

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

SOME very pretty stories appropriate for the beautiful springtime have been sent in by the Busy Bees. Stories supposed to have been told by some of the birds, animals, and some by the flowers. These stories show that the Busy Bees have good imaginations and that they take an interest in the beautiful things about them.

The story which was given honorable mention this week points a good moral for the little writers of the Busy Bees' Own Page. Although most of the Busy Bees understand the meaning of the word "original," there have been two or three who did not know that they had to write the stories themselves and that copied stories are not to be used.

Prizes were awarded this week to Rena N. Mead, queen bee of the Blue side, and to Helen Verrill, also on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Ruth Ashby, ex-queen, on the Red side.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

- Jean De Long, Alinsworth, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
- Lucy Bennett, Barnston, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
- Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Agnes Dahmke, Benson, Neb.
- Maria Gallagher, Benson, Neb. (box 12)
- Ida May, Central City, Neb.
- Vera Cheney, Craigtown, Neb.
- Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
- Elsa Fredrick, Dorchester, Neb.
- Bessie Bode, Falls City, Neb.
- Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Luella Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marion Cappe, Gibson, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Lydia Roth, 406 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 406 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Martha Murphy, 223 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Leah Rutt, 223 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hester E. Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lehigh, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Ethel Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
- Edw. J. Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Alice Gramsmyer, 156 C St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Marian Hamilton, 309 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Elsie Hamilton, 309 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Disher, 309 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Hughie Disher, 309 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Louise Biles, 309 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Luella Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
- Leah Larkin, Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma Marquardt, Norfolk and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Emilia P. Loup, Neb.
- Gertrude M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Helen Goodrich, 610 Nicholas street, Omaha
- Orvin Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street, Omaha.
- Mildred Erickson, 3700 Howard street, Omaha.
- Oscar Erickson, 3700 Howard street, Omaha.
- Lucy Pease, 3009 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
- Frances Johnson, 983 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
- Lena Petersen, 1111 Locust street, East Omaha.
- Blaney Sutton, Clay county, Neb.
- Claire Miller, Uteka, Neb.
- Alra Wilken, Waco, Neb.
- Ada Grunks, 242 1/2 1/2 Neb.
- Elzie Stasny, Winnebago, Neb.
- Frederick Ware, Winnebago, Neb.
- Edna Benning, York, Neb.
- Edna Benning, York, Neb.
- Phel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
- Eleanor Mead, Malvern, Ia.
- Kathryn Melior, Malvern, Ia.
- Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Margaret B. Withersow, Thurman, Ia.
- Fred Sory, Monarch, Wyo.
- John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
- Pauline Squire, Grand, Okl.
- Fred Shelby, 220 Troup street, Kansas City, Mo.
- Henry L. Working, care Sterling Remedy company, Attila, Ind.
- Mary Brown, 212 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Eva Hendee, 465 Dodge street, Omaha.
- Junetta Innes, 270 Fort street, Omaha.
- Edna Innes, 270 Fort street, Omaha.
- Emilie Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Meyer Cohn, 246 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
- Leola Carson, 124 North Tenth, Omaha.
- Irrene Jensen, 209 1/2 1/2 street, Omaha.
- Gail Howard, 612 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
- Leola Carson, 124 North Tenth, Omaha.
- Ernest Johnson, 400 Nicholas, Omaha.
- Maurice Johnson, 107 Locust St., Omaha.
- Edna Carson, 124 North Tenth, Omaha.
- Wilma Howard, 478 Capitol Ave., Omaha.
- Helen Fisher, 120 South Eleventh, Omaha.
- Mildred Johnson, 270 Leavenworth, Omaha.
- Elna Helen, 3783 Chicago street, Omaha.
- Mabel Sheifelt, 404 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Walter Johnson, 404 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Emilia P. Loup, 821 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Leonora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific street, Omaha.
- Ma Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
- Ma Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
- Ma Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
- Zola Benson, O'Neill, Neb.
- Edna Benson, O'Neill, Neb.
- Marie Fleming, O'Neill, Neb.
- Lotha Woods, O'Neill, Neb.
- Edna Katal, 1510 O street, South Omaha.
- Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.
- Ethel Enis, Stanton, Neb.



Little Stories for Little Folks

"No." Then the king went to all the trees and asked them all if they had seen it, but none of them had.

When the king came to the forest where the old man had been the night before, he asked all the trees in the forest, but they had not seen it. The king then said, "Hold up your arms, that I may see you are telling the truth." All the trees held up their arms, but out of one tree fell the pot of gold. The king was very angry, and said, "So you are the thief, are you?" The tree said, "No I had seen nothing of the pot of gold until now. And to prove my honesty, I am going to hold my arms forever toward heaven."

And as Daisy ended the queen turned to another little fairy whom she called "Violet" and said, "You may tell your story next, Violet." Next week I will tell you the story Violet told.

THE RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
 4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
- First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA, NEB.

The May Pole Party

It was May day and the children in Glendale were having a fine time in Emma Jane's large front lawn. A big tall pole with green and white strings stood in the center. The little boys and girls filled in one by one, expecting to have a nice time. There were just twenty-four, for that was all that could play at the May pole. Twelve were girls and twelve were boys. All were small, for Emma Jane was only 5 years old.

After lunch the climax came. They were dancing round the May pole when Emma Jane stepped on Helen's string. It was carelessly done, but it was not to be helped now. Helen was angry because Emma Jane would not give up her string. She knew she could not play any longer at that, so she began to throw angry taunts at Emma Jane. "You horrid, horrid girl," she said. "I shall never, never come to your party again." She emphasized this with a stamp of her small foot.

"I don't care if you don't, we shan't miss you much. I only wish you would go home right now."

Helen could not stand this any longer, so she began to cry and started for the door.

The Story of the Pine Tree

Now, this is the story Daisy told as I was resting inside the car. It told me why the pine tree holds its branches up.

Many hundreds years ago, when pine tree branches grew like any other trees there was a king who reigned over the rainbow. He had a most beautiful sister called Nature, and at each end of the rainbow was a pot of gold. The king had an enemy whose name was Old Age.

Well, it was a bright, moonlight night and there came an old man walking through the woods. He had something under his coat, and at nearly every step he looked around. So, you may be sure, he wasn't doing right, and this was the king's enemy.

The old man stepped on a twig and it cracked so loud that he got frightened and took a big pot of gold from under his coat and threw it up in a tree, and then hurried away as fast as he could. Early next morning the king went to his sister and asked her if she had seen one of the pots of gold; that it was gone. She said, "I don't know."

So the king went to the tree where the pot of gold had been and found it hanging from a branch. He was so angry that he got frightened and took a big pot of gold from under his coat and threw it up in a tree, and then hurried away as fast as he could. Early next morning the king went to his sister and asked her if she had seen one of the pots of gold; that it was gone. She said, "I don't know."

Ned's Mistake

Ned, the big Newfoundland dog, was laying by the stove, when in walked a big white Angora cat. The cat did not notice the dog until she came quite near to him.

And when, half an hour later, Squinkle entered the confines of his own particular wood—where a great many monkeys dwell—he went with all possible speed to his mother and told her the story of his experience. Of course, his language was not very extensive one and he had much difficulty in describing the tall creatures who had walked on the ground, their bodies so straight—just like certain trees, and who had displayed a notion to entrap him. But he made her understand that there was great danger threatening Monkeytown, and she was not long in arousing all the monkeys, telling them that they must flee, and flee at once, to some more secluded place.

The Reward

One time a mother offered her two daughters, Ethel and Mildred, a reward at the end of two weeks to the one who had been the most obedient, kind and thoughtful of others. Mildred was sure she would get the prize, as she had always been prouder than Ethel. For about two days she was all that could be expected, but in about a week her mother said: "Mildred, I want you to go to the store for me right away." Mildred said: "Oh, mother, I don't want to go. I want to read, and Ethel is going to go and read without another word, while Mildred went up to her room. When she got there her small baby brother was playing there. She scolded him and sent him out of the room, and he went to Ethel to be comforted. At the end of two weeks Mrs. Smith called them to the library to award the prize. It fell to Ethel, and she was to go to her grandmother's for two weeks. Mildred begged to go, too, but her mother said "no." After this Mildred was always kind, obedient and thoughtful for others.

The Poor Little Girl

Mrs. Magoon was surprised to see her little girl come running in from school, such a queer way. "Oh, mamma," she cried, "you know on New Year's morning I said that I would make a good woman, and that would be to help the first poor person I could, and, oh, mamma, when I was

coming home from school tonight I met a poor little girl and she was crying so very hard, and when I asked her what was the matter, she said, "Oh, I am so very cold, and hungry, too," so I gave her my coat and hood and what was left in my dinner basket, and mamma, can't she come and live with us and go to York convent next year with me?"

Mrs. Magoon said, "If papa is willing, I think I can take care of one more little girl." So when Mr. Magoon came home that evening he told Mary (for that was the little girl's name) that she could have the little girl for an adopted sister. So Mary ran and got the little girl and she was never cold nor hungry any more.

Mischievous Evelyn

Evelyn's long golden curls and perfect features had always been a source of pride to her admiring, indulgent mother, and today, when Mrs. Van Rensselaer telephoned up that she would call to see the pretty child, Mrs. Bradford had arranged her hair prettier than ever and dressed her in her blue dress and sash.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer had been touring Europe for the past two years and the year before the Bradfords had been traveling out west. So Mrs. Van Rensselaer had really not seen Evelyn since she was 2 years old.

When Evelyn was ready her mother took her down in the library. Henriette, Mrs. Bradford's own maid, stood at the top of the stairs saying to herself, "Did I really do anything he would say, 'I don't want to.' And he would not do it."

One day as he was playing marbles his mother called him to go to the store and get a dozen eggs. But Willie said, "No, I don't want to go to the store." But his mother said, "If you are too tired to play marbles and it would be best if you would go to bed, so he said, 'I will go to the store.'"

He started to go to the store at 4 o'clock and did not get back till 5:30. When he came back his mother told him he would get paid back some day for taking so long in going to the store. In a little while Willie's father came home and told Willie that he would go to the store that night. Willie was getting ready to go to the show, when his mother asked him if he would please run to the store before he went to the show. Willie said, "I don't want to." But his mother said, "If you don't want to go to the store, you may go to the white little show." Willie was sent to bed, but he never forgot his lesson.

Willie's Lesson

Willie Jones, a boy of 8 years, would never mind a mother. Whenever the mother told him to do anything he would say, "I don't want to." And he would not do it.

One day as he was playing marbles his mother called him to go to the store and get a dozen eggs. But Willie said, "No, I don't want to go to the store." But his mother said, "If you are too tired to play marbles and it would be best if you would go to bed, so he said, 'I will go to the store.'"

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The Drone

Once upon a time, in our hive of Busy Bees, there was a drone.

He was not very hard and writing original stories, as the other bees did, he concluded to copy one out of an old reader that she owned.

"No one will be likely to own such a book," she reasoned, "and it's a much easier and quicker way than writing an original one."

So she copied the story, word for word, nearly, and used even the same names.

Now, one of the Busy Bees saw this and recognized the piece, got out an old book in her possession and compared them. Sure enough, they were exactly alike.

Now, the drone felt sorry for what she had done when she saw her dishonest story in print.

So she decided to write an original story just as nice as possible. This she did and was rewarded by seeing her own story in print.

The Spelling Match

By Verna Kirschbaum, Aged 12 Years, 511 South Twenty-fourth Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

There was to be a spelling match at school, in which all the children were to take part. The prize was \$10, which was offered by Mr. Grey, who was on the school board.

Of the children who were to take part, Mary Brown was the most anxious to win, because she knew that the \$10 would buy many things that would be useful to her family.

The children often came to her to invite her to play with them, but she always refused, saying that she had to study.

At last the day for the spelling match arrived and the children were very much excited.

The first words that the teacher gave out were spelled correctly. At last came the word "sacrifice," and one by one the children missed. Mary realized that her turn would come soon, and as everyone else was missing the word she knew that the time had come for her to fail or to win. She knew what the word meant, for had not her mother sacrificed all she had to give Mary an education?

But after she had the word, "next," and Mary realized that it was her turn.

She closed her eyes, and the letters seemed to come to her mind. She spelled the word and as she stopped and heard the people clapping, she knew that she had won the prize.

When she was called, as she was walking home she said to herself, "I don't believe I will ever miss the word 'sacrifice' again."

Something About Plants

I think the study of plants is very interesting. The leaves of trees are curled differently in the buds. Some are folded under, others are folded over the leaf outside, and some with the upper part outside.

The scales on the buds, too, are placed around them differently. Some are opposite and some are alternate. All buds have more or less wax on them, to keep the leaves and flowers warm in the winter.

In the maple buds there are three or four little green cups, which are the flowers. In the cup the buds are from five to twelve. These are called stamens and contain pollen. In some of the cups there is a kind of stem which divides into two parts at the end. This is called a pistil. If the pollen from the stamens fall on the pistil it will make a seed. The seed of the maple is called a winged key.

Two Good Friends

Once there were two boys whose names were Richard and James. James was poor and Richard was rich. On Christmas Richard asked James if he could come over.

James asked his mother if he could go and his mother said yes, so he started and they went up in the attic and there was a Christmas tree.

Richard gave some of the toys to James. That evening when James went home he told his mother about it.

James thought he would be a newspaper boy. At the end of the year he quit the job. Then he bought a Christmas tree and some toys. He invited Richard to come over. They had a Christmas tree.

James gave some of the toys to Richard. After that they were good friends.

Slow and Sure

It was a raw day in December when Paul was going up and down the streets trying to sell prize boxes. He had sold about twenty, when he went home. "Well, Paul," said his mother, "how much money have you?" "Two dollars and forty-five cents," he said. "That is fine," said his mother. "How many did you have?" "Twenty-five," said Paul. But the next day it was worse; he had \$1. Paul didn't think it good, but his mother said it was fine. The next day was still worse; he had only 60 cents. The next day was much better; he had \$2.50. One day as he was selling them a boy took his basket and ran away. Paul started after him, but as the streets were crowded he lost sight of him. He went home very sad. He told his mother all about it; he had only 75 cents. The next day he looked for work. As he did he saw a necktie stand. It was for sale. The owner said he had to go away for his health. He said he would sell it for \$20. So Paul bought the stand. He is now earning over \$5 a month. We are now going to skip over two years. At that time he had \$2,000 a year and has a store of his own and the necktie stand, too. It is as I have said—slow and sure.

Nellie's Education

Nellie Harris was a little girl who lived with her mother in a tenement house. They were very poor and Nellie's father was dead. Mrs. Harris sewed for a living and was saving money to educate Nellie.

One evening Mrs. Harris went down town for something and when crossing the railroad track was run over and killed by a passing train.

Nellie waited for her mother for a long time and then, thinking something might have happened to her, she started out to find her mother. She hadn't gone far before she saw a crowd of people with her mother.

A friend of Mrs. Harris' took Nellie to live with him and sent her to school.

One day as Nellie was going home from school she saw two men talking

The Man in the Moon

"Once upon a time," began Aunt Mary, "a man needed some sticks. He put on his hat and went out to get them. It was Sunday, and everybody knows it is wicked to work on Sunday. On the way back he met a man who asked: 'Why are you picking up sticks today?' The man said: 'I have a right to pick up sticks any time I want to.' The other man said: 'All right, you may have an everlasting day.' And the man felt himself buried up in the sky in the moon, and you can see him to this day with his pack of wood on his back."

"Oh, tell us some more," cried the children.

"No," said Mary, "not tonight. Go to bed."

The Watched Pot Never Boils

All the girls were gathered in Sue's room ready to make some new candy. Of course, Lou, as Sue's "fat" friend, was there, and she was stirring the mixture, which just would not boil. No matter how much the girls stirred and peeped into the pan, it stayed just a lukewarm mixture. After the candy had been on the stove for a half hour Sue gave up in despair and sat down on the bed to fan her hot cheeks. It was new 2 o'clock, and they were all to attend a lecture at 3 o'clock. At 3:15 the candy was still cool and the girls began to go to their rooms to dress. All at once Sue determined to find out just what was the matter with that candy. All at once the girls heard peals of laughter from Sue's room and when they investigated the matter she tried to explain, and finally the girls understood that they had forgotten to light the fire and it was too late to finish the candy before the lecture. She said they should gather in her room at 8 o'clock.

Choosing a Flower Queen

The flowers were having a fine time discussing the matter of who would be queen. At last the rose said: "Let the lily be queen," but one of them did not want her. It was the violet.

By the consent of the others she went to the fairy queen, whose name was Beautiful Fern. She asked her if the lily would make a good queen. She hesitated and then said, "Yes."

At last Violet said: "Yes, she will make a good queen." But Violet was ashamed to think that she had said she did not want her to be queen. And Lily was made queen of flowers and made a happy queen.

Squinkle, the African Monkey

By Maud Walker.

GREAT many, many years ago there lived in one of the river regions of Central Africa a monkey by the name of Squinkle. He was the eldest son of old Mrs. Monk, and helped her to find the finest coconuts, the freshest berries, and the youngest of carrots for the family larder. In fact, Squinkle was the mainstay of the family after his father's death, which occurred in a most tragic manner.

But as this story is to be told about Squinkle, and not about his parents, we shall not go into details about the sad end of Squinkle's papa. Suffice it to say that Squinkle had been obliged to take his father's place as chief fighter and provider for the family, which consisted of the mother, Squinkle, a sister and a brother.

One day, while in the depths of the forest—a place so dense with interwoven vines and underbrush, and so crowded by great trees whose branches intermingled so thickly that the light of the sun could scarcely penetrate—Squinkle pricked up his ears at a most unusual sound. Now there is not a beast, nor a reptile, nor a bird in all that part of Africa with whom Squinkle was not acquainted. I don't mean that he was speaking terms with his fellow creatures that belonged to a species different from his own, but he knew them by sound. He could tell the instant a rhinoceros stepped into the jungle. He knew the soft glide of the snake. He understood the approach of the lion, or the leopard, though he did not see the form of the creature who made the noise of approach. But on this day Squinkle heard a new sound—a strange rattling of leaves and underbrush, a noise never made by any of the creatures he was accustomed to hearing. So he pricked up his ears and listened intently, a feeling of mingled fear and curiosity taking possession of him.

Then, peering through the jungle, Squinkle saw a sight that made his deepest eyes open very wide. A black creature, walking on two very long, straight legs, and beside him another creature—a white one—walking on two very long, straight legs. And the limbs that grew out from their shoulders were used for carrying things, the same as he, Squinkle, often used his front legs to carry things. But never had Squinkle stood so upright—just like a tree, with his front legs folded up and carrying strange weapons. Often Squinkle had carried a great stick-picked up from the ground—with which to beat another monkey who might interfere with his affairs in the way of getting what food he desired. But these creatures were the strangest he had ever seen, and did not belong to Squinkle's forest.

Squinkle, knowing that self-preservation meant hiding in the tree branches, hurriedly swung himself far above the place where he knew these strange creatures would soon pass, for they were tearing vines and branches away so that they might pass through. Just beyond this dense spot was a more open space, where one could get about without so much trouble. And it seemed that these creatures were making for that spot. But to Squinkle's surprise these popped into sight another black being, and all were walking upright on long, straight legs, and all were carrying in their short front legs (which had arms, but Squinkle thought of them as legs) weapons. And still more and more of the black creatures thrust themselves through the underbrush, following the first black one and the tall white one.

"Here's the place we'll find the monkeys," said the leader of the band of tall beings. But, of course, Squinkle did not understand a single word of what was said. And neither would you have understood,

for the creature did not speak our language. But in his own tongue—a very peculiar one it was—he told the tall white creature that they were now in the place to find the monkeys.

"I don't want any of them shot," spoke the white creature in the same peculiar tongue employed by the black leader or guide. "I want them taken without a wound, for as I have told you, they are to be used for show purposes. They will be put in cages and carried all over the world."

Although the black guide did not seem to quite understand what a show or a cage or "all over the world" meant, he did understand that monkeys were the object of the hunt through the forest, and that they—the monkeys—must not be injured in any way.

"Well, I got 'em with our traps," explained the guide. So the white man (for of course you have understood that the tall creatures walking on long, straight legs were men) said that was just what he wanted.

Then the group of black men—with one white man in their midst—stood directly underneath the tree in whose branches Squinkle was hiding. And Squinkle, being a warrior bold, looked about for some dead bits of branches that he might break off easily to be thrown on the heads of his enemies should they look up and behold him there.

As he was securing a stick—for one was close at hand—he saw one of the black men look up into the very branches where he was perched. Then with a shout went up from the white band of black creatures, and they began to climb the trees surrounding Squinkle, going up them with the agility of monkeys themselves. Squinkle understood his danger, but never lost his head. He grasped the loose, dead limb, and tearing it from its place, hurled it into the very center of the group of long-legged beings below. A howl of rage and pain went up from the man who was hit. It was the white one, and the stick-thrown with such vehemence—had struck him across the eyes and had broken the bridge of his nose.

Of course, the blacks had to minister to their injured leader, the mighty White Hunter who had learned their tongue in order to ensnare them and to make them work for him. The guide bound up the White Hunter's injured face and they turned about to retreat their steps to the Black Men's village, where the white man would procure herbs and dressing for his wound.

"We'll come here in a few days and get that very fellow that hurled the stick at me," declared the White Hunter, his anger at boiling heat. "And when we get him we'll kill him; that's the way we'll put a stop to his fighting with jagged sticks which break men's noses and almost put out their eyes."

But Squinkle did not hear the White Hunter's threat against him, for he was making all possible speed through the forest, leaping from branch to branch, from tree to tree, with the rapidity of a bird on the wing, and before the White Hunter's face had been wrapped in a bandage torn from his own garments, Squinkle was far, far out of sight of the place where the

evil enemies had seen him.

And when, half an hour later, Squinkle entered the confines of his own particular wood—where a great many monkeys dwell—he went with all possible speed to his mother and told her the story of his experience. Of course, his language was not very extensive one and he had much difficulty in describing the tall creatures who had walked on the ground, their bodies so straight—just like certain trees, and who had displayed a notion to entrap him. But he made her understand that there was great danger threatening Monkeytown, and she was not long in arousing all the monkeys, telling them that they must flee, and flee at once, to some more secluded place.

And that night, while the White Hunter rolled and tossed on his pallet of pain in the Black Men's village, Squinkle and all his family and friends and neighbors and acquaintances were moving to the southward with all speed, and when the morning dawned they had come into a beautiful place surrounded by a swamp where it would be almost impossible for the foot of man to tread, for the jungle that lay between the swamp and outer world was so dense that even a snake had difficulty in creeping through.

And to this day the natives of the Black Men's village tell of the time, long ago when a great White Hunter came among them, and learned their tongue in so short a time, and gave them many trinkets of shining things to adorn themselves; and that all he wanted was their assistance in catching the monkeys that lived in the forest near to the village. But they shake their heads when they come to that part of the story, and say that the great White Hunter across the nose and broke it, and how the injured man died of his wounds within a few days and was buried there at the outskirts of the village, and how no native of that village can ever be tempted to try to take into captivity the monkeys. And that is why in one part of Africa Squinkle and those of his own band, were safe during their lives, and even their descendants safe from intrusion to this day.

And when, half an hour later, Squinkle entered the confines of his own particular wood—where a great many monkeys dwell—he went with all possible speed to his mother and told her the story of his experience. Of course, his language was not very extensive one and he had much difficulty in describing the tall creatures who had walked on the ground, their bodies so straight—just like certain trees, and who had displayed a notion to entrap him. But he made her understand that there was great danger threatening Monkeytown, and she was not long in arousing all the monkeys, telling them that they must flee, and flee at once, to some more secluded place.

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And to this day the natives of the Black Men's village tell of the time, long ago when a great White Hunter came among them, and learned their tongue in so short a time, and gave them many trinkets of shining things to adorn themselves; and that all he wanted was their assistance in catching the monkeys that lived in the forest near to the village. But they shake their heads when they come to that part of the story, and say that the great White Hunter across the nose and broke it, and how the injured man died of his wounds within a few days and was buried there at the outskirts of the village, and how no native of that village can ever be tempted to try to take into captivity the monkeys. And that is why in one part of Africa Squinkle and those of his own band, were safe during their lives, and even their descendants safe from intrusion to this day.

And when, half an hour later, Squinkle entered the confines of his own particular wood—where a great many monkeys dwell—he went with all possible speed to his mother and told her the story of his experience. Of course, his language was not very extensive one and he had much difficulty in describing the tall creatures who had walked on the ground, their bodies so straight—just like certain trees, and who had displayed a notion to entrap him. But he made her understand that there was great danger threatening Monkeytown, and she was not long in arousing all the monkeys, telling them that they must flee, and flee at once, to some more secluded place.

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