TOW THAT vacation is here, all the little Busy Bees will be seeing and doing new things, and so each should have some experiences of his own to tell about. Stories that we make up are interesting, but to be able to give a good description of something we have seen or done is, for most of us, more important. Why not all try it this week? Send in for most of us, more important. Why not all try it this week; Send it one day, a mother Robin, stories about about something that you've been doing lately, about your Sat high on the limb of a tree, school picnics and how it feels to have no school, and every day like Saturday. Watching her little ones on their nest. Till their father should come to tea. Then I am sure we are all interested in each others' pets; would like to hear about them and their tricks.

The prizes this week go to two who have described some experiences they have had recently. The prize winners are Sadie B. Finch, who tells of a trip to Mexico; Emerson Kokjer, who tells what he sometimes sees in the clouds, and Jeannette Miller, who tells how she thinks life looks to a wise

Madge Daniels of Ord, who formerly was a Busy Bee who contributed many interesting stories to our page, has been visiting another former Busy "Give that, dear wife, to the babies, Bee, Gall Howard, in Omaha. The editor was sorry to miss them when they I ve had another squabble malled at the office.

With that saucy English Sparrow." called at the office.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the I'll chart fellow can't mind his own affairs And keep away from our home.

All that fellow can't mind his own affairs And keep away from our home.

I'll chart fellow can't mind his own affairs And keep away from our home.

As far as the Torrid Zone." Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.

Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
Lillian Mervin, Beaver City, Neb.
Mabel Witt, Bernington, Neb.
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Marie Gallagher, Benkeiman, Neb. (Box 12).
Ida May, Central City, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
Rhea Freidell, Dorchester, Neb.
Aleda Bennett, Eigin, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Anna Voss, 467 West Charles street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Lydis Roth, 666 West Koenig street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Ellia Voss, 467 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, Deadwood, S. D.
Martha Murphy, 223 East Ninth street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Graşmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln.
Marian Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln.
Hughle Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln.
Hughle Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln.
Charlotte Boggs, 227 South Fifteenth street,
Midred Jensen, 708 East Second street,
Midred Jensen, 708 East Second street, Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.

Lincoln. Mildred Jensen, 708 East Second street,

Fremont, Neb. 334 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln.
Althea Myers, 224 North Sixteenth street,

Althea Myers, 224 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln.

Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Estelle McDonaid, Lyons, Neb.
Milton Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
North Pistte, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
William Davis, 221 West Third street, North Pistte, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Edith American McEvoy, R. F. D. & Box 25, Missouri Valley, Ia.
Henry L. Workinger, 262 W. Huron street, W. Adlena Sorry, Monarch, Wyo.
Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
Pauline Squire, Grand, Okl.
Fred Shelley, 239 Troup street, Kansas City, Neb.
Nelle Diedrick, Sidney, Neb.
Eunice Wright, 532 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
Carol Simpson, Wilber, Neb.
Lary Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Scilles, Lyons, Neb.
Chicago.
Adlena Sorry, Monarch, Wyo.
Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
Pe

Frances Johnson, 233 North I wenty-avenue, Omaha.

Marguerite Johnson, 233 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.

Emile Brown, 2222 Boulevard, Omaha.

Helen Goodrich, 4018 Nicholas street, Omaha.

Mary Brown, 232 Boulevard, Omaha.

Eva Hendee, 442 Dodge street, Omaha.

Lillian Wirt, 4158 Cass street, Omaha.

Lewis Poff, 5115 Franklin street, Omaha.

Jannite Janua, 278 Fort street, Omaha. Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha. Bassett Ruf, 1814 Binney street, Omaha. Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha.

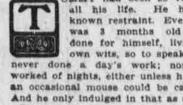
Helen F. Douglas, 1981 G street, Lincoin.
Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha.
Myrtie Jensen, 2909 Izard street, Omaha.
Orrin Fisher, 1216 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.
Olicar Erickson, 2909 Howard St., Omaha.
Oscar Erickson, 2907 Howard St., Omaha.
Gall Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Helen Houck, 1625 Lothrop street, Omaha.
Emerson Goodrich, 4036 Nicholas, Omaha.
Maurice Johnson, 1927 Locust St., Omaha.
Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth, Omaha.
Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth, Omaha.
Wilma Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Hilah Fisher, 1216 South Eleventh, Omaha.
Mildred Jenson, 2707 Leavenworth, Omaha.
Edna Heden, 2789 Chicago street, Omaha.
Mabel Sheifelt, 4914 North Twenty-fifth
street, Omaha.
Walter Johnson, 2405 North Twentleth

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

Pacific streets, Omaha.

Mae Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb.
Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.
Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.
Lena Peterson, 2211 Locust St., E. Omaha.
Ina Carney, Satton, Clay county, Nebraska.
Clara Miller, Utlca, Neb.
Midred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
Leo Beckord, Waco, Neb.
Leo Beckord, Waco, Neb.
Leo Beckord, Waco, Neb.
Elsis Stasny, Wilber, Neb.
Frederick Ware, Winside, Neb.
Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
Edna Behling, York, Neb.
Carrie B. Barilett, Fontansile, Ia.
Irene Reynolds, Little Sloux, Ia.
Ethel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
Ethel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
Katherine Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Katherine Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Margaret B. Witherow, Thurman, Ia.
Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 8, Box 25, Missouri Valley, Ia.
Henry L. Workinger, 362 W. Huron street,
Chicago.
Adiena Sorry, Monarch, Wyo., Box 52.

### Tommy, a Prisoner BY MAUD WALKER.



at whose heels he ran in all his pretended bag and carried off.

Tommy had passed his care-free life, force. His claws never once went through in great numbers, throwing stones at bag. with which to tempt Tommy.

his life, and knew from the promptings of Nature how to guard himself against his When the boy began making meat—a delicacy in "Tommy's mind— dows. "We'll keep him shut in for a he's worth his board and keep, all right." It did not take Tommy long to reach the boy over with sharp, questioning eyes. You have some object in coaxing me," he

But a day came when Tommy fell through appetite. The bit of meat was so temptingly placed for him that he slowly advanced toward it. The boy stood a safe distance off. Tommy got near enough to the meat to grasp it between his paws, Then, meat in mouth, he fled down the alley. Some distance off, he turned to take a peep at the boy. The fellow stood smiling at him, not venturing to follow. Then it was that Tommy was deceived. Evidently the boy had no evil motive in bringing him the meat. Tommy ate the tender morsel greedily, and wish for more. The boy knew he would, and so he brought a piece again the following day. And Tommy was there waiting for him.

On the third day, Tommy became quite good friends with the boy. He had grown to trust him, for not once had the boy tried to lay hand on him, but would place the meat on the ground and walk away, leaving it for Tommy to eat. On the third day, however, the boy sat down on the ground and held the meat out to Tommy, saying in

"Kitty, kitty, kitty, come eat the meat! Come, kitty!"

Tommy approached cautiously. When a few feet off, he sat down and watched

OMMY had been so very happy the boy who still held the meat out to him. hauling a wagon or buggy would be better we crossed a river, and as the fire came "One day I heard a man say she was all his life. He had never The smell of the tempting food was too than standing here." known restraint. Ever since he much for Tommy. He went towards it, a "Oh, but see," answered his wise com- sparks soon caught the grass on the other good-bye to me, and after that I never was 3 months old he had few steps at a time, and soon put out his panion, "if there were no rains there would side. done for himself, lived by his paw for it. The boy let him have it, for it be no fine green pastures; the brooks would "It was getting very near a settlement own wits, so to speak. He had was only a bite. But hardly had had all dry up and the roads would be so dusty now. Farmers ran out from the farm never done a day's work; nor had he Tommy devoured the meat when the boy worked of nights, either unless hunting for produced another piece. This he held out an occasional mouse could be called work to the hungry Tommy also. It was the while," said the Boy's uncle. "Where did But the old uncle did not recken on this And he only indulged in that as a pastime, temptation which cost Tommy his freedom, Tommy was a cat, and at the time of This time, Tommy was not in the least this story was in his first year, being afraid. He walked deliberately up to the about 10 months old. He was fine and boy's hand, took the meat from it and bestrong for his age, and feared nothing gan to eat it, sitting down. Then the boy larger or smaller than a dog. And often grabbed him in his hands and before the he gave a stray canine a good chase, now frightened cat could realize what was though in his heart he feared the fellow happening he was thrust into a dark, tight

bravery, and had Mr. Canine turned on No boy or girl can realize the fright and him he would have gone up a tree or anxiety of Tommy as he was carred away mounted an alley fence with the greatest from his fallen home. He fought in vain, scratching and biting with all his might. But one day a boy entered the alley where But only the feelingless cloth bag felt his

Tommy and at Tommy's friends. But this, On reaching a certain street the Boy got to Tommy and decided he wanted him. So in the bag" and that he was taking him day long he sat mourning over his lost he was indulged. he brought with him a nice bit of meat to his uncle's farm at the outskirts of the happiness. But a day came when free- About 2 o'clock, and while the master town.

captivity. He had been wild and free all the car and took Tommy to his new home, farmer master said to himself: "He's a stealthity from the woodshed and hurried a funny old-fashioned log house, where an fixture here now. He's been well treated toward the open road. Somehow instinct old bachelor lived.

## The Robin's Patriotism

'Don't fret, my dears," said the mother "Your father will soon be here. And he will bring a big, fat worm, To feed his children dear."

"O, here he comes: Cheer up, cheer up— He always brings good cheer— Alas, today he looks quite sad; He has had poor luck, I fear."

Robin bird flew into the house, As fast as he was able,
And dropped a worm, from out his bill,
Upon the well set table.

"I'm a peaceable bird, you know that, my But I'll fight for the babes and you;

And to see that Sparrow come flying near, Makes me feel most awfully blue." "Some time, when we both might be away— Away in search of a bug— We'll come back here and find in our nest That Sparrow as snug as a rug."

"It's our house, my dear; we built it, With the greatest of loving care; And we won't have any Sparrows Troubling the babies there."

Thus in anger spoke Father Robin. But his wife replied with gree. "Cheer up, my doar, cheer up, cheer up, Chee chee! Chee chee! Chee chee!

"Just look at this, I found it today,
'Twas on the ground out there;
I brought it home and hid it
With the very greatest care.

"A little boy had left it-Left it for us, I'm sure; And after this, that Sparrow Will trouble us no more."

"He will not dare when he sees this. To come near us, nor brag. Chee chee! Look here!" She placed on the nest A tiny American flag. EVA CHILD HEAD. Malvern, Ia.



The Clouds

By Emerson Kokjer, Aged 11 Years, Clarks, Neb. Red Side.

I think it is very interesting to watch the shapes and forms of the clouds and I would advise children who have nothing to do on Sunday, or any other day, to watch

I think the white clouds are the prettiest and make the prettiest forms, I have seen clouds that looked like horses. bears, ships and other interesting things. One day when I was watching the clouds they changed to horses and men. The first thing I knew the horses were running a race. One horse was nearly to the stopping place, with the others some feet behind, when a polar bear jumped out and killed it, so that was the end of the race.

Another time I saw a steamboat pushing a barge up the river, but it suddenly disappeared and I did not see it any more.

> (Honorable Mention.) A Rainy Day Story

By Jeannette Miner, Aged 13 Years, Fair-mont, Neb. Blue Side.

It was a rainy day. The rain drops were myself, for then I will be perfectly sure Carol Simpson. Wilher, Neb.

Phyllis Haag, 632 West Seventeenth street, York, Neb.

Macile Moore, Silver City, Ia.

Mabel Houston, 3018 Sherman avenue, whinnies sounded from there. In one stall north in summer and retails when the pasture and many impatient in orth in summer and retails when when the pasture and many impatient in one stall north in summer and retails when the pasture and many impatient in one stall north in summer and retails when the pasture and retails when pattering softly on the barn roof. Inside it will be quite true. Omaha.

Dorothy Tolleson, 4346 North Thirty-eighth stood an old horse. The light streaming it grew too cold to stay longer there. Street. Omaha.

"One day when we were grazing a f through a window showed very plainly his "One day when we were grazing a few beautiful gray coat and long mane. He of us got separated from the rest. Most street. Omaha.

Mabel Baker, Lander. Wyo.

Corinne Allison Robertson, Wilber, Neb.

Elizabeth Wright, 1322 South Thirty-fifth avenue, Omaha.

Marion Staples, 1313 South Thirty-first many years have passed over my head."

Soon the herd had gone on and left just us.

neighboring stall the gray horse looked ing that the rest had gone on. over. "How-do-you-do, my friend," he said think of this weather."

## **RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS**

 Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
 Use pen and ink, not pencil S. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

Omaha Bee.

it would be terrible to haul a vehicle, it would be so dusty. Oh, there are lots of things worse than rainydays. I began finding that out when I was young and frisky like you." "Oh, please tell me a story, just to make

the time fly, something that has really happened," begged the young horse. "Well, then I will tell you one about at least then.

out to the pasture and many impatient herd. We roamed all over the plains, going about me. The rest escaped.

among them) were on the other side. my back. I tried to throw him, but I among them) were on the other side. my back. I tried to throw him, but I soon the herd had gone on and left just us. couldn't, so I decided I wouldn't make any 'My Own Little Nancy Fanny 'I will show you then."

Then they went to a house and the little "I'm not going to give up even if a good among them) were on the other side, my back. I tried to throw him, but I As an impatient whinny sounded from the "We stayed until almost noon, not know- fuss about it. I heard the man say I was

to the impatient sorrell horse who stood saw clouds of smoke curling up towards going to give me to his daughter. frisking about as much as the limited room the sky, and as they came nearer, we "The next morning a little girl came out of the stall would permit, "What do you could see the red flames darting among the with the man who had said I was to be dense cloud of black smoke. We were his daughter's, so I knew the girl was to "It's not a bit nice," replied the other, much frightened and started to run, The be my mistress. She named me Bob. After "Oh, if I were only out in the pasture fire was very hot and we could feel it that when she went to ride it was on my where I could run and frisk about, or even even at that distance. We ran on and on; back and we had the very best of times." to the bank it stopped, but the falling going away to school. She came and said

you find him? He's a dandy."

hegan. For days he was kept in the wood enjoying the new scenes very much. But Memorial day, oh Memorial day house; of nights he was kept in the cellar. as soon as the night set in he watched for Always comes with the 50th of May! And had not it been for the mice that in- an opportunity to give the farm the slip. And our hearts do naturally swell with pride the latter place poor Tommy's life. The old uncle called to him and put him. fested the latter place poor Tommy's life The old uncle called to him and put him would have been one long day and night in the woodshed, but left the door open so Tommy had passed his care-free life, force. His claws never once went through which have been one long day and high in the woodshed, but left the door open so died.

Now, a boy was not a new thing to the to the monster boy who walked leisurely of misery. But he delighted in catching that he might go and come at will. On Oh solders! If only you could see The love, the pride, and the liberty alley in question, for often he came there along with him in the ugly, uncomfortable mice and soon had cleared the cellar of the floor the old man threw a mat for With which we do sorrow, with which the little peats. the little pests.

overtures to him by offering the bit of cheerless room with closed doors and win- well off; and such a mouser he is! Ah. mile distant from the farm house.

especial cat. As soon as Tommy smelt the "Got him in the alley back of our air of freedom he began to plan on gethouse," explained the Boy. "I have had ting back to his old haunts. But he was my sye on him for days. Got him by too sensible to give signs of his desire to after the rain, coaxing with meat. He's a pure Maltese." his master. He had been taught many "Yep, he's a fine one," said the uncle. lessons during his capture and imprison-"I'll keep him in the cellar or the wood ment. He behaved in the most satisfied house till he's accustomed to the place." manner on the day of his liberation and By Ruth Kirchstein, Agen 11 Years, 3601 And then poor Tommy's imprisonment went about the yard and stable as though Tommy to sleep on. Beside it he placed a But his loneliness was on him and he plate of sweet milk. He meant to treat particular boy (but I shall spell him with on a street car, explaining to the conlonged and longed for the old life in the Tommy kindly. But Tommy could not be of course we love the victors best a capital "B"), happened to take a fancy ductor that he had a "fine, big tom cat town alley. Ah, there he lived! And all happy in that place no matter how much That in their dark blue costumes were

dom was given him once more. He had was snoring away in his little attic room But Tommy was not so easily led into Once outside the town the Boy got off been a prisoner for three weeks, and the under the sloping roof. Tommy crept and well fed and you couldn't drive him told him the direction he should go, for he Tommy was let out of the bag into a away with a club. A cat knows when he's turned toward the town which was only a

home of his happy days. Once in town he found the old beloved alley without the least bit of trouble. But only one short, sweet hour did he allow himself to linger there, for he knew that with the day the Boy would see 1 im, and that all sorts of devices would be employed to recapture him. So he walked up and down the alley for a brief and happy hour, then he went scolded Shep. far, far from his old haunts. But he found as satisfactory a place, for he wandered down on the river front among the great wharves and warehouses, and there he became the best known cat of the vicinity. Men would point him out and say: "See that great Maltese Tom? He's the finest fellow on the river. He belongs to every one and to no one, for we all feel a deep interest in him, yet not one of us has ever were scared of Shep's master when Shep been able to lay hands on fim. He's a was alive, but now he was their best friend. sort of privileged character. He comes and goes at his own awest will, everybody

And to the end of his life Tommy never you keep your liberty."

# BUSY BIL IN OLD MEXICO.



## Sadie B. Finch as a Senorita

(First Prize.)

By Sadie B. Finch, Aged 12 Years, 2016 Fourth Avenue, Kearney, Neb. Blue, The trip to Mexico is made daily from San Diego, Cal. The train consists of three dollar's worth. I persuaded a man who only day and was tomorrow? Leaving San Diego at 9 o'clock we travel

We have a competent guide, who is jolly and explanatory. We go through National pay from 30 to 70 per cent duty. A gentle-City, which is in the heart of the lemon man from Denver paid \$2.50 duty on a and olive belt. Then we pass though two small image. or three little towns. The guide points We had our pictures taken as Mexicans, out to us the last school house in the and a number of us sampled a Spanish United States. In a few moments we come lunch, hot tamales, etc. loaded into tally-hos, which take us across ber of scattered houses. At the end of the the Ti Juana river. The water is not deep, street is a large arena in which they have so we do not mind fording it. As the bull fights on "Sundays," which I think is wagons pass through the river and stir up wicked. Returning we stop at National the sand the water appears to be full of City for dinner and again board the train stopped and looked for a some time at a gold dust and glitters and sparkles beauti- for Sweetwater dam, which is a large reserfully. Our party is a large one and it voir containing enough water to irrigate takes four tally-hos, each drawn by four the surrounding country for four years. He is the horse I rode in war. horses, to take us across to Ti Juana. regardless of rains. Then back to San

without having to pay duty. I bought a beautiful green Mexican hand-made rug, head. had a quarter's worth to carry my hat for some distance along the ocean. We through the custom nouse to the for some distance along the ocean. We ing through we get in line and they examine our pockets, purses and packages. Those having more than a dollar's worth

will purchase more or less of their wares.

in sight of the custom house. We are now Tia Juana has one long street and a num-It is a nice warm morning and we are en- Diego after having spent a delightful day, his head and seemed to know him, and joying the sunshine, birds and flowers, California has many charms for methough it is the 22d of January. Now we have all is the grand old sea, all get out at Ti Juana and the Mexicans And my home and friends in the middle put his hand into his pocket and said, are ready to welcome us, knowing we all

houses. They did everything they could father found him he was on the fourth to stop it, and after a long fight the fire story in a room with a little boy playing turned with the oats and let the animal eat was put out, but we were not there then. with blocks. He found a bloycle and after from his hand. He then went on his way, We ran on for a long ways, and as we trying to ride it, which he failed to do, he saying to the driver, "Be good to him and passed a ranch some cowboys came out. left it lying in an old alicy. One morning use him well." They chased us, trying to throw their as he came downstairs from the hotel he It was a beautiful sight, and it wasn't lassoes about us, but they did not succeed, saw a room with a door open. There was a wonder that some of the little boys said

the horses stood in the stalls wishing to go "When I was very young I belonged to a of these, and as I fell, a lasso settled down and a few other articles. There was a cup

badly sprained from the fall and that kept heard two blocks away and dashed upme quiet for a long time. came and put a saddle on me and got on swallowed a cupful of mustard.

"Toward the middle of the afternoon we Another man spoke up and said he was

saw her again, for I was sold not long afterwards. I have changed masters many times, but I shall not forget my little mistress. It was not fun that day on the hot prairie, with the fire chasing me, but I think that is one of the rainy days in my life that made the flowers bloom." The sun came out then and it had quit raining. The farmer came and let them go out to the pasture, all green and fresh

Memorial Day

Grand Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

r the brave soldiers that heroically died.

do play. For those that once fought and died

side,
side,
Pill our hearts with love and pride.
So now we put on the 30th of May
(Which is of course Memorial day.)
With loving hands, garlands gay. O'er those who once were in the fray,

Shep

Once a man had a dog named Shep. He beat Shep with a stick and kicked him and

was always scoiding him. One day Shep saw his master drowning. His master had on his best clothes. Shep jumped in and saved his master, but tore his master's coat. His master beat and

Another time Shep saw a herd of prairie woives about to tread upon his master. Shep ran to the rescue, but the wolves came after him. Shep's master escaped, but the wolves killed and ate Shep. His master then realized what he had done and forever after that if he saw a dog he would call out to him and pet it, but he could never forget Shep. The dogs

Ellison's Curiosity

"The snake holes were very numerous wanted to see what was in the room. It kindness to his old friend, the horse. there and very large. I stumbled in one contained a table, stove, chairs, cupboard of custard on the table and so Ellison bout me. The rest escaped.

"They took me to a ranch. My leg was drank it. He let out a yell that could be By Blanche Dewhirst, Aged 10 Years, Nickerson, Kan. "One day, after I got all right, a man thing after that. Because, you see, he had to her grandma's when she saw a little boy

## Topsy"

There was a whole lot of little kittens afire," said the little boy. in the hay loft, but Agnes did not know Afterward the police came and took the it; but, of course, she soon found it out. children home. There were four of the kittens, but Agnes

Agnes kept the kitten till it was a large cat and had some kittens of its own. One of the neighbors told Agnes that she had a puppy that Agnes could have. She went and got the puppy and brought home in her arms.

'My Own Little Nancy Fanny Topsy.

Agnes then put it in a box not far from the cat's box, but it cried for its mamma. Suddenly the crying stopped and Agnes went out to see why, and what do you think she found? The puppy was in the box with "My Own Little Nancy Fa-

#### Conundrums

Topsy" and her kittens.

Sent by Darothy Darlow, Aged to Years, 208 So. 26th St., Omaha, Blue Side, I. What is the difference between a young lady and a wide-awake hat:

One has feelings, the other has felt. 2. What is that which every living being has seen, but will never see again?

Yesterday. 3. If you suddenly see a house on fire what three celebrated authors would you

Dickens-Howitt-Burns! 4. When may a man's pocket be empty

and yet have something in it? When it has a hole in it. What is the keynote to good manners?

6. What do you call the ship that carries more passengers than the Great

Eastern? Courtship. 7. Why is an author the most wonder-

Each person is allowed \$1 worth of goods ful person in the world? Because his tail (tale) came out of his 8. What is that which will be yester-

> Today, of course. 9. What is put on the table and cut but never eaten?

A pack of cards. Which of the four seasons is the most literary? Autumn, for then the leaves are turned,

The Horse

and then are red (read).

By Myrtle Sickkotter, Aged 10 Years, Gretna, Neb. Blue Side.

The horse is a noble, useful animal. Let me tell you a story about one. Once in a street in London an old soldier was walking along the sidewalk, when suddenly he horse on the other side of the street. At last he said, 'I know him, I know him,

At the sound of the voice the horse raised Yes, he shall have it, though it were my last penny, I have enough to get him

a meal of oats." Then the soldier went away and soon re-

no one in the room and as usual Ellison "Hurrah," when they saw the soldier's

### Playing House Afire

stairs. He never poked his nose into any- A little girl about 4 years old was walking

about her size. The little boy asked her to play house afire

boy took paper and put fire on it then he

By Hazel Stanwood, Aged 12 Years, Seward, put the paper against the house so it would Neb. Red Side.

The fire was put out and did not hurt ould only have one; so she picked out one anything but when the children got home of the ugliest of the four and named it they got spanked.

#### The Life of a Little Sioux Girl



distance. Usually the little brown baby spective homes. The next year I spent at will smile at you from across the mission home, but returned to the mission at the chapel, but will scream with terror when end of the year. I had been back but a you would like to hold it in your arms. day or so when Amelia's mother brought you would like to hold it in your arms. Ameila Brown Wolf was more like a the little girl to welcome me. Then school white baby with white people and with me was especially friendly. She had a 15- pupils to appear. year-old sister in our school and on Sat-Julia home for the recreation period in the fond of being caressed. She would come

chums. To my great surprise one day,

our own white babies. rudely disregarded, she too young and I turned her head away and cried.

ignorant of the language. One day I was strolling among the camps we sent Julia home to help the mother. and my attention was drawn to my baby friend peeping from the flaps of the tepes she must keep me informed as to the condoor. Julia used to tell us that Amelia urday. Very early Tuesday morning, before wanted to come to school and when she the household was astir, Mr. Brown Wolf wanted to come to school and when all the household was astir, at Brown work was not quite 5 years we admitted her. rang the doorbell and asked for me. I Julia brought her on Saturday afternoon; called one of the large girls to interpret dressed in a fresh, new calleo frock, a Amelia was dying, he told us, and he could pretty blue sunbonnet over the little black scarcely speak for his grief. Though I braids, a tiny shawl over her shoulders, knew there was nothing to be done, just like a big woman, Amelia was very wanted to go to her, my staunch little proud. And when I gave her a bine ging- friend. The father was going to the trader's ham apron, the uniform for the little girls, store, two miles further, to buy the coffinshe beamed with delight. She had her own They have their peculiar customs, and locker; she learned her place in the line would stop for me upon his return. I war when they marched to the dining room or ready when he came, and I rode with him to the school room. In the latter she had in the rickety little old buggy. To the back her slate and desk, just like the other little he had tied the box containing a little casgirls. In the dormitory she slept with Julia. ket, the bed for my poor little girl. throwing grub to him, yet nebody during By Helen Cross, Aged 13 Years, 212 Front She was perfectly happy in school and was a beautiful, bright spring morning, but to try to capture him."

By Helen Cross, Aged 13 Years, 212 Front She was perfectly happy in school and was a beautiful, bright spring morning, but to try to capture him."

By Helen Cross, Aged 13 Years, 212 Front She was perfectly happy in school and was a beautiful, bright spring morning, but to try to capture him." Street, North Platte, Neb. Blue Side. very apt not long in picking up a few Eug- our hearts were sad. When we reached the Ellison was a very restless boy. If he lish words. She had her regular duties house the child had passed away. forgot his period of captivity, and he saw something that he had never seen which she performed like a little woman. I stayed with them an hour, and though profited by the lessons he had learned, before he would have to know all about it; dusting the chairs or helping to wipe our language and our customs differed trmpting bits," he would say to himself, much it cost. Ellison's father had decided used to have difficulty in threading the tween usit's wise to be on your guard, and to to go to New York and stay a month, and needle, and I can see her now, laboring. When we laid our baby away in the mis-

HEN I first saw her she was and the most delicious mud pies. about 1 year old, snug and She was her father's pet, and on Satur-happy on her mother's back. days he would come for her during recrea-Unlike most Indian babies of tion hours, bringing her safely back with her age, she was inclined to be her bag of candies from the trader's store. as friendly when near as from a Vacation came and we went to our re-

began, and Amelia was one of the first She was very small for her age, our urday would come with her father to take school baby, we called her, our little Merry

afternoon. Then while waiting for Julia, up to us, put up her little hands and say.

Amelia and I had our visits and we became "Me, I like you." An epidemic of whooping cough broke out when I leaned down to give my buby friend on the reservation, and we tried to keep a cookie, she threw her arms around my it from the school, for we realized that neck and "loved me" after the fashion of the Indian child with whooping cough might quickly develop tuberculosis. But our One Christmas night the white ladies efforts failed, and Amila was one of the But the gray, that were on the southern from the mission school went to the Christ- victims of the disease. She was not very mas tree for the "grown-ups" in the log sick at first, but we watched her closely. house, known as the "guild house." As The world over, a mother wants her sick is customary, the men were on one side ones near her, so we permitted the parents of the building, the women on the other, to take Amelia home to their log house all seated on the floor. We took our place In a few days we went to see our baby, among the women and Amelia and I were taking her some milk and cereals. To our not long in spying each other, she playing horror we soon saw that she was very ill By Russell Myers, Aged il Years, 279 South peck-a-boo from behind her mother, first with pneumonia, burning with fever. But Thirty-second Street, South Omaha. from one side, then the other. Our elders she put up her little, hot hands toward Red Side. were making speeches which Amelia and I me and smiled so faintly while the mother

When we returned again to the school, Since the child was my pet I told Julia

Everybody has an object in handling you how it was made, who made it and how knives and forks. In the sewing class, she vastly, there was a strong, sad bond be-

look twice before you leap once. Keep an so he took Ellison with him. He saw a with it, and looking up with a shy smile sion cemetery, her little schoolmates scaeye on deceivers, say I. And in so doing large building, and curious to know what if she thought I was observing her. At tered wild flowers over the mound, and an was on the inside, he entered. When his play, she made the oddest little rag dolls we left Amelia Brown Wolf. . A. V. B.



TOMMY WAS LET OUT OF THE BAG INTO A CHEERLESS ROOM.