FI HE BUSY BEES must not get impatient if their stories are not printed immediately, for there are more stories than room on the Busy Bee page just at present, but not any of the stories will be thrown away and they will all be printed.

A few votes have been sent in for the next king and queen. Some of the Busy Bees have written to ask who were the kings and queens during the last year and some new readers wish to know about the Red side and the Blue side. Every tifree months a king is elected to lead the Red side and a queen for the blue side, then the little writers on the Blue side and on the Red side each try to see which side can win the most prizes. Last year from October to January the Red side won the most. The three months preceding that the Blue side won the most prizes.

Last April Fred Sorry of Monarch, Wyo., was elected king and Rens N. Mead of Blair queen; July 1 William Davis of North Platte was made king and Eunice Bode of Falls City queen. In October Frances Johnson of Omaha was elected queen and Ronald Wycoff of Wilbur, Neb., king. The present king is George Nicholson of Abbott and Helen Johnson of Lincoln is the queen.

Prizes were awarded this week to Nellie Dedrick, on the Red side, and to Alta Kibler, on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Dorothy Judson, on the Red side.

Two other stories which were especially good this week were written by Elizabeth Wright, on the Red side, and by Fern Everitt, on the Blue side.

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

Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.
Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
Lilliam Mervin, Beaver City, Neb.
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha.
Ada Morris, 3424 115 West Eighth street, Street, Omaha.
Neb. Gretchen Eastman, 126 South Thirty-

Ella Voss. 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 406 West, Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Martna Murphy, 323 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Martna Murphy, 323 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Krelts, Lexington, Neb.
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Lincoln, Neb.
Lincoln, Neb.
Mildred Jensen, 708 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
Mildred Jensen, 708 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
Mildred Jensen, 708 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
Lincoln, Neb. Clara Milier, Utica, Neb.
Mildred F., Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
Leo Beckord, Waco, Neb.
Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
Elsie Stasny, Wilber, Neb.
Frederick Ware, Winside, Neb.
Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
Edna Behling, York, Neb.
Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
Irene Reynolds, Little Sloux, Ia.
Ethel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
Katherine Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.

Althea Myers, 224 North Lincoln, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Milton Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Larkin, So. Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Larkin, So. 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.
Nineteenth ave.

Elleanor Mellor, Malvern, 1a.
Katherine Mellor, Malvern, 1a.
Kuth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Margaret B. Witherow, Thurman Hertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 3, Bo souri Valley, 1a.

Adlena Sorry, Atlica, Ind.
Adlena Sorry, Monarch, Wyo.
Fred Sorry, Monarch, Wyo.
John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.

Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
William Davis, 231 West Third street,
North Platte, Neb.
Louise Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
Frances Johnson, 983 North Twenty-fifth
avenue, Omaha.
Marguerite Johnson, 933 North Twentyfifth avenue, Omaha.
Marguerite Johnson, 933 North Twentyfifth avenue, Omaha.
Emile Brown, 2323 Boulevard, Omaha.
Helen Goodrich, 4036 Nicholas St., Omaha.
Mary Brown, 2323 Boulevard, Omaha.
Lillian Wirt, 433 Case street, Omaha.
Lillian Wirt, 434 Case street, Omaha.
Lewis Poff, 315 Farnam street, Omaha.
Lewis Poff, 315 Far

our time," said Julia.

us so much good."

then almost a saint."

them saints."

Bert's and Julia's Good St. Patrick

By Florence May.

talking about the good and as good as ours," declared Bert.

dead," declared Bert, the elder of the two. the day Julia kept thinking of good St.

"But, of course, one has to be very very Patrick, and wishing that she might meet

great and good to become a saint. And we with someone who was really and truly a

person might save another's life. And, tract of very wretched, sandy soil which

also, one living a bad life is often very required the tilling of every acre, and

"Yes, I guess you are right," agreed out before another crop could be grown.

to school in the morning over sainted."

slive as well as dead, for they would do would vote for ours."

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

 Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
 Use pen and ink, not pencil 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use ever 280 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 prises of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to

CELLDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

ters on it and as soon as it was closed and followed by a dog. These were the doughlocked on the writing desk they began to nut man and the cookle dog as mortals.

This was yoted a good plan, so Mr. and Mrs. P- and Miss H-all began to make Where it should be was chosen in one

eighth street, Omaha.

Leonora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.

Mae Hammond, O'Nelll, Neb.
Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb.
Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
Mario Elemina, trescula Neb.
The table was made of a of the drawers in which was plenty of The table was made of a large piece of Mario Fleming, Oscoola, Neb.
Mario Fleming, Oscoola, Neb.
Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.
Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.
Lena Peterson, 221 Locuat St., E. Omaha,
Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Nebraska,
Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.
Mildred F. Joseph North Louis Neb. fudge: The room was trimmed with paper

and in the center of the table was a brightcolored pen and in one corner of the room was another pen with long strips of paper hanging to the sides of it. The little drawer was all lit up and the guests straggling in soon the little drawer

was full and "the letter party" began to chat and talk. And then Mr. H--- came and played the plane while the rest danced. When lunch was ready they all came to the table and ate fudge. For punch they had ink, which tasted well to them.

The pen in the corner with strings hanging to it was a Maypole. They were all dancing merrily when the little housemaid opened the drawer to dust. They all scampered off, for there by her side was Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy

company, Attica, Ind.

Adlena Sorry, Monarch, Wyo.

Fred Sorry, Monarch, Wyo.

Fred Sorry, Monarch, Wyo.

(Second Prize.)

The Doughnut Man and the Cookie Dog

lived in a cupboard. They were very ungest and prettiest because people wanted pearly teeth could do no harm to me, but By Fern Everitt, Aged 12 Years, 621 West kittens out. happy, and so would you be if you lived her in their garden the most, and also peo- I was afraid that all I had been through, in a cupboard all your life. .

opened they could see men, women and children passing the window. One day the door was opened and the

cookie dog saw a man going past followed by a dog. "If I were only a real dog," he sighed.

man. course it won't come true and we will be dog.

"Oh, my lands, how dreadful! Are you sure we are to be eaten?" said the man. "Yes, quite sure," the dog replied. "I should think they would be afraid to eat us," the man declared.

"To be sure they should," said the dog. 'I really would like to be a real dog." "And I should like to be a real man," said the man as he turned away. That night while they were asleep a

fairy who had heard their conversation changed them to man and dog. Soon after we see a man coming home,

(A true story.) (Honorable Mention.)

My Pet Canary Dorthy Judson, Aged 10 Years, 112 South Thirty-eighth Street, Omaha. Red Side.

I have a little tame canary and I call him Chickadee.

his cage. Then when I let him out he will little paper boy and went away. fly on my fingers and pick at them. When I was very sorry for I liked her, and heard that the little girl was sick with the

One day I could not find him anywhere.

I called Chickadee, but could not find him. Finally I heard a chirp. I went toward the bath room; then I heard another chirp. went in there and looked all over. The oor was open in the medicine chest and I thought I would close it. Then when I started to, there I saw Chickadee sitting on a bottle of medicine. I like Chickadee very much.

A Rose and a Violet

Every time the door of the cupboard was sweethearts. Then the little violet said mistaken for quite awhile afterward, I

she did not mean to brag, but she was the daintiest and prettiest, and if it were not for her, children would not go out into the woods looking for flowers. Also ladies wore them on their coats. With that they turned away from each other. But the rose was sorry to lose such a nice friend as the violet, but she could not help it. One day a little girl came and ploked them. Just the big rose and the little violet. That was all the rose could stand. She turned around and said: "We are both equal, because she has picked us both." And as long as they lived they were very good

The History of a Penny

By Ruth Kirschtein, Aged 11 Years, 3001 Grand Avenue, Omaha, Red Side, I am an old dull penny. I was born

on the shores of Lake Superior and was only a bit of copper. I will not stop to tell you why and how I left my home, and of several

"If I were only a real man," said the journeys I took before I finally reached a big building, in which there were big "How foolish to telk this way. Of black things with tongues in them, which heard a man call "fire." They poked eaten by those awful children," said the me into one of the big black things called "a furnace," and shut me in. In a little while they took me out, but I was so weak-by that time, that I couldn't stand to. After my temper had cooled a little bit, they put me into a funny little thing with words and an Indian's head on it, and set a great heavy thing on me. I They sit with Mamma, was almost squeezed to death, but when they took me out, I had a form, and I was beautiful and bright. Instead of

> called "Mr. Penny." After I had been made a penny, I, with other pennies was taken to a bank in Omaha, Neb., and I lived there for about a month.

From there I was taken to a nice big store called Thompson & Belden. I was very happy there, but one day a young lady came to have \$5.00 changed. was taken out with other coins and Go the two Little Ones, laid in a soft clean hand. She seemed to like me, for she picked me up and looked at me. Then she slipped me into a handsome handbag. But I did not stay there very long for she was going away When I come home from school he will on the train and wanted to get the Omaha chirp and chirp for me to let him out of Bee to read. So she gave me to the

I go upstairs to play dolls or school he will I did not like my present owner, because same disease that the paper boy's mother he had dirty hands. He was delighted to had, and I think she got it from putting He plays games with me. He plays hide have a penny, a new one too, and ran me into her mouth. The little girl took and seek and tag. The way we play hide home to show me to his sick mother. He me to her home after school and gave me and seek and tag. The way we play hide not be into a tin can with a few other to her nother. I knew that her mother and seek is that I run up the stairs and put me into a till can will be to her mother. I knew that a contrast this was to was a lady for although her dress was By Carol Simpson, Aged 10 Years, Wilher, the nice, alry store building that I had old and faded and her hands showed. Neb. Red Side. for me. When he finds me he will fly the nice, siry store building that I had old and faded and her hands showed for me. When he finds me he will fly the left! Before long I was taken out signs of work, still they were absolutely I blind my eyes while he hides. After of the can and the little paper boy put me while I go and look for him. signs of work, still clean and well kept. going to get a stick of candy. But the that but finally I came to a woman, of all, old Peg, the cut, had five little kit-

something rushing. I looked up and there took her out on Lake Superior and I fell tens and sailing "boats." the curb a little brighter, but still not I was back in my delight I clean, for my night in the gutter had I was back in my old home. made me muddy. In about an hour a little happy. I had learned many things, while on it, but they did not like the water very By Elizabeth Wright, Aged 12 Years. 1322 Siri on her way to school came along happy. I had learned many things, while on it, but they south Thirty-fifth Avenue, Omaha. and saw me shining out there on the Red Side. curb. She immediately ran and got ma. One beautiful summer day in a beautiful I knew she was a nice little girl, because is that a person may be judged by his and asked her what the matter was, When old-fashioned garden there was a rose and her chubby little hands were very clean hands. By Alta Kibler, Aged 12 Years, 717 West
Twenty-first Street, Kearney, Neb.
Blue Side.

Old-Tashloned garden there was a rose and her chubby little hands were very clean a violet growing side by side. They got to and soft and her nails were neat. But no quarreling about who was the prettiest and sooner had she picked me up than she put quarreling about who was the prettiest and sooner had she picked me up than she put The doughnut man and the cookie dog sweetest. The rose said she was the big- me into her mouth. I knew her little ple that like flowers give roses to their I might do her some harm. I was not

gotten a big box of fuel ready for the stove any timber. much about, and his sister Julia. They tend. In fact, he has had his hands more Ha said: "I am not joking when I say that are schoolmates of mine-when I go to than full," said Mr. Day, adding his praise Patsy Day is really and truly a saint. He's

Patsy will feel less ionely during the long day when he knows we are coming in the evening. It makes me very glad to be able

At the supper table; He's eaten all the goody-things That he, poor child, was able.

"Well, I had never thought about his And Papa smiles at Jimmy-Boy; And Mamma strokes his head, And takes him off to bed.



Evening



THEN dear Little Boy. And dear Little Girl, Are ready for bed, you know.

In the snug cozy corner Who tells them a story, so low.

being called "Sonny Copper," I now was She tells them of fairies

Who live in the clouds, And who can fly through the air; And after she's through They're almost asleep, And then it is time for their prayer.

So down on their knees

And feelingly pray to their God To keep them through night Till the next morning's light, Then they go to the sweet Land of Nod.

pocket in which I was put, happened to who was very wealthy, but I knew she tens. One was white, one was maltese have a hole in it and before my little was not a lady, for her hands were and two others were tiger, while one was owner was half way to the store, I was often solled, and always loaded with rings like his mother, white and black. I lay there all night and in the mofning I was awakened by the sound of Michigan. While she was there the friend would sit for a long time, holding the kitwere the street cleaners forcing water into the water. Finally I was washed One day she was sailing "boats" when down the street. I was soon tossed onto ashore and to my delight I found that she thought she would like to give the kit-

is that a person may be judged by his and asked her what the matter was. When

Discovery of Coal in America Twenty-first street, Kearney, Neb. Blue Side.

Many years ago people used wood for their fires in America. Coal was used a little in England to run their factories, but little was used in the home. One day a trapper was out camping. He

had been out for several days with a few other men. They were far away from

On the seventh day their provisions were getting so low that the bravest started out, saying: "I will not return until I have found something that will be fit for us to eat."

The following day he was about distressed. He had not found a thing and, besides, he had lost his way. That evening he went on, not stopping for the cold. Finally he came upon some small black pieces of hard lumps. He stepped on one of them and it broke in two.

Inside of this it looked grainy and shone like diamonds. He picked them up, thinking they might be some value, but, before he went away, he made sure of the place, The following day he reached the city about 5 o'clock, and was much surprised when, after going to a small shop, he was told that it was soft coal he had found. That night he was not too excited to remember his poor friends, who by this

Before he started the next day he ordered good supply of food, which was received just in time. He went with the men to where he had found the coal. It proved to be a great coal mine.

time must surely be starving.

After this he became one of the most popular men in the city, for the coal mine was being worked daily. Several other coal mines have been found, but none proved quite as valuable as this one.

Catherine's Reward

By Helen L. Clark, Aged 10 Years, 1618 North Twenty-third Street, South Omans, Neb. Blue Side.

Catherine had been very good all morning. She had helped her mother fron, she had swept the house and was very tired, so she thought she would go out in the hammock and read her new fairy room. book. But she had scarcely opened the fairy anyone could imagine. She held in somebody at the door. While she was to reward you. Tell me what you want other one. most of all and it shall be granted." "Oh, The cake was done, and she put nine you?" "Granted." said the fairy, then, frosting. to Catherine's surprise, she was only about After dinner she hurried and put on her three inches tall. Then the fairy raised new white dress. The company soon came, her wand to the sky and cried. "Snow- and she entertained them very well and fiske. Darling." Presently two beautiful told them about the burnt cake. white ponies flew down from the sky. When it was time to eat they all sat drawing a beautiful diamend charlot, up to the table, and ate the things that "Hop in." said the fairy. Catherine Marian's mother had prepared. They are stepped in; then they went up, up until enjoyed the party very much. the came to a beautiful diamond palace. When 5 o'clock came every one went "This is the Falry Queen's palace. We home feeling that they had had a nice shall visit here first. Then we shall go time. Marien was sorry that the children to the Sapphire palace and see the rest of had to go, but she knew that their fathers the fairles."

fairy that had brought Catherine to the ing house.

palace. There they stayed a long time until the fairy said, "Goodby, Queen, we shall call again. Come. Catherine, we will go to the Sapphire palace, where the rest of

the fairles live. But, just as they were getting into the charlot again, Catherine heard her mother call her: "Wake up, Catherine, Marie has come over to play with you." Then Catherine told her playmate her splendid trip to Fairyland.

Della's Dream

By Virginia White, Aged 9 Years, \$509 Jackson Street, Omaha. Blue Side. Della was a little girl who lived near the lake. She was a queer little girl. She

liked to play she was a fairy. So one afternoon it was real hot and Della got a book and went out in the woods. All of a sudden a fairy stood before her. 'Our queen commands you to come to fairyland," said the fairy. "But I am too large," said Della. With a touch of her wand Della was changed into a fairy. "Follow me," said the fairy and Della followed her to a dainty rose leaf. drawn by two moths. Della stepped into it and they were soon in fairyland. The queen was dressed in a white hily leaf and crown. They were just going to dance when Della woke up.

"Oh!" said Della, jumping up, "I wish fairles were real."

5.91/4 The Gold Nugget By Claud Frimaun, Aged 12 Years, Chap-man, Neb. Red Side.

Once there lived a boy and girl, whose names were Brown. The boy's name was Harry and the girl's name was May. Their father and mother were dead. They lived in a little two-roomed house that the father and mother had left them. Harry was 15 years old and Mary was 14 years old. Harry sold papers and May kept house for them. The winter came and Harry had to go to the woods to get wood to burn. He had been going about two weeks, when one Saturday he started out to get wood on a little sled he made. He was going along in the woods, when he came to an old tree with a big hole in it. He thought that maybe there was a rabbit in the hole. He took his axe and started to chop, all at once he struck something hard, he kept digging and dug out a gold nugget, which some one had hidden there. He took it home and sold it for \$10,000. Harry and his sister May, moved into a nice house and lived happy ever after.

Lilly was visiting grandma's farm, and she was delighted in everything she saw. I passed through very many hands after There was Buttercup, the cow, and, best

tens a ride, so she found a board and put I am old and dull now, but I am very it in the brook. Then she sat the kittens

he saw the kittens he said: "Well, I de-

clare! I'll soon get 'em out of that." She

got a stick which he had told her to and

it had a hook on the end of it. He got the Lily began hugging them, but she never tried to give the kittens a ride like that

Little Anna's Visit to Fairyland By Helen Weeden, Aged 13 Years, 3214 North Twenty-fifth Street, Omaha. Blue Side.

It was snowing hard, and little Anna was very cold. Under one arm she carried a box of shoe strings that she was selling. It was dark and she had sold few shoestrings that day. She knew she must not go back to her home without having sold all of her shoestrings, because the woman who kept her would whip her and send her to bed without her supper.

So Anna sat down on a door step to rest. All at once a very large snowflake fell on her cheek. It rested there a minute, then turned into a beautiful fairy, who asked Anna if she would like to go to fairyland with her for supper and to get warm. Anna said she would gladly go, for she was very cold and hungry, too.

The fairy then waved her wand over a very large flake near her and it became a beautiful coach. Then she touched six smaller flakes and they became birds to draw the coach. When all was ready, the fairy bade Anna get in, but she said she was afraid she would soil the beautiful coach with her dirty feet.

The fairy then waved her wand over Anna and she found herself dressed from head to foot in lovely warm ermine robea. When they were seated the fairy blew a tiny silver whistle which hung on a chain around her neck and the coach was off for fairyland

Marian's Birthday

By Eneld Lindborg, Aged 8 Years, Pifty-fourth and Charles, Omaha, Neb. Red side. Marian's birthday was the 28th of Feb-

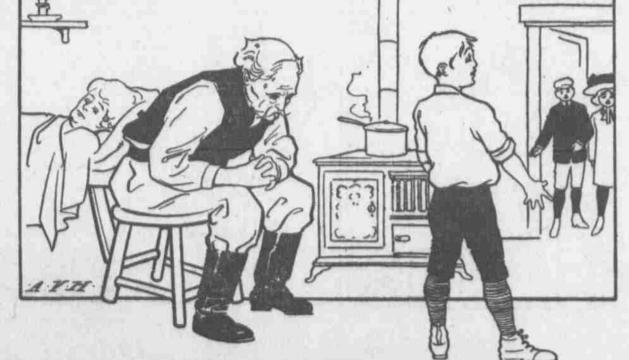
nary, the last day of the month. She was very happy. Her mother was busy all morning cleaning up and baking a cake. Marian helped her sweep and do all the things she could.

and she got some flowers to put into her While her mother was baking the things book when she saw the most beautiful Marian cams and told that there was

her fland a long wand. She said to Cath- at the door talking, she had left the cake erine: "I have been watching you all in the oven and it all burnt up. Marian morning and have seen how hard you cried. "The cake is burning up." But have helped your mother. So I am going it was too late so she had to make an-

thank you," said Catherine. "Are you candles in it because she was 9 years old. going back to Fairyland soon?" "Yes." Then she wrote her name below it and said the fairy. "Will you take me with wrote nine. It was written with white

and mothers were waiting for them. Now they were in the Queen's palace. Next day she played with her presents She was even more beautiful than the and had very much fun with them, play-



Ruth Robertson, Manilia, Ia.
Mildred Robertson, Manilia, Ia.
Margaret B. Witherow, Thurman, Ia.
Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 3, Box 25, Missouri Valley, Ia.

BERT AND JULIA ENTERED THE WRETCHED ABODE.

T WAS St. Patrick's day, and as think what she is to us-and our home! I

Bert and Julia Donivan went think such mothers as ours should be the country road they fell to "Yes, but you don't find many mothers great deeds of St. Patrick. "I "That is the way we think," laughed family on whom the Donivan children were complish so much, and do it so cheerfully Bert roared with laughter. "I make no calling) spoke very cordially to Bert and and so well, I would not have believed it, pretense of being a saint, sister, but I wish St. Patrick might have lived during Julia. "But if we take a vote from the Julia, and Mrs. Day said: "I hope you He has really saved my life, for he went agree with you that if there is a saint on will excuse the unkept appearance of our to see the doctor regarding me, told him earth—besides our mother, of course—it's children at school as to who should be "It would be so wonderful to know such sainted in our community, why, each child house. But I am too ill to get about, and all my symptoms-we couldn't afford to that Patsy Day. And to think his name is a person. I wish we might have saints would vote for his own mother, just as we Bert had to agree with Julia, and then "We do have them alive as well as the subject was changed. But throughout

do have very, very good people living in saint. That evening as she and Bert went every age, though we do not call them home they decided to stop at the house of saints. Now, when one saves another's a very poor family to inquire after their life, or gives in charity to the poor, one is health. There were only three in the "Oh, no!" corected Julia. "A very wicked And their livlihood was gotten from a small

their only olive branch, you see." charitable. So, you see, you cannot bear which grew things so stingily. Indeed, it spring, for their provisions usually gave has been obliged to remain away from be able to tell you what this boy of ours to do some good for such deserving pecout before another crop could be grown. school two weeks, but he has kept up with has done for us. He is the noblest of God's pic." Then Bert and Julia hurried on in Bert. But we do have people who are In response to Bert's tap at the door a his studies just the same as though he had creatures." good in every sense. Still we do not call boy's voice called out: "Come in." Bert attended regularly, for every night after The feeble man's voice shook with emo and Julia entered the wretched abode and his work was done he sat beside the fire tion and he wiped moisture from his eyes. "I call our mother a saint," said Julia, saw the mother on the bed, very ill. The and got his lessons. You see, the teacher "I bless the day Patrick was born," he in a low and feeling voice. "She does father was sitting beside a ruley store in the house of a morning and lays out Patsy's "Patrick!" exclaimed Julia. "Is Patsy's name really and truly Patrick?" And she in a low and feeling voice. "She does father was sitting beside a rusty stove in drops in here on his way to the school added.

boy who had invited them to enter was lessons for the day. And it has been such to surrender the porridge spoon and sat preparing a meal over the miserable fire, an encouragement to the boy to have the down beside his mother's bed. Bert ran and looked up as his visitors entered, smil- teacher take such an interest in him. Oh, out to the woodpile and soon the axe and ing. "Ah, howdy do, Bert and Julia," he he has such a trial-waiting on two sick the saw were busy. And after he had said. And he placed chairs for them beside folks, and all alone." the stove. Then speaking to his parents, "Yes, and he has had the wood to cut, and Julia had finished preparing the fruhe explained: "Mother and father, this is and the cows to milk, and the horse to gal meal, they had to say goodby and de-Bert Donivan, you have heard me talk so feed and care for, and the chickens to part for home. On their way thither, Ju-

Mr. and Mrs. Day (the name of the anyone had told me that the boy could ac- Bert." house. But I am too ill to get about, and all my symptoms—we couldn't arrord to that Patsy Day. And to think he had been the doctor come out here—and got Patrick, too! And we discovered his saint-sickness, and the work all falls upon patsy. But he is such a good son. I really the medicine given every hour for the first "Yes, and I am so glad we stopped at twenty-four hours, and after that every the Day's house, for tomorrow mammaduring our trials of the past month."

two hours till the pain subsided and the and papa will go over there and carry some "Yes, Patsy is a fine boy," spoke up fever fell. So what did this boy of mine provisions to the poor, dear people. Mr. Day, warmly. And he looked lovingly do? Why, he sat up all night-his eyes on are so patient, so gentle and so kind," she at his son, who was making some porridge, the clock, and on the very minute my medi- added. "And Patsy deserves all the help Patsy's face flushed from embarrass- cine was given me. And all the next day we can give him." ment. "Oh, mother and father only think the same-without sleep! Well, on the secfamily—father, mother and young son. I am so great," he laughed. "You must ond night his mother—who was very ill, after school and do their chores till Mr. excuse them for praising me so, for I am but who could get up and about occa- and Mrs. Day are entirely well and strong. sionally-forced him to go to bed and sleep, And it will be company to them, too, and "Well, there are very few hoys like our and she gave me my medicine. But Patsy Patsy," said Mrs. Day. "And during his was up before dawn, and at work cutting out your argument. It takes a person very was said of this family that they suffered father's and my illness he never com- wood, for we were about out of fuel when near to God to be a saint-one who cannot dire want during the winter and early plained once of the work he had to do. He I took down on my back. Oh, I shall never

looked inquiringly first at Mr. Day and then at Mrs. Day.

"Yes, of course, he is our dear Patrick," replied Mrs. Day. "Didn't you know that Patsy is only a pet name for Patrick?"

being really and truly Patrick," said Julia. "I am so glad that is his name, though." Bert laughed outright. "Sister is looking for a St. Patrick today," he explained. "And I guess she has found him. I'll agree that Patsy is as near a saint as live children ever get to be. He is certainly a joy to his parents, and all us kids at school

swear by him, he's so reliable and kindhearted. I say he's a brick." "And I say he's St. Patrick the second," said Julia. Then she got up and took the spoon from Patrick. "Here, let me stir your porridge," she said in a sisterly way, "You have had so much to do that a little rest won't hurt you. Please sit down and talk with Bort, for I mean to stay here and prepare your supper. Bert will cut some wood for you, carry it into the shed, and then we'll have to run on home. But we'll tell mamma how ill your father and mother have been and tomorrow mamma will be there with a basket of things for

other saint when in trouble." In spite of his protest Patsy was forced

sick people. Mamma is a saint, you know.

And one saint always wants to help an-

of Patsy to that of his wife. "Really, if the best boy in the world-except you,

Jimmy-Boy

T ITTLE Jimmy sits a nodding

Then Papa gently lifts him up