

BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

ANY new Busy Bees are joining the ranks of young writers each week, and most of them have asked to be on the Red side. This will make the contest for the next three months much more interesting, if the new writers will continue to send in stories. Several of the Busy Bees write that they are having a good time spending their vacations in the country, and the editor was pleased to see that they took time to send in stories and poetry, even though they were away from home. If any of the boys and girls have been to see a circus recently perhaps they would like to tell the other Busy Bees about it. Surely the boys and girls would all like to hear about the funny clowns and also about the wonderful animals that they saw.

Prizes were awarded this week to Eunice Bode, queen of the Blue side, of Falls City, Neb., and to Pauline Squire, on the Red side, of Grand, Okl. Honorable mention was given to Ruth Ashby, on the Blue side, of Fairmont, Neb.

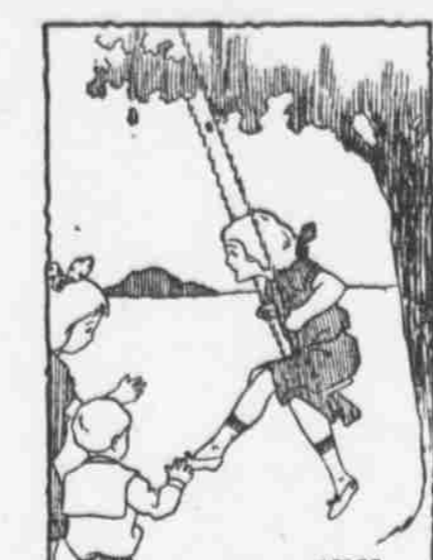
Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

- Emile Brown, 223 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Jean De Long, Alamosa, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Barnhart, Neb.
- Lillian Marvin, Heaver City, Neb.
- Rachel Witt, Hastings, Neb.
- Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Joseph Lamotte, Bennington, Neb.
- Marie Gallagher, Bennington, Neb. (Box 12).
- Lu May, Central City, Neb.
- Marion Cary, Gibson, Neb.
- Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
- Rueck Friedell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
- Edith Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Julia Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marion Cary, Gibson, Neb.
- Margaret Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Lu May, 4014, 4016 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Alma York, 401 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Cosello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Joseph Crawford, 483 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Martha Murphy, 23 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Hester E. Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Elythe Krenz, Lexington, Neb.
- Margaret Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Alice Grassmeyer, 145 C St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Marion Hamilton, 209 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Elsie Hamby, 209 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Disher, 230 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Hugh Disher, 230 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Charlotte Rogers, 27 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Helen Johnson, 234 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Louise Stiles Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Nevada, Neb.
- Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
- Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letha Larkin, So. Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Gertrude M. Coup, Neb.
- Orin Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street, Omaha.
- Mildred Erickson, 709 Howard street, Omaha.
- Oscar Erickson, 709 Howard street, Omaha.
- Louis Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
- Frances Johnson, 833 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
- Marguerite Johnson, 833 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.

- Helen Goodrich, 470 Nicholas street, Omaha.
- Mary Brown, 322 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Eva Hendes, 462 Lodge street, Omaha.
- Justine Jones, 279 Fort street, Omaha.
- Lillian Wirt, 414 Farnam street, Omaha.
- Meyer Cohn, 86 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
- Adel Morris, 341 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Myrtle Jensen, 209 Lehigh street, Omaha.
- Gail Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
- Helen Houdk, 125 Lehigh street, Omaha.
- Elliott Johnson, 107 Locust St., Omaha.
- Leon Carson, 121 North Fort, Omaha.
- Pauline Coak, 201 Farnam street, Omaha.
- Willma Howard, 422 Capitol Ave., Omaha.
- Edna Fisher, 120 South Eleventh, Omaha.
- Mildred Johnson, 237 Leavenworth, Omaha.
- Edna Hoden, 1789 Chicago street, Omaha.
- Mabel Johnson, 414 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Walter Johnson, 206 North Twentieth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Emma Carruthers, 211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Leona Denison, The Albin, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.
- Maie Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
- Marjorie Jones, North Omaha, Neb.
- Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
- Marie Fleming, Decora, Neb.
- Leola Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
- Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.
- Edna Kutz, Stanton, Neb.
- Edith Gola, Stanton, Neb.
- Lena Petersen, 2211 Locust street, East Omaha.
- Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.
- Clara Miller, Union, Neb.
- Edna Behrens, York, Neb.
- Alia Wilken, Waco, Neb.
- Maie Grunk, West Point, Neb.
- Edna Stinson, Willard, Neb.
- Frederic Ware, Winfield, Neb.
- Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
- Edna Stinson, York, Neb.
- Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
- Carrie B. Bartlett, Ponfostelle, Ia.
- Katherine Miller, Malvern, Ia.
- Ethel Mulholland, Box 7, Malvern, Ia.
- Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
- Edna Stinson, Malvern, Ia.
- Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Edna Stinson, Manilla, Ia.
- Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 3, Box 25, Mis-souri Valley, Ia.
- Adeline Serry, Monarch, Wyo. Box 22.
- Fred Serry, Monarch, Wyo.
- John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
- Pauline Squire, Grand, Okl.
- Fred Shelley, 230 Troup street, Kansas City, Mo.
- Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Atina, Ind.

When the Old Cat Dies

BENEATH the green tree swinging,
In the idle summer day,
Bob and Nell and Totty
Love to linger and to play.



One swings while two keep counting,
'Till one hundred has been said;
Then gradually the swing does stop,
When the 'old cat is quite dead.'

And then another takes the swing
And it livens up once more,
And there're two to keep the count
Just as was done before.

And each in turn swings many times
'Way up, 'way up, so high!
And each in turn does linger long
To 'let the old cat die.'

Little Stories for Little Folks

(Original)

Rules for Young Writers

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper 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.
6. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all contributions to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE.

Mary's Sacrifice

By Eunice Bode, Aged 12 Years, Lock Box 22, Falls City, Neb., Blue Side.

It was in the children's ward at a great hospital one day, when some visitors came in with fruit and flowers for the little invalids.

One little girl, called Mary, had been made happy by a beautiful rose that a kind lady had given her. Mary was ever so fond of flowers, and the big pink rose was a delight to the child.

In a bed near her own, Mary saw a little girl (who was doomed to lie still all her life because of her weak back) looking longingly at the rose. Mary's heart was touched, and she thought, "I will give my rose to her, because she can never get well, and perhaps I will." Then, calling the nurse to her, she said: "Please give my rose to that little girl over there."

The nurse kindly did so, and the look of joy on the child's face repaid Mary a hundred times for the sacrifice of her rose, for she took pleasure in making others happy, as everyone should.

John and Tom

By Pauline Squire, Aged 11 Years, Grand, Okl. Red Side.

John and Tom are newsboys and brothers; also twin brothers. They are or-

phans and had to go to night school and sell papers in the day time. Their father was a rich man before he died, but an old aunt claimed all the money, and the boys were only 4 years old at that time and could not do anything. The aunt put them in an orphan asylum, and they had stayed there until they were 10 years old. Then they went to selling newspapers, and their aunt let them have the attic in their father's house for their room. One day they were walking down the street, Tom was shouting: "McKinley shot; buy a paper and read the news—only 1 cent."

A young woman stepped up. Her name was Mary Mingers, and she said to Tom: "I'll take one, please," and she handed him a nickel. Tom looked at her in surprise and said: "Here, Miss, you gave me a nickel, and you only owe me 1 cent. The young woman smiled and said: "Come with me, sonny. I have looked for a boy since three years ago that would give me back a nickel when he sold a paper to me and I gave him a nickel instead of a penny. Papa is hunting one, too; but, now I've found you, he needn't hunt for one anymore. What is your name?"

"Tom Mingers," was Tom's prompt reply. "Mingers? That is my own name," said Mary.

Tom and Mary started off and soon found Mr. Mingers, and who should they find but John with him. "I have found one of my half-brother's children," he said.

"There is Tom," cried John, pointing his finger at Tom.

Tom and John went home with their uncle and cousin and never again went to their old trade of selling papers. Soon they proved their rights and got their father's fortune and lived happily ever afterward. They found that honesty is better than riches.

Come In, Charlotte

Dear Editor: I am a little girl who wishes to belong to the happy band of Busy Bees. I am sending a story, also, and hope to win a prize. I would be like to join the Red side. Well, I must close. Your new Busy Bee, CHARLOTTE LARRE, Omaha.

The White Hen

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 14 Years, 223 Foster Street, Evanston, Ill., Blue Side.

"Tell us a story, grandma," urged the children.

"What, another? Why, I've told you all I know."

Out of the bushes came Mr. Bull, walking calmly toward the picnic spread. Mrs. Thomas kept her eye on him, looking from under the cover at the front of the wagonette, and the boys in their perches also kept tab on Mr. Bull's actions. Forth he came, about fifty feet into the grove, and then suddenly stopped and shook his head. Then he tried advancing a little further, but something held him in check. Mrs. Thomas discovered immediately what that something was. It was a rope around the bull's horns and was evidently a long lariat, the other end either being fastened to an iron picket driven into the ground or tied securely to a tree trunk. "We are not to let the children go near the white hen safe, children," called out Mrs. Thomas. "The bull is fastened to a lariat and cannot come within fifty feet of our camp; but all stay where you are till I investigate." So saying, Mrs. Thomas got out of the wagonette and went over to within a few feet of the tied animal. He did not seem to relish her approach and shook his head, pawed the earth, belowed and showed his rage, but the rope was secure and strong and kept him from making further advancement toward Mrs. Thomas. "Ah, old fellow, how angry and un-satisfactory you are," said Mrs. Thomas. "But that rope of yours is very strong. That is what I wanted to know. I guess you would be able to bother us, but it is just as well for us to move our camp."

Then the children were allowed to come to earth and two of the boys offered to run to a farm house, about a quarter of a mile from the grove, and to ask if this animal belonged to the farmer living there and if so to ask if some farmhand might come and move the bull a little farther from the picnic ground. Mrs. Thomas thought this a good idea, and Harry and Georgia Grey hurried off toward the farm house.

"When your grandfather and I lived on the farm, you had a pet chicken. The old hen had died and all the rest of her brood were killed by the rats, weasels and various other chicken pests. This little chicken we called 'Jen.' We kept it in the house and it was as tame as it could be."

"Well, Jen grew to be a fine white hen, and still would come into the house whenever she got a chance to find scraps."

"One day your grandfather came in and said, 'Elizabeth, I do believe Jen is stealing her nest for every day she goes away and I haven't found an egg in my old hat for nearly a week.'"

"Oh, no, Willard, I guess not. Perhaps she has a new nest."

"Well, perhaps," admitted grandfather. "Well, a week went by and Jen disappeared altogether. At first we both thought, as we had at first, that Jen had stolen her nest, but one day Willard found the remains of an old white hen. We felt terribly about it, for we thought Jen was the only chicken."

"Two weeks went by, and I heard a queer clucking overhead. It seemed to come from the guest-room closet. I went in, and lo, the cover of grandfather's hat-box was knocked off and there in his stove-pipe hat, which he never wore save on state occasions, was Jen, and, lifting her off, I beheld fourteen of the dearest little yellow chickens."

"I ran and called Willard, and he looked at Jen a long while. Then he said, 'Seems to me Jen has a preference for my hats, Elizabeth.'"

An Indian Legend

By Helen Miller, Aged 14 Years, Fairmont, Neb., Blue Side.

The Great Spirit viewed his work with pride. The plains, the mountains, the rivers and the forests in which were deer for the red man's food, and the red man himself, he was the greatest work, and to him the Great Spirit gave possession of all he had made.

But one thing was lacking. This beautiful country, the birds, flowers and trees could not be seen, for there was a great darkness over all the land.

So the Great Spirit made the sun, which was to give light to the earth. When it was done he started it on its journey from the wide prairie of the west to the great mountains and rivers of the east.

Higher and higher rose the sun, lighting the path where it went. Straight east, through the clear blue sky it traveled over the great rivers. The trees and flowers welcomed him gladly and put on gay colors. The birds sang in the forests. The sun kissed the maize, the red man had planted turning some of it a beautiful red and some a golden yellow. It shone brightly down on the trees and the little children played in the warm light. Its rays darted down through the rustling leaves of the trees on the river banks, and dotted the streams with specks of brightness. The red man paddled about in his canoe, safe, because of the light.

So the sun went on, ever towards the east, leaving beauty and happiness in its path. It was nearly time for the daily rest, which the Great Spirit promised the sun, and the crimson ball sank lower, hunting for a place where it might sleep. Over towards the east stretched the great ocean, known to us as the Atlantic.

So the sun went on, came the voice of the Great Spirit, and the sun sank into the ocean and the rosy light died out of the sky and darkness fell.

The great waves rolled in towards the shore and the sea was very rough. Dark clouds gathered overhead and great birds

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain, EUNICE BODE, Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain, EUNICE BODE, Falls City, Neb.

Letter from Frances

Dear Editor and Busy Bees: I am away out in the country enjoying a pleasant vacation. But in spite of this I have not forgotten the delightful "Busy Bee Page." I have stolen away for a few moments and have just finished writing a poem for the page. The verses are entitled "Dick's Visit to Grandpa's."

A few days ago I wrote a poem entitled "To an Easter Lily," but try as I may, I found it impossible to find a good ending for it. I think a good little plan to awaken interest on the page would be if the poem was printed incomplete, and then allow the Busy Bees to try to write a good ending for it, and see who would get the best. I will now close, remaining your ever faithful Busy Bee,

FRANCES JOHNSON, 133 North 25th Ave., Wausau, Neb.

new to the land for safety. The wind added its shrieking and howling to the moaning of the ocean in the rocky caves on the shore.

"Ah, what a bad night I had!" said the sun to the Great Spirit, who came to take him swiftly to the west to begin his eastward journey.

"It will be better tonight," said the Great Spirit.

But it was not better that night. When morning came the sun hid his face in the clouds and refused to shine. The next night the great storm waves of the Atlantic rose higher than ever before and the wind lashed the sea in its fury. The next day the sun hid itself altogether, and darkness was again over all the land.

The Great Spirit saw that something must be done.

"I will start you from the east," he told the sun, and if you shine brightly you may try sleeping in the west.

So the sun shone brightly as it traveled westward and all the earth welcomed it joyously. In the evening it sank to rest in the calm waters of the peaceful ocean, and as the beautiful crimson light faded, was lulled to sleep by the lap of the waves on the beach and the gentle sighing of the wind.

So ever after the sun has traveled from east to west, and rests after its labors in the quiet tranquil waters of the Pacific.

Dick's Visit to Grandpa's

By Frances Johnson, Aged 12 Years, 993 North Twenty-fifth Avenue, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

(The following poem is almost wholly based upon the writer's recent experience.)

The sunny canopy was an azure blue,
The cottonwoods murmured in the breeze
"So cool!" "So cool!" shouted Dick, "with those lessons I'm through!"
No more by that bell I'll be summoned
To school.

I'm the happiest boy in all this whole nation,
And tomorrow off to grandpa's to stay
all vacation."

When glad tomorrow dawned so bright
With n'er a threat nor a cloud in the sky,
Quoth Dick: "I'm happier now than on Christmas or New Year,
And if I deign say it, the Fourth of July,
When other events could compare with today!"
Not "Thanksgiving or even my welcome birthday."

They boarded the train with shouts of delight,
And many and odd were the sights they saw,
Now a herd of lambs bounding with fright,
Then a crow flying by, crying "caw-caw."

Now the landscape was painted to be a quiet, rolling plain,
Next appeared, gloriously, a field of wheat,
And next was seen a swarm of bees,
Each working some wayward flower,
Who in return shed softest fumes
To grace the passing hour.

The flowers seemed all arrayed
Then Dick's glad heart did loudly beat,
The buttercup, in yellow, played
With the daisy over the way.

And, all the dark and quiet woods,
The train went quickly through,
And over many brooks and streams
The trains went smoothly over;
"I'll all at once again they were
Amidst a world of clover."

When grandma's house at last was reached
Then Dick's glad heart did loudly beat,
For he was many joyous plans about how
many fences he could climb,
And how many cookies and pies he'd eat;
And how many cherries there were larger
than a dime.

And how many races with John he'd beat.

The day after Dick's arrival was joy beyond measure,
Said grandma: "Anything to give my Dick pleasure."
The pigpen was the first place he chose
to explore.

Dick exclaimed: "IX, if them pigs ain't funny, fat things,
And they wear up their tails in such circles, you see, it's a very fine pie."
To the poultry yard's where he next paid a visit,
But there were too many things to tell you in a way quite explicit.

Then there were berries of almost every kind,
From the little red currant to the tempting blueberry,
While had you been with him you'd been sure to find
A few plump strawberries which had chosen to tarry.

But here must I halt—I must cease for today,
For my verse supply is cut quite short,
And for fear my hair'll be Dick's grand-father's turn gray,
To some other pastime I will now gladly resort.

The Life of One Little Boy

By Estelle Kipping, Aged 11 Years, Shelby, Ia., Red Side.

One Sunday a little boy who lived in the slums of Philadelphia ran away from home, and went into the better parts of the city. All at once he heard music and singing, and it sounded so sweet he looked to see where it came from. It seemed to come from that big house, he thought. That house was a church in which they were having Sunday school. The little boy staid

in while they were singing, and sat down way at the back and listened.

When the Sunday school was over the good pastor came down and asked the little boy his name and invited him to come again. The little boy looked down at his bare feet and torn clothes and didn't know what to say.

Finally he promised to come again. He went home and told his parents about it and they gave him permission to go. So his mother washed and patched his clothes as best she could.

So every Sunday the child went to Sunday school and was in a class.

One day the pastor received a message. It was this:

Dear Pastor: Won't you please come and see me as I am very sick.

John was the little boy's name. The good pastor went at once and found the little boy in the lowest part of the slums. On a bed lay little John not much longer to live. John was very glad to see the pastor and said:

"Ah, it is so nice in your church, but the children around cannot go that far and I wish my mamma and papa could go, too."

"Now will you please get that box down pointing to a shelf. 'In it are all the pennies and nickels I have saved. Will you please count them.'" There was just \$3.50.

"Now," said the little boy, "will you please build a little church with my money about a half a block from our house."

The pastor promised, and smiling the little boy fell asleep never to wake again. The next Sunday to his congregation the pastor told the story and said, "now who will help me?"

Soon he had enough money to build the church and he put it where the little boy desired. And I guess this is the only church in the slums of Philadelphia. This is not entirely original, it was told in church one Sunday by a minister from Chicago and as I liked it well I thought perhaps you would print it so others could read it, too.

Nellie's Accident

By Annabel Reel, Aged 12 Years, Broken Bow, Neb., Blue Side.

"Mamma, may I go over to Mary Brown's," asked Nellie of her mother one day.

"No, Nellie, I want you to help me, for we are going to have company tomorrow." Nellie walked off very slowly and began to read, but after awhile she slipped out of the back door and ran over to Mary's house.

"Why, hello Nellie, come and let us climb over this and get some of those cherries," said Mary. The fence was a tall board one and as Nellie went to climb over she slipped and fell on a large rock. She hurt herself very badly. Mr. Brown came out and picked her up and took her home, but she was unconscious. Her mother said to her after she got well, "I will forgive you this time, but always remember to obey, and you will never get into trouble."

What Tommy Did

By Ross Brown, Aged 10 Years, Ord, Neb.

Tommy and Margaret lived on a farm. They had many pets and one of these was an old cat. Its name was Alice. One day the children could not find Alice anywhere. They looked in the barn and all over the farm. Then they went up in the attic to play and here was Alice with six little kittens. Margaret took three little kittens and Tommy took three little kittens and they went to show their mamma and she told them to take them to the barn. The next day Tommy said: "You are to go to the town, Margaret." Then Margaret got in the buggy and drove away. Then Tommy went to the creek and found the prettiest little kitten in the water. He jumped into the creek and got the kitten and saved it from drowning, and Margaret came home and said: "You did a brave deed, Tommy."

Frank's Punishment

By Helen Reynolds, Aged 11 Years, Norfolk, Neb., Blue Side.

One of Frank's playmates, named Stanley, had sent out invitations for a picnic and Frank was invited to go. He ran at once to ask his mother's permission, and after hesitating a little she said yes, as Stanley's mother was going. Frank was very pleased and thought it would be great fun to ride in a hayrack.

The last thing Frank's mother said to him was "Keep out of the water."

As soon as they got there Stanley's mother said the boys could go in wading, but she would not have said this if she had heard Frank's mother tell him not to go in the water, and naughty Frank did not say anything about it and went with the other boys.

After they had been in the water about ten minutes Frank slipped and fell, and although he was not hurt, he had to be taken home, as his clothes were very wet. He missed the picnic he had been looking forward to for so long by not obeying his mother.

Mable's and Harry's Picnic

By Maud Walker.

MABLE and Harry were brother and sister. They lived in a large town near to which flowed a beautiful river whose broad, low-sloping banks were covered by a soft green grass and shaded here and there by tall forest trees. At a pretty turn or bend in the river there was quite a fine grove and it was here that the children from the town loved to come and hold basket picnics during the warm weather.

It was a glorious July day on which Mable and Harry decided to have a picnic in the grove, and white Mable, assisted by her mother, prepared the picnic luncheon, Harry went among their young friends to invite them to help make up the party.

And when the clock in the hall struck 12 all the invited guests had assembled at Mable's and Harry's home, each boy carrying a basket and each girl laden with small parcels and wraps.

"Well I guess were ready to start," said Mrs. Thomas, the little hostess' and host's mother. She was attending the picnic as chaperon. "There is the picnic wagon at the gate. Come, every one, scramble for a seat." And she laughingly led the way to the wagonette that stood at the gate.

At the grove the children gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the great out-of-doors. The soft green grass, the wild flowers which grew in such abundance, the giant trees, the young trees—saplings so full of promise—the deep running river, the bridge a quarter of a mile away, the open spaces where the sun came down so gloriously; in fact, everything that nature gave so freely was a source of joy to the happy little folk and their gentle chaperon, Mrs. Thomas.

"Now the big boys must hang the hammocks," said Mrs. Thomas, calling to several boys who ranked highest in age. "And I brought along a rope for a swing and a nice smooth board—with ends already notched—to be used as a swing seat. Now while you boys hang the hammocks and the swing, the girls and I will prepare the luncheon."

The boys felt to work with a will, and soon the hungry children were filling three hammocks and the swing, having a jolly time swaying to and fro to the music of their happy songs.

"Well, isn't this worth while, mamma," asked Harry, as he and his mother lifted some of the baskets from the wagonette. "Just see how every one is enjoying himself. Nothing in the world is finer than a picnic in the wild woods in the summer time."

"Yes, if there can be got together such a splendid band of fine boys and girls as mine," smiled Mrs. Thomas proudly, by hand of genuinely good, happy children I have about me."

"A good mother and chaperon can have no other kind of children," declared Harry. And his mother shyly kissed him on the top of his curly head.

When the baskets were opened a great many dainty and toothsome things were set on the big linen cloth which was spread on the ground to serve as a table. There were sandwiches of many varieties, cold chicken, sliced ham, deviled eggs, pickles, jam, cake, cookies and a big, round, juicy cherry pie. This last-named viand had been brought by little Gracie Baker, for it was a known fact that her mamma could bake the best cherry pies of anyone in the town, or in the world, for that matter. Or, at least, so everyone who ever tasted Mrs. Baker's cherry pies emphatically attested. And so Gracie had brought a huge cherry pie, carried in a strong, round pasteboard box, and kept carefully guarded on Gracie's lap during the drive from town to the woods, and it was Gracie who kept the boys from getting their fingers in the pie, for each declared he wanted to "stick in his thumb and pull out a cherry,"