UR FAITHFUL little Busy Bees, Sigrid Sandwall and Ingrid Sandwall, who are spending several months abroad with their parents, do not forget the Children's page, and still take a great interest in it. They are spending most of their time in Sweden and will later visit Paris, France and Berlin, Germany. The Busy Bees enjoy these interesting letters of travel very much and hope they will send some more. One writes for the Red side and one for the Blue side.

Ronald Wycoff of Wilbur, Neb., the new king of the Busy Bees, writes that he is pleased that the children elected him king. The Busy Bees would like to have both the king and the queen send in their pictures for the page. We would like to have pictures of any of the little writers and the pictures will be returned to them as soon as they are printed.

So far this month the contest between the Red side and the Blue side is just even. Four prizes have been won by each side. The Busy Bees must be careful and not write on both sides of the page, for that is against the rules of the page. The stories written on both sides of the page are not always thrown in the waste basket, but they are never awarded a prize.

Prizes were awarded this week to Helen Johnson of Lincoln, who is assisting the Red side, and to Sadie B. Finch of Kearney, on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Ruth D. Guyer of Fort Crook, on the Blue

side. All three writers are regular contributors to the Busy Bee page. Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the

Postcard Exchange, which now includes: Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo, Jean De Long, Alnsworth, Neb. Peari Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.
Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.
Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
Arna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Agnes Dannke, Benson, Neb.

Alice Grassneyer, 1545 C. St. Lincoln, Neb. Marian Hamilton, 2029 L. St. Lincoln, Neb. Elsie Hamilton, 2029 L. St. Lincoln, Neb. Lirene Dishef, 2020 L. street, Lincoln, Neb. Hughie Disher, 2029 L street, Lincoln, Neb. Charlotte Beggs, 227 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.

Charlotte Boggs, 227 South Fifteenth street,
Lincoln, Neb.
Helen Johnson, 334 South Seventeenth
street, Lincoln, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucile Hasen, Norfolk, Neb.
Lietha Larkin, So. Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Orrin Fisher, 1210 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.
Louise Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.

Frances Johnson, 233 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.

Marguerite Johnson, 233 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Emile Brown, 2321 Boulevard, Omaha.
Helen Goodrich, 6010 Nicholas St., Omaha.
Mary Brown, 2321 Boulevard, Omaha.
Eva Hendee, 4402 Dodge street, Omaha.

Eva Hendee, 4402 Dodge street, Omaha.

Mary Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha. Eva Hendee, 4402 Dodge street, Omaha.

eyes began to dance as merrily as his own,

Tommy-Say, sister, it's Hallowe'en to-

day-I mean tonight. I heard the grocery

boy and the butcher boy talking about it

when they came this morning. And they

are going to play some tricks on their

bosses. Suppose we play some tricks on

grandpapa. He'll think it such i'un.

grandpapa sat reading the daily paper.

and plie up lots and lots of traps against

it, so when he opens the door to see if a

ghost is there making the noise all the

stuff will tumble into his room. Won't he

softly so that grandpapa couldn't hear.

that they had no appetite for supper.

wonder, though?" And Tommy laughed

That evening at the supper table Tommy

lows," smiled grandpapa. "We mustn't

forget our own boyhoud, Sam. Of course, I don't propose to allow the mischiefmak-

ers to tear the house down over our heads;

and Lilly dust significant glances at each

"Yes, we'll put a tick-tack on his door Tommy.

also her answer:

We choose instead?

somebody?

Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha,
Jack Coad, 2718 Farnam street, Omaha,
Lillian Wirt, 4168 Cass street, Omaha,
Meyer Cohn, 246 Georgia avenue, Omaha,
Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha,
Myrtle Jensen, 2909 Izard street, Omaha,
Gall Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha,
Helen Houck, 1625 Lothrop street, Omaha,
Emerson Goodrich, 4019 Nicholas, Omaha,
Maurice Johnson, 1027 Locust, St., Omaha,
Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth, Omaha,
Gretchen Eastman, 125 South Thirtyeighth street, Omaha,
Pauline Coad, 2718 Farnam street, Omaha, Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Agnes Damnke, Benson, Neb.
Agnes Damnke, Benson, Neb.
Mario Ganiagher, Benkeiman, Neb. (box 12).
Ida May, Central City, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
Marion Cappa, Gibson, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Lydia Roth, 66 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
Eila Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Free Costalio, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 405 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 405 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 405 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 405 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Hartha Murphy, 223 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Lexhars, Neb.
Hester E. Rutt, Lexhars, Neb.
Hester E. Rutt, Lexhars, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 184 C. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Marfan Hamilton, 2029 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
Lincoln, Neb.
Charlotte Boggs, 22 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Charlotte Boggs, 22 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Charlotte Bogss, 22 South Fifteenth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Lincoln, Neb.
Helen Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Hallah Fisher, 129 South Eleventh, Omaha.
Maurice Johnson, 125 South Thirty-eight street, Omaha.
Hullah Fisher, 129 South Eleventh, Omaha.
Mabel Sheifelt, 4914 North Twenty-fith Street, Omaha.
Walter Johnson, 246 North Twenty-fith Street, Omaha.
Macle Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Mullah Fisher, 129 South Eleventh, Omaha.
Mabel Sheifelt, 4914 North Twenty-fith Street, Omaha.
Macle Johnson, 246 North Twenty-fith Street, Omaha.
Macle Johnson, 250 North Twenty-fith Street, Omaha.
Macle Johnson, 250 North Twenty-fith Street, Omaha.
Mallah Fisher, 129 South Eleventh, Omaha.
Mallah Fisher, 129 South Street, Omaha.
Macle Johnson, 250 North Twenty-fith Street

By Helen Davis.

before a lamb could wag his tail ten times.

his door upstairs, and knew the old man

would soon be in bod. After ten minutes

Lilly, returned to the living room, where Tommy. "Now we're ready," whispered I spoiled my little tada' first Halloween

"He doesn't suspect a thing," whispered hall to grandpapa's door. They listened hiding till papa and momma return; then

So, good night, little tads."

"Yes, good night, grandpapa," said Lilly, about my door?"

"Then she and Tommy snickered as grand. Then of a sudden the front hall door

papa said: "Yes, I'll be in bed and asleep opened and someone walked boldly up the

Tommy. And out they went and down the frolic. But never mind, we'll just stay in

had whispered a few minutes to Lilly her to play with for an hour after supper.

And this is what he said to Lilly, and "Hope you'll have pleasant dreams."

Lilly-Oh, wouldn't that be fun, Tommy! had passed (the time seemed like ten hours

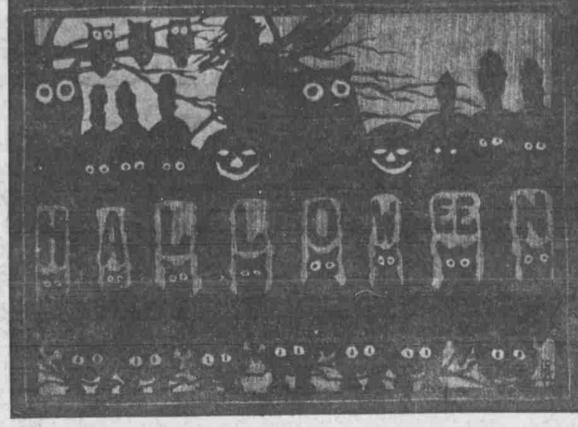
Yes, let's play some tricks on somebody, to the impatient children) Tommy and Lilly

But we haven't any bosses, so who could stole softly upstairs. They tip-foed past

Tommy-Why, we have grandpapa. He's should they make any noise. On to Tom-

always in his room at night, and after he my's room they went, and there pulled

so that was proof that some mischief was Tommy. "Hope you sleep well."



-Reproduced from St. Nicholas.

W HEN Hallowe'en at last does come, The boys, and the girls, too, Go slyly looking 'round to find What mischief they may do.

Gates are marked, barn doors are found In village and in town: And little mischief-makers plan To turn things upside-down.

Tick-tacks mysteriously appear On maiden ladies' doors;

And every sort of thing is piled 'Gainst fronts of shops and stores.

Queer signs are made and hung in style Where ne'er a sign should be; And now you'll see a tub or gate High up in some tall tree.

It is the time for jokes and pranks When Innocence holds sway; And every child in all the land Should have a Jolly Day.

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

Pirst 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,

for a minute, but do it at once.

(Honorable Mention.)

The Reward.

"Oh, don't, please don't, boys," said Eva

Eva finally went and picked the little

steps to a little unpainted house where she

and her mother lived. It was poor and

"Oh, mother, look what I've got," said

At the sight of the poor little bird the

"Ah, yes," replied her mother. "He has

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Eva, and she

Run and get a box, directed her mother

With careful doctoring little Jocko, as

on the inside.

Eva ,entering the nouse.

mother's eyes filled with tears.

"Is he hurt badly?" asked Eva.

2. Use pen and ink, not pencil S. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use ever 250 words. store in Chicago. While there, one day we Omaha colored people.

school yet because papa and mamma have their loud applause. Then Samuel Adams been undecided about staying here on arose and said. "We can do no more to on. You can see men going on the streets hideous warwhoop arose that all the subtheir families.

tains eight hundred rooms and is located on the edge of the harbor, it is considered one of the finest buildings of Europe, but it louder than ever before, looks to me like a rather lonesome place.
I suppose I am not used to seeing such large grand rooms of state.

No! Ne'er has mingled such a draught—
In palace, hall or arbor,

As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed That night in Beston harbor.

is the church where all the royal people are buried, called Riddarholms kurkan, it was built by King Magnus Birgersson in the year 1270. It has not been used for gospelservice since the year 1807, only on certain occasions and then just for menforial services. I saw the coffin of Charles XII, Gustaf Adolphus and many others, but where the crowd gathered the most was at the vault where King Oscar was peacefully laid at rest, 1907.

You can still see the beautiful and costly ribbons that were attached to the flowers and wreaths that were sent from different countries; but, oh! this is too lonesome a place for me, I wanted to wanted to help some who might have a to a different spirit.

something like the one Omaha had in the bidding Dovey good-bye. year 1898, according to my papa's stateand eight thousand people a day.

and Paris, France, and if we do I will seal. Much to her surprise, it contained ing you are all well and happy as I am. like this: Ever yours, A BUSY BEE.

What I Saw in Stockholm.

By Ingrid Sandwalh, Aged 3 Years, Barn-arpagatan, No. 42, Jonkoping, Sweden. Blue Side.

letter in the waste basket. I felt quite proud story. "Mamma," she said, "I am going holm. I felt sure that some of my friends was from me, and didn't open it, but mailed beautiful city. There are lots of children but said nothing and Dovey started for the here and a great many little boys and girls city. that are very poor, but oh! how polite Imagine Esther's surprise, when she went den. I tell you my little brother, who is all she could say. 4 years old, can make the nicest little bow you can imagine. But I was going to tell you some thing about Stockholm. I saw By Gertrude Isabel Miller, Aged 8 Years, so many things I don't know what to tell 121 West Twenty-second Street, you, but I asked mamma and she said she Kearney, Neb. Red Side. so many things I don't know what to tell strongly that at last, with a loud cry, the you, but I asked mamma and she said she thought one of the prettiest places there was was the little palace, called 'Rosenpitcher was dancing on top of mamma's plane, on brother Fred's new skates. The next morning mamma found the pitcher was broken and she felt very sorry. It nearly made poor little Gretchen sick to Carl and Prince Eugen have built a beausee her mamma looking so sad, but it taught her a lesson she never forgot; When you have a task to do, never put off is, where they give the Swedish massage the store. and baths.

we stayed, was a grand place. You ought died and they lived happily ever after. to have seen the little elevator boy, dressed in uniform, and whenever he let off his passengers he stepped aside and By Grace Snygg, 1302 North Fortieth Street, tipped his cap. Wasn't he a very polite Omaha. Red Side, little fellow? While here in Sweden I have grown so big and fat. Mamma says my was Harry. His mother was sick in bed cheeks are just like two big red apples. I may send you our picture pretty soon. Mamma got us the national costume from his boy friends had planned to go skating. untidy looking outside, but neat as wax

> Forgivness. By Aleda Bennett, Aged 13 Years. Elgin, Neb. Blue Side.

> had whispered, and then blamed Anna Wellings, a poor little girl.

Anna was punished for what she did not as he lay there he was not content. He do. Miss Little was a very kind teacher wanted to see his mother. and would not have punished Anna had she knewn she did not do it.

being good and if doing anything you are sorry for, to ask forgiveness. Harry manthought about what he had done, and at last resolved to tell Miss Little. He stayed in at recess and asked forgiveness for his Eva and her mother grew poorer and behavior. Anna was there also, and he for years been a matter of mild speculaways told the truth.

An Extraordinary Tea Party.

tion was but a child in strength and size, pieces were becoming rare and no thought it took a notion (as many folks do) to give a great tea party. And a very wise fortunately, some tea parties are given, did try came similar complaints. be so extraordinarily large that the great the manufacturing company and more or Boston bay served as the teapot, and even less politely asked that a corresponding more extraordinary was the fact that the number of dimes or a check for an equivtea was mixed with salt water. King alent amount be sent back in exchange. George, a very severe ruler, had finally A council was held at the office of the taken off every one of his unjust taxes manufacturing company. The cost of corexcept the one on tea. To take the tax recting the bexes was compared with fairly from this the obstinate ruler stubbornly refused to do, for he wanted to show the 3-cent pieces in circulation. It was found colonists that he could force them to pay taxes. The New Englanders did not object to paying a few extra cents on the tea, providing they might have some say narrowed down to an intermittent current. in the management of the government, Thus the colonists resolved that no tea be pleces.

met a colored student and his wife, but they carge to no conclusion. Soon two they were not quits as dark as some of the more ships sailed proudly into the bay. namely the Eleanor and Beaver. On De-We see children here every morning going cember 16 the colonists again assembled to school. The Swedish people want their and the same men made their speeches children to be well educated and, by law, burn with enthusiasm. Finally some one every child has to be sent to school at the asked if ten wouldn't mix with sait water, , age of five years. We have not started At this, they nearly raised the roof with account of the strike that is still hanging save the country." Suddenly, such a everywhere deing nothing and it seems a jects of old King Philip couldn't have plty because they are not able to support made a more hideous sound. They ran down to Griffin's wharf and with busy I must tell you about the beautiful palace tomahawks had, before 9 p. m., thrown in which the king and queen live, it con- 342 chests into the bay. Swift riders carried the glad tidings everywhere and church bells seemed to peal gladder and

True Friendship.

Rona N. Mead, Ex-Queen, Aged 13 Years, Blair, Neb. Blue Side, True friends are like diamonds, Preclous but rare: False ones like adiumn leaves, Found everyhere.

"Mother always said that was true." mouned Dovey one morning as she was getting ready for school. "Surely she does not think I said that." Dovey had lost her t est friend and

through no fault of her's, either. In times past she and Esther had been as true to each other as friends could be. An exhibit had been given by a man who

get out among the living, so on we went talent for drawing. Eather had won and to the exposition, which changed our mind so she went to the city to study. Some way It got out that Dovey sald she copied her The exposition was a great success, it drawing. Here the bonds were broken and was called the White city and looked Esther went to the city without so much as

While Dovey was in her room thinking ment. It was visited by between seven of Esther, her mother handed her a leafer, It was directed to her in Esther's and-If we decide to go back to American we writing and from that city too. might go by the way of Berlin, Germany Her fingers trembled as she broke the

write you a letter from these places. Hop- another letter, addressed to Esther. It ran "Dear Esther: "Dovey did not say that about you. It was Jane. She told me all about it, but was

"Your dear friend,

so ashamed she couldn't tell you.

"Louise." I thank you for not throwing my last Her mother came and Dovey told her the of your asking me and my sister to write to Esther this day. My letter was from again. I told you in my last letter I would Louise and she said Jane told that. Louise send you a line when we came to Stock- mailed it to Esther and Esther thought it wished that they could come and see this it back again. Her mother was surprised

they are. The boys take their cap off as down the stairs of the hotel to find Dovey quick, and the girls, they bend their knees waiting for her. A cloud passed across a little and courtesy, a sign of respect. My her fair face, but raised after she had sister and I and little brother had to read the letter. "And to think I should learn these things when we came to Swe- have accused you of saying that," was

Poor, But Happy

had two children. One was a boy and the dal," a memory from Charles XIV, who other a girl. They were poor and had a was beloved by the people and lived there. stepmother. Once their father was going Oscar often visited there, too. Two of his away and their stepmother gave them some sons have built their homes there. Prince bad meney. The children had never seen real money. So they started off. They tiful home on Valdemarudda, by the salt slept in an alley and ate a 5-cent meal. sax. It is here where the great Sanatorium that gave them their meal put them out of the great sanatorium that gave them their meal put them out of

There are large hotels here, built in the mother was playing with a new dog that American style. The Hotel Regina, where she had found. Finally the stepmother

Once there was a little boy whose name and his father was dead. One fine winter day Harry and some of

Dalarne. Sweden, and we will have our When the day came Harry went and asked pictures taken in them.

The first was too thin and said he couldn't the first was too the go. Harry got up, took his skates, siammed the door and said, I hate you now, mother. The sick mother fell back on her pillow with a groan. Later in the day they It was a school day and Harry Harpers brought Harry home. Two men were carrying him. He had fallen in the water.

> But the nurse said he could not see bar yet. Later on he was told that she was dead and had died from heart failure. And to this day it rings in his ears, "I hate you now, mother," and he is an old gray haired

> They took him into his little bedroom and

Corner in Three-Cent Pieces. The disappearance of the 3-cent piece has proportion of the coins of this denomination which remained in circulation when the government stopped fasuing them are peacefully slumbering in sundry large fat canvas bags in the vaults of a certain electrical manufacturing company of Chicago. They

It was now late in the autumn of 1773.

King George had taken his tax off of everything except tea.

But each and every Yankee said "Nay!

None of your unjust taxation without representation."

Are not for sale just yet.

Each of the coins is an evidence of petit larceny.

Years ago the company equipped many telephone pay stations with dime slot machines. chines. It was supposed that they could be worked only with dimes. The 3-cent

was taken of them. Hardly six months passed before one notion it proved to be, for not to display of the telephone companies discovered that fine linens, "show off" new sliverware, or the collectors were yielding a harvest of 3-

gossip and chat, for which reason, un- cent pieces. Then from all over the counit act as hostess. This tea party proved to Each company forwarded the pieces to

trustworthy information of the number of that a balance was in favor of the 3-cent

Gradually the inpour of 3-cent pieces The company seemed to have about all the

It is said that if ever the premium on Shortly after this decision they spied one g-cent pieces goes high enough the coins Sabbath morning the Dartmouth, laden will be offered to collectors at prices based with hundreds of pounds of taxed tea. Of upon the original cost to the company. course every patriotic person became plus 6 per cent a year, plus cost of storage, aroused. The next day a meeting was held plus cost of guarding, plus cost of carry-



(First Prize.) Lois' Dream.

Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb. Red.

with the daintiest flowers. One bright poor pitcher cracked. Gretchen in her snug morning in June, she ran out to sprinkle little bed was dreaming that grandma's them, and as she passed, the rose nodded Lois was a great lover of flowers, and to her, the buttercups smiled at her, and the pretty little violet waved its leaves to She spent the whole merning tend-

But in vain they waited and waited.

stairs. The children sank to the floor in

that time of night and in that fashion?

fright. Who but a wicked house-breaker

ing her flowers, and in the afternoon Tommy and Lilly Celebrate Halloween seated herself in the hammook with a delightful fairy tale. The breeze blew her hair about her fair face, and it was not long before she had passed into Slumberland. She dreamed that she was standing OMMY and Lilly were sister and but as to carrying off the gate-or the string to the darkest corner of the hall, before a pond, so clear that she could brother. They were little tots wash house or the laundry pump-well, from which point they would work the see the stones in the bottom. A mist of 7 and 9 years of age, and those things are of no consequence, you annoying little noisemaker. Then they formed around the pond and when it both enjoyed games and sports, know," And the jolly old man laughted, piled the "traps," tin pan and all, against cleared away a fairy stood before her. A few minutes before 8 o'clock Lilly's the door, so that they would tumble into. The fairy touched her face with her On the morning of Hallowe'en and Tommy's parents left the house, going the room as soon as the door was opened. wand, and it changed into the white petals Tommy called Lilly into the back hall to to attend the lecture. Grandpapa went When done they crept to the corner of of the lily. Her long golden hair changed Ferr. But the boys paid no heed and kept whitener something a poor little bird with val-

By Ruth D. Guyer, Aged 11 Years; Fort Crook, Neb. Blue Side. whisper something to her. You would upstairs to his room, saying good night the hall and began pulling on the tick- into the green leaves and stems, and her on tormenting a poor little bird with yelfancy from the way his eyes shone that he to the Bittle ones, who were putting away tack string, so that it made a little, eyes became the center of the lily. The low body and bright blue wings, with two had some mischlest in had some mischief in mind. And after he their toys, which they had made believe quick thumping noise on the door. Their fairy then waved the wand again, and red spots at the throat. eyes were dancing merrily as they waited Lois, or the lily, was driven away in a "Good night, grandpapa," called out to hear grandpapa come to the door, little coach to be crowned the queen of the bird up and caressing it, turned her footcalling out: "Who's there bothering flowers.

she had a little garden all her own, filled

(Second Prize.) The Broken Pitcher. By Sadie B. Finch, aged II years. Twenty-first street, Avenue Four, Kearney, Neb.

Then the children heard grandpapa shut would dare to come into the house at It was a winter night, still, bright and cold. Gretchen stood by the sitting room Just as Lilly was about to scream, and window looking out. "Going to be a dreadbroken a leg and is so frightened that with-Tommy to lend his voice to hers, the tall, fu! night," said papa, stirring the fire; out proper doctoring. I fear he may die." dark form of a man appeared on the "it's getting colder every minute." "Is it?" landing above the stairs and turned so that said mamma. "Then Gretchen, you must grandpapa's door, fearing to rouse him the children could see his face. It was run upstairs and empty the china pitcher in nestled the poor little bird closer in her grandpapa. And grandpapa saw the chil- the spare room. It was grandma's Christ- hands. dren crouching there, just as they recog- mas present, and I wouldn't have it broken nized him. Then he beheld the "traps" for anything." "Yes, mamma," said taking the bird, and fill it with cetton, then has gone to bed we'll play our pranks on from hiding a huge tick-tack that they had and the tick-tack at the door and under- Gretchen; "Fill go in a minute. Mamma him. Papa and mamma go out of even-made that afternoon with the help stood. "Ah, it's a shame.." he cried, comings so much that we'd never get a chance of the cook whom they had ing to Tommy and Lilip. 'A shame that pair of shining new skates, to play tricks on them. Let's take grand-taken into their confidence. They I didn't go right to bed instead going out and Gretchen forgot all about the pinger. we'll put the little bird in it. Eva had named him, grew to a fat happy bird and they both graw to love him. But also drew from under a big tin pan, to remove the new gate from the hinges. Just outside the window steed Mr. Cold, Lilly-Oh, yes, let's play some jokes on a bundle of straw, an old pair of riding so that the little Hallowe'en mischlef-maklistening and watching; he chuckled, and poorer, but one night her mother picked asked her pardon. After that Harry al- tion. Few persons are aware that a large boots belonging to their father, and suners cannot get hold of it. I hid it in the
snapped his loy fingers. "That little girl up a paper and read aloud: "Wanted— Then the two little schemers. Tommy and dry other "traps," as designated by kitchen. But while taking care of the gate will never empty the pitcher,' he said to himself; "she is one of the careless kind. Oh, I know them! So now, little Miss, I'll Lilly, "He doesn't even know it's Hal- intently, but could not hear a sound es- we'll play the jokes on them. You shan't just slip in and punish you for forgetting. Let's see! The spare room; that's for company. I'll go and spend the night in it. came. Where is it, I wonder. I'll hunt it up. He knew better than to try and get into the cosy sitting room, with its bright fire, so slipped softly to the kitchen window and peeped in. He saw a large stove glowing with heat and a tea kettle sending out a cloud of steam. He shook his head "That's no place for me; the heat in there would kill me in a minute; I'll look farther." Peeping into one window after another,

lowe'en. But we'll wake him up, won't caping from the chamber where the old be entirely disappointed my dears," and man slept. "He's asleep," whispered grandpapa entered into the Hallowe'en spirit with the youngsters, and together until he saw a room with no fire and a closed register. "Ah," he whispered, "this must be the place. Yes, there's the very pitcher I'm going to break." So in he went. "It's a pretty room," he said, "and it seems a pity to spell such a handsome pitcher; but Gretchen shouldn't have left By Sigrid Sandwall, Aged 12 Years, Barn-the water in it." Up to the wash stand he arpsgatan No. 42, Jonkoping, Sweden. the water in it." Up to the wash stand he went, nearer and nearer to the pitcher, until he could look into it. "Not much water," he whispered, "but I'll make it de," and he spread his toy fingers over it. The water shivered and oried "If you don't go away. Mr. Cold. I shall certainly freeze." "Good!" laughed the cold. "That's just what I nationalities. want you to do." At that the cold pushed his fingers straight into the water and it began to freeze. The drops began arranging themselves in rows and lines, crossing and it seems as if the people was enjoying hard against the pitcher that it cried out: "Please stop pushing me so hard; I'm afraid I shall break." "We can't," said "Don't ! don't! I can't stand it;" but it kompanieb, which in appearance looks very the most enthusiastic speakers were John slot machines that collected them were reladed to the stand it;" but it kompanieb, which in appearance looks very the most enthusiastic speakers were John slot machines that collected them were reladed to the stand it;" but it kompanieb, which in appearance looks very the most enthusiastic speakers were John slot machines that collected them were reladed to the stand it;" but it kompanieb, which in appearance looks very the most enthusiastic speakers were John slot machines that collected them were reladed to the stand it;" but it kompanieb, which in appearance looks very the most enthusiastic speakers were John slot machines that collected them were reladed to the stand it;" but it kompanieb, which in appearance looks very the most enthusiastic speakers were John slot machines that collected them were reladed to the stand it;" but it kompanieb, which in appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, which is appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, which is appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, which is appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, which is appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, which is appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, which is appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, which is appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, which is appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, which is appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, which is appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, which is appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, which is appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, which is appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, which is appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, which is appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, which is appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, which is appearance looks the stand it; "but it kompanieb, w

Specimens of birds." At her menther's advice Eva took Jocko the next day, with a few tears, and rang the bell of a beautiful mansion, from

Jocko acted wild at these sounds, but before he could escape the door opened and a glad cry like this: "Ah!" came from a delighted man, he had been looking for that specimen for eighteen years. For a reward he had Eva and her mother come and live with him and at Eva's request he allowed her to bathe the birds every, day, so that now Eva and her mother live in wealth and have beautiful clothes and last, but not least, perfect happiness for Eva's mother has married Mr. George Elworth, for that was the name of their

We could see boats moving everywhere, ing to the beautifully illuminatel city.

A Visit in Stockholm.

Faithful to my promise I will write you a letter from Stockholm. As you have heard it is a beautiful city and has a population of about 350,000. Here, as well as any American city we meet people of all Stockholm is entirely surrounded by water and has many beautiful islands.

each other; but in doing so they pushed so themselves taking pleasure trips to the different islands coming back in the even-We have seen a good many five and the drops, "we're freezing and must have six-story structures with dormer windows. more room," but they kept on spreading. There are also a great many large stores, The poor pitcher groaned and called again there is especially one, called Nordiska at the old South Meeting House. Among ing the fund upon the books. Long ago the

That noon Miss Little read a story about

By Frances Johnson, aged 14 years, 8t3 North Twenty-fifth Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Blue side. whence the sound of many, many, chirups

One day, many years ago, when our na-

landed at Boston harbor.

other across the table. They had been planning all that afternoon for the even-And at last it had arrived. They were so impatient for bedtime to come Tommy and Lilly, your mamma and I are going to attend a lecture this evening," said papa. "And as this is Hallowe'en there will be a lot of unusual noise and confusion in the streets; so don't either of you put your head out of doors after we have gone. There will be many bad boys at large who will be throwing dried beans and hard pebbles at the windows, and you might get some of their missiles in your faces. So remain indoors, and go to bed promptly at 8 o'clock." Then turning to grandfather he added: "Father, I hope you'll keep an eye on the children. Also, keep an ear for those mischief-makers on the outside, and if they got too troublesome please 'phone to the police to come and chase them away. Lust year they did a lot of damage about the barn." "Oh, young fellows will be young fel-

Then they hurriedly fixed the tick-task they played some funny pranks on papa on the door, carrying the end of the long and mamma an hour later. THEY PILED THEM ALL AGAINST THE