ternoon. "I don't see anything wrong in

that," said Bob. "But Syers, catcher."

said Tom, "why Ramondsville will beat

Silverton all up." "Here comes the players," said Jack Nelson who just came up.

The players were soon practicing and the

umpire said, "Play ball!" Ramondsville

was retired without a score. The Ramondsville pitcher was wild and the bases

were filled and the Silverton captain said.

"We will score this inning," but in this

he was mistaken. Lord was caught steal-

ing home, Dobb knocked a foul which the

catcher caught and Whinton knocked a

speedy ball to the pitcher and he was out.

Brown, the Ramondsville pitcher, hit a

three-bagger and Deavers got a single

which brought Brown in. Colton walked

up to the plate, his face darkened and the

eatcher yelled out: "Look out, here is

Thunder Cloud." Colton met the ball

square and it went high above the center

fielder's head. He went tearing around

the diamond and he was in home Before

the fielder had the ball. Then for the six

innings neither side scored and at the first

of the eighth the Ramondaville short stop

got a two-bagger. Then the first baseman

got a single and the shortstop went to

third. The next man walked and the

bases were filled. The next man bunted

and the man on third and second were

put out. The next man got a square soak

at the ball; the men on bases came in and

the runner stopped on third. The next man

fanned and the side retired, the score he-

ing 3 to 1 in favor of Ramondsville. Col-

ton struck at the first ball and it went

whizzing toward shortstop. The man

held it for a second and then dropped it.

Colton was on first. Syers got a two-base

hit and Colton went to third. The next

man got a soak at the ball and it went

over the fence. Colton and Syers came in

and the runner stopped at third. The next

three men fanned. The score now was I to 2. Colton pitched his hardest, only to

get one out and two men on bases. The

pitcher came to bat; he fanned. Then, by

a fumble, two men came in, and the score

was 5 to 3. "Steady now!" yelled the

crowd. "Come on, Colton, fan him out."

He braced himself up and fanned the bat-

ter. Two men were out and the bases

were filled when Linden came to bat. He

had two strikes and three balls. The next

ball he struck at with all his might. It

went far over the fence. The three run-

ners had come home and Linden was tear-

ing on toward home. He slid and was,

safe. "Hurrah! Hurrah! We win-7 to 5-

Hurrah for the purple banner! Rah-Rah!

Who's all right? (Then came an echo) Sil-

(Honorable Mention.)

Caught by the Tide.

if we have to wait until night."

After a while Dorothy thought of

the entrance.

us at home.

to do most?

to help her.

real good plan.

they told him the story.

a way of getting out of the cave."

Loretta and the Fairy

The Accident

the fine riding mare, galloped up to the

"Mine," explained Tom. Then he told

late to mend. And that cabbage patch

little Stories by little lolk.

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.

First and second prises of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page such week. Address all communications to OMILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

(First Prize.)

Story of the Weeping Willow

By Helen Verrill, Queen Bee, Aged 13

Years, The Strehlow, No. 19, Omaha,

Long years ago when weeping willows

were like other trees and the weather

bitter cold, some birds that were still very

young and had got lost came to the willow

and asked permission to build their nests

in its boughs that they might be pro-

tected from the cold, but the willow

would not consent and sent the poor

The birds flew as fast as they could and

when they came to the pine tree, the pine

tree said: "Why certainly, you may make

(Second Prize.)

Charlie's Strange Dream

By Helen Stourtis, Aged 11 Years, Sinney,

Neb. Red Side.

day, after playing all the afternoon,

birds out in the cold.

Neb. Blue Side.

S. Write your name, age and dress at the top of the first page.

HERE are our little naturalists? Only a few stories have been sent in recently about trees, flowers, birds, insects and subjects of that kind, which interest both boys and girls. Most of the Busy Bees enjoy fairy stories and several of these have been sent in for the Children's page.

The editor wishes to compliment the little writers for remembering all the rules so well; it has been several weeks since a story has been written on both sides of the page, and, therefore, sent to the waste basket, and nearly all of the children remember to write their ages and addresses plainly on the

Prizes were awarded this week to Helen Verrill, Queen Bee of the Blue side, and to Helen Stewitts, on the Red side. Honorable mention was given to Mildred Voight, also on the Red side.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the

Postcard Exchange, which now includes: Fostcard Exchange, which now include Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb. Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb. Linian Mervin, Beaver City, Neb. Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb. Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. Minnie Gutsch, Bennington, Neb. Minnie Guisen, Benson, Neb. Marie Gallagner, Benkelman, Neb. (Box 12). Ida May, Central City, Neb. Vera Cheney, Liniangon, Neb. Vera Cheney, Creignion, Neb.
Louis Habn, David City, Neb.
Khea Freidell, Dorchester, Neb.
Aleda Bennett, Eigin, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Falis City, Neb.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Huida Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.

Jessie Crawford, 48. West Charles street, Urand Island, Neb.
Pauline Remute, Deadwood, S. D.
Hartina Murphy, 22. East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Hartina Murphy, 22. East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Hester E. Hult, Leshara, Neb.
Hester

Marguerite Johnson, 938 North Twentyfifth avenue, Omaha.
Emile Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha.
Helen Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas St., Omaha.
Mary Brown, 2323 Boulevard, Omaha.
Eva Hendee, 4402 Douge street, Omaha.
Lillian Wirt, 456 Cass street, Omaha.
Lewis Poff, 3115 Franklin street, Omaha. Bassett Ruf, 1814 Binney street, Omaha. Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha. Helen F. Douglas, 1981 G Street, Lincoln.

you any work to do?"

or swimming in the afternoons."

house to do that I just can't get out to the

garden." But instead of going to work

with a hoe, Paul had idly walked over to

"I wish I had a pony like Fred West's,"

said Paul. "If I had one, I'd ride all over

the country, exploring every creek and

hill. Gee, why can't I have things like so

"You don't stop to consider how rich

Fred West's father is," said Paul. "Be-

sides. Fred isn't above work. He is as

busy in his father's store during the vaca-

tion as I am in my father's garden and

barnyard. If you want a pony-and your

father can't afford to buy one for you-

why don't you buckle down to work and

to work for," complained Paul. "I'd wear

myself out trying to earn enough money

to buy a pony. Why, I might work all

summer, and still not have enough to buy

"Well, if you had worked all last sum-

mer and saved your earnings, and worked

again in the winter of evenings-as I do-

and again this summer, you'd have quite

enough to buy a pony," said Tom. "I have

\$30 in the bank, and although I offered it to

mother the other day-for she was needing

"Other boys have things they don't have

earn the money for yourself?"

many other boys?"

the Watsons to watch Tom at his work.

Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha.

Myrtie Jensen, 2909 Izard street, Omaha.

Orrin Fisher, 1210 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.

Orrin Fisher, 1210 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.

Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha.

Oscar Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha.

Gsil Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha.

Helen Houck, 1825 Jothrop street, Omaha.

Emerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas, Omaha.

Maurice Johnson, 1927 Locust St., Omaha.

Maurice Johnson, 1927 Locust St., Omaha.

Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth, Omaha.

Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth, Omaha.

Edna Heden, 2789 Chicago street, Omaha.

Mabel Shelfeit, 4314 North Twenty-fifth

street, Omaha.

Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Huida Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.
Harron Capps, Gibson, Neb.
Anna Voss, Wi West Charles Street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Lyola Hoth, W West Charles street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Lyola Hoth, W West Charles street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Lyola Hoth, W West Charles street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, W West Charles street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schulte, Deadwood, S. D.
Martna Murphy, WS East Ninth
Grand Island, Neb.
Hagh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Lena Peterson, 2211 Locust St., E. Omaha.

Mabel Shelfeit, 4814 North Twenty-fifth
street, Omaha.

Waiter Johnson, 2405 North Twenty-fifth
street, Omaha.

Waiter Johnson, 2405 North Twenty-fifth
street, Omaha.

Makel Shelfeit, 4814 North Twenty-fifth
street, Omaha.

Waiter Johnson, 2405 North Twenty-fifth
street, Omaha.

Makel Shelfeit, 4814 North Twenty-fi

your nests here and stay as long as you want to," so the birds began to build their nests. Now it happened that the willow and the pine were the only trees green through the winter, and so when the fairies heard the willow refuse the birds a home they decided to punish it; they thought and thought. Finally the queen fairy said: will make it so ashamed that it won't hold up its head again, but will droop and weep forever." And so it was that the raining very hard that day. willow felt ashamed and wept on forever. But the fairles made the pine tree very she was quite tired.

North Platte, New York Nineteenth St. Carol Simpson, Wilber, Neb. Prences Johnson, 938 North Twenty-fifth Avenue, Omaha.

Marguerite Johnson, 938 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.

Emile Brown, 252 Boulevard, Omaha.

Emile Brown, 252 Boulevard, Omaha.

Macile Moore, Silver City, Ia.

Mache ficultor, 2018 Sherman avenue, Omaha.

Omaha.

Omaha.

Dorothy Telleson, 4346 North Thirty-eighth in a chair with his lesson book in his she had tried and tried to write a story street, omaha.

Mabei Baker, Lander, Wyo.

Corinne Allison Robertson, Wilber, Neb.

Elizabeth Wright, 1322 South Thirty-fifth "This way to playland," said a merry to bein her.

avenue, Omaha.

Charlie looked around and close by his side stood a little girl, holding out one her then, but she would help her some hand toward him as though to lead him, other time. and pointing behind her with the other. So Charlie took her hand with a smile, and story and all the time the fairy guided her away they went hand in hand. In a minute pen though Loretta did not know it. or two they came in sight of a lawn on which were gathered a pretty group. A fairy with a crown on her head and a wand, first prize. in her hand, and attended by other fairles with wands also, was speaking to two boys and a girl in front of her, and pointing to By Ida M. Landon, Aged 10 Years, Mai-three boys behind her, she said:

We will be a substitute of the said of the sai

These who ever loved to play Working never all the day, They must now play, dance and sing Till they're tired of everything;

three times. Then, stopping his that will be considerable, for last week work for a moment, he looked around and we sold \$14 worth of berries to one grocerysaw Paul standing beside the garden gate. man and \$5 worth to private customers. "Hello, Paul!" he called out. "What's And the vines are still bearing. Then, up with you this fine morning? Haven't mother is always generous with me out of the garden proceeds. You see, while 'I'm supposed to be at work this min- you are idie I am making money. And, ute," explained Paul. "Bfit-say, I just I must get to work now, I have played hate to work on such a morning. If I go long enough, leaning on my hoe. Ta, ta, to school for nine months of the year, I Paul, till after dinner. Then, if you are don't think I should be put to work during still idle, you may go fishing with me. I the remaining three months. It's down- am selling my fish-all that mother doesn't

parents in some way for our nine months "Oh, you'll be a regular money grubber of schooling. And there's no simpler way before you are old comugh to vote," said to do it than to work in the garden of Paul in a disgusted tone. Then he turned mornings. I have every afternoon to my- and ambled leisurely away, whistling.

mornings. I have every active from 8 till 11. "Well, I'll have something to begin life have doing nothing." That keeps the garden in fine shape and on by the time I am of voting age," said leaves plenty of time for me to go fishing Tom to himself. "And during that time I shall not be a burden on dad. Poor old "But you help with the evening chores, dad has his hands quite full as it is. I'm "don't you?" asked Paul. "I have to feed happy to be able to help him a bit."

kindling wood for the cook. And it's too when his mother called to him to come in sell that fine little riding mare of his. And the mare. Hard work bought her; hard Tom laughed. "Why, a few evening to see that not a weed remained in the big The saddle is to go into the bargain; also luck to you-well, you'd better get some They called their mother out to see it, and chores amount to nothing. And the work onion patch. After dinner, instead of going a good bridle." In the garden is splendid exercise. Better fishing, as he had planned, he decided to "Wonder if I might get her?" questioned you pass your long afternoons in the hamthan boxing and tumbling and vaulting, set out a new strawberry bed, for a cloud Tom, eagerly. "We could make good use mock, sleeping and dreaming." It brings every muscle into play, besides shaded the sky, which made the time most of her, for she's young and well built, and Then, turning his horse's head, Tom rode helping to produce good things to eat convenient for such work. So, it was quite later on we might get a little phaeton for home as happy as a good, industrious,

the big fishing pond half a mile away. "Yes, it looks pretty good," confessed Paul reluctantly. He felt a twinge of him lying in the hammock under the trees mainder and we'll get the mare at once. I would get a pony. Guess luck only comes shame as he thought of his own garden fast asleep. When he called out to him, In a couple of months we'll get the phae- with effort, after all. Well, it is never too asking if he wanted to go to the pond for that morning his mother had asked him to work in her cabbage patch for an hour. Between the weeds and the worms my cabbages are going to ruin," she had complained. 'And I have so much in the

Tom Grayson and His Luck By William Wallace, Jr. OM was so busily engaged in his some extra money for the house-she garden, weeding a bed of onions, wouldn't touch it, for she has quite made that he did not hear Paul up her mind that I am to have a riding Thomas calling out to him till pony this fall. She' promised me half of his name had been repeated all we make on the strawberry patch, and

want for our table-in the market down- supper. "I don't agree with you," said Tom. "I town. Old Mr. Akens gives me a very Tom. And he held up two silver halves yard, and as he saw Tom coming on the consider it our duty to try to repay our good price."

Look at my garden. Isn't it in great 4 o'clock when he took his fishing rod over shape? We have all the green stuff we his shoulder and went merrily off toward "That's that

> a couple of hours. Paul yawned and replied: "Oh, it's too late to go now." Then Tom. "I have thirty in the bank and my And Paul, made richer from Tom's exhe turned over and wasted the remainder half the profits from the strawberry patch, ample, went off to the garden to work. of the afternoon in lazy cat-napping.

A bit after 6 o'clock Tom returned with a to something like \$20.

fine string of fish, from which he gave "All right, tomorrow we'll close the barhome he saw Paul just getting out of the at most any price.

"I'm a dollar to the good!" cried out home of the Thomases. Paul was in the for Paul to see. "That's better than sleep- back of so fine an animal, he cried out; ing in a hammock all afternoon, isn't it?" "Gee! she's a beaut. Whose is she?" And he laughed good-naturedly.

"Oh, you'll work all summer and in the how he and his father had bought her, fall you'd have no more ahead than I shall jointly. "But," he went on, "I mean to 'pay dad back every cent he put in on the But Paul's words did not come true, for deal, for he insists the mare is mine."

place of business one evening with a bit luck!" the horses and the chickens and get in Then Tom fell to hoeing vigorously, and "Say, Tommy, old man Perkins wants to luck had nothing to do with my owning of information for his industrious son. "Luck?" And Tom laughed. "Why, and rest a bit before dinner, he was proud he names a ridiculously low figure for her, work, do you understand? And if it means still," said Robert, "it don't need to walk,"

helpful boy could be.

"That's just what I was thinking," said "I reckon he's right," said Paul, lookthe big fishing pond half a mile away. the elder Watson. "You have upward of ing after Tom's disappearing figure. "Guess But as Tom passed Paul's house, he saw \$50, haven't you? Well, I'll add the re- I'll have to buckle down to hard work if What say you?"

"Well; dad, I have close to fifty," said needs me this minute. which after the season's yield, will amount and to work with a new energy and determination.

her out. They hurried home. When on the way home there came up a storm. When they got home their mother told them they had stayed too long. But they told her that they had been lost in the storm. She then told them to go dry themselves by the fire. The next morning they all had a cold. When they got well it was time for school to begin in the fall. How Children Help: or a Great Mistake

at 4 o'clock. Lucy, who was the eldest, was told to take care of Mary and Harry,

who were twins. Mary saw a water lily,

she was trying to get it she fell into the

water. Mary gave a little scream. Lucy

came running and called Carl, who pulled

but it was too far out in the water. While

With a start Charlie woke, and-well, he went on with his lessons at once.

By Madeleine Cohn, Aged 9 Years, 1302 Park Avenue, Omalia. Red Side. "When will I ever get a house in this condition put to rights?" said Mrs. Moore, coming home from downtown. "What a Mildred F. Voigt, Aged 10 Years, Davenport, Neb. Red side. bother children are! The nursery is their place, but they hardly ever stay there. One morning Robert took his sister to The little things don't mean to be naughty, the rocks by the seashore. They found a but all children are alike. No, my children cave, and spent a long time in its dark are not so little, for Gladys will be 10 in nooks and corners. While they were in December, and William is 8, Mary is 5, the cave the tide rose till the water reached and, well, Harry is 3 and has a right to play. My, what a racket they are mak-"Oh!" saiu Robert. "The tide will fill ing. I must see what they are doing now," this cave before night, if we could climb she said, going upstairs. "At last I'm up," to some rock, where the tide would not she said, with a sigh, at the same time reach us, we might wait until it goes opening the nursery door. "My dear childown, but we would be cold and hungry dren what have you been doing to upset the house so terribly?" she said. "In our "We must try to let people know where play, I suppose," said Mary. "Well, I'm we are," said Dorothy. They will miss invited out this afternoon and I won't have time to clean it up. Now, all of you come to dinner."

When dinner was over the children went Then she took her hat and threw it as up to the play room and put their toys far as she could out into the water, but away. By the time the toys were in their the tide rolled it back. Then she took place Mrs. Mcore was gone. Then all four Robert's hat and threw it as far as she children went through the house, getting could. Each time the tide would bring the toys that were lying around and putthe hat back. She kept throwing the hats ting them in their place.

till at last an old fisherman saw them. Then Mary and Harry picked up the He rowed until he came to the hats, and scraps from the floor, while Gladys dusted was ready to pick them up, when the the furniture and William put the furnichildren saw him and shouted for nesp. tuge in its place. When all was finished When the children were safe in the boat they saw they were dirty, so Gladys took When they got home and told their them and washed and dressed them. Then mother how they escaped from the tide, they went on the porch and Gladys read this story: she said, "Dorothy was a brave girl. In-

"Once there was a little girl named stead of sitting down to cry, she thought of Ruth, who was very fond of candy, but her favorite was fudge. One very hot day her mother said to her, 'Ruth, please go to the store for some brown sugar.'

"Let's cast a spell over the willow that By Hazel Stanwood, Aged 13 Years, Seward, will make it so ashamed that it won't hold Neb. Red Side. 'I won't go on such a hot day," said Ruth, so Mrs. Cook went herself, got the Loretta was watching it rain, for it was sugar and made fudge, but Ruth never got a bit, and I think this taught her a lesson. Loretta had played with her doll until "You see, you must never disobey nor say 'I won't,' for far worse things than She had tried to read, but she could not that happen by doing either one of those get interested and, besides, it made her things. Oh, here comes mother. Let's go meet her," and so they did. As Mrs. Moore As she watched it rain, one of the drops entered the door and glanced at the difof rain struck the window pane, as soon ferent rooms she said, "My dear children, as it touched the pane it became a fairy. The fairy asked Loretta what she wished great mistake when I said that children were a bother, for they have shown me as he was too fond of doing, Charlie sat Loretta thought some time and then said that they can be a great help."

The Boy Policeman

By Arthur Miller, Aged 13 Years, 3125 Mason street, Omaha, Neb. Red side. The fairy said that she could not help Once there was a boy, who lived in a great city with his mother and father on the first floor of a flat. His name was That very afternoon Loretta started a Philip and he was a nice boy. But up stairs there was a bad boy named How-

After she had finished the story she sent One day as Philip was playing in his it to The Omaha Sunday Bee and got front yard dressed in his policeman suit, Howard came out of the door laughing at Philip and called him names, which he did not like. But he didn't say anything. The next night when Philip was sitting on his front porch alone, he heard some-One fine day Lucy, Mary, Carl and Harry body round in the back yard. He went went into the woods to gather flowers. into the house and got his father's revolver Their mother had told them to come back and went to see what was the matter, he seen found out that they were robbers. So

he sneaked out and held them up. Philip was not afraid; he just led them his mother her choice for supper. The gain with old Mr. Perkins," said Mr. Wat- to the policeman on the corner and he remainder he took to the market and sold son. "And it is a bargain, too, for the old put them in handcuffs and took them to for a dollar. As he passed the Thomas gentleman is anxious to sell off his horses jail. Philip went home and told his mother all about it. Then he went up stairs to hammock in answer to his mother's call to The next afternoon Tom, perched astride Howard and made him beg his pardon for calling him names.

Robert's and Nell's Snow Man By Grace Taylor, Aged 6 Years, Elsie, Neb. Red side.

It was February 17, and snowing hard. Robert sat by the window reading, when he heard someone calling, "Robert, Robert, come and help me make a snow-man." It was Robert's sister Nell calling him, long before the fall-for it happened in "Your own mare!" And Paul looked "all right, I will come Nell," said Robert June-Tom's father came home from his dumbfounded. "Land alive, but you have as he got his coat and cap. When the snowman was finished they put an old hat on the snowman and a cane in his hand, "It looks like a real man," cried Nell, "only it can't walk." "Its standing luck. It will never come to you while she said it was very fice.

Conundrums

By Dorothy Darlow, Aged 10 Years, 208 South Thirty-sixth street, Omaha.

Blue Side. What is the oldest tree in America? The elder tree. Where did you go on your tenth birth-

day. In your eleventh, to be sure. Why is the letter "p" like a Roman emperor? Because It's Nero (near o). Which travels fastest, heat or cold? Heat, because we can easily catch cold. What is that which everyone can divide but no one can see where it is divided?

What vegetable does a lady's tongue resemble? The scarlet runner.

Mary and Her Dog, Carlo By Clara Roepker, Aged 13, Grand Island, Neb. Red Side.

Little Mary and her great black New-

foundland dog, Carlo, were a very familiar picture to me. I often stapped to look at them as they ran about the yard. If it was a warm afternoon they would And he can carry two or three! lay aslesp under the large evergreen trees. Mary's light curis made a lovely contrast to Carlo's shaggy black coat. His loving habit of running away from home, and when she did Carlo would not leave her for a moment. He seemed to try to get her home again. He ran before her, keeping her from getting off the walks and trying to coax her to turn about. Sometimes he would succeed, and then I would hear his joyful bark when he saw her once more safely in the yard. If he could not get her home he would never desert her. When she was tired out she laid her curly head against Carlo's neck, ready to go wherever he led, and then, you may be sure, he led her home just

The Purple Banner

A Base Ball Story.

By William Davis, ex-King, aged 10 years, he saw the line-up for the game that/af-221 West Third and Sycamore Strets, North Platte, Neb. Red Side.

"Oh shucks,," muttered Tom Sliver as



OUT IN THE FIELD. how could you have done this? It was a as straight as he could go. One day Frost was scared and run home. The when I came out of the gate Carlo met flowers began to feet better and they were me, barking and jumping about in a most glad to hear that their friend, the sun, anxious manner. He ran a little way and came to help them. then came back to me as if coaxing me to So Jack Frost went home and went to follow him. I thought him too wise a dog bed for there was no one with whom he to be mistaken, so I followed him, though could play with. a little slowly. He seemed to notice this and to beg me to hasten. In a moment more I saw dear little Mary toddling along the railroad track. I felt sure that the By Ethlyn Berger, 905 South Nineteenth Street, South Omaha. Red Side. dog's quick ears must have heard the train, which was coming around the curve-I hurried fast enough, I can tell you. Carlo had never before allowed me to pick her up even for a moment; now he seemed fairly wild with joy when I caught always took Curly along with him. He her in my arms. He led me home in a perfect dance of delight. After that I He will chase a stick and play "dead dog."

Jack Frost

By Florence Whitaker, 1808 Spencer Street,

way every time he saw me.

Omaha, Neb. It was a chilly day in May, and Jack Frost was almost dead, when he heard his mother say, "Now you run out and play before your playmates come back." The flowers were in bloom and they "We will die now."

First he came to the tulip, and she began over and died.

thought he would like to set on them for he liked snowballs.

ped their heads and died.

The Steed



TE IS a steed so swift and strong And he can gallop all the day long; He never tires, no, not he!

Sometimes young Freddie, on his back, said. gentleness made him seem as good as he Lifts up his whip and gives a crack was handsome. Little Mary had a naughty That fills the air and shouts, "Now go! Be lively, too, and don't be slow!"

> Or Minnie oft will take a ride, For this good horsey is her pride; And in the saddle, happy, she Will ride and ride till called to tea.

At night the steed in nursery stays. But out of doors he spends his days. No child e'er fears him, for, of course, He is a wooden rocking-horsa

Curly

Once there was a dog named Curiy. He was called Curly because him hair was black as coal and real curly. His master was a mail carrier out in the country, and taught Curly to do a good many things. was a privileged friend, for Carlo never One day when he was along with his masforgot that morning. To the day of his ter, he saw a rabbit and started to chase death he thanked me in his mute, loving it. But the faster he ran the faster the rabbit ran. Curly soon found that the rabbit was too much for him, so he came trotting back to his master.

> Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata By Margaret White, Aged 12, 233 Massa-chusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C. Red Side.

On a moonlight winter's night in Bonn Beethoven, the great sonata writer. was reading a book, when a friend came could hear Jack Frost coming and they in and asked him to take a walk, and he were very much afraid. For they said, declined the invitation, but the gentleman coaxed him to go, and he did.

When walking through a narrow, dirty to cry and get so cold that she fell right street he paused for a moment in front of a small dwelling. He knew by the Then Jack Frost went to the snowballs, sound that that was his sonata in F. The and they were so pretty and white he sound of the music made him start at once and go in. Upon entering he wanted to know who it was that was playing He was surprised to find that they drop- and where was the music, but he stopped short, for the girl had turned toward him The sun began to come out and Jack and he found that she was blind. He told her that he had overheard the conversation when she said she would like to hear some beautiful music, and he told her he could play. Then they asked him to play for them. They told him that the plane was a very old-fashioned one, but he played just the same, and when he had finished they asked him to play another splection and they also asked him who he was. So he began to play the sonata in F and they immediately knew him to be Ludwig Beethoven. Then he started to play another, when the candle went out and a flood of brilliant moonlight shone in, and he composed a sonata to the moonlight. He told the gentleman with him that he wanted to go home and write it before he forgot it. He labored over it until the dawn of the next morn.

A Little Pansy

By Hien F. Douglass, Aged Il Years, 1931 G street, Lincoln, Neb. Blue Side. One cloudy day in a lonely spot in a garden was a little pansy looking very sad. 'I wish I was some good in the world."

it said to itself. Soon the sun came out and shone brightly This brightened the pansy up a little, but still it was very sad. In a little while a little girl came walking

by the pansy. She looked very unhappy. "If I could only make this little girl happy, I would be very glad," said the pansy. The little thing raised its head and looked very pretty. The little girl saw it and "What a beautiful flower! I guess will pick it and take it into the house." She picked it and looked in its little face closely, and it seemed to say, "He happy;

be happy." Pretty soon Rose, the little girl, began smiling and ran to her mother to show her the pretty pansy. Her mother said before Rose had time to say anything. Why, my little girl was crying and fretting a little while ago and now she is smiling! Who was it made you happy

'It was this little pansy, which I found in the garden." The little girl was happy now, at the was the pansy.

