BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

ALL of the Busy Bees and the editor are glad to welcome the new little writers who have sent in stories this week for the first time. Among these are Corinne Robertson of Wilber, Francis Gerhart of Omaha, Vera Stanley of Cozad and Mabel Baker of Lander, Wyo. Besides these some of our best writers who were busy during the holidays have sent in some stories this week. A few good stories about snow and winter sports have been sent in and the Busy Bees would like to have some more of these. Several excellent fairy stories have been sent in and some of the little readers write that they like these the best of all.

The new queen of the Busy Bees sent in an interesting letter this week for her little subjects.

Prizes were awarded this week to Alberta June Outhouse and to Ruth D. Guyer. Honorable mention was given to Helen Verrill. All three are on the Blue Side.

Excellent stories were also sent in by the new king of the Red Side and Alta Kibler on the Blue Side.

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

Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.
Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.
Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Agnes Damnke, Benson, Neb.
[illegible], Brownville, Neb. (box 12).
[illegible], Central City, Neb.
[illegible], Creighton, Neb.
[illegible], David City, Neb.
[illegible], Dorchester, Neb.
[illegible], Elgin, Neb.
[illegible], Elgin, Neb.
[illegible], Fremont, Neb.
[illegible], Gibson, Neb.
[illegible], Gothenburg, Neb.
[illegible], 66 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
[illegible], 66 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
[illegible], 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
[illegible], 66 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
[illegible], 66 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 923 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
[illegible], Lenhard, Neb.
[illegible], Lenhard, Neb.
[illegible], Lexington, Neb.
[illegible], Lexington, Neb.
[illegible], Lexington, Neb.
[illegible], Lexington, Neb.
[illegible], Lincoln, Neb.
[illegible], Lincoln, Neb.
[illegible], Lincoln, Neb.
[illegible], 2029 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
[illegible], 2029 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
[illegible], 2030 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
[illegible], 2030 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Charlotte Boggs, 227 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Helen Johnson, 534 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Alfreda Myers, 228 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Lavelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
[illegible], Seiler, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucile Isaac, Norfolk, Neb.
Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Larkin, 30 Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
William Davis, 221 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
Louise Raabe, 2560 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
Frances Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Marguerite Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Emile Brown, 2323 Boulevard, Omaha.
Helen Goodrich, 4019 Nicholas St., Omaha.
Mary Brown, 2323 Boulevard, Omaha.
Eva Hendee, 4402 Dodge street, Omaha.
Lillian Wirt, 4035 Cass street, Omaha.
Bassett Ruf, 1314 Binney street, Omaha.
Jack Coad, 3718 Farnam street, Omaha.
Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha.
Meyer Cohn, 345 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha.
Myrtle Jensen, 2369 Izard street, Omaha.
Orrin Fisher, 1210 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.
Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha.
Oscar Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha.
Gail 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.
Pauline Coad, 3718 Farnam street, Omaha.
Wilma Howard, 4723 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Hilan Fisher, 1210 south Eleventh, Omaha.
Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth, Omaha.
Edna Huden, 2769 Chicago street, Omaha.
Mabel Sheffelt, 4914 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Walter Johnson, 2465 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Gretchen Eastman, 136 South Thirty-eighth street, Omaha.
Leonora Denbsob, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.
Mae Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
Maude L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
Zoia Beddeo, Orleans, Neb.
Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.
Lena Ems, Stanton, Neb.
Lena Petersen, 2211 Lecur St., S. Omaha.
Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Nebraska.
Clara Stiner, Utica, Neb.
Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
Leo Beseore, Waco, Neb.
Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
Elsie Stastny, Wilber, Neb.
Frederick Ware, Winside, Neb.
Pauline Faras, York, Neb.
Edna Behlings, York, Neb.
Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
Hazel Mahmoland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Kathryne Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Margaret L. Winterow, Thurman, Ia.
Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 3, Box 29, Missouri Valley, Ia.
Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Attica, Ind.
Athena Sorry, Monaren, Wyo. Box 82.
Fred Sorry, Monarch, Wyo.
Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
Pauline Squire, Grand, Okl.
Fred Sheley, 320 Troup street, Kansas City, Mo.
Mary McIntosh, Sidney, Neb.
Nellie Diedrick, Sidney, Neb.
Eunice Wright, 532 North Logan Street, Fremont, Neb.

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.

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 Bee.

(First Prize.)

The Dispute

By Alberta June Outhouse, Aged 11 Years, Loup City, Neb. Blue Side.

The dispute of which I am about to tell you happened at the North pole. Those present were few—"January, February, November and December."

It was at the last of February and Wind March was making preparations for the throne.

All at once they began to dispute which was the greatest. "I am the greatest," said November, "for it was in my days that the Pilgrims had the first Thanksgiving."

"Oh, that's nothing at all!" said December, "for the King who rules all over the earth was born in my days, and that is why we have Christmas and all the children are so happy."

"My! oh, my!" said January, "if that's all I had to talk about I would keep quiet. Look at me," and he stood up as if proud; "the very first day of my days is a very important day—the first day of the New Year."

Then February called attention with his gold wand, for he was king. "Now, just look at me; I have over twice the number you have. There are some of those greatest men of the United States, such as Lincoln and Washington, and poets like Longfellow and Lowell."

Just then March put her head in at the door and said: "You must be quiet, for May and June have come to attend the banquet given in honor of February."

(Second Prize.)

The Paper Dolls on a Lark

By Ruth D. Guyer, Aged 11 Years, Fort Crook, Neb. Blue Side.

It was night. Surely, three hours had passed since Dora had lovingly kissed the paper doll family good night and cast a loving glance around the little bedroom containing two little beds that were divided equally between Mr. and Mrs. Don, Miss Dorothy Don and her little sister, Dora Don. The two parents slept in one bed and the two children in the other. There were three other rooms besides the bedroom—parlor, dining room and kitchen, in which the lark took place.

Seeing that night had approached, the dolls opened their paper eyes, stretched their paper arms and got up on their paper legs.

Dora had dressed them all in their party gowns, and they could not help lingering before the glass with "ohs" and "ahs."

"Why not," asked Miss Dorothy, "seeing that we're all dressed up, have a party?"

This was taken with delight on all sides, and as Mrs. Don went to the telephone she said: "Dorothy always was such a very wise child."

Not long had passed when the little parlor was full of small nursery people, Dora's little dolls, Felia and Selia, her other paper dolls, and her little boy doll Jack. They had wanted to invite the big friendly cat, but she was too large.

They all went down to the kitchen to make fudge, and that was when the damage was done.

Mrs. Don split some on her new gown and ruined it. Miss Dorothy cut her hand off (causing a lot of paper blood to flow) when cutting the chocolate; Dora's tears streaked her pretty dress when she cried at seeing her sister's hand, and Mr. Don, in a frenzy of agony, took a chunk out of his nicely combed hair, and the guests were in a panic.

Time was going fast. Day was approaching, and all the guests bade a polite goodbye and ran for their places in the nursery. One and all of the Don family crept back in their beds, and none too soon, for in a short time in came Dora, who immediately went to the doll house, and lo and behold! the kitchen was all out of order; and taking the dolls up, she discovered a few brown spots on Mrs. Don, a chunk out of Mr. Don's head, a hand off of Dorothy Don and a few yellow streaks on Dora Don.

"The cat has been here again," she said softly, and all the dolls smiled with their paper lips, but Dora was not one of the permitted ones to see these things.

(Honorable Mention.)

The Magic Rock

By Helen Verrill, Aged 13 Years. No. 19, The Strehlow, Omaha. Blue.

One day when Ellen was out walking on the sea shore she came to a very large rock that had a handle. She was so surprised to see a rock with a handle that she sat down to think about it. Then suddenly she got up and tried to lift the rock and to her surprise it opened and she saw a pair of stairs. She went down and there was a door. She opened it, and there stood a sea-fairy dressed in a gown of delicate green seaweed, hung with pearls and brightly colored shells. Around her neck she had a coral necklace. Her head was crowned with pink, green and yellow sea anemones. The fairy took Ellen's hand and led her to the door and said:

"You shall see my palace under the sea and all the wonderful things."

Then they walked through a beautiful park. There were sea horses and sea lions, mermaids, sharks, whales and many kinds of beautiful fish. They walked on and finally came to the palace, which was made of white marble, with diamonds and other stones set in the marble. There were summer houses and sea flowers and fountains, and the water went twenty feet in the air. It was colored just like the rainbow by some magic art. There were ponds where mermaid children eat feeding fish.

The fairy then took Ellen by the hand and led her to a large room. She took a small box from the shelf and took a ring with a diamond, ruby and sapphire in it and placed it on her finger.

She next led her through a long passage, waved her wand and Ellen found herself sitting by the big rock. She would have thought it a dream but for the ring on her finger.

Letter from New Queen

My Dear Busy Bees: I simply haven't the words to express my appreciation in being elected queen of the Busy Bees. I had never dreamed that the honor of being queen would be bestowed on me, and it came as quite a surprise to me.

I have received quite a number of cards from the Bees and hope to receive more. I think the page grows better every week, and some of the stories are very interesting.

Thanking the Bees again, I remain, sincerely, HELEN JOHNSON, 334 S. 17th St., Lincoln, Neb.

Some New Year Resolves for the Busy Bees

By Gladys Harris, Age 10 years. Red Oak, Iowa. Red Side.

As the old year is passing away and the new year is dawning, I hereby think it would be good for the Busy Bees to keep some of these New Year resolves:

To obey their father and mother.

To help father and mother all they can.

Not to do anything that will grieve their parents.

Not to play truant from school or Sunday school.

To love everybody and not to quarrel and fight.

And to do right in all things.

First Christmas

By Lillian Guyor, Age 10 years, Basin, Wyo. Red Side.

Jesus Christ was born December 25. His father's name was Joseph. His mother's name was Mary. Joseph was a carpenter.

Christ was first promised to Adam and Eve, before they were sent away from Eden.

An angel appeared to Mary and said, "Thou shalt have a son, and shalt call him Jesus." Mary was glad to hear the news. Joseph was glad, too. On Christmas evening, December 25, at Bethlehem, in the stable, a great star led the wise men to the stable where Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born.

How My Uncle Milked the Cow

By Mary Mutz, Age 10 years, Auburn, Neb. Blue Side.

One dark summer night, when my uncle and aunt were sitting in their house enjoying themselves, they heard the tinkle of a bell.

My uncle said, "I think that is a cow." He went out to see and he was right. He said to his wife, "Come get me a pan and let me milk this cow." She did.

Just as he was in the midst of milking the cow, it began to walk. He saw the owner leading her away in the darkness and there was my uncle crouched on the ground holding the pan and the cow walking away with her owner.

John and Mary's Fortune.

By Dorothy Taylor, Aged 9 Years, Abbott, Neb. Red Side.

Once there was a girl; she was very poor and she lived with her brother. They sold papers and could hardly make enough money to buy bread. They lived in a little tumbled down cottage. One day a man came past and took the children to a mountain outside of town and showed them a place and told them to dig there and when they did they found a lot of gold. The further they dug the gold was thicker. They took it home and had a new house built. They never were hungry or ragged and they never had to sell papers after that.

The Train Holdup

By George Nicholson, Aged 13 Years, Abbott, Neb. Red Side.

One day a man had a red flag and he stood up in the middle of the railroad track. He saw the passenger train coming, so he started to wave the flag. The engineer saw him waving it so he stopped the train. As soon as the train stopped about twenty men came out of the bushes that were by the side of the track. All the men got on the train and started to rob the passengers of their money and other valuable things. They were all so busy that they did not notice that the train was going and when they got through taking the things they looked out of the window and saw the train was going they tried to jump off, but it was going too fast. When they got to the next town the train stopped and the train robbers were given to the police and all the passengers got their money back again.

The Story of Jim

By Agnes McDermott, Aged 11 Years, Oak Street, Casper, Wyo. Red Side.

Jim was a large black dog. He belonged to little Frank and would play with him and watch over him when he was asleep. Wherever Jim was found he had Frank with him. Frank was only 2 years old and needed someone to watch him all the time. His mother knew that Jim would take care of him.

One morning Jim and Frank were going to the creek to play. They had to go through a large bunch of trees before reaching the creek. The trees were mostly pine and spruce. Daisies and ferns grew there and Frank stopped to pick some. There was a large rattlesnake all curled ready to spring. When Jim saw him he began to bark. He got Frank by the dress and tried to pull him away. When Jim saw that he could not get Frank away he started to jump at the snake. The snake had bitten him on the foot and he could not fight much longer. Some men who were coming through the woods heard the noise. They reached the place just as Jim fell.

This is the story Uncle Frank told us one winter evening. The place where old Jim was buried is still there.

Letter from Our Last King

Dear Busy Bees.—I thank you all for your many good stories, and greatly enjoyed the honor of being king, and hope you will support the new king as well as you have me. Yours very truly, RONALD WYCOFF, King Bee. Wilber, Neb.

Fairyland Justice

By Alta Kibler, Aged 12 Years, 717 West Twenty-first Street, Kearney, Neb. Blue Side.

It was a moon light night in October when the fairies came together to choose a new queen, for every year the fairies had one meeting, and if any of their number was late they had made a rule that they should be changed to a mortal, which is the greatest punishment that can be inflicted upon a member of their band.

At 12 o'clock all the fairies had arrived but one, whose name was Dewdrop. All the fairies were sorry, because she was a great favorite with them all, with the exception of Fairy Mud, who was jealous of Dewdrop.

At 1 o'clock Dewdrop came in.

"I am very sorry, Dewdrop," said Judge Gauzy Wings, "but since you have disobeyed our laws we must change you to a mortal."

"Let me explain why I am late," said Dewdrop.

"No, I have never let any other do so, and so I cannot let you, Dewdrop," said Gauzy Wings. "You could not give a good reason, I know."

"Oh, Judge Gauzy Wings!" said Snowdrop, "I know Dewdrop has a good reason; do let her tell."

"Well," said Gauzy Wings, "I will put it to a vote. Those who want Dewdrop to tell us her reason for being late say aye."

"Aye," said all the fairies. The only one on the negative was Fairy Mud.

"Explain," said Gauzy Wings.

"As I was coming I saw a child lying on her death bed," said Dewdrop; "beside her sat her mother, who was nearly heartbroken, so I stopped and made her well again."

"How do I know your story is true?" said Gauzy Wing.

"I think it is not true," said Fairy Mud.

"I know it is true," said a voice; "I have been watching her."

"Who speaks?" said Gauzy Wings.

"I Star of Beauty," said the voice.

So Dewdrop's innocence was proved, and justice given by electing her queen of the fairies.

Jocko

By Wilmer Brown Hay, Jr., Aged 9 Years, 612 West Second Street, Grand Island, Neb. Red Side.

Far in the depth of the forest lived father and mother monkey with their two children, Jocko and Carlo. Jocko was the oldest and was always up to some mischief. Carlo was nearly always with him, but one day Jocko went out by himself to see what he could find.

Not far from the place were the monkey family lived, Jocko skipping along from branch to branch, saw something white on the ground. Of course he had to find out what it was so climbing down out of the tree Jocko went over to it and found out it was a sack full of sweets.

This place was one where some hunters had been and when they had gone away had left this sack on the ground. Jocko had never tasted anything as good as the contents of that sack. He soon finished the candy and after a time went home.

He did not tell father and mother monkey anything about it and the next morning he was so sick he didn't know what was going to happen to him. He resolved if he ever got well again to bring some of the next sweets he found home and share it with the rest of the monkeys.

Mary's Little Lamb

By Mabel M. Etchison, Aged 9 Years, 2317 South Thirty-third Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

One hot day in July, a shepard and his Collie dog were driving a flock of sheep through the streets of our city. They could scarcely keep them from lying down upon the dirty streets, for they had traveled so far without food or rest. At last one little lamb laid down, for it was completely worn out. The shepard picked it up and thought if he could get anyone to buy it he would sell it. Little May had been watching them as they were passing by and she had asked her mother to buy one of them for her brother, Jack, who was lame and often sick. So they bought the little lamb and Mary carried it home and told Jack it was to be his very own. Jack was very happy to think that his dear little sister would give it to him. So the little lamb was fed each day with warm, fresh milk and had a soft, warm bed to sleep in, and after many days it was able to run about and have a good time with the children.

A New Year's Wish

By Eunice Wright, Aged 11 Years, 532 North Logan Street, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

I'm going to turn a new leaf o'er
And then begin again,
And I'll not pout when the sun don't shine,
Nor fret when it does rain.

I'll just skip off and sing a song,
Or go to play with Molly.
You don't know who my Molly is,
But Molly is my dolly.

I wish I could do all these things
That I put into verse;
I don't think this is very good,
But it could have been worse.

I'm going to try all of these things,
To see if they will work,
And if they do I'll be so glad—
There'll be no time to shirk.

But it does all depend on me,
And that is hard to do;
But if you'll take my example
You'll find you're better, too.

I'll try all year as best I can,
And try to learn just how,
Then next year I'll tell all my chums,
That they can start right now.

Then my chums will tell all their chums;
'Twill start from just a few,
And then after a century
The world will start anew.

Oh, what a jolly world 'twould be,
With everything just right.
Alas! after all my wishing,
It all does start from might.

Little Lawrence's Dream of New Year

By William Davis, Ex-King, Aged 9 Years, North Platte, Neb. Red Side.

It was New Year's eve. Lawrence had just got into bed. He could not close his drowsy eyes. He was thinking what he and his little friend, Henry Clay, would play the following day. But finally he closed his eyes and dreamed he heard bells ringing. "Yes," he said, "I know I heard someone shooting and there are some more whistles," he thought, "and wasn't that someone saying, 'Happy New Year to everybody.'" What was that? someone scolding his neighbor already and there is someone blowing a horn. New Year's morning dawned bright and early. Lawrence got up and dressed when he heard someone saying, "Happy New Year, Lawrence," and he turned to find Henry Clay beside his window. "Come over after breakfast," he said, "I will," said Henry, and went away.

Bessie's Birthday

By Hazel Nelson, Aged 12 Years, 1302 North Fortieth St., Omaha. Red Side.

Bessie woke up early the morning of her twelfth birthday and came down to breakfast. After breakfast her mother made a cake and Bessie asked her why she was making the cake and her mother answered. "Today is your birthday and if any of your little girl friends should come we want something to treat them."

Soon one of her mother's friends called up over the telephone, wanting her to come and tak care of her little girl while she went to the store. Bessie went at half-past 2 and remained until 4 o'clock. When she returned home she found the house full of little girl friends and the center table loaded with beautiful presents brought for her and the dining room table loaded down with goodies. Bessie knew what this meant—this was her birthday and her mother had planned this surprise. Her little friends stayed until 6 p. m. and Bessie had a most happy birthday.

Mr. Rabbit's Astonishing Prank

By Pauline Eller, Aged 12 Years, Blair, Neb. Blue Side.

On a plantation in southern Georgia in a negro's cabin is an old colored man called Remus and a little white boy named Jack. The old negro is telling the following story:

Once Mr. Rabbit set out to visit Mr. B'ar 'an his fambly. As he was going along de road he saw Mr. B'ar an' Mrs. B'ar 'an der chilluns. One was called Cubs and de other one Clibs. So Mr. Rabbit went on, he did, 'an he got in de pantry 'an fust things you know he had pulled a pail of honey over him. He went out, he did, 'an roll in de leaves, but de leaves dey stick 'an he keep on rollin' 'and de leaves dey keep on stickin'. An' he wus de mos' outlandish looking creetur you even seen. De fust man he mets up wids was ole Sis Cow. And she gave him one look and stuck her tail up in de air an' dis naturally lit out from dere. He went on an' he met Mr. Fox, and Mr. Wulf. He jump up and down in de middle of de road an' holler out: 'I'm de-wuller-de wust, I'm de-wuller-de-wust, an' you're de men's I'm after.'"

My Dog Oliver

(A True Story.)

By Francis Gerhart, Aged 9 Years, 139 North Thirty-second Avenue, Omaha. Red Side.

I want to tell you about my dog. He is not very good-looking, but he is a very smart dog. We have not taught him anything. He has a cow bell and he will get it and ring the bell. When he does it he goes round and round till he gets so dizzy he cannot stand up. In the morning he will come upstairs, but he does not come up till the clock strikes 7.

On Christmas morning I got up early to see what I got. When I came downstairs I found him on the steps and before I could get him and wipe the snow off his feet he ran past me and went upstairs.

When the Boys Were Snowed Under

By William Wallace, Jr.

FRED and John Davis and Martin Brown were passing part of the winter trapping wild animals. They had a small camp on a mountainside, a desolate, timbered place, where man was [illegible]. A few brother trappers were camped ten miles up the river, but John, Fred and Martin had pushed their way to the very verge of Nowhere, as they called the country to the north of them. Indeed, there was not a habitation—save the trappers' camp up the river—within fifteen miles of their camp, which was a little log cabin chinked with mud to keep out the weather.

The boys were having some success in their business, if one could judge from the many skins hung out on board stretchers to dry or to "season," as the boys put it. There were no large animals in that part of the world, but small ones abounded in great numbers. So the boys hoped for a prosperous season.

One day, after securing several fine pelts, the boys returned to camp quite worn out from their long, hard tramp up and down the mountain, for the coldest days had come and the temperature had not risen above zero for a week. So the boys were very glad to get back into the cabin, where a fine wood fire blazed in the rude stone fireplace. As Fred and Martin washed and stretched the pelts on wooden frames John prepared the supper. As he mixed buckwheat "flapjacks" and sliced bacon he whistled a gay tune, to which his fellow workers sang in time. A merry, busy trio were the three boy trappers, the oldest one being just 18.

"Come, boys," said John, after half an hour's work over frying pan and griddle, "come, set to; the grub pile is on, and if you are as hungry as I am I'll have to fry forty or fifty flapjacks. I feel as though I could stow away half a hundred."

"And I can keep pace with you and let you have the handicap of, say, ten," laughed Fred, pouring some bacon gravy over a stack of steaming "flapjacks."

Martin had poured the coffee into three tin cans, which served as cups. The dishes on the table corresponded with the cans, for they consisted of tin plate and an old yellow earthenware bowl for gravy. The forks were old wooden-handled affairs and the knives used at the work of skinning animals were good enough—after washing well—to cut bread and meat.

But had the mothers of the boys entered the cabin at the minute of their sitting down to supper they could have made no objection to the table manners of their respective sons. Each boy had washed his face and hands till they looked wholesome and clean, and each had combed his hair very carefully, standing before the bit of broken mirror that was held against the log wall by several tacks. Even in the wilds of an uncivilized world the boys did not forget their careful home training. And it would have done their parents good could they have seen them seated about the coarse meal, spread on a bare deal table, their faces beaming with health and cleanliness and their hands as carefully kept as though they were at home in the bosom of their respective families. And they ate their food slowly and with as much grace as their table accessories would permit of. In fact, camping and trapping in the wilds had not made ruffians of these three well-reared, naturally refined boys. It merely made them resourceful and independent.

After supper they washed the dishes, put them away in a wooden box which served for a cupboard and replenished the fire, around which they sat talking over the day's experiences. Then, before turning into their bunks for the night, John—the eldest of the trio—read a few chapters from a well-worn book, a thrilling tale of the frontiersmen of a century ago. The boys had read and reread the book many times, but there were favorite chapters, dealing with Indian fights and privation, that they found ever new and interesting. Also, their camp library contained a Bible, a book on the care of pelts and a book of jokes and conundrums. Each of these had their special reading. The Bible was always read before breakfast on Sunday, then put carefully away till the next holy day should come around. The joke and conundrum book was referred to whenever the boys found it necessary to "borrow laughter," as they put it. Usually, they found enough to keep them merry and happy-hearted while about their camp work, but on occasions when their spirits seemed a bit low the joke and conundrum book acted as a laugh tonic.

After the reading had been completed for the evening the boys tumbled into their bunks to sleep sweetly and deeply. When they awoke the next morning their view of the outside world, which was to be got through two little windows was curtained. The glass panes of the windows were white and opaque. John was the first to leap out of bed. He ran to the window, saying to Fred and Martin: "Gee whiz, boys, I do believe it snowed heavily last night. Just look at the windows!"

Fred and Martin were out of bed instantly, trying to clean spots on the window by blowing their warm breath against the glass. But to obtain a clear place through which they could look out was impossible. "Yep, it's snow, piled up against the windows. Gee! it must have come down by the ton last night while we slept." So said Fred. "Let's get into our duds and go out and see what we have to wade through," said Martin, drawing on his clothes as fast as he could. Fred and John followed his example and as soon as John was dressed he opened the cabin door. The sight which met his eyes made him ejaculate: "Holy-gee! Look at that, boys! We're snowed under, as sure as we're alive!"

Fred and Martin stood open-eyed and open-mouthed. In front of them, pressed hard in the shape of the door, was a white wall of snow. A snowstorm had raged during the night and the wind had carried the snow round the cabin, piling it against the door and two windows till all were buried. How much of the back and sides of the cabin was covered by the snow the boys did not know, but Fred wisely struck upon a plan. "Let's knock out some of the mud chinking at the back of the hut," he suggested. So, with sharp sticks, they worked away at the chinking between two logs and after a few minutes had opened a crack several inches long and about two inches wide through which the sunlight poured.

"Ah, ha!" said Fred. "It's only a big drift around the front of the cabin. I had feared it might be worse—maybe a gentle avalanche which had buried us fifty feet deep. But it's nothing serious. We can let the fire burn down and then we'll go out through the chimney."

"I'm mighty glad it's only a drift," said John, a smile of thankfulness on his face. "It might have been worse, you know."

"Say, it's a good thing we have a shovel," declared Fred. "While you fellers are preparing our breakfast I'll begin tunnelling through the snow at the door. It's better to go out through a tunnel than to climb up the chimney."

"But the tunnel will have to be made from the outside," explained John. "Otherwise we'd fill the cabin up with the snow dug from the tunnel. See?"

"Ah, you're right," Martin said. "Well, we can get enough fresh air from that crack in the back of the cabin to keep us going for awhile. So I move that we have breakfast before letting the fire go out. I'm all-fired hungry, and the thought of cutting through a thirty or forty-foot snowdrift has encouraged a good appetite."

"Second the motion," said Fred. Then the three boys hurried with the breakfast, after which they put out the fire by throwing snow, taken from the open door, upon it. When the chimney had cooled they climbed through it to the roof. From there they looked upon a new world—white, white snow many feet deep over the level, while here and there on the southern side of rocks or clumps of trees drifts twenty to fifty feet in depth lay. And from the roof of their own cabin, leading over the door and windows, stretched a drift fully a hundred feet in length and about ten feet deep at the doorway. It took the three boys nearly all the forenoon to dig a tunnel from the outside into the house, and when the sun marked the hour of noon they entered their doorway, a hungry and a happy trio.

"Well, boys, I say it's a jolly experience," laughed John, piling some wood in the fireplace and starting a fine blaze. "And now one of us must write an account of our being snowed under and send it to the old folks at home."

"Yes, but first let's have dinner," said Martin. "Being snowed under may have its exciting points, but it doesn't rob a chap of his liking for grub—when the grub time comes round."

And John and Fred agreed that Martin was right and the three set about to get the best dinner they had eaten since Christmas day.

"COME, BOYS," SAID JOHN; "COME, SET TO; THE GRUB PILE IS ON."

The Skater

A BOY went a-skating one day
On a pond that was not far away;
And he skated till eve,
Then the pond he did leave,
For the dark drove him home from his play.