NEW BUSY BEE in far away New York City writes that he does not understand about the Red side and the Blue side. The busy Bee writers join whichever side they wish and all of the little writers and readers of the page send in votes to elect a king for the Red side and a queen for the Blue side. Then each side tries to see which can receive the most prizes. The king and queen are elected for three months reign and at the end of that time new ones are elected. During the three months of summer the Blue side won the most prizes. During the three months of spring there was a tle, each side winning the same number of prizes. The present king of the Red side is Ronald Wycoff of Wilbur, Neb., and the queen is Frances Johnson of Omaha. So far this fall, the contest is Then Bobby raised his whip with a crack

So many good stories were sent in this week that it was difficult to Stood perfectly still, refusing to go. decide which should receive prizes. The prizes were awarded to Helen Johnson of Lincoln on the Blue and to Hazel Snow of Omaha on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Lenora Wendel of Auburn, Neb., on "If I have to mark his stubborn hide!" the Red side.

Some new names were added to the postal card exchange this week. Ex-King William Davis fo North Platte, Neb., says that he has not received very many postal cards recently from the Busy Bees.

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, Ainsworth, Neb. Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb. Littian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb. Maber Vitt, Bennington, Neb. Aina Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. minute Gottach, Bennington Agnes Dumnie, Benson, Neb.
Agnes Dumnie, Benson, Neb.
Auste Ganaguer, Bensemian, Neb. (box 12).
103 May, Central City, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Croughton, Neb.
Louis Hunn, David City, Neb. Louis Hann, David City, Neb.
Hea Fredeli, Dorchester, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Fails City, Neo.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Huda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.
Marion capps, Gibson, Neb.
Marion capps, Gibson, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Lyoik Roth, Wo West Koenig street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Elia Voss, Wi West Charles street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Irche Costello, 115 West Elighth street. Frine Costello, 115 West Eighth street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 106 West Charles street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schuite, 412 West Fourth street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 323 East Ninth street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Hugh Butt Lesbara, Neb. 115 West Elighth street,

Grand Island, Nec.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Hester E. Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Nelison, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kreits, Lexington, Neb.
Matterial Temple

Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Krelia, Lexington, Neb.
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Elsie Hamilton, 2028 L. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Elsie Hamilton, 2028 L. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Irene Disher, 2020 L. street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hugnie Disher, 2020 L. street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hugnie Disher, 2020 L. street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hugnie Disher, 2020 L. street, Lincoln, Neb.
Helen Johnson, 234 South Seventeenth
street, Lincoln, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Estelie McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Milton, Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Luctie Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Luctie Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Larkin, So. Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Orrin Fisher, 1210 S. Eleventh St., Omaha,
Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha,
Oscar Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha,
Louise Rashe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha,
Frances Johnson, 333 North Twenty-fifth

Mary Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha.

Emile Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha.

Aleda Bennett. Elgin, Neb.

William Davis, 221 West Third street,

North Platte, Neb.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE, JR.

fond mother. He had sold so many more

papers that morning than usual, and as

his rough little hand jingled the dimes in

his pocket his face beamed with a de-

lighted smile as certain plans formed them-

Joe's mother was making great prepara-

accompaniments to complete a turkey

dinner were supplied, and in the kitchen

cupboard. He knew there was plenty of

coal in the cellar and that the house would

be cozy and full of good cheer. He knew

that his mother had her best dress-a black

wilk that had done such splendid service

for so many years-brightened up by a bit

of white lace at throat and wrists. He

provided with good, warm shoes and

ciothes for the winter and that the family

were fairly well off in the matter of simple

home comforts. But one thing he remem-

And here was "next Thanksgiving day"

was the reason Joe smiled and planned,

purchasing a fine boquet with which to

adorn the table on the festive occasion.

And beside the flowers Joe meant to get a

fine basket of fruit. Would not his mother

he pleased when he should walk into the

snug dining room carrying a tissue paper

parcel (containing hothouse flowers) and a

heard a voice calling to him from the win-

round he saw a woman leaning from a

second-story window, beckening to him

"Have you a paper for me tonight, little

"Yes'm," replied Joe, holding up the only

"Will you please bring it up to me?"

She usually came to the door of an even-

ing and bought a paper from Joe as he

passed on his rounds down the street. But

Joe was most obliging, and went to the

halldoor, pushed it open and ran up the

rickety stairs. He entered a dingy room,

in response to the woman's "Come in

The woman was fixing a window shade

which had fallen, but stopped her work to

say "Good evening, little man. You are

good to come up here for the sale of one

paper." Then she went into an adjoining

room to get a penny for Joe. This short

delay gave him an opportunity to study

Just as Joe was thus meditating he

basket of fragrant fruit.

paper he had left.

dow of an old house nearby.

came the request from the woman.

selves in his mind.

OE had just sold his last paper

and was hurrying home through

the stinging cold with the

pleasant anticipation of a warm

fireside, a good supper and

the welcoming smile of his

Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha. Jack Coad, 3715 Farnam street, Omaha. Lillian Wirt, 4155 Cass street, Omaha. Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha. Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha. Ada Morris, 324 Franklin street, Omaha.
Myrlis Jensen, 1990 Izard street, Omaha.
Gali Howard, 4732 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Helen Houck, 1935 Lothrop street, Omaha.
Emersen Geodrich, 4010 Nicholas, Omaha.
Maurice Johnson, 1937 Locust, St., Omaha.
Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth, Omaha.
Gretchen Eastman, 135 South Thirtyeighth street, Omaha.

Pauline Coad, 5718 Farnam street, Omaha. Wilma Howard, 4723 Capitol avenue, Omaha. Hilah Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh, Omaha. Midred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth, Omaha. Edna Heden, 2789 Chicago street, Omaha. Mabel Sheifelt, 4914 North Twenty-firth

Omaha. Johnson, 2405 North Twentieth street, Omaha. Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. Leonora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha. Mae Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.

Pacific streets, Omaha.

Mae Hammond, O'Neili, Neb.
Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb.
Agness Richmond, Orleana, Neb.
Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
Lotta Woods, Fawnee City, Neb.
Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.
Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.
Lena Petersen, 2011 Locust St., E. Omaha.
Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Nebraska.
Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.
Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
Eisie Stasiny, Wilber, Neb.
Frederick Ware, Winside, Neb.
Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
Edna Behling, York, Neb.
Edna Behling, York, Neb.
Carrie B. Bartiett, Fontanelle, Ia.
Irene Reynolds, Little Sloux, Ia.
Eithel Mulhoiland, Box 7i, Malvern, Ia.
Ruth Robertson, Maivern, Ia.
Kathryne Mellor, Maivern, Ia.
Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Margaret B. Witherow, Trurman, Ia.

Ruth Robertson, Manilia, Ia,
Mildred Robertson, Manilia, Ia.
Margaret B. Witherow, Thurman, Ia.
Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 3, Box 25, Missouri Valley, Ia.
Adleha Sorry, Monarch, Wyo.
John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
Pauline Squire, Grand, Oki.
Fred Shelley, 230 Troup street, Kansas
City, Kan.

out their arms to receive their best best friends, the birds and spring. The soft downy flakes of snow were fast covering the ground, trees and dead flowers. Although winter is gloomy, it makes beautiful scenery. The trees were covered with snow, and whenever Joe's Thanksgiving Surprise wind blew it sent a shower of snow down upon the laughing squirrels, who had gotten ahead of winter, and had a fine supply of nuts. Clear across the hills in grandma would have to take the letter the room and its occupants. The apart- the far distance, nothing could be seen ment was poorly furnished and cold, the but winter's blanket. Little mounds meager fire in the cooking stove being snow formed a head-tomb for the grass almost burnt out. Beside the dying fire and dead flowers that had died long ago. sat an old woman wrapped in a threadbare until Miss Spring should step in and take

shawl, sewing on some bit of cloth. In cars of them. At night, when the moon rose high in the middle of the room two little girls the heavens, it sent a rich glow over the white ground, and the snow dazgled like so many diamonds.

Often when winter would chat with his little helper, Jack Frost, he would say: Joe the penny he was waiting for. As he "I think I can get ahead of autumn," and socketed the coin he said, by way of away he would fly, over hills, valleys, being friendly: "I reckon you are dales and meadows, to let them know he making big preparations for Thanks- had come with his ice and cold.

tions for their Thanksgiving dinner, an giving day. We are at our house. We've event which would take place in two days. got a big turkey." and Joe had planned a little surprise for "No," replied the woman, with a faint her. He knew that the turkey-a fine, fat smile. "Our Thanksgiving will be passed fellow-was plucked and dressed for the as all our days are passed; but we'll be coasting. He knew that all the toothsome thankful that we are all together-mother,

my two little ones and I."

played on the floor with paper dolls. They

stopped their play as Joe entered and

looked at him questioningly. After a few

moments the woman returned and handed

Joe stood irresolute for a moment; then whirled about and said "Good night," and was down the stairs and off toward his own home. But so busy was he thinking that he did not whistle as he ran along. Another plan was now forming in his mind, and it kept his thoughts all evening, knew his little sisters and brother were

French market and bought a dressed run down the stairs. bered having heard his mother say on the chicken, some potatoes, a pint of cranprevious Thanksgiving day, "Oh, that we berries, some fruit and nuts. It took nearly having made others happy, Joe ran on to might afford a pretty boquet for the dinall the money he had, but he was glad to his home to relate to his proud mother all ner table. But I cannot buy flowers, so be able to buy so many good things to cat. that he had done. Any you may be sure we shall have to do without them. Maybewe can get some for next Thanksgiving where the woman who had called to him not only for the good dinner, the happy already, and everything save the flowers from the second-story window lived. "And little ones about her, but for the kind, had been provided for the table. And that and planned and smiled. He intended

way, for she had been a customer of his for many months.

Then out of the market Joe flew, stopping at the florist's shop long enough to buy one big red rose, for he had 10 cents left for that. And there he lingered a few minutes, waiting till he should see the basket of Thanksgiving goodles delivered at Mrs. Baker's doors. And he did not have to wait long, for presently a boy carrying the basket hurrled to the house even after he had clawled into his warm Joe was watching and disappeared up the little bed beside his chubby brother Jimmy. stairway. And Joe, running to the open The next evening after school Joe was hall door heard Mrs. Baker's voice saying: again busily selling papers, and as soon as "Yes, I am Mrs. Baker." And then he saw he had disposed of the pack he ran to a the boy place the basket at the door and

With a benting heart and the sense of When all were put into a basket the sales- that the absence of flowers and fruit from man asked where he should send the pro- the Thanksgiving table the next day was dsions. Joe gave the number of the house not regretted, and Joe's mother gave thanks take the basket to the front room on the generous son who had shown to her by his was responsible for it," said grandma, "He second landing, and ask for Mrs. Baker." own acts of charity that he was "better was trying to help me and got the wrong Joe had learned the woman's name in some than gold."



HE RAN TO A MARKET AND LAID IN A STOCK OF THANKSGIVING DAINTIES.

Kindness the Boss Who Wins

The First Thanksgiving

By Hazel Snow, Aged 11 Years, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

the Pilgrims landed in America.

Indians.

pext round."

It was in the year 1621, one year after

The crops had been very poor that year,

for they could not take proper care of

them on account of being attacked by

The Pilgrims were starving and many

But one day when they thought they

would die of hunger a ship from England

came into the harbor, laden with provis-

thanks to God for his goodness to them.

blessings bestowed upon us.

And ever since then our nation has kept

a day of Thanksgiving to God for the

(Honorable Mention.)

Harry's Mistake

By Lenora Wendel, Aged 11 Years. Auburn, Neb. Red Side.

"Course I can," replied Harry.

"Harry," said grandms, "do you think you can run to the corner and put this

Harry felt very important when he

asked. "Put him in jail quick enough,"

look out for the fire box the next time,"

Edith's Dream.

Edith was usually a good girl, but today

"So I am," said Edith. "Now come with

go to fairyland with me, dear.

get there, I am so large?"

are just as small as I am."

he broke down in sobs.

he said, and he did.

died, as there was no food to be had.

B OBBY and Jack were playing one day That the new-fallen snow was new-mown hay: So they hitched old Rover up to their sled To haul it back to the old wood-shed.

And brought it down across Rover's back. But Rover, stinging beneath the blow.

"I'll make him go!" young Bobby cried, And again the rod was raised on high. But of a sudden he heard Papa cry:

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

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

3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Omaha Bee.

(First Prize.)

The Frolics of Winter

Helen Johnson, Aged 14 Years, 334 South Seventeenth Street, Liucoln, Neb. Blue Side.

The sky, which is always so pleasant to

Alegereashle and Jack looking for the

The tree branches were brown and bare,

work of winter had begun.

look at with its dainty tints of color, was

and they looked as if they were holding looked very important.

g. Use pen and ink, not pencil

"Stop, stop, my son! Do you not know How to get old Rover to haul the snow? Speak to him gently, and pat his head, Then you'll see how well he will draw the sled."



This Bobby did, and away they sped With the sled of snow, and Papa said: "I want you, my sons, to bear in mind That the boss who wins is always kind."

me," said the fairy. She took hold of his hand and they walked till at last they came to a little city made of flowers. They went on and Edith saw tiny people walking up and down the streets. The sidewalks were made of American beauty roses, even the houses and fences. "What city is this?" asked Edith. "This is the royal city in fairyland," answered the "It is called American beauty." "Oh," answered Edith. Here the fairy stopped. "Here is the palace," he said, Do you want to go in?" "Oh, yes," Edith replied; so they went in and were going upstairs; finally they reached the throne room. Edith was speaking to Queen Rose when she woke up to find her mother calling her to supper.

> How Robert Won a Medal By Simon Goldstein, Aged 14 Years, 209 Eldridge Street, New York City, Red Side.

The Springville academy gave a medal at the end of each school term to the scholar who during the past five months has exceeded all other students in kindrequired to win this medal by a short and ers. Now, have you anything to say?" brilliant speech, in which he depicted a to help him.

Robert Howard was one of the scholars tons, and they had a feast, offering up of the principal, and at the conclusion had made an inward vow to aid all animals irg. The flowers came up, such as the I did not want any goblins to get me. I in their distress, always when the oppor- violets, the tulips, daisles, ferns, roses and hope this will miss Mr. Wastebasket. tunity presented itself. With this thought crocuses. The grass and trees became From a little reader of the Busy Bee page.

road which led to his house.

from home he heard a cry of pain in the form of a bark from a dog. Quickening his pace to a trot, he soon came to a pince where a dog was lying, evidently in great pain, the cause of which was as yet unknown to our bero. He bent over the injured dog, who was howling pite-ously and soon learned that the dog's right forepaw was broken.

and walked to the house. As he came near his home, he attracted his brother's attention by whistling. Robert handed him his books and in a few words explained all to him, telling him to bring some linen. Rob then proceeded to the barn, where he laid the dog on a pallet slope that swelled into a high hill. There had been a silent spectator at the she might slide, and here it was 19;30 scene where Robert took the injured dog o'clock. in his arms and carried him home. This was none other than the principal. Of the later details of Rob's humane act he had been informed by Robert's brother.

graduation exercises what was Robert's their sleds and gone out to play. surprise when the principal read the folsay," he continuer, "It is awarded to Rob was thus rewarded and when he had ended, the applause in our hero's behalf was deafening, and as he left the building with the silver medal pinned to his breast, the plaudits still rang in his ears.

A Story About Spring

By William Davis, Ex-King, Aged 9 Years, 221 West Third and Sycamore Streets, North Platte, Neb. Red Side. It was spring and the grass and trees

had their prettiest color of green. Mother Nature smiled and said, "It's beautiful, isn't it, Summer?" "Yes," said Summer. "But wait till I go out." "Yes," said Fall. If you've listened sisters and brothers, the wisest of them all, "but you must You'll find the lesson to be—
"Learn from the experience of others," the wisest of them all, "but you must wait till I go out. The people could not live without me. When I go out the trees ness to dumb animals. The principal had put on golden, red and other beautiful impressed on the boys' minds what was colors. I bring the fruits to help the farm-"Children, you must not quarrel," said

dog lying in the road injured with no one Mother Nature and Winter together, "You page. I am in the fifth grade at school. all know Fall is the wisest."

but he was interrupted by the birds sing- nice. I did not go out Hallowe'en, because

in mind the dismissal bell rang, and gath- prettier. The birds sang sweet, Mora ering his books he was soon in the dusty flowers came up. Spring flow more quickly, Weeks passed by, the weather becams When he was still a quarter of a mile hotter and summer stepped out proudly. Next week we shall have a story about

The First Snow

By Rena N. Mead, Ex-Queen, Aged II Years, Blair, Neb. Blue Side. ously and soon learned that the dog's
The snow had begun in the gloaming.
And busily all the night
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.
Longfellow.

And so it had, and of course the streets of the neighboring town were filled. The main street ran clear through town and out about half a mile was a long, gradual of hay. After setting the broken bone he Little Bess raised from her snug bed to bandaged the paw with the linen his peep out of the window. The sun was

brother had brought him. In a week the beginning to creep toward the zenith and dog's leg was healed. He became a com- several children with their sleds were runpanion to the boys and would not let ning up the hill. She was only 5, but had them to be out of his sight for a moment, asked mamma to wake her early that

She ran downstairs, where nurse dressed her and gave her her breakfast. Mother told her that Rob and Goldle, who were It was the end of the term and at the twins and 3 years her senior, had taken

She wanted to go, too, but mamma shook surprise when the principal read the low-lowing inscription from the back of a her head and said she was so small she medal: "To the boy, who during the term, might get run over. Poor little Bess was has to the knowledge of the principal ren- disappointed, but went and crawled up dered the most aid to dumb snimals, this in the big bay window to watch the sleds medal is to be awarded." "I am glad to fly past,

Before she had been there long Jennie Robert Howard." He then went on to say came running down the hill. She was screaming frantically, and close behind came a big sled loaded with boys. They were terrified past screaming and were going so fast they couldn't stop. One runner struck her leg and knocked her into the drift at the side, while the back runner ran over her ankle. She was taken home and the doctor came to set it, it being broken in two places.

Bessie had seen it all and sat there in the big window rejoicing that her rebellious little conscience had ruled that time and kept her inside, or it might have happened to her instead of Jennie. Now, there's a moral in this-

Afraid of the Goblins

By Marie Langenbohn, Aged II Yeara, 8343 Ames Avenue, Omaha. Blue Side. This is my first letter to the Busy Bee I go to Monmouth Park school. My teach-Little Jack Frost then piped in and cried, er's name is Miss Loughnane. She is

"Mammy Jane" --- A Story for Discontented Little Ones

BY FLORENCE DAVIS.

hostelry, but the best the town afforded. is-Mammy-Jane-" The place seemed utterly asleep—town and The child's eyes remained closed now, home, so poor and simple, but a home for you're so spry that you can get over in time for the postman to take it up on his started off. If it wasn't for him poor of faded callco, was stirring the boiling How ole is Mammy Jane?" And funny old room, where the brass candlecontents of the vessel with a long crooked then it seemed to say: "Run-away-little- stloks gleamed on the mantleplece-a gift and that would make it too late. When he stick. As she slowly dipped the end of gal. Run-away-little-gal. Don't ever come to Manimy Jane from some great lady, reached the corner he was puzzled. Grand- the stick into the steaming liquid she back to cle-Manimy-Jane." Then some many, many years ago! And how she reached the corner he was puzzled, Grand- the stick into the steaming liquid she ma had not said anything about two boxes, crossed in a children way: "How sie is flies added their song to that of the bee's, longed to set eyes once more on the strip but here were too, both red and both about the stick? How ole is the house? How saying ever and over in a droning way; of rag carpet—so warm to her feet in the same size. Which was the right one? ole is Mammy Jane? How ole is the pot? "Run-away-little-gal. Don't-ever-come winter-that stretched in front of her little I'll put it in the shiniest one he thought, How ole is-is-" and her soft velvety climbing up on a wooden box, which hap- eyes of black sought an old cotton-press A whirlwind came flying round the cor- her bed so beautifully! Oh, would she pened to by the curbing. He shut the little nearby-"how ole is the cotton?"

door carefully after he had put the letter. Then the little worker wearly paused bering fire. A little red flame crept out But the pain in her foot and ankle was in and started off. There, he thought, I in her stirring and glanced about. Her on the dry bit of stick, soon reaching so tarrible that she forgot the city, forgot can mail letters for grandma and hold yarn eyes fell on the form of an old negro the end farthest from the bed of coals, her home village, forgot Mammy Jane, for her, and-but the list was never fin- woman, a bent form it was, the form of It lifted its hot tongue and tasted the even forgot that she had run away from isher, for just then a fire engine came one whose life had been passed in doing frayed hem of the faded calico frock the place where she had spent the ten dashing up the street steaming and blow- heavy work. The old woman had come ing, with a crowd of men and boys fol- to the kitchen door for a moment, but immediately disappeared into the house lowing far behind. I wonder where the fire again, returning to her washtub.

"How ole is Mammy Jane?" again to wonder. Grandma and Aunt Priscilla crooned the child at the sosp-pot, turning strength on the tender sapings which mother. Inside that black box the one were on the back porch when he reached the stick slowly. "How ole is Mammy grew beside a creek. home, anxiously looking up and down the Jane?-Lawsy, I done reckon she's a thoustreet, as were all the neighbors. The fire- san' yeahs old-a thousan' yeahs ole." side the fire forgot to wake and stir the Mammy Jane. And on Mammy Jane's men were investigating and men and boys Then she suddenly became silent, her hands soap. were running up and down the street look- idle. A light came into her soft sleepy * ing everywhere for smoke. "Some one has eyes. "If it wasn't foh old Mammy Jane." been playing a trick," the chief engineer she mused, "I wouldn't be stirrin' dis said at last sternly. "Do any of you heah soap, an' I'd be done playin' behind'

youngsters know anything about it?" to the ole sawmill dis minuta." the little group of boys gathered about the A bee hummed near to the black child's engine, "because if you do you had better ear, a slow, sleepy hum. The sun was look out." Harry thought the great man so warm and bright, there in the back but-it was not so delightful, so desirous, looked very fleree, indeed, and hoped that yard, and the soap sent out a vapor of as she had dreamed it would be. There no one had played a trick. "What would white steam. The little worker sat down were crowds of hurrying people, and they they do with any boy that did that?" he beside the fire, pushing into the coals a discained to notice her. She was very they do with any boy that did that?" he bit of dry stick. As the feul fiamed up tired, but nowwhere could she find a place

the scap-pot. I hates to work. Some day who crowded and jostled her, but they did down on a little South Caro- then I'll nevah work no moah. I'll go ment, for a terrible pain was cutting lina town, and the wind was to a big city where dar ain't no soft scap through her foot and ankle. And, oh, how gently blowing the smoke from bein' made; an' I'll nevan have to stir the sun burned her flesh! And how the smouldering wood fire that soap any moah. Oh-," And she closed fumes from somewhere amothered her; was burning in the back yard her eyes sleepily-"oh, how ole is-the Ah, she would return to Mammy Janemy rheumatism is so bad that it would of the village hotel, a small unpretentious stick-How ole-is-the pot-How ole- good Mammy Jane. Yes, she was sorry

hotel-save for a busy little black child and she leaned against a convenient stump. who stood close to the wood-fire. Over The bee returned to hum close to her ear, all that, and one where a child could rest the fire awing a huge black "soap-pot," Its song seemed to say: "How-ole- is- when tired and sick. If she might go | -back-to-ole-Mammy-Jane."

Away, away, towards the great wondrous city ran the little black girl. Away, away from the soap-pot; away, away from old Mammy Jane! Ah, how beauts ful the world was! She entered the city, the child again mused: "I hates to stir to rest. She cried out to several people

now, that she had fied from her own old bed. And the four-patch quilt that spread ner of the house and fanned the slum- never see any of those dear things again? which lay so temptingly near. The whirl- years of her poor life. Then she began wind gave it another little fauning; then to sob, to sob as she had done one day, disappeared across the unkept yard, rush- when they led her to the black box to ing wildly down a hillside to try its look for the last time on the face of her dearest to her on earth had been shut In the meanwhile the little sleeper be. from sight, and she had then gone to warm bosom she had wept out the grief of a broken little heart. And now she wept in that same way, only this time it came from agony of pain instead of agony of grief.

But of a sudden something cool and gentle struked her cheek. She opened her To her wonder, she looked into the oyes. loving face of old Mammy Jane. And, strangest of all, she was on her own little bed. But what were the strangers doing in the room? Why, there were the white doctor and Mrs. Jones, the landlady of the hotel, where Mammy Jane worked for their living. And then she saw that one of her feet was all wrapped in white bandages; and both Mammy Jane's hands and arms were bandaged the same way. It was one of Mammy Jane's bandaged hands that was stroking her face. "Doan ery, honey sugar-lump," said old Mammy Jane. "You'll be pert again in a few days, chile. You done fullen asleep by the souppot, an' the fire done cotch yer dress. An ole Mammy jes seen you in time, and run an' amothered out the flame 'fore it cotch you above the kness. So, go to sleep, it'l chile, an' Mammy'll sing you a song. Go to sleep, honey-chile."

The black child smiled, and as the whit doctor and the landlady-seeing that she was all right again and in safe handsleft the room, she whispered: "Oh, Mammy Jane, I lubs you, I do. An' I am glad it was jes the fire an' not the great city dat got me. I wanted to run away from you, Mammy Jane. But now I knows jiat I lubs you as I use to lub my own mammy. You is my grandmammy, an' I'll stay with you forevah an' forevah. An' Pil do all youah work, Mammy Jane, soon as I get well, for you burned youah pore han's savin' me from dat fire."

Tears streamed down ole Mammy Jane's face as she bent over the child. "You is all die Mammy has got, honey-chile, an' I'm thankin' the good Lord he sent me to cotch you out'n the fire in time. We'll both be well soon, honey, and we'll he happy, too."

"Yes, Mammy, an' we'll have some fried chicken an' gravy for supper, won't we?" asked the child, smiling.

"Trus' ole Mammy Jane foh dat, billien You shall eat chicken an' gravy dumplin's while these ole hap's can cook 'em foh yeu."



"HOW OLE IS DE STICK-HOW OLE IS MAMMY JANE-HOW OLB IS-IS-IS

told me to help you all I could all the time I was here." He straightened up and "Well," said grandma, "that will be a very great help, indeed, because, you see, take me a long time to get over there, and