THE stories which the Busy Bees have written for the page this week there is a pleasing variety. Some of the Bees have told of experiences of their own; others have told stories to express some of the lessons in kindness; others have told us fairy stories. All of these are, of course, good if well done. It is pleasing, also, to be able to state that more Bees are writing stories, and they are writing better stories. The editor and the readers hope they will keep it up.

The prizes this week are awarded to three, who have written stories of decidedly different types. George Nicholson of Elsie has written us of his experiences in a prairie fire; Elizabeth Wright of Omaha has told us a story which possibly was suggested to her one time when ill; the third by a former which possibly was suggested to her one time when ill: the third by a tormer their own childhood days. And when was one consolation. the long and tiresome hill Leon went, queen Bee, and one who has written many stories for the page, Helen Verrill, Grandpap Harding did tell of his school He followed the road leading to the right his nice new clothes becoming dusty and and is entirely imaginary, a fairy story.

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

Postcard Exchange, which now includes Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb. Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb. Lillian Mervin, Beaver City, Neb. Mahel Witt, Betnington, Neb. Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. Marie Goltach, Bennington, Neb. Marie Gallagher, Benkeiman, Neb. (Box 17). Ida Mar, Central City, Neb. Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb. Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb. Louis Hahn, David City, Neb. Rhea Freidell, Dorchester, Neb. Aleda Bennett, Elgin, Neb. Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb. Huida Lundburg, Fremont, Neb. Marguerite Barthelomew, Gothenburg, Neb. Anna Voss, 40 West Charles street, Grand Istand, Neb. Oscar Erickson, 2907 Howard St., Omaha. Gall Howard, 4752 Capitol avenue, Omaha. Helen Houck, 1252 Lothrop street, Omaha. Emerson Goodrich, 4916 Nicholas, Omaha. Maurice Johnson, 1927 Locust St., Omaha. Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortleth, Omaha. Wilma Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha Hilah Fisher, 1219 South Eleventh, Omaha. Hildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth, Omaha. Edna Heden, 2789 Chicago street, Omaha. Maber Sheifelt, 4714 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. street, Omana. Walter Johnson, 2465 North Twentieth street, Omana.
Walter Johnsen, 346 North Twentjeth street, Omaha.
Emms Carruthers, 2211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Leonora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.
Mas Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb.
Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
Maris Fieming, Osceola, Neb.
Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.
Lens Peterson, 2211 Locust St., E. Omaha.
Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Nebraska.
Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.
Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Aita Wilken, Waco, Neb.
Mae Grunks, West Point, Neb.
Edna Estasny, Wilber, Neb.
Edna Behling, Tork, Neb.
Baris Stasny, Wilber, Neb.
Edna Behling, Tork, Neb.
Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
Irene Reynolds, Little Sloux, Ia.
Ethel Mulholland, Box fl. Malvern, Ia.
Ethel Mulholland, Box fl. Malvern, Ia.
Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Margaret B. Witherow, Thurman, Ia.
Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. & Box 25, Missouri Valley, Ia.
Henry C. Workinger, 2052 W. Huron street, Chicago.
Adlena Borry, Monarch, Wyo. street Omaha Marguerite Bartheiemew, Gothenburg, Neb. Anna Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb. Lydia Roth, 605 West Ebenig street, Grand Ialand, Neb. Ella Voss, 607 West Charles street, Grand Ialand, Neb. Irone Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb. Jessie Crawford, 606 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb. Jessie Crawford, 606 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb. Pauline Schulte, Deadwood, S. D. Martha Murphy, 929 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb. Hugh Rutt, Leehara, Neb. Hugh Rutt, Leehara, Neb. Allos Temple, Lexington, Neb. Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb. Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb. Anna Nellson, Lexington, Neb. Marjorie Temple, Street, Lincoln. Misie Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln. Christie Boggs, 227 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln. Midred Jensen, 766 East Second street, Fremont. Neb. Notes and the state of the s Fremont, Neb. Helen Johnson, 284 South Seventeenth

## Little Leon's Experience on the First Day of School By Annie James.

LEON HARDING had had an to find. You'll take the road to yer left take the wrong road. Where it would lead older sister or brother, he might when ye reach the crossroads. Then pretty him he did not even try to guess. It would have known what school was soon ye'll git a-top a hill, and there, jest almost out of his wits, turned and fied for the slater or brother a few rods off, be the school house, a fine Back over the road he ran, and before he like. would have told him all about new one. You'll not miss it." realised what he was doing he had turned

it. But Leon lived with his So, dinner pail in hand. Leon went along into a dim road which led across the grandparents, who rarely talked of carry him away from the school. That meadow towards a high hill. Up and up

experiences they were enough to frighten and soon found himself walking through a his face damp from perspiration. But he any little new beginner at school, for he

and other forms of punishment that caused his little grandson to shudder with horror And now that Leon was 6 years old It was decided by the grandparents that he should go to the little district school two miles' distant from their farm. For two weeks good old granny had been fixing new clothes for Leon to wear to school He was to have a new suit out and out, even to the bat .But all these fine "fixings" could not warm Leon up with happy anticipation for the new experience he was to have while learning the A B. C's. Indeed, secretly Leon had great fear of that wonderful and terrible creature called And he also trembled at the teacher. thought of the big boys who might tyrannize over him and make his life a burden. And the mere thought of studying-having to learn things he did not already knowwas most objectionable to him. Why should he be cooped up in a school house all day looking at mysterious things in books. with the eyes of the awful teacher on him, and mayhap the teacher's wicked whip across his little back should he offend in any way?

told of floggings and keeping in after school

aged

But of his apprehensions not one word did he say to granny or grandpap. They would not have understood. So he suffered in silence, feeling with fear and trembling that his time of freedom and happiness was fast coming to an end, for on Monday-two days' distant-he would put on his new clothes and enter school a newly fledged pupil. And so the two days intervening were passed in silent fore-Then Monday morning arrived, ngs.

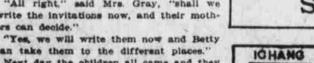
him good-bye, and grandpap walked with had little time to conjecture, for two great and worst of all, the teacher.

school house, yer see, for it's in a differ- meet him there. And when the crossroads to ask the mistress of the place to direct "And is that your dinner in the little tell Granny and Grandpap all about what ent direction to town. But it's easy as ple were reached he had made up his mind to him to his home, where he would go and pail?" asked the pretty lady, designating he had done-to confess all!

to first one and then the other. The little will be so nice."

"Yes, I would," said Grace.

Grace hung her head in shame.



Next day the children all came and they had became so interested in a game that when Mrs. Gray said it was half past 5 they did not want to go home.

They told Betty goodbye, and each one started. The ones who went the same way confess that he had not gone to school at Leon's little tin luncheon pail. "Yes'm," replied Lson. "Granny put in all. He knew Granny would sceld him and

that Grandpap would say, "What, won't lots of goodles for me to eat at school. But go to school and become a smart man and -but-I'm not going to school." get to be president of the U. S. A.T" But The pretty lady raised her eyebrows. he was willing to forego the honor of be- "Not goin to school?" she asked, woncoming president, was willing to suffer derment in her eyes. Leon felt quite Granny's scolding, if by so doing he might ashamed to have conferred the truth. Peravoid going to school. He would much haps she thought him a wicked boy-one who rather grow up to be a farmer-like Grand- wished to be a fool-if he did not go to pap-or become a stage driver. (Leon's school. Then he decided to excuse himself home was many, many miles from a rail- by explaining why he would not go. road, and a stage coach was used for car- teacher would lick me," he said, a lump rying passengers and the mail to and from coming in his throat. "An' the big boys the town. And the driver of the stage had would tease me. I don't want to go to won Leon's deep admiration. He did not school. I want to find my home and-andhave to be educated!) Granny."

On reaching the white house which stood At mention of home and Granny, tears so lonely on a hill, Leon timidly approached came into the baby eyes of little Leon. the door. It was open and from it came The pretty lady saw them, and stooping. the sounds of children's voices as if reading she put her arm about his shoulders and aloud. A lovely young woman was stand- said: "No the teacher will not lick you, ing near the open door, a book in hand, dearle, nor will she allow the big boys to Leon looked up into her face, but could not tease you. Come, I'll put you beside my gather courage to speak. Evidently the desk today. Then you'll like it better. pretty young lady saw his embarrasament. And she led Leon, calmly yielding, into for she came outside the door and stood the big room where about twenty boys and upon her lown step. "Good morning, little sirls were sitting before funny little tables, two and two together.

And then it was that Leon beheld Jack and Mary Jackson, his nearest neighbor children. They grinned at him in a friendly way. And Leon began to wonder what the place was, and why so many children were assembled together. It was some time before it dawned upon him that this was the school, and by some unknown road he had been led right into its terrible jaws! But-the pretty lady! Could it be that she was the teacher. that horrible creature he had so feared? Yes, so it proved to be. And she had him sitting ou a chair close beside her, and after a while she taught him many words that were written on a blackboard. And then she tapped a little bell, saying: "Recess for fifteen minutes." And the chaldren all sprang to their feet and ran out into the hig yard, playing together. And wonder of wonders! Jack and Mary Jackson led Loon out, and he joined in the games that were played. Oh, such fun he had! And when the bell rang he was reluctant to leave off playing till he remembered the lovely Then he ran in and got on his teacher. chair and was most happy to watch the pupils at their study. And teacher gave him some work to do on a slate, which he found intensely interesting. Why, school him to the turn in the road, directing him dogs, seeing the approach of a stranger. After walking until about worn out, Leon "Leon Richard Harding, six years ole other pupils. Oh, what a picnic! And when cried, for he wanted it to continue longer. And with a happy heart he hurried home to



French China.

Nanking



## "GOOD MORNING, LITTLE MAN." SHE MAID IN THE GENTLEST OF VOICES.

and granny, full of pride, dressed her "hig meadow towards a big farm house. Surely, was determined to pass the day away from man," she said, in the gentlest of voices, was lovely, after all. And at noon hey he could not be on a private road! But he that terrifying thing-the school house- Immediately she had won Leon's heart. opened his dinner pail and ate with an had little time to conjecture, for two great and worst of all, the teacher. "What is your name?"

began barking lustily, and Leon, frightened was happy to see a pretty little white flouse las' week," repiled Leon. Then he blushed, school was over for the day he could have "Foller this road, son, till you come to his way. But the nearer his destination on top of the hill. To it he hurried, for for he was a bashful little chap, having the crossroads. Ye've never bin to the he came the more he dreaded what was to no sign of a dog was there. He intended seen so few strangers in his life.

"Oh, goody, goody," cried Betty, "that

"All right," said Mrs. Gray, "shall we write the invitations now, and their mothers can decide.

can take them to the different places."

Bassett Ruf, 1516 Binney street, Omaha. Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha. Heien F. Dougias, 1981 G street, Lincoln. Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha. Myrtis Jensen, 2009 Izard street. Omaha. Myrtis Jensen, 2009 Izard street. Omaha. Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha.

Fremont, M Helen John



## RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. 8. Was pon and ink, not pescil 8. Short and pointed articles will given preferance. Do not use ever

given preferent 6. Original stories or letters only will be used.

Write your name, ago and ad-at the top of the first page. First and second prises of books will be given for the best two con-elbutions to this page each weak. Aren all com SHEMTS DEPARTMENT,

Gmaks Boo.

(First Prize.)

A Prairie Fire. By George Nicholson, Aged 13 Years, Elsie, Neb. Red Side.

It was April 6, 1910, that a big prairie their books and started to get ready for fire went through here. We saw some bed when the younger (her name was Virsmoke rising in the distance right after ginia) said. "Nan, let's both go outdoors we had eaten dinner and we thought it awhile. The moon is bright and it is my was a fire.

My cousin and I were herding sheep, thing I want." and after we saw the fire coming we got the sheep closer to the house. When the out. Then Nan said. "The fairies dance fire was about a mile away we put the every moonlight night all during the sumsheep in the corral. After we had the mer in a nice little place in the wood. You sheep in the corral we got everything remember that little place in 'Elmwood' By Arline Heim, Aged 5 Years, 311 Polk stard of the fire came up to the which we always imagined was a fairy Street, South Omaha. Blue Side. ready so that if the fire came up to the which we siways imagined was a fairy house we could fight it. But the fire did place? Let's go there."

not come right up to the house. of the fire.

The fire burned from near Elsie to the our supper we went out to the fire and affirted fighting it. We fought it until it was all out on the west side. After that we went home. When we got home IL WRS 11:30.

## (Second Prize.) The Bottle Family.

Elizabeth Wright, 122 South Thirty- Then came the great race. fifth Avenue, Omaha. Blue Side. By this time all the bird

There were many bottles sitting on a were sitting on the trees near. The owl By Margaret Horne. Aged 10 Years, table by Helen's bed. Their names were: was the judge. He held a big clock in one Mr. Castor Oll. Mrs. Olive Oil and her claw. All was ready for the race, but the Salt, Miss Listerine, Mr. Fizz and two elves were not there.

But Mr. Castor Oil was so cross race began. There was a lot of shouling do you think you and I could arrange a much. and bad that she did not like him one and calling, but finally the brown eyed elf won by just about an inch. He was given

a visitor was with the other a prize of a new pink cap with golden bells His name was Mr. Pottash. on it. bottles. Pretty soon Mr. Castor Oil and Mr Pott- Some robins were looking through opera ash got to quarraing, and in their haste glasses, an owl with a night cap on was for Betty," said Mrs. Neison. "I think we to hurt one another they fell off the holding a candle, some sparrows were way. can."

table and broke. Helen was very glad, too, because she did not like either one But, alas! poor Miss Cologne fell a bit. off, too, as she was looking over the edge of the table.

Poor Helen cried and cried. Her mother got her another Miss Cologne, but she never did love her as she did Miss Cologne L

The rest of the bottle family grew and lived until they died of old age.

> (Honorable Mention.) A Fairy Story.

By Helen Verrill, Aged 14 Years, No. 19 The Strehlow, Omaha. Blue Side. Once upon a time two little girls lived in as the others.

the castle "Nurking." This evening they "You see, your gem is much more brilwere on the hearth reading fairy stories. Hant because you have promised to be a It was very quiet except for the ticking of better girl," said the fairy. # the big clock on the mantel. The fairy was going to take Grace into

The smaller child had just finished her story and sat thinking when the clock struck 10 o'clock. Both children put down birthday, so mother will let me do any-

They both put on their coats and went Omaha Sunday Bee. Once there was a girl whose name was

Oliva. Across the street from Oliva's house So they walked swiftly, for it was a long there lived a poor girl named Ruth. As There were a lot of men at the fire with way. When they got there they sat down patiently.

By this time all the birds had come and

Bye and bys the big town clock struck 12 mamma if I can buy Ruth something." South Platte river, near Ogaliala. At o'clock and there was a rustle of leaves. So Oliva went in to ask her mother. Her night the wind went down. After we had and very faint music. Then a hundred little mother said: "Yes, I think it would be king and queen leading. They all took started down the road. She came back in still seats on the different flowers and grass a half hour and had a big box. Her mother

blades and waited till the king and queen met her at the gate. She opened the box began slowly to waits. The music played and there was a nice doll. Her mother there as the little girl in the window did. at all. was a lively tune and one by one the said: "Now you may go over and give it

to her.' couples came forward and waltsed. After a while when all were tired of So Oliva did and they both played happy dancing they rested and had refreshments, all the time.

The Party.

Auburn, Neb. Blue Bide. Mrs. Nelson and her daughter Betty were talking about what a nice doll she had. diss Cologne. At 1 o'clock the two little elves came on The door opened and Mrs. Gray, their Helen loved Miss Cologne Bottle very their horses, which were turtles. Then the neighbor, came in, saying, "Mrs. Nelson,

Oliver's Kindness.

party for Betty, and have it tomorrow afternoon from 5 to half past 5 o'clock? could ararnge such a nice one."

"Yes, that will be nice to have a party

By Ronald Otis Wyckoff, aged 11 years, Wilber, Neb. Red Side.

My sister and I have lots of fun in the garden and around home after school lets out. We go out into the garden and pick beans. Then we count how many pumpkins we have. When we are tired playing in the garden we play with our little pet puppy. We chase him and he runs from There, in all its splendor, stood a fairy coach, drawn by two white doves. Up, up us. Then we stop and run from him and they went, on and on till they came to he chases us and barks at us. We play fairyland. The fairy alighted while Grace all kinds of games and this is the way we mostly have our fun at home. The fairy took her to the paince first.

The fairy said. "Would you like to see this George's Reward. By Dorothy Taylor, age 9 years, Elsie, Neb. Blue Side.

Then the fairy led Grace through a long Once there was a little boy named George. hall all lighted up by sunflowers. On the He was very poor and worked hard for walls were thousands of costly gems. As a living. When he could not get work to instruction. The matter was gone into with

they passed through the hall, the fairy do he sold papers or blacked boots. One day he was standing on the corner of a street with a bundle of papers under one arm when a little girl passed and tried to chapter devoted to the postage stamps of cross the street right in front of a runaway the world, illustrated by fac-simile reprohorse which she had not seen coming. She ductions. was very frightened and began to cry.

George had seen her and he dropped his papers and ran to help her. He caught study is covered to some extent by stamps, hold of her arm and told her to run to the side so it would not hurt her. But she was only 3 years old and could not run fast, so George had to drag her. Just at try to be more obedient after this," she

and when George told her about the run- paths. Geography, said. Then she looked up to find her gem no more a dingy looking object, but nearly thank George, but hurried on.

George went back to get his papers, but they were not there. A boy had come along and picked them up and run off with Stamp with a facility and readiness that is of the most entertaining stories that are surprising. them. George went home and told his

another room, but Grace felt herself being mother about how he had saved a little -shaken violently. She woke up to find her girl and that somebody had taken his mother trying to wake her to go to bed. papers from where he had dropped them. Next day a knock was heard at the door Rula Smith, Aged 11 Years, Elwood, Neb. Dear Busy Bees: I am a new busy bee and when George opened it he saw the little girl whom he had saved, and her and would like to write for your paper. mother. They had come to take George read it every week and like it very much. I am in the Seventh grade at school. I and his mother to live with them. They hope my letter will be printed in The got ready to go at once and went with the

siri and her mother. And this was George's reward.

The Mist. By Jeanneite Miller, Aged 13 Tears, Fair-mont, Neb. Blue Side.

The clock was ticking on the mantel. The mist. "Many little children over on the only other sounds in the long library were other side of the city are very glad to have plows and they plowed along the sides by a large tree not far off and waited Oliva sat on her front porch thinking of its ticking, the crackle of the fire and an it cloudy, for when the sun shines warm it Ruth, she said: "I will go in and ask occasional sigh that came from somewhere makes the sidewalks so hot they can't play little stream I came at last away from that that he held on his trembling pate when behind the heavy curtains that hung at the there. They have no nice green lawn like beautiful place. At first I thought there the illustrious crossbowman split it with window. If any one had been there to look you and besides many of them have to they would have seen a very discontented work very hard, and when it is so hot it fairies came marching in two by two, the nice." Oliva took all of her money and little girl cuddled up on the broad window makes them sick. Their feet burn, their

> Outside everything looked gray and dismal if one looked only on the gloomy things thoughtful; "but it's so homely, not pretty But it was really very heautiful if she had only known it. The gray mist that had you know that every cloud has a silvery settled down in the night made the nearby lining?"

houses look dim like fairy castles. The The little girl nodded. She had heard grey mist floated away. wind that blew the treetops to and fro her grandma say so many times, but she

making queer shadows in the silvery mist. but now that the mist said so it must be The wind, like the little girl, must have true, for the mist seemed to to be a very thought its lot very hard, for it sighed in wise lot of damp air. the trees and grouned as it went around the "Long, long ago, far away, oh, very far

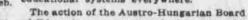
corners of the houses, its groans rising away." began the mist dying down to the faintest sighs.

clear up and the sun would warm the cold, began just as her grandma always did. damp wind so that she could go out and The clock's ticking seemed very alow, on all sides. When the sun set in the west piay.

At last she pulled the curtains by and it made the mountain tops turn beautiful looked at the clock. Only half the morning colors and made beautiful shadows in the allye as ever.

Wuhn. Ichang.

OLLOWING close upon the decision of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy to incorporate the study of postage stamps in the public school work, educational 610 authorities elsewhere, including some in this country, have taken the mat ter up for serious consideration. Some teachers in America have already begun to "teach the young idea how to shoot" with the aid of the stamp, and there is every prospect that the little mail carrier will before long be a potent factor in the educational systems everywhere.

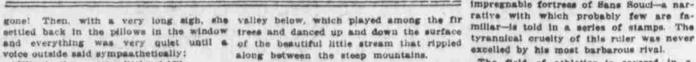


of Education was prompted after a careful investigation of the stamp as a medium of exquisite care and the net result was the promulgation of an order that every school reading book should contain at least one is exerted a wondeful influence in char-

little book of stories based on postage It was learned that almost every field of stamps, the reference index to which shows that no less than 1,000 historical facts or that the study of them leads the scholar and personages are told of in its pagesthrough a pleasing and entertaining almost an encyclopedia of useful informamethod to extensive fields of valuable in formation that would otherwise have to be tion.

that moment the girl's mother came along approached by more prosaic and arduous There are many special groups of stamps history, literature, that have special lescons to teach, and sway horse she was so glad she forgot to mythology, theology, natural history, world there are countries where stamps tell with politics, science and the fine arts, asinteresting vividness their history. There tronomy and other branches of learning are sets of stamps, too, issued for comare opened up to the student of the postage memorative purposes that drive home some

to be found in all history. Leonard H. Goldsmith, an instructor of



"What's the matter, little girl?" It was the mist talking. The little girl and the shadows were lengthening, then I sat up in surprise. would creep from the deep cavern where I

stayed in the daytime, and settle softly 'that when it's dark and cloudy all girls down upon the fir trees and enjoy that are out of humor 'cause our mothers will goodnight songs of the birds and crickets, not let us go out doors and play."

accompanied by the soft ripple of the little stream. "I stayed there many years, but at last l was no place like it, but now I know that an arrow.

heads ache and they get very thirsty. or if the sun chases the clouds away. "Oh!" said the little girl, and looked very "But now I must go, for I have couled

"But you don't see the beauty. Don't never to be discontented again.

made their damp leaves dance and frolic, never thought it was really true before.

The little girl settled down into a com-The little girl had watched the outdoor fortable position, for she was now sure the world all morning, wishing the skies would mist was going to tell a story, because he

note, declares he has for years successfully by this government bring out the whole employed postage stamps as an aid in story of the discovery of America and the teaching his classes. He contends that progress of the nations-particularly our aside from the "book learning" the student own-that now populate this continent. acquires in his application to stamps there The Louisians Purchase stamps tell of that most important epoch in the c. antry's life. acter building through the necessity of ex- The Hudson-Fulton stamps, of very recent eretsing care and neatness in stamp study. date, are alive with the names of Robert It is interesting to know that there is a Fulton and Henry Hudson.

Canada's history may be read in the two series of stamps issued within the last few Years commemorative of the deeds of John Cabot and of Champlain and Cartier. The vissitudes of the South African Republic are graphically told by the several issues of stamps during the period in which the Boers were struggling against the inevitably overpowering odds that Britain possessed against them.

The perfecting of the Panama canal plans and the birth of the Panama government are set forth in stamp issues.

The story of the Black Napoleon of The Columbian series of stamps issued Hayti and the building of his practically impregnable fortress of Sans Souci-a nar- " millar-is told in a series of stamps. The tyrannical crueity of this ruler was never excelled by his most barbarous rival.

The field of athletics is covered in a "When the sun was gone from sight number of stamps, notably the Olympian games series that have been issued by

Mythology, with a number of its prominent gods and goddesses, is illustrated by stamps of Crete and Greece.

Switzerland has a stamp that tells the story of William Tell, showing Tell's son. armed with the famous crossbow and carrose higher and higher and following the rying the apple-presumably the very one

the earth is covered with lovely places There is a stamp issue that presents a that will not go away either if it is cloudy whole series of scenes from the quaint story of Dan Quixote. It was issued on the occasion of the 300th anniversary of the earth here and there is other work for the birth of Cervantes, the famous author me to do; so good-bye, little girl. Then of this engaging book.

Stamps there are that show beasts and The sun came out then and the beautiful birds of every description and from every latitude and longitude on the globe. They show everything from the ornitherhynchus paradoxus of the antipodes to the Newfoundland dog, and from the sheep-slaying kea of Australia to the royal quetzal of

There are stamps showing elephant hunts One evening one of our neighbors went in the Congo and there are others showing down to the Nemaha river to set his hook. dragon-beat regattas on the River Min in

caught a frog. He picked up a little stick Stamps ilustrating the progress of methand hit the frog with it, and thought he ods of navigating the seas are numerous killed it, but in the morning when and there are many which show advances he went down to the river to see if he had made in the mechanical sciences. caught anything, he saw the frog sitting It is little wonder that the schools find

up on the bank with the hook in its back, the postal carrier ready and popular means of instructing the young.

Fishing By Mary Prater, Aged 13 Years, Du Bois, Central America. Neb. Red Side.

He didn't have anything for balt, so he China.

"I lived in a valley, with tall mountains

"Oh! Oh! Don't you know," she began, "No, I don't know at all." replied the



Amoy.

Boxer Rebel sency Stamp. Jinful]



Shanghal.



Hankow

said, "There is one gem for every child on the earth " "Is there one for me, too?" said Grace, "Yes, this one is yours," said the fairy, pointing to a dingy looking one. "Why isn't mine as bright as the others? said Grace. "Because you have been a very diso bedient little girl," said the fairy.