USY BEES are returning, many of them, from pleasant vacation trips, and, no doubt, have many interesting stories to tell of the summer's happenings. The other Busy Bees would like to hear all about the vacation trips and all about the happenings.

Frequently those who stay at home have quite as interesting stories to tell. Let us hear those, too,

In short, since it is so near the first day of school, we'd like to have a clearing house of vacation stories and get ready to record our impressions of the opening of school.

One of the former queens of the Busy Bees, Miss Hulda Lundberg, has been visiting friends in Omaha. Her home is in Fremont.

The prizes this week were awarded to Helen Hutton, Red side; Pauline Swoboda, Blue side, and Viola Anderson, also Blue side,

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the By Helen Hutton, Aged 12 Years, 2805 Bristol Street, Omaha, Nob. Red Side.

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.
Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Marie Gallagher, Benkelman, Neb.
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.
Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb. Jean De Long, Ainsworth, 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, 665 West Koenig street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Ella Vons, 407 West Charles street, Grand
Island, Neb. Elia Voss. 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 408 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 408 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schulte, Deadwood, S. D.
Martha Murphy, 223 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Marian Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln, Irene Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln, Irene 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 Fremont, Neb. Helen Johnson, 334 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln. Althea Myers, 234 North Sixteenth street,

Lincoln.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Estelle McDonaid, Lyons, Neb.
Milton Seiger, 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 streat
folk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt.

avenue, Omaha.

Marguerite Johnson, 233 North Twentyfifth avenue, Omaha. Emile Brown, 2323 Boulevard, Omaha. Helen Goodrich, 4016 Nicholas st

Mary Brown, 2323 Boulevard, Omaha. Eva Hendee, 4402 Dodge street, Omaha. Myrtle Jensen, 2909 Izard street, Omaha. Orrin Fisher, 1210 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.

Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha, Oscar Erickson, 2707 Howard St., Omaha, Gail Howard 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Helen Hquck, 1628 Lothrop street, Omaha, Emerson Goodrich, 6026 Nicholas, Omaha, Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust St., Omaha, Leon Carson, 1624 North Fortleth, Omaha, Wilms Howard, 4722, Capitol avenue, Omaha, Hilah Fisher, 1216 Seuth Eleventi, Omaha, Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth, Omaha, Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth, Omaha, Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth, Omaha, Maber Sheifelt, 6014 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Waiter Johnson, 2405 North Twentieth door delight in trying to pounce upon him. Walter Johnson, 2405 North Twentieth door delight in trying to pounce upon him. street, Omaha. We usually put the ca Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth he can eat unmolested. street, Omaha. We feed him nuts a Leonora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and

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, 220 Troup street, Kansas
City, Mo. Henry L. Workinger, 2063 W. Huron street, Chicago.

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, 283 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
Louise Raabe, 283 North Twenty-fifth
Mabel Houston, 2018 Sherman avenue, Hele Omaha.

Omaha.

Omaha.

Omaha.

Omaha.

Omaha.

Omaha. Omaha.

Dorothy Tolleson, 4346 North Thirty-eighth street. Omaha.

(First Prize.)

A Little Squirrel Have any of the Busy Bees a pet squirrel.

We usually put the cats in the house so We feed him nuts and some times raw

Leonora Denison. The Alblon, Tenth and Pacific streets, Ornaha.

Mas Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
Mastga L Daniels, Ord, Neb.
Zola Beddee, Orleans, Neb.
Agnes Etchmond, O'Rein, Neb.
Marie Flemins, Oscoola, Neb.
Marie Flemins,

plenty and ran off crying to where I sup-I think it is nice to be loved by dumb animals and the only way to get them to de so is to be kind and gentle to them,

> (Second Prise.) Helen and Carlo

By Pauline Swobods, Aged 12 Years, Platts-mouth, Neb. Blue Side. Helen was a blue-eyed, curly-headed girl about 5 years old. She lived in a little house covered with green vines by the

Helen had been told several times not to would fall in and drown. But she would Mabel Baker, Lander, Wyo.

Corinne Allison Robertson, Wilber, Neb.

Elizabeth Wright, 1222 South Thirty-fifth the bank with Carlo, her dog. Just then a avenue, Omaha.

Marion Staples, 1213 South Thirty-first the water. There was a big log in the Lillian Wirt, 4158 Cass street, Omaha.

Lewis Poff, 3116 Franklin street, Omaha.

Lewis Poff, 3116 Franklin street, Omaha.

Juanita Innes, 3769 Fort street, Omaha.

Bassett Ruf, 1814 Binney street, Omaha.

Maron Comaha.

Francis A. Dotson, Pueblo, Colo.

Phyllis Corbett, Sidney, Neb.

Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha.

Helen F. Douglas, 1981 G street, Lincoln.

Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha.

Maron Comaha.

Francis A. Dotson, Pueblo, Colo.

Phyllis Corbett, Sidney, Neb.

School

School

School

By Leland McEwen, Aged 8 Years, 502 West

Helen was hungry and cold Helen began

Twenty-fifth Street, Kearney, Neb.

Dear Friends: School begins two weeks

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

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

5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. First and second prises of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each weak. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

Soon Alder's father came along with two big farm horses and a plow. Captain's quick ear heard the horses coming. He jumped up and began to bark, Alder's father stopped the horses just in time.

Another time Alder had wandered off with Captain. His mother, when she could not find him, called a neighbor to help her. They hunted high and low, but no Alder to be found.

Night was coming on and she was very frightened. Just then Captain came up. He went up to the mother and took hold of her dress. She understood what he wanted. He wanted her to follow him. With Captain ahead a prowd of peop

go close to the edge of the bank or she followed. Soon he guve a quick bark and

when she awoke in the morning she was at from today, and we must be getting ready.

must go to work. I will be in the fourth Hail to thee, blithe spirit! grade next year. My teacher's name is Bird thou never went,
Miss Burke. I will be glad when school pourset thy full heart
starts. I would rather study than play. In profuse strains of unpremeditated art. What grade will you be in? Your friend, LELAND MCEWEN.

My Early Morning Walk By Ruth Kirschstein, Aged 11 Years, "Hillair," 3001 Grand Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red Side,

It was a cool morning in August when we started from our home and walked over the rolling hills. Toward the east were the blue, misty bluffs; toward the west the us was the winding road, fringed with garbage pilefragrant grasses, on which the dew still My mother taught me how to fly. After lingered, and behind were the low hills that a few days I was allowed to go and seek had just been traversed. The dark, green my fortune. trees stood out against the blue summer One of my funniest experiences happened sky, where a few soft white clouds went last week. I was very thirsty and so I lit A sensitive plant in a garden grew.

And the young winds fed it with silver water went back into the rain barrel.

dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the into the air. And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

A little goldfinch flew from the wayside By Blanche Twiss. Aged it years, Scribner, with a wild free call. Its gay, yelbushes with a wild, free call. Its gay, yellow form with its tiny, black wings chalpotatoes and he drinks lots of water, home. Her father thought maybe the wind lenged one to batch it. Finally we came to When he has enough to eat he will begin took her after looking all over the yards, the Hebrew cemetery. It was at the top of and hide the nuts as long as we will give So he jumped into the boat and rowed off, a high hill and as we stood and looked off Then he saw a log with something black over toward the gleaning river, winding Squirrel manners are not at all like on it, but he could not see very plain be- between the misty bluffs, we heard a sweet

Little One



ITTLE sand sandals For little brown feet; Worn all about On the hot summer street. Broad-brimmed straw hat For cunning brown head; But not worn as should be-On shoulders instead!

Little plump body Of dear little Dan. Mamma's own Baby And Daddy's big Man.

We have had a nice, long vacation, and we song and a little meadowiark flew down;

A low murmur went through the pines and the weeping willows as the soft wind blew among their branches. Behind the cemetery lay, peaceful and quiet, to the right was the far distant city, and to the left the rolling hills stretched away to the northern horizon.

Adventures of a Fly

By Eether Wood, Aged 14 Years, Auburn, Both eating candy, Neb. Blue Side. ever-changing shadows on the hills; before The first I remember I found myself on a

gliding along. Wild morning-glories of rich on a rain barrel, but unfortunately I fell blues and purples and gleaming whites in. There were the most shaky looking clambered over the ground and sensitive things which all wiggled to the bottom plants nodded their golden heads. They re- when I fell in. A small girl was trying to minded one of the verses in the poem called get them in a dipper, in one she got me. "The Sensitive Plant" that Shelley wrote: She poured it in a white cloth and all the Glad for a chance to escape, I flew high

My Trip

It was early one July morning when I started from Wyoming to Nebraska, There was a show troup on the train. One of the men was a snake charmer, as he had rattle enakes charmed. One of the travelers thought the snake charmer could charm wild snakes. He, therefore, got one, took it in with other snakes and put it in the cage with the others, and said nothing. And, as no one saw him, the charmer, ==

who was deaf and dumb, did not hear the deliction for altitude rather than distance jumped and bit him. Everybody ran and screamed; the man

ran to a doctor t once. The doctor dressed undoubtedly the high flight. One watches arm where he had been bitten and gave the machine rise from the ground and At Casper one of the men came to him

"I think you will get along all right."

morning until 6:30 the next morning, and I stupendous height. One waits in amazeney to Scribner, Neb.

Drexel, the High Flier

tempts at reaching high levels, in a Bieriot sarting point the aviator thereupon makes monoplane at East Boldre, Hampshire. another spiral at a gentle angle and then Apparently young Mr. Drexel has a pre- makes another plunge.-New York Herald.

Nonsense Rhyme

ONG Neck and Shot Neck, Small Head and Big! One thin as lightning-rod One fat as pig.

Down street together, Arm linked in arm, Enjoyin gthe weather,

And grinning as they walk, Keeping very busy With their friendly talk

And doing no one harm.



strange sound, a different sound from that work, as he has frequently made attempts the other snakes make. He went on play- at reaching high levels. On June 21, at ing with the others. The wild snake Beaulieu, he made an English sittitude rec-

ord of 1,070 feet. The most fascinating form of aviation is him medicine to put on the wound. His climb steadily up an invisible stairway, arm was swellen. winding round and round in wide spirals. From the size of a monster the vessel diand wrote on a piece of paper and said. minishes until it looks like an eagle, then a wild duck, then a pigeon, a blackbird, a He wrote back and said. "The doctor lark, a bee, a midge-and so it finally dissays not." But he did. The show people appears out of sight; for men have now got off at Douglas, Wyo., and I kept on my flown over a mile high, and it needs a strong glass and a clear atmosphere for a I was on the train from 8:30 o'clock in the spectator to detect the machine at such a was very sick when we reached Norfolk I ment asking how the daring aviator will got off and stayed until noon with a friend. return safely to earth from the clouds. Then I got on again and finished my jour- Suddenly the machine darts into sight, and is seen plunging downward at an alarmingly steep angle. It is the vol plane, or dive, the most sensational of all arcrial feats. Having climbed to his maximum the aviator shuts off his engine and deliberately steers downwards by the aid of the By his amazing feat at Lanark, England, elevator. He plunges through the aerial reaching a height of 6,200 feet, J. Arm- sea at terrific speed, but not at hundreds of strong Drexel, in the space of three and miles an hour as some imaginative writers one-half months, completed the transition have put it. As the air resistance underfrom obscurity to worldwide fame in the neath his machine increases with the speed field of aviation. Mr. Drexel is a son of and the amount of surface presented to it Anthony J. Drexel of Philadelphia. As an by the planes the vessel is automatically aviator he was first heard of in this coun-led back to its normal gliding angle and try on May 2 of this year, when the cable the downward path becomes less steep. In flashed a report of his having made at- order not to get too far away from his

The Magic Tree, a Fairy Story BY MAUD WALKER.

run away from his cruel uncle and more lands sometime in the future, and it be- tree and dropped asleep. He had not lain cruel aunt on account of his poverty. Not hooves us to know all with whom we there long, however, when a strange voice one farthing did the child possess, and as shall have to deal-or perhaps to fight." awoke him, saying: "Richard, arise and he was a stranger in a strange land-having Richard confessed his relationship to harken to me. I have important things come from a country far to the north of the island-home of his uncle-he felt helpless

N an island in a far-off sea there basket of the luscious fruit he found sev- bunches of juice-filled grapes they home for the orphans of the poor men lived a family by the name of eral half-grown boys there in advance thanked Richard in friendly tones and Uncle Jacob has slain," cried Richard. "I Pandons. There were Jacob Pan- of himself. And they were filling huge departed, going off through the heavy tim- shall be content with a little cabin in the dons, head of the household; baskets and carts with the fruit. When Maria Fandons, his wife, and they beheld Richard they bowed in a Susan Pandons, their daughter, friendly way and one of them spoke:

And one more of the blood was a member "We are the sons of the farmers on the slong the border of old Jacob Pandons, the border of the blood was a member "We are the sons of the farmers on the slong the border of old Jacob Pandons, the border of the blood was a member "We are the sons of the farmers on the slong the border of the blood was a member "We are the sons of the farmers on the slong the border of the blood was a member "We are the sons of the farmers on the slong the border of the blood was a member "We are the sons of the farmers on the slong the border of the blood was a member "We are the sons of the farmers on the slong the border of the blood was a member "We are the sons of the farmers on the slong the border of the blood was a member "We are the sons of the farmers on the slong the border of the blood was a member "We are the sons of the farmers on the slong the border of the blood was a member "We are the sons of the farmers on the slong the border of the blood was a member "We are the sons of the slong the border of the blood was a member "We are the sons of the slong the border of the blood was a member "We are the sons of the slong the border of the blood was a member "We are the sons of the slong the border of the blood was a member "We are the sons of the slong the blood was a member "We are the sons of the slong the blood was a member "We are the sons of the slong the blood was a member "We are the son of the Pandon's household, though he was uplands, and we have crept here unseen along the border of old Jacob Pandons' classed with the servants and was kept by Jacob Pandons' guards and are gath- estates. as a mere slave. He was Richard Pan- ering the fruit, which, by right, belongs Then, as Richard was very tired from dons, orphan nephew to Jacob Pandons, to us. We take it that you are a young having worked hard all day, he decided to After Richard Pandons (aged 12 years) slave, newly come to this place, for we rest beneath a great tree for a few minutes came to live with his uncle he soon dis- have never seen your face before, and we before gathering the grapes for his aunt's covered that his lot henceforth was to keep a close watch-out for new cowers. It dinner table. So he stretched himself on be that of a menial. But he could not is our hope to regain possession of our the soft earth in the shade of a friendly



about him out of all their land, till now-at the time of this story-he owned the half of the Island. And all his land lay along a deep, fertile valley, surrounded by highlands far less tillable than his own rich HE FOUND SEVERAL HALF-GROWN acres. And to the uplands he had driven BOYS THERE BEFORE HIM. tried to reinstate themselves in the valley, table as his food. But Jacob Pandons' slaves were well farmers whenever a fresh band of them youths.

ings. grapes from the heavily laden vines, thus themselves to be.

the neighboring farmers till now not one Jacob Pandons, but explained that he was remained in the fertile valley of which he not treated like one of the family, but realizing from time to time that they had and a straw bed in an old unused part of You count three. Begin." been dishonestly dispossessed of their lands, the castle and the scraps from his uncle's

trained in the use of weapons, and at their not tell your uncle of our being here in was stirring. And down rained hundreds of castle outbuildings. And then Richard feit master's bidding slayed the dis-possessed the vineyard, will you?" asked one of the fresh, green leaves, strewing the ground drowsy and feel asleep. When he awoke

And as poor orphan Richard worked said Richard. "And though my uncle beats lieve you are the tree that speaks."

had robbed them. About his vast estates as a slave. That he toiled all day for his cline—that speaks," said the voice. "To his bidding. he kept many helpless slaves, and it was uncle, aunt and vain, heartless cousin, re- prove the truth of my assertion I shall "Climb into my topmost branches," said their work to keep out the farmers, who, ceiving in return only harsh words, blows shake my limbs and drop my leaves when the tree, and up went Richard with the

"Ah, then you are one of us, and will as from a heavy wind, though not a breeze valley, covering completely the castle and tried to regain their former rightful hold. "I know that these grapes belong to you believe me, don't you?" asked the voice, and depth and the valley lay as before, as well as the land on which they gorw." Richard, dumfounded repited: "Yes, I be- sweet and peaceful in the sunshine. Richard

" # 7 when he went to gather a their baskets and hand-carts with great those who rightfully own it, awarding a to the orphans whom his uncle had robbed.

nice part of it to you for your kindness to the farmers' sons a while ago. And they will most gladly share the rich valley with you-giving you fifty acres of the land on which your uncle's castle stands. The buildings shall belong to you."

"Oh, and I shall set the castle aside as a uncle and his family? He will never relinquish the land to its rightful owners."

"You are to carry the message to the slaves composing your uncle's guardsmen. Tell them to take to the uplands and remain there among the driven-out farmers. And you-you are to return and climb into my topmost branches, and then all'will take place. And-do not be afraid of what you see transpiring. All will end well."

Richard possessed a certain courage strange to him since becoming his uncle's slave, hurried about the valley, for he really seemed possessed of wings on his feet, so swiftly did he run over the earth. And to each salve guardsman he gave the warning, and strange to say, each slave guardeman did his bidding and set off at a rapid run for the uplands which surrounded

It took Rightd only a short time to carry the warning to each slave, then he returned to the tree that once again spoke; "Go to your uncle's castle-the family are now taking their afternoon nap-and warn the house servants and field servants as you have warned the slave guards. Tell them to lose no time in reaching the uplands, for vengeance in the form of death,

Pretty soon Richard had the satisfaction vants running towards a mountain three Richard quickly arose to a sitting pos- His face was all aglow, his eyes luminous, ture and looked about him. Where did and there had been something so strange the voice come from? He saw no one in and earnest in his voice and manner that that old widower, Max Dandy Squirrel, is sight, not even one of the slave guards every slave or servant had heeded his whose duty it was to pass up and down word. "He's possessed of the Magio that part of the valley at stated intervals. Power," they had whispered to each other. "It is I-the tree under which you re- And then had taken flight according to

agility of a souirrel, for somehow all weari-Richard counted, "One, two, three." And ness had fallen from him. Then he saw the suddenly the tree's limbs shook violently lake suddenly rise and overflow the entire on which Richard lay. "Now, my son, you the lake had resumed its former proportions climbed down and ran to the castle. Outabout the castle or in the fields of his me. I shall not tell him of your having "Then listen to my message and take side the gate lay the drowned bodies of his uncis he became acquainted with the late gathered the fruit. Come, I shall assist the warning I give you. I am an enchanted uncle, aunt and cousin, and all wors ter's rascality. And each day his heart you in filling your baskets. And then I tree, allowed to use my power only once in wicked expressions on their haughty, cruel grew heavier and heavier, more in sym- shall gather what is left for my cruel a hundred years. If I see no reason to faces. And inside the castle was unburt pathy for the poor people whom his uncle sunt." So saying, he fell to gathering only become animated, I remain silent and wait from the waters and everything as usual. had robbed than in pity for himself, though the very best fruit for the young fellows, till another century rolls round. Now, I The servants came back and the slaves his own lot was very, very hard to bear, who seemed such a fine, honorable lot, for must exert my power, for I have witnessed returned to see what was to be done. And In one part of the valley lay a great Richard knew by looking into their honest the dishonesty of your uncle, seen his ill- the good farmers also came to the valley placid lake, surrounded by splendid trees blue eyes, at their labor-developed bodies, (reatment of his fellow-beings; also noticed and apportioned the land as it should be, and grape vines. It was kichard's duty at their coarse but clean work clothes. the cruelty and arrogance of your cousin, and made the slaves free and gave them to go to the sake side to gather fresh that they were just what they represented the ill-tempered Susan, and of your aunt work to do and paid them well. And Richard Maria Pandons. It is my intention to re- had the castle and grounds, and made good

Mrs. Tattle-Tale Squirrel

By Heleus Davis.

loss of his lovely bride-to-be.

bors.

Mrs. Mink Sqirrel-or rather, Mrs. Tattle-Tale Squirrel, as she shall be called dursay worse.

Well, one day Mrs. Tattle-Tale got her- ment and leave The Wood, seeking conself into a very unpleasant mix-up. It tentment in some other Forest. He-foolhappened this way: As she was starting ish squirrel—did not think to inquire who down to the pond with her two dear little the tale-bearer was, but took it for granted children. Patty and Tatty, twin son and that Miss Mousie had told some one that daughter, her keen ears (always on the she was bringing no love to her husband alert to hear that which was not intended on her wedding day. So, writing a heartfor them) overheard Mrs. Adam Squirrel broken note on a huge forest leaf, poor saying to Mrs. Peep-boo Squirrel: "I hear Mr. Max Dandy packed up his belongings that the widower, Mr. Max Dandy Squirrel and left The Wood. He traveled all night is to marry little Miss Mousie Brown Squir- and on the following morning found a snug And my informant says it is not a place to rest on the banks of a strange love match—on little Miss Mousie Brown stream. There he decided to remain till Squirrel's part." Now, when Mrs. Tattle-Tale Squirrel

heard that, she said to her children: "Run along and take your dip in the pond alone. is to visit the wicked living in the stolen Mother must attend to some siness right away." And off she ran, first to one house and then to another, repeating the thing of seeing the house servants and field ser- she had overheard Mrs. Adam Squirrel saying to her sister, Mrs. Peep-boo Equirvel or four miles to the south, and then he And she-like all gossips was not satisfied hurried back to the tree beside the lake. but added some of her own ideas to the tale, which, after the third repetition, went something like this: "Did you know that



to supply his uncle's table with grapes. After the young farmer lads had filled place this beautiful valley in the hands of use of both, giving a home and employment "MAMMA, WHAT CAN THIS MEAN?" SHE CRIED, TEARS STREAMING FROM

F there was one thing that the Brown Squirrel? And they say the match "Mamma, what can this mean?" she cried, squirrels of The Wood liked was made by Miss Mousie's grasping tears streaming from her eyes. "Dearest better than another, it was "at-mother, who is desirous of moving from the Max has broken our engagement. He says tending to one's own business," as they put it. And tree she now lives in to a larger and more 'he thinks it means my happiness to have that was why Mrs. Mink to do so unless Mousie weds wealth. Isn't And the poor little Mousie threw herself Squirrel became known as Mrs. Tattle- that disgraceful?" And the story grew and into her mother's arms, weeping over the Tale Squirrel, and was so much disliked grew even more and more as Mrs. Tattleby all her neighbors in The Wood. Now,

Taile Squirrel went the rounds of her neigh
Mrs. Mink Sqirrel—or rather. Mrs. Tattle
Mrs. Tattle
Mrs. Tattle
Now,

Taile Squirrel went the rounds of her neigh
note she could not understand. For a certainty, Mousie Brown Squirrel was deeply ing the remainder of this story—was not And by nightfall the story reached the devoted to Mr. Max Dandy Squirrel, and really a bad sort, for in certain things cars of Mr. Max Dandy Squirrel, a very was happy in the anticipation of their fushe was a very good little lady squirrel; amiable gentleman, who was very much ture life together in the dear home in a but her besetting sin was to meddle with in love with his little flances. Mousie tree neighboring her mother's tree. And the business of her neighbors. And that, Brown Squirrel. And when he was told she had planned so many sweet little paryou know, is a grievous fault, if not to what the town was saying, he was so hurt ties to be given in honor of her kind-hearted that he decided to break off the engage- flance, one of which was to have taken

place within the week that he broke their engagement so unexpectedly. After thinking the matter over, Mousie's mother decided to go to Mr. Max Dandy's father and ask for some excuse as to his son's strange behavior. This she did, and soon the beginning of the whole exaggerated story was discovered, and then the unraveling began. When the end was reached, Mousie's mother was so indignant and so was Mr. Max Dandy's father, that they asked of their friends: "Are we to allow these gossips to go shout, stirring up he might recover from his grief over the false reports and do nothing in self-defense?" And the friends said: "No, we And when little Miss Mousie Brown must rid the woods of obnoxious people. Squirrel received the farewell note from Let the bad go somewhere and live toher flance she ran to her mother in grief; gether, and the good squirrels will be very

happy without them."

So a committee of the best squirrels of The Wood visited Mrs. Tattle-Tale Squirrel, and begged her to either piedge herself to telling no more lies, and repeating no more gossip, or to take herself off to some other place. Then the sisters, Mrs. Adams Squirrel and Mrs. Peep-boo Squirrel were also waited upon with the same request. To be sure, they were not such disagreeable or dangerous gossips as was Mrs. Tattle-Tale, but they were the means of starting the latter with many of her mischief-making stories, and should be made to become honest citizens of The Wood or told to move to a more congenial clime. So Mrs. Tattle-Tale Squirrel shamefacedly confessed to having exaggerated the gossip she had overhoard, and promised that she would behave better in future if allowed to remain a citizen of The Wood. And the sisters, Mrs. Adam and Mrs. Peep-boo, did the same. He they were allowed to remain, with the understanding that should they be found guilty of such misconduct again they would be in deep disgrace and obliged to take themselves off.

Then several of Miss Mousie's best friends went in search of her poor unhappy fiance with the result that he was found that very day and brought back a very happy squirrel, and the engagement with Miss Mousie was renewed, and the wedding was set for the following Sunday.

And once again all the squirrels in Thank Wood were happy, for the gossips had been stilled and sweet peace reigned, and, as Mrs. Brown Squirrel said, "all attend to their own business, allowing their neighbors the same privilege."