

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

ARE the Busy Bees watching their page to see who writes the most stories and the best stories in order that they may choose a good king and queen for the summer? Votes may be sent in any time between now and July 1. Any of the Busy Bees may send in votes for any of the little writers whom they wish to have for king of the Red side and queen of the Blue side.

Although there are a number of boys who take an interest in the Busy Bee's page, very few of them have sent in any stories since the base ball season has begun. It would interest a large number of the little readers if the boys would send in some stories about their games. And if any of the boys or girls have dogs or horses or other pets, who do clever and interesting tricks, the Busy Bees would like to hear about them, too.

Prizes were awarded this week to two rather new Busy Bees, Minnie Gottsch, on the Blue side, and to Ruth Kirschstein, on the Red side. Honorable Mention was given to Eunice Bode on the Blue side, who was one of the prize winners last week.

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

Jan De Long, Alhambra, Neb.
Irene Cory, Alhambra, Neb.
Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.
Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Agnes Dahmke, Benson, Neb.
Marie Gallagher, Benkelman, Neb.
Ida May, Central City, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Alice Gallagher, Elmendorf, Neb.
Rhea Friedell, Dorchester, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
Ethel McDonald, Fremont, Neb.
Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
Marion Carpa, Gibson, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Getzenburg, Neb.
Lloyd Roth, 66 West Keating street, Grand Island, Neb.
Ella Voss, 40 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Irene Corrallo, 12 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 46 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schulte, 42 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 53 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Hester E. Hutt, Lehigh, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Graessner, Lincoln, Neb.
Marian Hamilton, 203 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Elsie Hamilton, 203 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Irene Disher, 203 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Hugliue Disher, 203 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucille Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Larkin, 30 S. St., Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, 30 S. St., Norfolk, Neb.
Genevieve M. Jones, Norfolk, Neb.
Helen Gaudich, 403 Nicholas street, Omaha.
Orrin Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street, Omaha.
Mildred Erickson, 3709 Howard street, Omaha.
Oscar Erickson, 2709 Howard street, Omaha.
Louis Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth street, Omaha.
Frances Johnson, 333 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Marguerite Johnson, 333 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Mary Brown, 232 Boulevard, Omaha.
Eva Hendee, 4423 Dodge street, Omaha.

Our Trip to Birdland

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

(This poem is based on a recent birding trip by two Busy Bees.)

I.
It was an ideal day in perfect May,
Butterflies flitted o'er flower-faces gay;
Softly shed they their fragrant breath, the sweet apple
blooms.
While the dainty wild plum waited fragrant perfumes
To a woodland nook where two girl friends sat by a
brook.
Perhaps you would have thought their expressions quite
glum,
But you know not the reason for which they had come.
They were very wide awake all the same,
And to see Birdville choir was their greatest aim.

II.
Ah, what is that? Tread lightly—hark!
Is not that the song of the meadow lark?
It's he who prefers his larklings concealed
In some fragrant meadow, or in some grassy field.
Oh, see the thrasher up in that tree!
Hear him warble forth his sparkling notes of glee!
Did you, as he flew, the oriole behold,
With his shining gown of black all trimmed in richer
gold.
Than e'en e'er wore the pagan kings of old?

III.
There sits the blue bird, with his back of velvety blue;
Ah, who could wish to see a more brilliant hue!
Not e'en the one who has seen the Vesuvian bay, so blue;
Not e'en the one who has had of some clear Swiss lake a
view.
Then there was somber cat-bird, with his melody of notes,
While in the swamps there were scores of Maryland yellow-
throats.
Amid the dandelions the friends espied swarms of gold
finches.
And it would be very hard to decide
Which was the prettier, Mr. Wren or his plain but
pretty bride.

IV.
The swallow was next on their program to see,
As he dipped through the air so swiftly and free.
Once they thought an old oak on fire,
But soon perceived 'twas cardinal in his most gorgeous
attire.
This, of a sudden, was the conversation to be heard:
"Oh, look over in that cottonwood, pray, what is that
bird?"
Did e'er you hear such a mysterious squeak?"
"Ah, dear friend, that's the rose-breasted grosbeak!"

V.
Then they saw Mr. Woodpecker, with his conspicuous
apron of white,
And his cap, all gemmed in rubies, presented a most bril-
liant sight.
Now my pen will stop for this time,
For fear the Busy Bees tire of such a monotonous rhyme.
But let me say just one more thing,
That those songs in my ears re-echo and ring;
For, besides I, the other one was—don't you know who
I mean?
It was Myrtle Jensen, our former sovereign queen!"

one. Papa will drive us out to grandpa's
woods to eat dinner and pick flowers.
Mamma said I might ask you."
"Would she go? She couldn't speak for
a minute, there were so many happy tears
in her eyes and voice."

Grandpa and the cousins had a birthday
surprise ready for the merry company, a
swing and hammock, and a table ready
set, and a fire with a dinner kettle hung
over it, and some potatoes roasting in
the ashes.
The woods were full of flowers, too, and
—why, wasn't it funny—sunny was a dear
friend of Mrs. Murry, and mamma knew
it all the time. Hazel was happy to see
the "happy" in Mrs. Murry's face.

My Friends

By Ruth Kirschstein, Aged 10 Years, 5901
Grand Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

I would like to tell you of some dear
friends of mine.
The "Little Colonel" is a very dear friend.
She has short, light hair and dark, hazel
eyes. She is a little Quaker and leaves
out all her r's. I was invited to her house
party last June. We rode ponies and had
picnics nearly every day. Her mother is
young and very nice. She did not scold
us when we disobeyed and went to a camp
of gymnastics. But we caught the measles
and that was enough punishment for us,
because we had to stay in a dark room
when we wanted to be out in the sunshine
and riding around on the ponies. But I
must turn from my best friend and tell
you about "Heroina Every Child Should
Know."

Although I have never seen Lady Jane
Grey and Joan of Arc they have talked
to me and have taken me to the places
that the book says are very important.
Joan of Arc was a poor but beautiful
girl. She had visions and by these she
was led to battle to save France, her coun-
try. Although she saved her country she
was taken by the English and burned at
the stake.
"I have lived with Mlle. Roland and have
seen the awful guillotine where she went
so bravely to meet her death. Although
she is much older than I am, I go with
Mlle. Roland and love to hear her talk.
The "Little Women" are my friends also.
I like Jo, for she makes me laugh at her
funny doings and sayings. Beth and Meg
are nice girls, but I do not care for Amy
very much.
I hope all the "Busy Bees" know these
books and like them as much as I do.

Conversation in the Work Box

By Eunice Bode, Aged 12 Years, Falls
City, Neb. Look Box 225, Blue Side.

The lid of the work box was shut down
and it was put on the shelf. "My," said
the pin cushion, "I am glad; I thought that
she never would get those stockings
darned. Now we can talk."
"Humph!" said the darning needle, "you
are so soft that anything can be put into
you."
"I wouldn't have so much to say if I
had as sharp a tongue as you," said the
scissors, cuttingly.
"Don't quarrel," said the thimble, who
was a peacemaker.
"Suppose we play something," said the
needle. "I am feeling very despondent.
Even Mr. Emery could not brighten me
up."
Someone suggested "button, button, who
has got the button?"
"How dare you insult me?" said Miss
Button. So that game was out of the ques-
tion.
"Let us play 'I spy,'" said a paper of
needles, who were all eyes.
"We can't play that," said the hooks.
"We have to have the eyes to see with
and they have gone to sleep."
Then up got the tape measure, who was
a gentleman to the last inch. "Let us
play"—but his suggestion was never
finished, for just then the box was taken
off the shelf and they all had to go to
work.

Prince

By Lew V. Mead, Aged 12 Years, Blair,
Neb.

Harry was sitting out in the front yard
playing with the cat when a bright idea
struck him. He thought he would go and
ask his mother if he might go to the beach
and take Prince with him.
Now Prince was a large Newfoundland
dog and faithful as the most faithful dog
could be.
His mother told him he might go, so he
called Prince and started down to the beach.
He went along the beach and picked up
shells until he came to a ledge of rocks
about six feet high. He walked up and
looked over. Prince gave a warning growl,
but Harry paid no heed. All of a sudden
without warning a gust of wind came up
which sent Harry heading into very deep
water.
No sooner had he fallen than Prince was
after him. When he came up Prince seized
him and swam to shore.
He laid him down and went at almost
railway speed for home. He brought them

The Bee's Reply

Oh busy bee, oh busy bee!
You are working all the day.
Do you never stop to take a rest,
Nor to have a bit of play?

"I'm laying up my store of food
For the cold long winter's day;
And honey I must make for you
While you romp about and play."

"And when in winter you will have
The honey, pure and sweet,
That I have worked all summer long
To make, that you may eat,"

"You'll understand, my little child,
Why I must work all day,
For I must feed myself—and you,
While you run out and play."

where Harry was laying. He had revived
a great deal and was now sitting up.
They took him home and he was soon
playing around as if nothing had happened.
Prince was the hero of the day and felt
proud that he had served his little master
so well. He grew older every day and lived
to be fifteen years old. When he died
Harry put up a nice little monument.

Duke and the Kitten

By Dorothy White, Aged 14 Years, 230
North Twenty-third Street, Lincoln, Neb.

Duke was a large black and white dog.
He had long silky ears and bright eyes.
When he was a pup he was so full of mis-
chief that his mistress used to say, "We
really shall have to send Duke away; we
cannot have any peace while he stays
here." Somehow Duke was never sent off.
Every thought too much of any, even
his mistress, for all she scolded him, would
have been sorry to have him go.
Duke was very fond of a little, yellow
kitten, and the kitten was fond of him.
Although Duke teased the kitten, he was
very careful not to hurt it, and they had
lived happily together.

They used to play hide-and-seek together.
The kitten would run under an ottoman;
it came so close to the floor that there
was just room for the kitten to get under.
Duke would lie down and put his head
close to the floor. The kitten would stick
its paw out, and Duke would try
to catch it; after a while the kitten would
run out, and they would play up and down
the walks.
Sometimes the kitten would run under
the porch and put its paw up through a
hole in the floor. Duke would come and
put his paw on it, then the kitten would
put its head in its mouth and he would
pull it up through the hole and carry it
around the garden.

The Flowers' Concert

By Helen Luck, Aged 13 Years, 1625 Loth-
rop Street, Omaha, Red Side.

It was a summer evening and Muriel
had been lying in the hammock reading,
but had grown tired and was leaning back
idly. All at once the faintest little creature
imaginable came up on the porch. Muriel
rubbed her eyes and then she saw it was
a sweet pea. Pretty soon more flowers
came and sat down. There were the violet,
the rose, the daffodil, lilacs of the valley, and
hosts of others. After all had taken their
seats six of the flowers mounted a small
platform and to the sweetest strains of
music Muriel had ever heard was borne
on the night breeze. It was different from
anything Muriel had ever heard. They
stopped all too soon Muriel thought. She
listened to them talk, but could not make
out what they said. While she was listen-
ing she heard her mother say, "Muriel,
dear, come to dinner. Father's been home
fifteen minutes. Now come." Then Muriel
found out she had been in a dream, but she
never forgot it.

The Lemonade Stand

By Hope Hutton, Aged 11 Years, 370 South
Thirty-second Street, Omaha, Neb.

On a small farm lived a poor widow and
her two children—Harry, aged 10 years,
and Gladys, aged 8 years. The meagre liv-
ing was earned on the small farm, which
contained six acres. They owned one horse,
two cows, three sheep, four pigs, some
chickens and one old dog. Although they
worked hard, times were bad and they often
knew want.
The village near which the Grays lived
it had become the custom of many of the
children to set up small stands on the side-
walk and sell lemonade, and one day Mrs.
Gray took Harry and Gladys to the village
and the saw some of the lemonade
stands. They decided to start one, and did
so the very next day.
The first person to buy was an old
farmer going to the village. He bought
two glasses and pronounced the lemonade

At this moment the councillor strode up
to him and said in a very loud voice:
"My dear doctor—ahem—when you stole
the invitation to this party from a little
lad you did not seem to know that your
presence here would be most unwelcome.
But we decided to allow you to enter the
house and to enjoy the entertainment—
even on a stolen invitation. But I took
it upon myself to keep a close watch of
you, and the result is that you cannot
leave this house till you have relieved your
several pockets of the silver taken from
the supper table and the fine trinkets you
so deftly removed from the pockets of the
guests present."

Upon this open accusation the dignified
and elegant "doctor," who was in reality
a sly old fox and who had entered the
house merely to steal what he could lay
his hands on, became greatly agitated
and tried jumping out through the win-
dow. But the several male guests to whom
the councillor had confided the identity of
the "doctor" surrounded him, and soon
they had his paws securely tied and had
taken from his pockets the stolen silver
and trinkets. Then, with apologies to the
ladies present for having created an un-
pleasant scene and begging to be excused
for a few minutes from their society, to
which they would joyously return the
"committee" in charge of the old fox ac-
companied him forth on his road. And
once outside Mrs. Bright-eye's house they
gave the old fox such a sound thrashing
that he begged for mercy and promised to
never intrude his unwelcome presence in
that woods again—a promise he kept, too.



"fine." The next were four automobilists,
who also thought it fine, and so on all day.
At evening they had made \$1.10. After
that all through the summer they sold
lemonade and their mother found the
money a great help.

Rillie's Lesson

By Vera Kackley, Aged 8 Years, Moorcroft,
Wyo. Blue Side.

Once there lived a little girl whose name
was Rillie Michael. She was very bad.
She had two little kittens, one was black
and white and the other was called Spot.
The other one was called Snowball.
One day Rillie was playing with Herbert
Robinson when she thought she would
dance with Spot, so she got hold of Spot's
front legs. She pinched Spot's legs and
she mewled and mewled. But Rillie kept
pinching Spot's legs until Herbert said:
"I want to go home and you ask your
mother to see if you can't come over and
play with me."
"All right, I will," said Rillie, throwing
Spot down.

Next day when Rillie went to dance with
Spot she sprang at Rillie and scratched her
cheeks. That taught Rillie to be good to
Spot.

The Travels of a Dog

By William Davis, Aged 9 Years, North
Platte, Neb. Blue Side.

Charles had been playing with his dog
when suddenly the dog sprang through the
gate and ran down the street. Charles
started after him. They went up and down
streets. Finally the dog went into a large
building. He went so fast Charles lost
track of him. Charles thought he would go
home. As he was going he saw a friend
running after his dog, and he joined in the
chase. After a while he went into a gypsy
camp. Horrors! how were they to get the
dog?

A Little Heiress

By Ruth Krueger, Aged 11 Years, 3515
Dodge Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

"Yes, mamma, I'll send her right over,"
and Mrs. Holmes hung up the coat. "Dollie,
Mrs. Collier wants you to come
over and get some clothes." "Yes,
mother." Dollie rose to go. "Put on your
blue dress. I wouldn't like her to see you
in that dress." While Dollie is gone I will
tell you about the heiress.
Mrs. Holmes has two rooms in the second
basement of an apartment house. To
pay for these she takes care of the apart-
ments. She receives but \$5 a week. They
belong to an English family.
A friend of the family, a music teacher,
asked some of her pupils to give Dollie
some clothes, which they did. Dollie went
to night school at a commercial college,
though she is but 12 years old.
When she returned her mother told her
she had good news, handing her a tele-
gram and telling her to read it. This is
what it read:
MRS. R. H. HOLMES—Mr. Donn is dead.
Your daughter receives money.
LANDOUP.
"Oh, mother, aren't you glad?" Then sud-
denly, "Who was Mr. Donn?"
"He was my uncle, who married a rich
woman. His wife died soon after her mar-
riage. He said then if I had a daughter
she should have the money when he died."
That was the end of the matter in England,
where they lived the rest of their lives.

Joe's Jack o' Lantern

By Adah C. Kelly, Aged 12 Years, North
Bend, Neb. Blue Side.

"Oh, mamma! come here, quick!" said
little Ned, looking out of the window one
dark night.
"I see the funniest looking man; he has
great holes where his eyes and nose and
mouth ought to be and it is all light
shining out of them. I guess he is on
fire inside his head."
"Don't you know what that is?" asked
his big brother, Joe. "That's a jack o'
lantern. Harry Desmond has been to his
grandfather's in the country and he gave
him a pumpkin. Harry cut holes for nose
and mouth and eyes and put a candle in-
side. He has lots of fun with it. I wish
our grandfather lived in the country, so
we could get a pumpkin. I'll have a jack
o' lantern, anyway." For awhile Joe sat
still, thinking. Suddenly he started up,
went to the attic and no more was seen
of him till nearly bedtime. Then he came
in and said, "Now, mamma, if you will
give me 2 cents to buy a candle with I
will show you as good a jack o' lantern
as ever was made." In about ten minutes
Joe opened the sitting room door and
asked everybody to come into the hall.
There sat Mr. Jack o' Lantern, looking
as bright and smiling as you please. Joe
had taken an old clear box and cut eyes
and a nose and a mouth in the bottom.
Standing it on end he could open the cover
and set his candle inside and it made a
very fine looking jack.
So you see, little city boys, even if you
don't have a pumpkin you can have a
jack o' lantern.

The Picnic

By Ruby Kackley, Aged 10 Years, Moor-
croft, Wyo. Blue Side.

On the last day of school the teacher
had a picnic. The children walked down
to the river. When they got there they
waded in the river, and a boy whose name
is Clyde Hughes made a raft and the boys
rode on that. Then they went under a
tree and ate their dinner. After dinner
they skipped stones on the water and
played snakes and dug in the sand. Then
they came home. This is a true story, be-
cause I went with them.

Squirrels Have a House Warming

By Maud Walker.

IT was the first week in June
that Mrs. Bright-eye Squirrel
decided to give a party in her
big new house. She had just
abandoned the old house and
moved into the fine, new one,
and everything was in beautiful order.
And not one of her neighbors had yet got
a peep into the new quarters, for as Mrs.
Bright-eye Squirrel declared, "All must
come together and give me a house warm-
ing, and everything must be a surprise to
everyone." And so not a single friend had
been asked to enjoy a look over the new
house.

"Now, Betty, Bob and June, you must
run around the woods with the invitations,
giving them to the friends to whom they
are addressed. Do not make a mistake,
my dears, and let an invitation fall into
the hands of squirrels—or other animals—
whom I have not included in my guests'
list. There are those who would sneak in
if possible, and cause us to have a most
unpleasant evening. So, be careful, my
dears."

So instructed Mrs. Bright-eye Squirrel,
speaking to her three lovely little children,
and giving to each a pack of invitation
cards.
"Yes, mamma," promised the children,
taking the invitation cards and starting
out with them. "We'll give them to those
whose names we see written on the out-
side." Then away they ran, for they were
all very healthy, happy little squirrels.
And they were full of happy anticipation
of the coming "house warming" to be en-
joyed one week from that day.

"Now," said Betty, speaking to Bob and
June, "as we have so many cards to dis-
tribute it would be better for us to go in
separate ways, for it would take all day
to go the rounds together. Let's see—all
my invitations are for those living down
near the creek bank. And yours, Bob,
take you to the hillside, over by that great
oak tree."

Bob looked keenly at the "doctor," but
he did not quite like the idea of giving
him the invitation entrusted to him by his
mother. Yet, what could he do? His stood
irresolute for a moment; then the "doctor"
spoke again.
"You may trust me, my fine young man.
I am going around to the back door to
enter, so as not to make any noise to dis-
turb the sick baby, to give me your mes-
sage." Before Bob could say yes or no
the "doctor" had extended a paw to take
the white card in Bob's hand, and the lit-
tle fellow, a bit upset by the encounter
with a real "doctor," gave up the invita-
tion without more ado. Then, to his as-
tonishment, the "doctor" did not go around
to the back door to enter the house of
Bob's friends, but ran off into the pasture
as fast as ever he could, at last dis-
appearing through a deep hedge row.



"YOU MAY TRUST ME, MY FINE YOUNG MAN."



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the
paper only and under the pencil.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will
be given preference. Do not use over
350 words.
4. Original stories or letters will
be used.

Write your name, age and ad-
dress at the top of the first page.

First and second prize 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.

(First Prize.)

Hazel's Party

By Minnie Gottsch, Aged 13 Years, Ben-
nington, Neb. Blue Side.

"Mamma, may I have just the kind of
a party I want for my birthday?" coaxed
Hazel.

"Why, yes; if it's possible you may.
What would you like, pet?"

when the door of the house opened and
he beheld his mother's best friend, Mrs.
Wee-wee Squirrel, and beside her stood
his little child, the one purported to be
ill by the strange "doctor."

"Why, Bobby Brighteye, how long have
you been standing here? Did you knock
at the door?"
Bobby told of his errand and of how a
stranger—a doctor—had got from him the
invitation intended for Mrs. Wee-wee
Squirrel.

Mrs. Wee-wee Squirrel told Bob to come
in and they would talk over the strange
incident. "Surely, my child, you have
given an invitation to a fox, yes, a sly old
fox. Well, you are but a little thing and a
cunning old fox could easily deceive you.
But I shall go at once to see our squirrel
councillor and he will give us advice in
the matter. We must do something to
prevent your mother from being annoyed
by him at the party, for undoubtedly he'll
try to intrude himself."

Bob now understood how easily he had
been fooled and decided to hurry home
and report the occurrence to his mother,
while Mrs. Wee-wee Squirrel promised to
deliver the other invitations herself and
save Bob from any further meeting with
foxes. They have so many sly ways that
another one might deceive you in some
way and get from you another invitation,
so I'll perform this service for your dear
mother myself," said Mrs. Wee-wee. Bob
felt relieved to have this most reliable
friend come to his aid and handed over
the invitations to her, then he flew home
as fast as ever he could to his mother.

Betty and June had not arrived home

"Why, I want a woody one—take the
big wagon and our dinner and get whole
lots and lots of flowers. And, mamma, I
don't want to ask just all children; I want
Mrs. Murry to come, too. She looks so
tired all the time. May I, mamma?"
"Yes, indeed," replied mamma, with a
happy smile on her face that Hazel liked
to see. She had been thinking fast while
Hazel was talking. "It will be the nicest
kind of a party. Suppose we drive out to
grandpa's woods and ask grandpa and
grandma and auntie and the cousins to
meet us there?"
"Oh, mamma!" and Hazel threw her
arms around her mother's neck and gave
her a bear hug. "Now I'm going to ask
Mrs. Murry. She's hanging out the clothes
now. I see her over the fence."

There was just the nicest stool close by
the gate, and climbing up on that, Hazel
could look over into Mrs. Murry's yard
where she had become the nicest friend
of a party. Suppose we drive out to
grandpa's woods and ask grandpa and
grandma and auntie and the cousins to
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grandpa's woods and ask grandpa and
grandma and auntie and the cousins to
meet us there?"

But it will prove such a genuinely fine
party for him that he'll never want an-
other one," laughed the squirrel councillor.
"Let him come, my dear Mrs. Bright-eye.
I'll be there, you know, to look after the
entertainment. Ha, ha!"

So the week went quickly away and the
evening of the party arrived. All was in
readiness, and Mrs. Bright-eye, with her
son and two daughters beside her, was
stationed at the parlor door to receive
her guests. The new house was aglow
with lights and fragrant with fresh
meadow flowers. As the guests entered
the new house they fell into raptures over
its beautiful arrangement and furnishing.

The last guest to arrive was a huge
fellow in a long black coat, high silk hat
and carrying a cane. He wore a dignified