

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

BUSY 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 Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

Jean De Long, Alworth, Neb.
Irene McCoy, Barnhart, Neb.
Lillian Martin, Beaver City, Neb.
Mabel Wilt, Beloit, Neb.
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Agnes Dampke, Benson, Neb.
Marie Gallagher, Benkelman, Neb. (Box 17).
Ida May, Central City, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
Rhea Fredell, Dorchester, Neb.
Aida Hennrich, Elgin, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
Marion Capps, Gibson, Neb.
Marguerite Barth, Gothenburg, Neb.
Anna Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Lydia Roth, 606 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jesse Crawford, 115 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schulte, Deadwood, S. D.
Martha Murphy, 221 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Hugr Roth, Leshara, Neb.
Hester F. Ruff, Leshara, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 1246 C street, Lincoln, Neb.
Marian Hamilton, 229 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Elin Hamilton, 279 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Irene Disher, 209 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hugr Disher, 209 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Charlotte Bogy, 227 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Mildred Jensen, 708 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
Helen Johnson, 334 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Althea Myers, 224 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Louise Siller, Lyons, Neb.
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Milton Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucille Hazen, Nebraska City, Neb.
Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Jarkins, North Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Genevieve M. Jones, North Logan street, Norfolk, Neb.
William Davis, 211 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
Louise Raabe, 209 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
Frances Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
Marguerite Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
Emile Brown, 223 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
Helen Goodrich, 4018 Nicholas street, Omaha, Neb.
Mary Brown, 223 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
Eva Hendon, 462 Dodge street, Omaha, Neb.
Lillian Wirt, 418 East Cass street, Omaha, Neb.
Lewis Poff, 315 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
Juanita Innes, 278 Fort street, Omaha, Neb.
Bessett Ruff, 315 Elm street, Omaha, Neb.
Meyer Cobb, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha, Neb.
Helen P. Douglas, 181 G street, Lincoln, Neb.
Ada Morris, 244 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
Marilyn Jensen, 2809 18th street, Omaha, Neb.
Orin Fisher, 1219 S. Eleventh St., Omaha, Neb.



A Little Squirrel

By Helen Hutton, Aged 12 years, 2065 Bristol Street, Omaha, Neb.

Have any of the Busy Bees a pet squirrel, or has any one of them ever let one eat from their hand?

Well, there is a dear little fellow that comes into our yard almost every day, quite early in the morning. Where his home is or who he belongs to I don't know. But whoever he belongs to has treated him very kindly for he has no fear of anyone except cats and dogs.

My cat and the cat that belongs next door delight in trying to pounce upon him. We usually put the cats in the house so he can eat unmolested.

We feed him nuts and some times raw potatoes and he drinks lots of water. When he has enough to eat he will begin and hide the nuts as long as we will give them to him.

Squirrel jumpers are not at all like boys and girls' manners. He always turns his back on us when he eats. They also put the nuts down with their feet that they store away in the ground for future use.

One morning when we were not aware of his coming we heard a great racket on the screen door. When we went to see what it was the dear little fellow had come up on the porch begging something to eat.

Another time we saw out in the street a baby squirrel and the big squirrel frolicking around with each (as parents do with small children sometimes). After a time the small squirrel jumped on the other's back and was biting his neck. But the small squirrel was soon off of the other's back and got his ears boxed good and plenty and ran off crying to where I suppose was home.

I think it is nice to be loved by dumb animals and the only way to get them to do so is to be kind and gentle to them.

Helen and Carlo

By Pauline Swoboda, Aged 12 years, Plattsmouth, Neb. Blue Side.

Helen was a blue-eyed, curly-headed girl about 5 years old. She lived in little house covered with green vines by the river.

Helen had been told several times not to go close to the edge of the bank or she would fall in and drown. But she would not mind. So one day she was playing on the bank with Carlo, her dog. Just then a big wind came up and blew them both into the water. There was a big log in the water and Helen crawled upon it and Carlo went after her. They sailed far away from home. It began to get dark and Helen was hungry and cold. Helen began to cry and pretty soon she fell asleep and when she awoke in the morning she was at

Uncle Jacob's house. She was very tired from having sailed all day. She decided to rest beneath a great tree for a few minutes before gathering the grapes for his aunt's dinner table. So he stretched himself on the soft earth in the shade of a friendly tree and dropped asleep. He had not lain there long, however, when a strange voice awoke him, saying, "Richard, arise and harken to me. I have important things to say to you."

Richard quickly arose to a sitting posture and looked about him. Where did the voice come from? He saw no one in sight, not even one of the slave guards whose duty it was to pass up and down that part of the valley at stated intervals.

"It is I—the tree under which you recline—that speaks," said the voice. "To prove the truth of my assertion I shall shake my limbs and drop my leaves when you count three. Begin."

Richard counted, "One, two, three." And suddenly the tree's limbs shook violently as from a heavy wind, though not a breeze was stirring. And down rained hundreds of fresh, green leaves, strewn the ground on which Richard lay. "Now, my son, you believe me, don't you?" asked the voice.

Richard, dumfounded replied: "Yes, I believe you are the tree that speaks."

"Then listen to my message and take the warning I give you. I am an enchanted tree, allowed to use my power only once in a hundred years. If I see no reason to become animated, I remain silent and wait till another century rolls round. Now, I must exert my power, for I have witnessed the dishonesty of your uncle, seen his ill-treatment of his fellow-beings; also noticed the cruelty and arrogance of your cousin, the ill-tempered Susan, and of your aunt, Maria Pandons. It is my intention to replace this beautiful valley in the hands of those who rightfully own it, awarding a

man, having avenged the people round 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 fertile than his own rich acres. And to the uplands he had driven the neighboring farmers till now not one remained in the fertile valley of which he had robbed them. About his vast estates he kept many helpless slaves, and it was their work to keep out the farmers, who, realizing from time to time that they had been dishonestly dispossessed of their lands, tried to renege themselves in the valley. But Jacob Pandons' slaves were well trained in the use of weapons, and at their master's bidding slayed the dispossessed farmers whenever a fresh band of them tried to regain their former rightful holdings.

And as poor orphan Richard worked about the castle or in the fields of his uncle he became acquainted with the latter's cruelty. And each day his heart grew heavier and heavier, more in sympathy for the poor people whom his uncle had robbed than in pity for himself, though his own lot was very, very hard to bear.

In one part of the valley lay a great placid lake, surrounded by splendid trees and grape vines. It was Richard's duty to go to the lake side to gather fresh grapes from the heavily laden vines, then to supply his uncle's table with grapes.

After the young farmer had filled their baskets and hand-carried with great

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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 300 words.
4. Original stories or letters will be used.

5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
6. All stories and letters will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.

Send all contributions to:
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,
OMAHA BEE.

My father thought maybe the wind took her after looking all over the yard. So he jumped into the boat and rowed off. Then he saw a log with something black on it, but he could not see very plain because it was dark. When he got by the log he saw it was Helen asleep and Carlo

doctored close by her side. He put them in the boat and turned towards home.

One day Alder wandered out in the field where the men were plowing. Alder soon grew tired and as he did not know the home the lay down to rest. Captain also lay down to watch him.

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 crowd of people followed. Soon he gave a quick bark and ran as fast as he could into a corn field. The people followed and there they found Alder fast asleep.

(A new busy bee.)
School
By Leland McEwen, Aged 8 years, 602 West Twenty-third Street, Lincoln, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Friends: School begins two weeks from today, and we must be getting ready.

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.

non 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 home for the orphaned and the poor. Uncle Jacob has slain," cried Richard. "I shall be content with a little cabin in the garden, where I shall have such pleasure in growing things for the good people to eat as well as for myself. But—Richard and Richard looked on each other, their hearts full of joy and their hands full of the land of their rightful owners."

"You are to carry the message to the slaves composing your uncle's guardmen. Tell them to take to the uplands and remain there, waiting for the valley. 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 his really seemed possessed of wings on his feet, so swiftly did he run over the earth. And to each slave guardman he gave the warning, and strange to say, each slave guardman did his bidding and set off at a rapid run for the uplands which surrounded the valley.

It took Richard 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 that you have warned the slave guards. Tell them to leave no time in reaching the uplands, for vengeance in the form of death, is to visit the wicked living in the stolen valley."

Pretty soon Richard had the satisfaction of seeing the house servants and field servants running towards a mountain three or four miles to the south, and then he hurried back to the tree beside the lake. His face was all aglow, his eyes luminous, and there had been something so strange and earnest in his voice and manner that every slave or servant had heeded his words. "He's possessed of the Magic Power," had he whispered to each other. And then had taken flight according to his bidding.

"Climb into my topmost branches," said the tree, and up went Richard with the agility of a squirrel, for somehow all weariness had fallen from him. Then he saw the lake suddenly rise and overflow the entire valley, covering completely the castle and outbuildings. And then Richard felt drowsy and fell asleep. When he awoke the lake had resumed its former proportions and depth and the valley lay as before, sweet and peaceful in the sunshine. Richard climbed down and ran to the castle. Outside the gate lay the drowned bodies of his uncle, aunt and cousin, and all wore twisted expressions on their bloody, cruel faces. And inside the castle was unhurt from the waters and everything as usual. The servants came back and the slaves returned to see what was to be done. And the good farmers also came to the valley and appropriated to their happy, proud, and made the slaves free and gave them work to do and paid them well. And Richard had the castle and grounds, and made good use of both, giving a home and employment to the orphans whom his uncle had robbed.

We have had a nice, long vacation, and we must go to work. I will be in the fourth grade next year. My teacher's name is Miss Burke. I will be glad when school starts. I would rather study than play. What grade will you be in? Your friend, LELAND MCEWEN.

My Early Morning Walk
By Ruth Kirschstein, Aged 11 years, "Hillside," 280 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 ever-changing shadows on the hills; before us was the winding road, fringed with fragrant grasses, on which the dew still lingered, and behind were the low hills that had just been traversed. The dark green trees stood out against the blue summer sky, where a few soft white clouds were gliding along. Wild morning-glories of rich blues and purples and gleaming whites clambered over the ground and sensitive plants nodded their golden heads. They reminded one of the verses in the poem called "The Sensitive Plant" that Shelley wrote:

A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

A little goldfinch flew from the wayside bushes with a wild, free call. Its gay, yellow form with its tiny, black wings challenged one to catch it. Finally we came to the Hebrew cemetery. It was at the top of a high hill and as we stood and looked over toward the gleaming river, winding between the misty bluffs, we heard a sweet

song and a little meadowlark flew down: "Hail to thee, little spirit! Hail to thee, little spirit! Hail to thee, little spirit! Hail to thee, little spirit!"

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

Adventures of a Fly
By Esther Wood, Aged 14 years, Auburn, Neb. Blue Side.

The first I remember I found myself on a garbage pile. My mother taught me how to fly. After a few days I was allowed to go and seek my fortune.

One of my funniest experiences happened last week. I was very thirsty and I fell on a rain barrel, but unfortunately I fell in. There were the most shabby looking things which all winged to the bottom when I fell in. A small girl was trying to get them in a dipper. In one she got me. She poured it in a white cloth and all the water went back into the rain barrel. Glad for a chance to escape, I flew high into the air.

My Trip
By Blanche Twiss, Aged 11 years, Scribner, Neb. Blue Side.

It was early one July morning when I started from Woodstock, Nebraska. There was a showy troop on the train. One of the men was a snake charmer, as he had rattles snakes 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 strange sound, a different sound from that the other snakes make. He went on playing with the others. The wild snake jumped and bit him.

Everybody ran and screamed; the man ran to a doctor's office. The doctor dressed arm where he had been bitten and gave him medicine to put on the wound. His arm was swollen.

At Casper one of the men came to him and wrote on a piece of paper and said, "I think you will get along all right."

He wrote back and said, "The doctor says not." But he did. The show people got off at Douglas, Wyo., and I kept on my way.

I was on the train from 6:30 o'clock in the morning until 6:30 the next morning, and I was very sick when we reached Norfolk. I got off and stayed until noon with a friend. Then I got on again and finished my journey to Scribner, Neb.

Drexel, the High Flier
By his amazing feat at Lanark, England, reaching a height of 6,200 feet, J. Armstrong Drexel, in the space of three and one-half months, completed the transition from obscurity to worldwide fame in the field of aviation. Mr. Drexel is a son of Anthony J. Drexel of Philadelphia. As an aviator he was first heard of in this country on May 2 of this year, when the cable flashed a report of his having made attempts at reaching high levels, in a Hertz monoplane at East Boldre, Hampshire. Apparently young Mr. Drexel has a pre-

deliction for altitude rather than distance work, as he has frequently made attempts at reaching high levels. On June 21, at Beaulieu, he made an English altitude record of 1,000 feet.

The most fascinating form of aviation is undoubtedly the high flight. One watches the machine rise from the ground and climb steadily up an invisible stairway, winding round and round in wide spirals. From the size of a monster the vessel diminishes until it looks like an eagle, then a hawk, then a pigeon, a blackbird, a hawk, a bee, a midge, and so it finally disappears out of sight; for men have now flown over a mile high, and it needs a strong glass and a clear atmosphere for a spectator to detect the machine at such a stupendous height. One waits in amazement asking how the daring aviator will return safely to earth from the clouds. Suddenly the machine darts into sight, and is seen plunging downward at an alarming steep angle. It is the voi plane, or dive, the most sensational of all aerial feats. Having climbed to his maximum the aviator shuts off his engine and deliberately steers downwards by the aid of the elevator. He plunges through the aerial sea at terrific speed, but not at hundreds of miles an hour as some imaginative writers have put it. As the air resistance underseats his machine increases with the speed and the amount of surface presented to it by the planes the vessel is automatically led back to its normal gliding angle. In order not to get too far away from his base, 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 gossip to go about, stirring up false reports and do nothing in self-defense?" And the friends said: "No, we must rid the woods of obnoxious people. Let the bad go somewhere and live together, 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 pledge herself to telling no more lies, and repeating no more gossip, or to take herself off to some other place. Then the sisters, Mrs. Adam Squirrel and Mrs. Peep-boo Squirrel were also waited upon with the same request. To be sure, they were not such disagreeable or dangerous gossip 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 overheard, 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. So 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 were in search of the squirrel who had been 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 The Wood were happy; for the gossip had been stifled and sweet peace reigned, and as Mrs. Brown Squirrel said, "all attend to their own business, allowing their neighbors the same privilege."

Little One
By Viola Anderson, Aged 12 years, 66 South Twentieth Street, Lincoln, Neb. Blue Side.

Captain was a Newfoundland dog. He lived on my uncle's large farm. He saved the life of my cousin, who was 3 years old, twice.

One day Alder wandered out in the field where the men were plowing. Alder soon grew tired and as he did not know the home the lay down to rest. Captain also lay down to watch him.

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 crowd of people followed. Soon he gave a quick bark and ran as fast as he could into a corn field. The people followed and there they found Alder fast asleep.

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Dear Friends: School begins two weeks from today, and we must be getting ready.

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.

Mamma, What Can This Mean?
SHE CRIED, TEARS STREAMING FROM HER EYES.

song and a little meadowlark flew down: "Hail to thee, little spirit! Hail to thee, little spirit! Hail to thee, little spirit! Hail to thee, little spirit!"

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deliction for altitude rather than distance work, as he has frequently made attempts at reaching high levels. On June 21, at Beaulieu, he made an English altitude record of 1,000 feet.

The most fascinating form of aviation is undoubtedly the high flight. One watches the machine rise from the ground and climb steadily up an invisible stairway, winding round and round in wide spirals. From the size of a monster the vessel diminishes until it looks like an eagle, then a hawk, then a pigeon, a blackbird, a hawk, a bee, a midge, and so it finally disappears out of sight; for men have now flown over a mile high, and it needs a strong glass and a clear atmosphere for a spectator to detect the machine at such a stupendous height. One waits in amazement asking how the daring aviator will return safely to earth from the clouds. Suddenly the machine darts into sight, and is seen plunging downward at an alarming steep angle. It is the voi plane, or dive, the most sensational of all aerial feats. Having climbed to his maximum the aviator shuts off his engine and deliberately steers downwards by the aid of the elevator. He plunges through the aerial sea at terrific speed, but not at hundreds of miles an hour as some imaginative writers have put it. As the air resistance underseats his machine increases with the speed and the amount of surface presented to it by the planes the vessel is automatically led back to its normal gliding angle. In order not to get too far away from his base, 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 gossip to go about, stirring up false reports and do nothing in self-defense?" And the friends said: "No, we must rid the woods of obnoxious people. Let the bad go somewhere and live together, 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 pledge herself to telling no more lies, and repeating no more gossip, or to take herself off to some other place. Then the sisters, Mrs. Adam Squirrel and Mrs. Peep-boo Squirrel were also waited upon with the same request. To be sure, they were not such disagreeable or dangerous gossip 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 overheard, 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. So 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.