TO THE Busy Bees who are on vacations the other Busy Bees make the request that they write descriptions of these vacations, tell about the places they are visiting, the unusual places they are seeing and what they are doing. It is always unselfish to share our good times, and so the Busy Bees who are away really should share their trips with the stay-at-homes.

If you try to see how much you can tell in a sentence, that is how you can make every word count, mean something in telling the story, and the accounts of the vacations will not become too long. There is, by the way, a tendency among the writers lately to send in stories which are too long. Conciseness is a valuable quality in wrting and now is a good time to try to acquire it. Try it now; try to see how interesting a short story you can write about how you are spending your vacation, whether at home or away.

Those who win prizes this week are Ruth Kirschstein, 3601 Grand avenue, Omaha; Marion Cross, North Platte, Neb., and Helen Antles, Stanton, Neb.

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

Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.
Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
Lillian Mervin, Beaver City, Neb.
Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Agnes Dampke, Benson, Neb.
Marie Gallagher, Benkelman, Neb. (Box 12).
Ida May, Central City, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Louis Hanu, David City, Neb.
Rhea Freidell, Dorchester, Neb.
Aleda Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.
Marion Capps, Gibson, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Anna Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Lydia Roth, 605 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
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, Deadwood, S. D.
Martha Murphy, 823 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Hester F. Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln.
Marian Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln.
Elsie Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln.
Irene Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln.
Hughie Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln.
Charlotte Boggs, 227 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln.
Mildred Jensen, 708 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
Helen Johnson, 334 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln.
Althea Myers, 234 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Milton Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
William Davis, 221 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
Louise Raabe, 2080 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
Frances Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Marguerite Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Emile Brown, 2323 Boulevard, Omaha.
Helen Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha.
Mary Brown, 2323 Boulevard, Omaha.
Eva Hendee, 4402 Dodge street, Omaha.
Lillian Wirt, 4158 Cass street, Omaha.
Lewis Poff, 3115 Franklin street, Omaha.
Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha.
Bassett Ruf, 1814 Binney street, Omaha.
Meyer Cohn, 346 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
Helen F. Douglas, 1941 G street, Lincoln.
Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha.
Myrtle Jensen, 2069 Izard street, Omaha.
Orrin Fisher, 1210 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.
Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha.
Oscar Erickson, 2907 Howard St., Omaha.
Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Helen Houck, 1623 Lothrop street, Omaha.
Emerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas, Omaha.
Maurice Johnson, 1027 Locust St., Omaha.
Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth, Omaha.
Wilma Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha
Hilah Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh, Omaha.
Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth, Omaha.
Edna Heden, 2789 Chicago street, Omaha.
Mabel Sheifelt, 4914 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Walter Johnson, 2405 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Leonora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.
Mae Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb.
Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.
Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.
Lena Peterson, 2311 Locust St., E. Omaha.
Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Nebraska.
Clara Miller, 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 Sioux, Ia.
Ethel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Katherine Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Margaret B. Witherow, Thurman, Ia.
Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 3, Box 25, Missouri Valley, Ia.
Henry L. Workinger, 2062 W. Huron street, Chicago.
Adlena Sorry, Monarch, Wyo., Box 82.
Fred Sorry, Monarch, Wyo.
Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
Pauline Squire, Grand, Okl.
Fred Shelley, 230 Troup street, Kansas City, Mo.
Mary McIntosh, Sidney, Neb.
Nellie Diedrick, Sidney, Neb.
Eunice Wright, 522 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
Carol Simpson, Wilber, Neb.
Phyllis Haag, 632 West Seventeenth street, York, Neb.
Macile Moore, Silver City, Ia.
Mabel Houston, 3018 Sherman avenue, Omaha.
Dorothy Tolleson, 4346 North Thirty-eighth 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 street, Omaha.

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 350 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee.

(First Prize.)

An Ideal Fourth

By Ruth Kirschstein, Aged 11 Years, 3601 Grand Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

"Children," said Mrs. Jameston, "wouldn't you rather go without those dangerous fireworks and have a pleasant day in the woods with a few of your friends instead?" Mrs. Jamestou stopped and looked at the row of thoughtful faces before her: Mary Alice, who was fourteen; Charles, who was eight, and Elizabeth, who was five. "You know so many children have been hurt by the powder, and it would be lovely to go out in the woods for the day."

"Oh, mother," begged Charles, "it will be just horrid if we don't have any fireworks. The Fourth of July wouldn't seem natural unless I made my share of the noise. The fellows would say that I was afraid of a little bit of powder"

"But, Charles," argued his mother, "about 2,300 children were either hurt seriously or killed last year by what you seem to think a little bit of powder. We don't want you to get either hurt or killed, and when you get to the woods, Harry Vandike and you can make all the noise you want to without powder."

"Oh, yes, mother," exclaimed Mary Alice, "could I take Carolyn Wells?"

Mrs. Jameston nodded. "And Elizabeth may take her little friend, Marjorie Mason," she said.

"Who will you and papa take?" queried Mary Alice.

Her mother smiled. "We will take the mothers and fathers of your friends."

The morning of the Fourth of July dawned bright and warm.

"Children! Children!" called Mr. Jameston. "Its the Fourth."

Instantly three pair of feet were heard to spring out of bed, and in a few minutes the three children ran lightly down the stairs to where their parents were waiting for them. After a hasty breakfast, the baskets were packed and the carriage drove up to the door. When all were in, Mr. Jameston directed the coachman to the Oakland's where Mary Alice's friend, Carolyn Wells lived. The next place was called "Mason Grove" and last of all Charle's friend, Harry Vandike was taken up at "Stormcrest." The three little guests did not know that when the carriage drove away leaving them in a beautiful little place, that it was going back to get their parents, for that was to be kept a surprise.

"Lets go and explore this cunning place," said Carolyn.

So the six children set out. The place was truly beautiful. The dark, green trees looked down at the children playing in their shade and would seem to whisper, "Sh! Watch the children play. Sh! Sh!" A clear little brook ran among the trees and the children immediately wanted to wade in it, for the white pebbles at the bottom offered a tempting foot path. Gay butterflies flitted among the dark, green branches, and squirrels stopped to observe the strangers who were intruding on their premises. A little rabbit sniffed cautiously at the lunch basket, but not finding anything to suit him, hopped away.

Just then the rumble of the carriage coming back attracted their attention and when Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Vandike and Mr. and Mrs. Wells stepped out the children's joy knew no bounds.

A little later, a regular picnic luncheon was served. When they were about through, Charles heard a hungry snap of teeth behind him. Turning, he saw the rabbit.

"Poor little rabbit," cried Mary, Alice and Elizabeth in a breath," he wants something to eat.

"Carolyn and Marjorie gave the rabbit a generous supply and sent him away happy. He must have told the squirrel about his good luck for in a minute the squirrel appeared. After having gotten a few nuts he whisked his tail and scampered away.

The afternoon was spent in wading, lounging around in the hammocks, playing games and telling stories about the Fourth. When evening came the children were called to supper. It had been planned with skill, for woodbine clambered over the snowy tablecloth. Everything but the orangeade was shaped like a firecracker. The sandwiches were round with a little cheese fuse and the peppermint firecrackers were much better than the ones with powder, for they lasted longer.

Soon after, when all was dark, they lighted some harmless fireworks, such as "sparklers" and a few others. Mr. Vandike thought that the children would like to pretend the play, "As You Like It."

Getting up he said: "I am the duke that was banished by his wicked brother. I have come to these quiet woods to escape from the dangerous (firecrackers) that surrounded me, and Harry may be Orlando, Charles, the messenger, and the coachman, James, may be Adam. The rest of you are my faithful followers."

The children, as well as the grown folks, entered eagerly into the play and James felt quite complimented in being given the important part of Adam. At last after all the misfortunes in the play, the messenger came with the joyful news that the duke's penitent brother gave up his unjust dukedom. Everybody got into the carriages and after a series of good-byes, their friends were left at their homes and the Jameston's rode to their own home.

Next day Carolyn Wells came dashing over on her pony to see Mary Alice. "Have you heard?" she asked breathlessly.

"Heard what?" queried Mary Alice.

"Gertrude Ludwig, Richard Barnes, and his little baby brother, who was standing by, were all hurt yesterday by some fireworks and Gertrude isn't expected to live."

"Poor Gertrude!" exclaimed Mary Alice. "I did not know her very well, but I think she is just as sweet as she can be and I am terribly sorry she is hurt, but oh, Carolyn! I'm so glad that we were safe in the woods," she cried, and all the children echoed her.

(Second Prize.)

Uncle Tom to the Rescue

Marion Cross, Aged 14 Years, 212 East Fifth Street, North Platte, Neb. Blue Side.

"Oh! oh!" cried Bobby, coming home one afternoon from a concert and running into the parlor, "you just ought to have went an' heard that lady sing. My, but she can sing, just like a bird. You—"

"What did she sing?" his mother interrupted him.

"Um—well, I don't just 'xackly member what the name of it was, but it was sumthin' about 'How Could I Leave You,' and 'The Thought Does Grieve Me Sad.'"

"Ho! ho!" exclaimed his big brother Jack, "just listen to that. 'The thought does grieve me sad.' Wouldn't that—"

"Well, how do you say it then if—"

"Why, my boy," began Jack patronizingly, "its just as easy as falling off a log. Its like this: 'The deep thought sad doth grieve me.'"

"Why, Jack," laughed his sister Helma, "you aren't any better than Bobby with all your bragging because you are wrong, too. This is the way it is: 'The deep, sad thought doth grieve me.'"

"Huh! That ain't right, I know. It don't sound right. Grandpa, you tell us what it is."

"Well, my dears, I've heard that song a good many times and I'm pretty sure its like this: 'The thought doth grieve me deeply.'"

"Yes, that's right," said grandma, "only instead of 'deeply' it is 'sadly.'"

"N-no, that don't sound just exactly right," said Aunt Adelaid slowly, "isn't it something like this: 'The deep thought doth sadly grieve me?'"

"Here comes Uncle Tom!" suddenly exclaimed Bobby, "I'll bet he can tell. Say uncle, which is it?"

"Which is what?"

After they had explained matters he stood a moment, thinking, then he said quietly, this is it: "The sad thought deep doth grieve me? Isn't that it?"

"Why, of course," said everybody at once.

(Honorable Mention.)

Dorothy's Lesson

By Helen Anties, Aged 9 Years, Stanton, Neb. Blue Side.

Dorothy was a little girl of 8. She had too much of everything and yet she was very selfish and would give nothing away.

One day while she was playing with her new toys she fell asleep. She dreamed she was a poor girl, her mother washed for a living because her father was dead. She dreamed that across the street lived a rich girl who had everything she wanted, but would give her nothing at all.

Just then she awoke. She jumped up and put her new toys in her apron and went down stairs. On the stairs she met her mother. She told her about the dream. She said she was going to give her toys to the poor children, and did. That evening Dorothy's mother rewarded her with a beautiful necklace for her kindness.

The Comfort of Easter Day

By Vera Kuckley, Aged 9 Years, Moorcroft, Wyo., Blue Side.

The child was crying. His mother was dead and under the ground. His aunt was to take care of him, but it was not like having a mother.

"Why, dear, the spirit is up in heaven and she can see you and she is watching you now," said the aunt soothingly

"She is dead. If she is watching me why doesn't she kiss me and answer me when I call," the child burst into sobs.

"She can't answer you when she is in heaven, child, and you only kissed the house she lived in," said the aunt.

"Let me show you something to prove it," said the aunt.

She led the boy to a wood and to a small tree.

"See this branch, it is all dry and not pretty," she said as she held out a branch of the tree. "But soon it will be full of leaves."

"It's just dried up and dead, and not good for anything only to burn in a fire. I'm going to take it home and burn it up," said the child.

"Oh, don't, and we will come back to see it in two weeks," said the aunt.

"Oh, see here. There is a cocoon," said the aunt as she picked up a cocoon.

"What are you going to do with that; take it home and burn it up?"

"No. I'll not burn it up," said the aunt, by that time they were home. The aunt took a pan, covered the top with a screen and put it in the sun.

Two weeks later the aunt led the way to the woods and pointed to the same branch that the boy was going to burn up and behold, it was covered with bright green leaves.

"Isn't it pretty?" said the child. "Oh, aunty, that really isn't the one that I was going to burn up?"

"Yes, it is," said the aunt sweetly. "So it is with the dear ones that we love, they seem to be gone, but are only not in sight. Now we must go home and see that cocoon that I put in the pan."

So she led the child to the pan and what do you suppose? In it was a beautiful red and yellow butterfly.

"What shall I do with it?" said the aunt.

"Let it go," said the child as the aunt tore the screen off of the pan.

Away flew the butterfly to the air. So it is with the dear ones that we love, said the aunt. "They seem to be gone, but really they are only out of sight.

Motto: Do not wian that the dead ones in heaven were upon this earth, because they are having a good time.

Ben and the Fairy

By Ada Donaldson, Aged 13 Years, Hillsboro, Ia. Blue Side.

Once there was a little boy whose name was Ben. He had to herd geese all day without any dinner and some times had to go to bed without any supper. He lived with a cross old aunt who was very cruel to him.

One day when Ben was 12 years old he got up early in the morning. His aunt was very cross. He was afraid that she would give him a beating so he went out with the geese before breakfast.

The geese did not want to go the right way, when he got them out of one place they went into another. After a while he sat down on a stone and began to cry, he was tired, hungry and faint. Just then he heard a voice behind him. He looked up and saw a fairy. She had a key in one hand and a wand in the other. She gave him the key and told him that he could do almost anything with it.

When the fairy disappeared he touched the rock he was sitting on and said: "O, rock spread me some dinner," and behold, it was a table and it had many good things to eat on it and when he was done it disappeared and he was sitting on the same old rock.

The next morning he went out to the field before breakfast, because he would have a better one in the field. His aunt called to him and told him that breakfast was ready. He only said he didn't want any and went on with the geese.

Ben's aunt wondered why he didn't eat any breakfast and thought she would go and see When she got out to the field he was eating breakfast. She ran toward him. He got up and walked away and his table disappeared. This made her angry and she took her cane and beat him because he ate at such a beautiful table without asking her.

Ben got angry, too, and ran away till he came to a man on a horse. Ben asked him to sell his horse. The man did so and got off and went on foot.

Ben wondered where he would go, then he thought he would go and see the queen. After two days' of travel Ben came in sight of the castle. He went up to the castle and tied his horse to the fence.

The prince was on the steps looking at Ben. Of course the prince did not know Ben so he asked his name. Ben told him his name was Ben King. The prince said that his name was Howard King and that Ben was his brother who had been kidnaped by a woman who claimed to be his aunt, but was not. So Ben had a happy time after that.

Shun Delay

By Myrtle Williams, Aged 11 Years, Atkinson, Neb. Red Side.

One day an old farmer went to the nearest town with some products of his farm. When he had attended to all his business, he stabled his horse at an inn and went to see the greatest lawyer in town

On being shown into the lawyer's room, he said: "Now, sir, I have come to get your advice."

"Yes," answered the lawyer, "what is the matter?"

"That is for you to find out," said the old man. "I have come to get advice, not to give it."

The lawyer was rather amused than angry, and made up his mind to find out what the old man really wanted. So he asked: "Perhaps you wish to recover a debt?"

"No!" shouted the old man, "I owe no man."

The lawyer asked several questions without being able to find out what the old man wanted. At length he said that he was unable to give him any advice, as he did not seem to be in any trouble.

"Trouble!" shouted the man, "that's exactly what I am in. I have come to ask you for advice, but you can do nothing to help me. That's trouble enough, I think I must go to some other lawyer who understands my case."

"You need not do that," said the lawyer. "Now that you have explained, I understand your case thoroughly. Your neighbors have received advice, and you wish to be as clever as they."

"That's it," shouted the old man.

The lawyer took a sheet of paper and a pen. Then he asked the old man his name.

"John Brown," was the answer.

"Occupation?"

"I'm a farmer," said John.

The lawyer wrote it down and added something which the farmer couldn't make out.

When the farmer arrived home, he found a number of his work people at his door talking to his wife.

"Here comes John," she cried, "he will tell us what to do."

Then she told her husband that the hay was ready to be carried in and the men wanted to know whether they should stop for the night or work till the fields were clean.

He took the paper from his pocket and handed it to his wife, who took it and read aloud: "John Brown, farmer. Do not put off till tomorrow what you can do today."

"Away to the fields, lads," said the farmer, "and get the hay in."

The men went to the fields and worked with a will until they were clear. As they were carrying in the last load a few drops of rain fell. In the night a great tempest burst over the valley. When the farmer awoke in the morning several of his fields were flooded. You can imagine how glad he was that he had not put the work off till tomorrow.

"A famous advice that was," said the farmer. "I'll never put anything off again."

The farmer kept his word and found that the world went smoother ever after.

BUSY LITTLE QUEEN OF THE BUSY LITTLE BEES

HELEN VERRILL.

Helen Verrill, who has been Queen of the Busy Bees during the last three months, will spend her vacation visiting relatives in New Haven, Conn. Helen is observing and has written excellent stories about birds, trees, butterflies and other subjects of interest to the Busy Bees, all of whom hope that she will continue sending stories to the children's page during vacation.

FOR THE IMMORTAL M'GUFFEY

Potential Mentor of the School Approaches the Hall of Fame.

William McGuffey, educator, heads the latest list of nominees for the hall of fame.

It is as potent as a magic carpet—that three-line news item. Back you go in memory to the front bench where the reading class used to sit when June days were longer than they are now.

You are done with asking "Ned, how far can you hop?" and urging "Up, up, Lucy, for the sun is shining." You have said goodby to the saving boy who never wasted a bit of string and to the prying lad who opened the closet door and pulled unexpected punishment down on his head. In your hand is a much fingered "McGuffey," flower of the "Eclectic" series, full of "elegant extracts in prose and poetry"—480 pages of them—with "copious rules and rhetorical exercises." You are in the fifth reader.

"How does the water come down at Lodore?" That splashing, dashing cataract cools the room, drowning out the sleepy drone of the flies. Teacher begins with that because everybody likes it. Then the scene switches to the highlands. You read of the "deadly feud" that "subsisted almost from time immemorial between the families of Macpherson of Bendearg and Grant of Cairn," and your blood boils again.

Further still you fare with the old McGuffey as guide. At midnight in his guarded tent the Turk lies dreaming of the hour and you surprise his slumbers. You visit the coliseum by moonlight and buried Herculaneum and burning Sappro's isles of Greece. You cheer Godlike Hector and his troops, tread the streets of Mizpeh with Jephthah's warriors. Not a bell is heard as Sir John Moore's corse is hurried to the ramparts.

The old thrill comes back with the story of the eagle and its flight up, up to the crags with Hannah Lamond's bairn in its talons. There was "The Ambitious Youth" who cut his initials in the bridge, cutting, climbing, 300 feet above the "awful abyss that awaits his almost certain fall." "Keep your eye to the top—don't look down," shout the rescuers. Now he has caught the rope—is "recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity."

McGuffey introduced Shakespeare and you read of potent, grave and reverend seignlors for the first time, soliloquized with Hamlet, buried Caesar, saw the dread moons that followed the death of Prince Arthur, lamented with Wolsey, "A long farewell to all my greatness." Scott led you with Marmion to Surrey's camp, by the McGuffey magic. Goldsmith told the story of Mme. Blaize. Addison showed you his dream plain where every man brought his most cherished burden to exchange—for the worse—with his neighbor. Patrick Henry cautioned you that "it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope." You shouted for "Harry, England and St. George" in one reading lesson and in another grew patriotically hoarse over "Freedom from her mountain height" unfurling "her standard to the air." Pope, Dryden, Mrs. Shourney, Southey, Mrs. Hemans and the pilgrim fathers, Bryant with his "Thanatopsis," Dickens and his sick scholar, Tom Hood and his telling punster's tale of Ben Battle, Reinzi haranguing the Romans—these were the people of the world on the reader class bench, and when you met them later, what old friends they seemed!

"But we must pause," says the honorable gentleman."

The little old brown schoolhouse is gone. You can't ever go with bare legged Tom Hopkins to get a pail of water from the Andrews farmhouse again, or pass the water when it comes, or dig sweetflag down by the brook at recess or pick Dutchman's breeches in the woods back of the school house. The old maples are there, where you climbed with your dinner pail at noon—but you don't eat your lunch now out of a tin pail up in the top of a maple tree. Once you gave the stump of your biggest pickle to Jennie Thompson because she had spilled ink on the front of her new pink gingham apron and vinegar would take out ink and mother would scold so—

Yes, it is not only Mr. Addison, roaming alone in Westminster abbey—and confiding his musings to the fifth reader class afterward that finds his mind turning to the days that are no more. McGuffey in the hall of fame? Who worthier?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Juvenile Logic Wasted.

The infant had been at it again.

"Dad," he asked, "does it cost much to keep a lion?"

"It does, my son."

"A wolf would make a good meal for a lion, wouldn't it, dad?"

"Yes."

"And a fox would be enough for the wolf, wouldn't it, dad?"

"I suppose so. Go on and play."

"A fox would be satisfied with a hen, and a sparrow would satisfy a hawk, eh, dad?"

"H'm! If you don't go away—"

"And a spider would make a meal for a sparrow?"

"Yes, yes. Now—"

"Wait a minute, dad. Now we're coming to it. A spider would be satisfied with a fly, wouldn't it?"

"Ye-es, my son."

"And a drop of molasses would be enough for a fly, wouldn't it?"

"Well, supposing it would?"

"Yes; that's just it, dad. Now, what I want you to tell me is this: Could a man keep a lion for more than a year with a quart of molasses?"

And then the sound of the falling slipper awoke the echoes of the stilly night.—Brooklyn Castle.

Betina and Mabel's Happy Fourth

By Helena Davis.

BY HELENA DAVIS.

"Oh, isn't it just too disappointing?" cried Betina early on the morning of the Fourth as she stood by the window looking out at a pouring rain.

"Yes, it certainly is, sister," said Mabel, who was also watching with disappointed eyes the downpour without. "And from the appearances of the sky it will keep up all day."

"You mean it will keep coming down," declared Betina, petulantly. "And we had expected to have such a glorious day in the woods—with all our best friends, too. It is really too bad."

"And after papa had engaged a picnic wagon for the day, too," said Mabel. "And mamma has gone to all sorts of bother fixing a lovely picnic luncheon. And all our pretty flags ad flowers—with which to adorn the wagon—lying in the parlor, waiting to be put to use. It is so terribly disappointing. I could just cry."

"Now, my dears, don't take it so to heart," said a sweet voice behind the girls, and the sisters turned to see their old grandmother entering the room. She was neatly dressed in a black summer silk, her snowy hair done in a simple and becoming style. Her face was beaming with youthful happiness, quite in contrast to the expression on the faces of Mabel and Betina.

"Oh, good morning, granny," cried Betina and Mabel in a breath. Then as they both ran to kiss her good morning, Betina said: "How lovely you look this morning, granny dear. You always look so pretty; but prettier than usual this morning. And you are all dressed as if to go out, too. Don't you know it is pouring pitchforks?"

Grandmother smiled. "Yes, I know the gardens and fields are in great luck this morning," she said. "They have been thirsty for several days, and now they are getting a good drink."

"But it might have rained yeserday or tomorrow," complained Mabel. "We did so want to go to the country today. And you know every plan has been made for a day out in the woods. Mamma and papa are both disappointed, too, though they won't say as much as sister and I do. And granny, I don't understand your cheerfulness when the rest of the household are in sorrow."

"Sh-h!" said grandmother, putting up a warning finger. "Do not say sorrow, dear. Sorrow comes from more serious causes than a mere changing of plans for a day of pleasure. You may be disappointed, but you are not sorrowing. And if you would like me to tell you why I am dressed in my best frock, and smiling so happily, come sit beside me in the library and I will tell you of a Fourth of July forty-five years ago today."

Mabel and Betina were eager to hear grandmamma tell of her past experience, and their faces cleared as they went to the library, one on either side the dear old lady. When they were comfortably seated beside the big bay window, through which came a scent of damp lilacs and roses, grandmother began:

"Well, just forty-five years ago today came a great and happy event in my life. And in memory of it I always dress myself in my best on the anniversary of that day. You see, my dear granddaughters, this is the first Fourth of July I have spent with you."

Grandmother stopped to sigh and look into distance. Betina whispered: "Yes, grandpapa died just after the Fourth of last year. And then you came to live with us."

"Yes, my dear; but even before I lost dear grandpapa I always observed the Fourth, and no matter where we were on that day, we both put on our best clothes, made merry by going to some place where a celebration was being held, or to visit with friends who helped us to celebrate, not only the glorious Fourth, but our own anniversary day."

"Oh, then you and granpapa were married on the Fourth of July," exclaimed Mabel. "Was that it, granny?"

Grandmamma shook her head, smiling the while. "No, dearie, we met for the first time on the Fourth of July, just forty-five years ago today. And, oh! how handsome and noble your grandfather was that day. I shall never forget how I really lost my heart of him when my Cousin Robert introduced us. You see, he—your grandfather was a college chum of Cousin Robert's, and was spending the vacation at Robert's country home. I went out from the city to stay over the Fourth at Uncle Clem's home, and there met the young man who a year later became my husband. You see, your grandfather graduated with honors the following spring and soon after that proud event we were married."

Again grandmother paused to look into distance, and a soft little sigh fell from her smiling lips. "Oh, it seems as though it were yesterday," she went on. "I reached Uncle Clem's home—a fine old southern plantation—on the evening of the 3d of July. Cousin Robert and his visitor, young Andrew Harden, had gone to the city for fireworks with which to celebrate on the following evening. So I did not meet Andrew till the next morning. And when I came down to breakfast he and Cousin Robert were standing in the great, wide hall, looking out on the most beautiful rain I ever saw fall. Before coming down stairs I had sighed and said to Cousin Betty: 'Oh, isn't it a pity to have a rain on the Fourth?' But Betty had replied: 'No, Cousin Hattie, we need the rain so much. Papa was saying that if it did not rain within two or three days the crops would be ruined. But we'll have all sorts of fun in the house today, for we'll have a great crowd of young folks with us. They'll come from all the plantations round about in spite of the rain.'

"Then, after a light supper in the spacious dining room, we girls hurried to our rooms and dressed for the evening. And when we returned to the drawing room we found the boys had also donned evening attire, and had cleared the dining room preparatory for a dance. Three of the finest musicians of the county had been engaged for the occasion and furnished the music for us.

"It was a happy moment for me when your grandfather—young, handsome, Andrew Harden—asked for the first dance, which was the Virginia reel. And before the evening was over I had promised to allow him to call at my home in the city, to meet my parents."

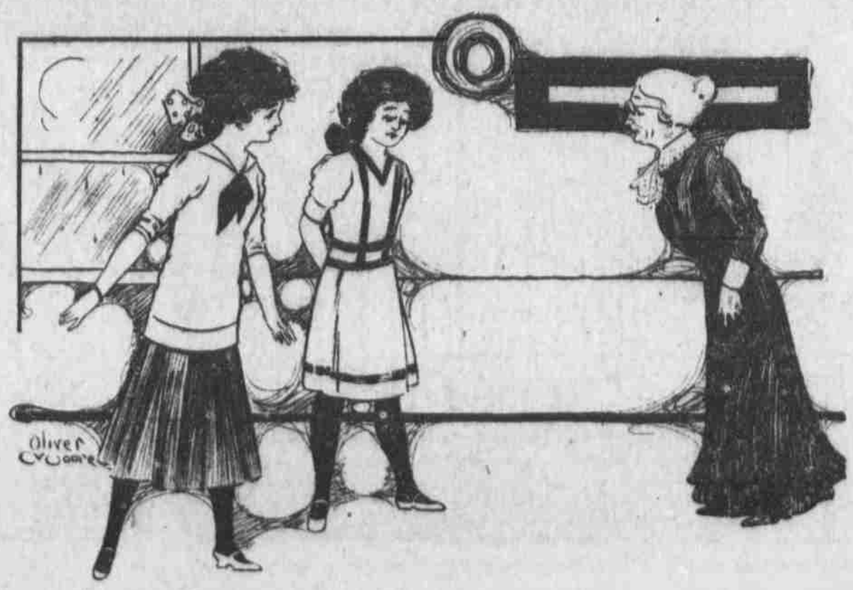
Again grandmother lapsed into a short silence, closing her eyes this time as if to shut out evrything which had passed since that happy day, 45 years ago. And just as she was about to continue her narrative the door opened and in came her daughter, Mabel's and Betina's lovely mother. She was smiling and excited.

"Why, here you are, you three pretty dears," she cried. "And I have been looking all over the house for you. Don't you see that it has stopped raining, and the sun is coming out gloriously? We'll have our picnic after all, for papa has just had a long-distance phone from Bentonville that it has not been raining there at all, and that the woods are in a perfectly lovely condition. So, come, the young folks will all be here in a few minutes, and papa has phoned for the picnic wagon."

"Oh, isn't that lovely?" cried Betina and Mabel. Then turning to grandmamma, Betina whispered: "Oh, granny, how I shall always want to celebrate the Fourth of July after this—on your account and on dear grandpapa's, too. And I shall never mind if it does rain on that day."

year—responded to Cousin Robert's most able and patriotic toast. And how proud I was of him, too, though he was yet almost a stranger to me. And how we all cheered him to the echo when he sat down, his noble young face flushed from excitement! Oh, it was such a happy day! And all the while the rain poured without. But sunshine glowed within.

"Well, soon after dinner, much to our surprise, the clouds cleared away, and one of the finest afternoons in my memory was ours to enjoy. We made merry on the broad veranda till after the sun went down.



"OH, GOOD MORNING, GRANNY," CRIED BETINA AND MABEL IN A BREATH.