be thrown upon him. came to a sudden standstill.

did not guide him safely."

On and on he went, his speed quickening, old Grandmamma Brown was in danger



within an inch of disaster.