

# BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

**H**ALLOWEEN has gone; now the next holiday will be Thanksgiving, which will be a longer and more important holiday for the children. Before that time would it not be a good thing for some of the Busy Bees to write some Thanksgiving stories, either of the present time or the origin of this popular holiday?

Some of the Busy Bees say that they do not know what to write about and that they will send in stories as soon as they can think of something to write about. Most of the children have a pet dog or kitten, or their little friends have, about which they might write. Then most of the little writers can write very good fairy stories; these are very popular with the little readers and the Busy Bees can show much originality in this kind of a story.

The Busy Bees write that they enjoy seeing the pictures of the little writers for the page, so if any of the Busy Bees have pictures and will send them in we will be glad to print them and will return the pictures. One picture has been printed each week for some time and the editor hopes that the children will continue to send pictures, as they add interest to the Children's page.

Prizes were awarded this week to Jeannette Miller of Airmont, Neb., on the Red side, and to Hildegard Wendel of Auburn, Neb., also on the Red side. Honorable mention was given to Vera Dickover of Atkinson, on the Red side.

Two Busy Bees sent in stories this week written on both sides of the paper. One of the little writers who forgot about the rules was a little girl who has recently won two prizes. These letters were not thrown in the waste basket, but neither were they awarded prizes.

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 Louie, Ainsworth, Neb.
- Brent McCoy, Beaver City, Neb.
- Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.
- Mabel Pitt, Bennington, Neb.
- Anna Gotsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gotsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Agnes Danzke, Benson, Neb.
- Marie Gallagher, Benson, Neb. (box 12)
- Jane May, Central City, Neb.
- Yena Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
- Louise Hahn, David City, Neb.
- Inesa Friedell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Lucille Hode, Falls City, Neb.
- Edna Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marion Capps, Gibson, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Lidia Roth, 805 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, 408 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schulte, 413 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Martha Murphy, 223 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Hester E. Leebars, Lehigh, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Toth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lehigh, Neb.
- Edythe Kretz, Lexington, Neb.
- Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Alce Grassmeyer, 154 1/2 St. Lincoln, Neb.
- Marian Hamilton, 2028 L. St. Lincoln, Neb.
- Ella Hamilton, 2028 L. St. Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Disher, 2300 L. St. Lincoln, Neb.
- Hughie Disher, 2300 L. St. Lincoln, Neb.
- Charlotta Hogg, 227 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Helen Johnson, 224 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
- Ketelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Milton Seiler, Lyons, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Lucille Hansen, Norfolk, Neb.
- Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letha Larkin, 30 Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Orrin Fisher, 224 1/2 street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Frances Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Marguerite Johnson, 333 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Ernie Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Helen Goodrich, 419 Nicholas St., Omaha.
- Mary Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Eve Hendes, 442 Dodge street, Omaha.
- Juanita Innes, 259 Fort street, Omaha.
- Jack Coad, 478 Farran street, Omaha.
- Lillian Wirt, 415 Cass street, Omaha.
- Meyer Cohn, 446 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
- Ada Morris, 324 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Myrtle Jensen, 238 Izard street, Omaha.
- Gall Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
- Helen Houck, 1825 Lathrop street, Omaha.
- Emerson Johnson, 499 Nicholas, Omaha.
- Maurice Johnson, 122 Locust, St. Omaha.
- Leon Carson, 124 North Fortieth, Omaha.
- Greteben Eastman, 139 South Thirtieth street, Omaha.
- Pauline Coad, 378 Farran street, Omaha.
- Wilma Howard, 473 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
- Hilsh Fisher, 1218 South Eleventh, Omaha.
- Mildred Jensen, 270 Leavenworth, Omaha.
- Edna Heden, 278 Chicago street, Omaha.
- Mabel Sheffield, 414 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Walter Johnson, 406 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
- Emma Carruthers, 321 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Leontea Denton, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.
- Mae Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
- Mable L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
- Zola Beddes, Orleans, Neb.
- Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
- Kate Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
- Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
- Earl Perkins, Redding, Neb.
- Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.
- Lena Petersen, 221 Locust St., E. Omaha.
- Ida Carnoy, Sutton, Clay county, Nebraska.
- Clara Enis, Stanton, Neb.
- Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Alta Wilkin, Waco, Neb.
- Leo Beckorn, Waco, Neb.
- Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
- Frederick Ware, Winadale, Neb.
- Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
- Edna Bennett, York, Neb.
- Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
- Carris B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
- Nebraska City, Neb.
- Ethel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
- Eleanor Mallor, Malvern, Ia.
- Katie Malvern, Malvern, Ia.
- Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Edna Bennett, Malvern, Ia.
- Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 3, Box 25, Missouri Valley, Ia.
- Orin Elverson, Monarch, Wyo. Box 22.
- Fred Sory, Monarch, Wyo.
- John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
- Pauline Squire, Grand, Okla.
- Fred Shalley, 230 Troup street, Kansas City.
- Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Attica, Ind.
- Alice Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
- William Davis, 23 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.

## Another Queen Bee



RHEA FRIEDEL.

little leaf looked at its crown and exclaimed, "O-o-o-h!"

It was getting colder, and every night the leaves felt colder than before. Something, it must have been a little bird, for little birds always do, told them that they were going away and would never come back to Mother Tree. He also told them that "snow" was down on the ground at Mother Tree's feet.

One morning the leaves knew there was something in the wind, and at last they heard this song:

Come, dear little leaves,  
Come o'er the meadow—  
With me on your dresses  
Of red and gold;  
Summer is gone  
And the day grows cold.

The leaves whispered "Goodby" to dear Mother Tree and flew away at the call of Knight North Wind.

All the day they danced and flew about, their beautiful dresses looking like a rainbow. When night came they went fast asleep with never a fear, for Mother Tree would watch over them.

Winter had called them, and they were content; Soon fast asleep in their earthy bed— Snow made a covering over their head.

(Second Prize.)

## Another Place to Live.

By Hildegard Wendel, Aged 13 Years, Auburn, Neb., Red Side.

"Why didn't you have griddle cakes this morning? I don't want these muffins. You never have what I want," said Willie sullenly as he sat down to breakfast. "We never have anything good to eat like other people. Who wants those horrid old muffins?"

Willie, you see, was not a very amiable boy and not a well behaved boy. He had found fault with his food so long that it became a habit and he never sat down to a meal without making a complaint. If there were griddle cakes for breakfast he did not want them that morning, and if there were nice, warm rolls he frowned and said he wanted griddle cakes. If there was syrup from New Orleans he said he did not like syrup, but wanted honey, and if there was honey he declared he wanted maple syrup, and if there was maple syrup then he said that sugar house molasses was the only thing fit to eat on warm, buttered cakes. So you see it was hard to please Master Willie. No matter what was served for breakfast or dinner he would find fault with it, so his mother resolved to teach this bad boy a lesson, and what do you think she did? Well, we will see.

Early one morning Willie came down to breakfast as usual, pulling and fidgeting with everything on the table and saying that he never could have anything nice to eat like other boys and he wished he could go somewhere else to live. "Well, Willie, answered his mother, "I have been thinking that it would be much better if you did go somewhere else to live, where you could get just what you want. So, my dear, after breakfast you can get a suit or change of clothing, and go out and find another place to live."

Willie was surprised and opened his eyes wide. He did not expect this reply, for his mother was always very kind and gentle, but he was determined not to shed a tear and tried to look very brave. After breakfast he walked upstairs with his hands in his pockets and whistled very loud to let everybody know that he did not care if he was going to leave his home. He put a suit of clothes in a bundle and carried the bundle on a stick over his shoulder. His heart was full and his eyes were full, but he choked down the tears and walked down the front steps proudly, without saying goodbye to his mother. Oh, how his heart did beat and plainly his conscience whispered to him that he was not a kind, thoughtful boy, but he did just what you do sometimes. He would not listen to conscience and walked straight on. His mother stood at the door, hoping he might turn back, but stubborn Willie went on his way. He wandered about all day long and when it began to grow dark he thought he would go to his uncle's and spend the night. But what a night it was to Willie! He shed bitter tears and resolved that as soon as daylight came he would go home and beg his mother's pardon. He did not stay to breakfast with his uncle, but went home as fast as he could walk and told his mother how sorry he was for his bad behavior, and when he sat down to breakfast he ate heartily and declared that it was the best breakfast he had ever eaten. Of course, his mother forgave him and was glad to have her boy home again. And after that day Willie never complained or found fault with the food on the table.

(Honorable Mention.)

## The Daisy Queen.

By Vera Dickover, Aged 13 Years, Atkinson, Neb., Red Side.

Alice Downing and her brother, Alfred, ran out in the pasture where there was a field of daisies.

Alice sat down and said, "Oh, Alfred, I am going to make a daisy chain, and a crown and pretend that I am a queen."

"My, how nice," he answered with a sigh, "and I suppose I will have to wait upon you."

They both set to work braiding daisies for a chain. All of a sudden Alfred jumped up and said, "Alice don't you think it will be lots nicer if we share our fun with little May? You know she is sick. By this time they had the chain made. They ran across the field to May Brown's house. As they passed the window they saw a large tear drop roll down her cheek.

They ran up to the door, knocked, and were soon busy decorating the large chair in which May sat. Little May was now very happy. She forgot her pain and sorrow.

"You look just like a fairy which jumped right out of the ground," said Alfred. The children did not notice how late it was getting, but when they looked out it was very dark. They ran home and their mother did not scold because the children remembered to share their joy with one who was not able to get out doors herself.

One bright day he was sitting on a tond stool by his little house, weeping bitterly. When he felt a gentle hand on his shoulder, he turned and saw a beautiful fairy standing beside him, who said, "Why are you crying, Fairy Wings?"

"Because I am so ugly," sobbed Fairy Wings, "and I cannot go to the queen's ball."

"Never mind," said the fairy, "I have been watching you for a long time, and I have noticed that you are very lonely. Here is something to help you out of your trouble," and she handed him a tiny silver whistle, telling him to blow it three times and see what would happen.

Fairy Wings stammered out his thanks, but the fairy had disappeared, and he was alone with the whistle in his hand. "I guess I'll blow it and see what will happen," said Fairy Wings.

He put the whistle to his lips and blew a shrill blast. It was so very loud that he put his fingers in his ears and shut his eyes. And lo! when he opened them again he was as graceful and handsome as any other fairy.

"And, now, I shall be invited to the queen's ball," said Fairy Wings. And as he spoke, one of the queen's messengers came up to where Fairy Wings sat and handed him an invitation.

Fairy Wings went to the ball and was introduced to the queen whom he had long desired to know. She made him one of her courtiers and he still keeps the whistle the good fairy gave him. He has often wanted to see her and thank her for her valuable gift, but she disappeared soon after her kind act.

## Learning

**L**ITTLE Boy Short-legs,

Learning how to walk;

Little Boy Baby-tongue

Learning how to talk.

See him try to balance

On his feet so small!

Then all of a sudden

Over he does fall.

But Mother's there beside him

With a ready arm;

So little Boy Short-legs

Can't come to any harm.



## Nature's Gift.

By Arthur Wardenman, Aged 11 Years, Lehigh, Neb., Red Side.

Once upon a time a squirrel planted a nut in the ground on a prairie that was very bare. It was a walnut. It was in the fall when the squirrel had put the nut in the ground. Then Jack Frost came and cracked the nut and then it grew. It grew and grew till the tree was so big that it could bear nuts. The nuts grew until in the fall they began to get dark color and at last Jack Frost made them fall. When a lot of children picked and planted the nuts until there are very many now for little boys and girls to eat.

## My Fan.

By Mildred Hoenford, Aged 19 Years, Ogden, Ia., 1294 Side.

I had such a nice time this fall in the woods. It is lots of fun to take your lunch and stay all day long. We went several times and came home with lots of hickory nuts and walnuts. We heard the birds singing and saw the squirrels running through the leaves upon the ground. The leaves were so bright and pretty before the frost came and spoiled them all. School has begun and I can't take my luncheon and go nutting any more this year. But when the wind is blowing in the winter time, I can think about the days we took our luncheon and went to the woods.

## Mother's Story

By Helen Heuck, 105 Lathrop street, Omaha, Neb.

"Now, mother, please tell us a story," begged Ellen, aged 5.

"Please," echoed Ralph and James, aged 7 and 3, respectively. So mother, laying aside her work, proceeded with this tale. "Once upon a time there was a little boy named Ralph," shouted the boy that bore that name, and then Ralph and James began a quarrel about the boy's name. When it was finally settled mother went on "whose name was Robert. This little boy was very naughty one day and—" This time it was James, "and a bear came and

## The Boys and the Tramp

By Maud Walker.

**H**IGH-HO! See the old tramp!" "Rep, let's give him something to live on!" "See, did you ever do a lick of work in your life?" cried Harry. "Yes, and did you ever have a bath?" cried Jim. "And did you ever eat any sort of a meal besides a handout?" laughed Gus.

The old man waved his feeble hands in a helpless way, and as he did so Harry, the leader of the tormentors, saw a Masonic pin gleaming from the ragged lapel of his coat. Immediately the boys' face flushed from shame and he called off his companions. "Wait kids! let him alone. See that pin on his coat? It's like papa wears—a Masonic pin!"

The boys stood back with awe, and heeded their leader, who had become so serious. Charlie went close to the old man and stooping over him asked: "Are you really a Mason, sir?"

"Yes, lad; I have been a good Mason for years. And this pin has served me well to get to the hospital, my children. I have done you no harm, so please do not annoy me in this way."

But the boys heard little of what the old man said, and kept on tossing clods and sticks at him. The old fellow hurried as fast as he could go, but his tormentors kept at his heels, crying out: "Hello, old tramp! How long have you been out of the workhouse? Say, who's your tailor? Who's your barber?"

Then derisive laughter would fall on the poor old man's ears. Pretty soon, too, fourth overcome by withstand the look of an policeman who patrolled that part of the town was absent from duty, and the old sufferer was at the mercy of the four boys.

When he sank upon the embankment—which reached about two feet above the sidewalk—the boys surrounded him. They had supposed that the old man was a tramp, and to be a tramp meant to be a criminal, an outcast. So they took it upon-themselves to taunt the defenseless man with his calling. "See, did you ever do a lick of work in your life?" cried Harry. "Yes, and did you ever have a bath?" cried Jim. "And did you ever eat any sort of a meal besides a handout?" laughed Gus.

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# Little Stories by Little Folks

## 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.

6. 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 BEES.

(First Prize.)

## How the Leaves Went to Rest.

By Jeannette Miller, Aged 13 Years, Fairmount, Neb., Red Side.

Out in the midst of a great forest, in Mabel's question brought Lena to her senses. She had not realized before that she was going on down the street and really turned into another street from the one in which she had overtaken Mabel, and was some three or four blocks from home. She had not meant to go further than the corner. "Oh, I guess it won't matter now," she said to herself.

Then aloud to Mabel: "Where are you going—I may go with you." She hated returning to the house to change her dress and did not want to remain indoors all afternoon.

"I'm going to Grandmamma's," said Mabel. "I would like to have you go with me. But I am not coming back directly. I'll stay for an hour or there."

Mabel's grandmother lived fully half a mile from Lena's home, but Lena did not mind the walk and decided to accompany Mabel to her grandmother's gate from where she would turn back, for she felt that she must not remain away from home too long.

But neither of the little girls noticed that clouds were gathering thickly overhead, and when Lena said goodbye to Mabel at the gate of the latter's grandmother she turned homeward without hearing the low thunder which rumbled in the darkening sky. She was so intent on her new frock, and the sensation it would make at the party, that she had no ear nor eye for her surroundings till she had gone a long way from Mabel's grandmother's home. Then suddenly some big drops of rain splashed in her face, cold, November rain.

The day had been delightfully warm for the time of year and in her vanity Lena had come out without a wrap. She had felt the chill of the air on the way to Mabel's grandmother's, but was determined to say nothing about it, and thought that on getting home she would run to the big grate fire and get warmed through and through. But when the drops of rain splashed in her face she stopped for an instant and looked about her. Then she looked overhead. The clouds were so heavy that Lena knew the rain would continue for some hours, and it would not be wise for her to stop at any of the cottages on the roadside. She must get home as quickly as possible. So she set off at a run, the rain coming down faster and faster. And as there were no sidewalks at the outskirts of town Lena was going in the open road which was becoming very muddy. Her hat and hair were dripping when she ran into her own home, confronting her mother, who opened the door to her.

"Why, Lena!" was all her mother said when she saw a volcano of reproach in her face and a look of disappointment in her dear mother eyes. Lena's heart smote her, but repentance cannot wipe out the wrong done. Together mother and child went up to Lena's room where the

top of a good maple, hung a little leaf, all dressed in its summer clothes of green. All summer long it had danced and sang way up on the top, on its own little twig, by the side of its dear Mother Tree.

It had been a long time since the little leaf, in its green dress, had first opened its eyes to look up at the blue sky and then peek down to the beautiful green carpet below.

Now, one morning, when the little leaf awoke, it was cold, and when it looked for the sun to say "Good morning!" and ask for his blessing, as all good leafings do, it saw that the sun was covered with a beautiful yellow veil; and then, when it looked down at the grass, it saw its sisters, all dressed in beautiful red and yellow gowns. They chattered together about their lovely dresses, which Mother Tree told them October had had given them.

As another leaf turned towards the little leaf, it said: "Oh! how beautiful your dress is; such a lovely crimson!" The

new frock, dripping and spoiled for wear—ing till it should go through the process of cleaning and pressing, was taken off her. Then, the little girl, suffering from a severe chill, was put to bed and a doctor called. He said: "She must remain quietly in bed till Monday, and must take this medicine three times a day. She has taken a very bad cold through this wetting, and must be nursed carefully for a while."

And that afternoon while the party was in progress at Grace's home one of the invited guests—owing to her own naughtiness and vanity—was lying ill in bed at home, her heart too heavy for her to talk over her disappointment to the patient mother who nursed her and talked so lovingly to her that her conscience stalked forth and upbraided her unmercifully.

Alice Downing and her brother, Alfred, ran out in the pasture where there was a field of daisies.

Alice sat down and said, "Oh, Alfred, I am going to make a daisy chain, and a crown and pretend that I am a queen."

"My, how nice," he answered with a sigh, "and I suppose I will have to wait upon you."

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"You look just like a fairy which jumped right out of the ground," said Alfred. The children did not notice how late it was getting, but when they looked out it was very dark. They ran home and their mother did not scold because the children remembered to share their joy with one who was not able to get out doors herself.

One bright day he was sitting on a tond stool by his little house, weeping bitterly. When he felt a gentle hand on his shoulder, he turned and saw a beautiful fairy standing beside him, who said, "Why are you crying, Fairy Wings?"

"Because I am so ugly," sobbed Fairy Wings, "and I cannot go to the queen's ball."

"Never mind," said the fairy, "I have been watching you for a long time, and I have noticed that you are very lonely. Here is something to help you out of your trouble," and she handed him a tiny silver whistle, telling him to blow it three times and see what would happen.

## Naughty Lena

By Helen Davis.

**L**ENA was invited to attend the birthday party of her little friend, Grace. The party was to take place at 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and was to be the greatest party of its kind given by any little girl in the town.

In view of this fact, for it must have been a fact, as Grace herself had said it was to be the grandest party ever given by a little girl, Lena had begged her mamma to make her a new frock to wear on the occasion. And Lena's mamma had complied with her little girl's request, and on Saturday morning she called Lena into the sewing-room to show her the new frock, which was splendid with ribbon bows and lace frills. It was all blue and white—the frock and the trimmings, and reminded Lena of the sky on a summer day when white clouds floated over it.

Lena was so overjoyed with the new frock that she begged her mamma to allow her to wear it uptown, when she went on an errand. But the mamma explained that she might get the pretty "best dress" soiled while running the errand, and told her she must not put it on till time to go to the party. Of course, Lena was much disappointed, for she wanted to go by Lily Smith's house on her way uptown and to show her new frock to Lily. She hated to wait till 4 o'clock to have her little friends see the lovely blue and white "dream."

So she went off pouting and performed the errand for her mamma indifferently. On returning home the housemaid met her at the door, saying:

"Miss Lena, your mamma has gone to make some calls and said to tell you that she'd be home again before time for you to start to the party. She left luncheon on the table for you. She and your papa had their luncheon earlier than usual."

Lena went to the dining room and ate her luncheon. Then she ran upstairs to take another peep at the new frock. How lovely it was—so blue and white! Then Lena wondered if it would fit nicely. Her mamma had never made a dress for her that did not fit nicely, but this one might prove the exception. Perhaps she would better slip it on to make sure. And if she found it too tight, or too loose, her mamma could remedy the error on her return home.

So Lena quickly slipped out of her everyday frock and into the pretty new one. Surely, it must be a bit wrong somewhere. But no, it was a perfect fit and felt so comfy. Lena had learned how to button her own frocks, and was not obliged to call to the maid to assist at her toilet when her mother was absent.

Within a few minutes after determining to "try on" the frock Lena stood before the mirror resplendent. Then, to see just how she would look at the party, she got from the closet her big Sunday hat and put it on. Oh, how very nicely the new frock and hat harmonized! Then Lena got her Sunday gloves—little white kid ones—and put them on. Yes, the whole was perfect! Mamma had certainly made

a love of a frock, and it fitted to perfection. Lena looked at the clock. It was half-past 11. How foolish for her to undress now, for it would not be very long till time to start to the party. Why should not she remain dressed and save the time and trouble of doing it all over again? Yes, that was the best plan. She would keep on her new frock, even keep on her hat and gloves. So decided, Lena sat down beside the window and watched the passersby. Pretty soon she saw Mabel Adams coming down the pavement. Oh, she must, just must, call Mabel in to show her her pretty new frock. But at the corner above Lena's house Mabel turned into a side street, and in vain did Lena call to her; she did not hear and was soon lost to Lena's view.

"I'll just run after her, for she can't be far down the street," said Lena to herself. So she hurried downstairs and out of doors, and so to the corner. She could see Mabel a block away and ran in pursuit of her. "Mabel, Mabel, wait for me!" she called. Mabel heard her and waited. "See my new frock?" she said, all out of breath from running. "Isn't it lovely?"

"Perfectly lovely, Lena," admitted Mabel. "I shall have to wear my old frock, for mamma did not get my new one done in time for the party. But I don't mind."

"Oh, I'd hate to wear an old frock, to such a swell party," said Lena. "You know it's to be a very grand affair. Tea, fruit, cake and all sorts of things. And there are to be thirty guests."

"