

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

BUSY BEES, it is time to elect your new king and queen. Every Busy Bee, and that means those who read the page and intend to write, as well as those who have written, is entitled to one vote for the new rulers. Each vote, however, should be accompanied by the voter's name and should be sent in before May 3. Think over whose stories you have particularly enjoyed during the last few months and express this appreciation by voting for them.

The new king and queen, whoever they may be, will succeed rulers who have been particularly energetic and praiseworthy in their rule. Both the queen, Helen Verrill, and the king, Arthur Mason, have not only written splendid stories for the page, but they have written letters of encouragement and good advice to their subjects, the Busy Bees.

The prizes this week are won by Madeline Cohn, of the Red side, and Dorothy Patty, of the 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, Ainsworth, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
- Lillian Mervin, Beaver City, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
- Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Agnes Dampier, Bennington, Neb.
- Marie Gallagher, Bennington, Neb.
- Ira May, Central City, Neb.
- Yara Cheney, Fremont, Neb.
- Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
- Rhea Friedell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Elsie Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
- Ennice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
- Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Hilda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marion Cupps, Gibson, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Anna Voss, 467 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Lidia Roth, 605 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Elsie 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 Schultz, Leadwood, S. D.
- Martha Murphy, 323 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Hester F. Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Elsie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
- Edythe Kretz, Lexington, Neb.
- Margerie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Grassman, 1544 Lehigh street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Maria Hamilton, 2929 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Elsie Hamilton, 2929 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Olsner, 2033 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Hughie Dinsler, 2033 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Charlotte Boggs, 227 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Mildred Jensen, 708 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
- Helen Johnson, 354 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Althea Myers, 224 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Alton Seiser, 1544 Lehigh street, Omaha, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Lucille Hasen, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Maulson avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- William Davis, 311 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
- Louise Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Frances Johnson, 353 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Marguerite Johnson, 353 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Ethel Brown, 325 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
- Helen Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha, Neb.
- Margaret Brown, 3223 South Central boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
- Eva Hendee, 4023 Dodge street, Omaha, Neb.
- Wirt Johnson, 3223 South Central boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
- Louis Poff, 3115 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
- Janita Innes, 259 Fort street, Omaha, Neb.
- Basnett Ruf, 1311 Binney street, Omaha, Neb.
- Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Helen F. Douglas, 1881 G street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Lois Morris, 325 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
- Myrle Jensen, 200 Izard street, Omaha, Neb.
- Orrin Fisher, 1210 S. Eleventh St., Omaha, Neb.
- Mildred Erickson, 2704 Lehigh street, Omaha, Neb.
- Oscar Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha, Neb.
- Glad Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Edwin Houch, 1215 Binney street, Omaha, Neb.
- Emerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas, Omaha, Neb.
- Maurice Johnson, 1407 Locust St., Omaha, Neb.
- Carl Carlson, 1215 Binney street, Omaha, Neb.
- Wilma Howard, 422 Capitol Ave., Omaha, Neb.
- Hilma Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh, Omaha, Neb.
- Mildred Jensen, 200 Izard street, Omaha, Neb.
- Elna Heden, 2709 Chicago street, Omaha, Neb.
- Mabel Sheffield, 4014 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Walter Johnson, 246 North Twentieth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Leonora Denison, 807 William St., Omaha, Neb.
- Mae Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
- Madge L. Danisla, Ord, Neb.
- Zola Beddoe, Orleans, Neb.
- Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
- Lila Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
- Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.
- Edna Ennis, Stanton, Neb.
- Ben Peterson, 211 Locust St., E. Omaha, Neb.
- Ira Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Nebraska, Neb.
- Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.
- Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Alta Wilkes, Wyo., Neb.
- Leo Beckford, Waco, Neb.
- Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
- John Barron, Woodstock, Neb.
- Frederick Parks, Winfield, Neb.
- Pauline Wark, York, Neb.
- Edna Banning, York, Neb.
- Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
- Carrie B. Hartlett, Ponfanelia, Ia.
- Irene Rasnick, Little Sioux, Ia.
- Ethel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
- Eleanor Moller, Malvern, Ia.
- Katherine Moller, Malvern, Ia.
- Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Margaret E. Witheron, Thurman, Ia.
- Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 3, Box 25, Missouri Valley, Neb.
- Henry L. Workinger, 2062 West Huron street, Chicago.
- Adeline Sorry, Monarch, Wyo., Box 33.
- Fred Sorry, Monarch, Wyo.
- Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
- John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
- Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
- Pauline Spauld, Grand, Okl.
- Fred Shney, 229 Troop street, Kansas City, Mo.
- Mary McIntosh, Sidney, Neb.
- Neilla Dieckhoff, Sidney, Neb.
- Ennice Wright, 522 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
- Carol Simmann, Wilber, Neb.
- Phyllis Haag, 622 East Seventeenth street, York, Neb.
- Elizabeth, Silver City, Ia.
- Mabel Houston, 3018 Sherman avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Helen Johnson, 436 North Thirty-eighth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Mabel Baker, Lander, Wyo.
- Martha Allison Wilber, Neb.
- Elizabeth Wright, 1222 South Thirty-fifth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Marion Staples, 1313 South Thirty-first street, Omaha, Neb.
- Edward Beckard, Waco, Neb.
- Elton Peterson, Fifty-first and C streets, North Omaha, Neb.
- Henry Reed, 123 East First street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jeanette McBride, Elgin, Neb.
- Elizabeth Wright, 1222 South Thirty-fifth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Ennice Wright, 522 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
- Sadie Finch, 3015 Fourth avenue, Kearney, Neb.
- Minnie Schlichting, Cedar Bluffs, Neb.
- Paul Calhoun, Elm Creek, Neb.
- Nellie L. Olson, Wall, Ia.
- E. Weiss, Treas. Miller, 196 East Third street, New York City.
- Edith Matthews, 2082 Ohio street, Omaha, Neb.
- Margaret Holland, East Dubuque, Ill.
- Carroll Atkinson, 519 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street, New York City.
- Margaret Holland, David City, Neb.
- Mildred Whitehead, Mitchell, Neb.
- Ethel McNeal, Wayne, Neb.
- Katie Vandi, 303 North Seventeenth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Helen Hartox, 2314 South Fourteenth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Christina Stephan, 297 South Central boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
- Gertrude Jenner, 2907 South Twenty-first street, Omaha, Neb.
- Forrest Perrin, 512 South Thirty-seventh street, Omaha, Neb.
- Ernest Freeman, 1213 Georgia avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Luette Watkins, 2014 E street, South Omaha, Neb.
- Ernest Shelton, Checotah, Okl.
- Marion Albert Bradley, 316 North Nineteenth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Harold E. Paffenrath, 518 South Thirty-seventh street, Omaha, Neb.
- Alice Thomas, 311 South Thirty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Ruth Shotts, 2232 West Tria street, Chicago.

A Clever Trap



PUSSY jumped into a barrel for fear of Touser's teeth. The barrel it tipped when Touser jumped and Puss crawled out beneath.

The lid fell down, the barrel stood up and Puss with nimble bound, quickly sprang upon the top and trapped young Mr. Hound.



(First Prize.)

A Hike with the Scouts.

By Madeline Cohn, Aged 10 Years, 1013 Park Avenue, Red Side.

Every Wednesday the men at Fort Crook have a regimental parade, so April 5 being Wednesday in vacation, the scouts of Troop Three, under leadership of my father, Rabbi Cohn, went on their first hike.

My little sister and I went with them. We went all around the barracks, the hospital, the swimming pool, the bakery, the boiler room, the stables and the gymnasium. Chaplain Chenoweth showed us the places when they shoot at targets and where they practice going over walls without steps.

How can we do all this when the drill is at 4:30? In the first place we took the 2 o'clock Fort Crook car. In the second place—Oh! ho! there is the joke—it happened that the paymaster got there and it was payday. We saw the men lined up to get their money. There were several piles of silver dollars and more piles of 20 gold pieces.

First we went to the barracks and saw the postoffice, library, school, chapel and the officers' offices. When we passed the flag the boys for the first time saluted the flag at the fort. (My dear readers their are several "first times" coming, for there is a first time to everything.) You must consider our troop is a new troop and their are only seventeen boys now in it.

We saw them groom the horses and mules and we saw a gun which will fire 170 shots in one minute. We saw

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 250 words.

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

the guard house and the officers' houses. One of the most interesting places was the hospital. I think we saw everything from the beds and patients to the operating room and the X-ray machine. I wish to ask all the boys what could be better than to be a girl scout, but have none of those yet, you will just have to listen to the boys' pleasures and imagine you are with them.

In the later afternoon at 4:30 they have a retreat. The band plays the bugle and all the men wherever they are stand still, while the flag is lowered to the tune of the "Star Spangled Banner." At the sound of the last note the flag is as far down as it can be and everyone salutes it. We are glad to say Major Atkinson, head man of the fort, marched with us even after the cannon had gone off. He saluted with us and spoke to us very pleasantly, while he was with us.

I hope I have given you some idea of the United States soldiers, who work for the flag and the boy scouts of America, who may some day do the same.

(Second Prize.)

Fred and Bob.

By Dorothy Patty, Aged 8 Years, 547 East Second Street, Fremont, Neb. Blue Side.

Bob was Fred's dog and a very faithful dog he was.

One day Fred said to Bob, "Bob, I'm going down to the beach. Do you want to go too, old fellow?"

Bob barked as he always did when he wanted to be taken along.

"All right," called Fred, racing over the beach. He was water looking and Fred thought he would take a bath. Quickly undressing, he placed his clothes in a heap. Bob went to the clothes and sat on them. After a while the tide came closer and closer to where the dog sat.

Bob soberly picked up the clothes in his mouth and moved them away.

"Would you not like to have such a faithful dog as Bob?"

Willing Frank.

By Katie Wendt, Aged 12 Years, 903 North Seventeenth Street, Red Side.

One day a merchant advertised for a boy. He was sitting at his desk and when he heard a knock at the door he said, "Come in," and a row of boys stepped inside the room.

He said, "So you want to have a place? Here is a case, and the one who hits that nail in that post three times will have the place."

Whack, whack, whack. Each one tried it and no one could hit it. But there was one bright faced looking boy whose name was Frank, who said, "I can." But like the other boys he couldn't hit it either. So they all left and the merchant had no boy yet.

Frank returned home. He put a nail in a post and took a broomstick and practiced two hours before supper. He went to bed happy that night.

Next morning he practiced again before breakfast. After breakfast he went again to the store. No boy had hit the nail that morning either. When Frank's turn came the merchant looked at him and said, "Wasn't you here last night?"

"Yes, sir," said Frank, "but I can hit the nail now all right."

"I will see," said the merchant.

Frank went up and hit the nail three times.

"Good," said the merchant. "You shall have the place."

Then Frank told him how he had practiced, and the merchant said, "That is the kind of boy I want, one who is willing

My Last Summer's Vacation.

By Esther J. O. Skoog, Aged 9 Years, Genoa, Nebraska, Blue Side.

In the summer of 1910 my sister Wilma and I had a tent in the yard. We took our dolls, dishes, cupboard, table and many more things we have. We hung up pictures and put a little stove in one corner, where we cooked our meals. The most fun was that we had company during our vacation: that is, my sister and I did not have to play alone. We wheeled around our dolls, which was much pleasure to take them out.

My doll measures thirty-six inches and sister thought they would have some fun with me, so they put a brick under an old hat and told me to kick it as hard as I could, so I did. It hurt me very much, but I did not cry. I went into the house and mother forbid my brother and sister to do it again.

The Dog.

By Willie Spanenberg, Aged 8 Years, 2435 South Twentieth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

I have a black dog and his name is Hanks. When I throw a stick he will run after it. He can climb a ladder up to the house top. We have a big pole in our yard. We put a stick on it and he will jump after it. When he gets it down he goes under the woodpile or into his house.

An April Fool Joke.

By Eunice Stephens, Aged 10 Years, Overton, Neb. Blue Side.

One April Fool's day my brother and sister thought they would have some fun with me, so they put a brick under an old hat and told me to kick it as hard as I could, so I did. It hurt me very much, but I did not cry. I went into the house and mother forbid my brother and sister to do it again.

Rolf's Leap.

By Clarence Sienketter, Aged 13 Years, Red Side.

"Well, boys," said Uncle Dick, "if you want to have a story I will tell you one about my experiences. I was riding all day in the desert, when, about the middle of the afternoon, I came to the sea. I turned my horse loose to graze and I made up my mind to take a swim."

"What I was saying," said myself, Rolf, my dog, was lying with his head hanging over the edge of the bank. When I was about undressed Rolf jumped upon me.

"Yes, my boy, we will have a delightful swim, said I."

"And then he went over the bank again and looked down."

"I was standing near the water when he got up and jumped upon me with such force that it pushed me backward. Then I picked up my gun and hit him with the butt end of it, because I thought that he was trying to have his own way. I went up near the water again and he came and pushed me back. Then I hit him four or five times, thinking I should have my way."

"He lay very still for a while, and then he came up and stood beside me, and just when I would have jumped in he looked into my face and gave one last whine, and then took a leap before me."

"Then I saw what he meant, for he scarcely touched the water when I saw a crocodile slip like lightning from a sunny ledge and catch him by the hind legs. And then I was so glad that I had my gun with me. I fired three shots. The first one missed him. The second one did not

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



April 23, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
John H. W. Becker, 1411 Bancroft St.	Bancroft	1899
Kenneth C. Bell, 210 North Twenty-fifth St.	Central	1898
Pearl Blair, 5121 North Seventeenth St.	Saratoga	1895
Willie G. Buel, 5410 Pine St.	Boals	1899
Duane W. Current, 4548 Seward St.	Walnut Hill	1903
Worton Degen, 523 South Twenty-sixth Ave.	High	1893
Minnie DeLor, 1123 North Eighteenth St.	Kellom	1905
Katheryn Dopita, 315 Woolworth Ave.	Train	1898
Bessie Falk, 2409 Patrick Ave.	Long	1901
Rosa George, 1209 South Thirtieth St.	Pacific	1898
Gladya Gagnon, 813 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1900
Henry Guinotte, 1725 South Nineteenth St.	St. Joseph	1903
Harry Hinebaugh, 715 South Twenty-fifth St.	High	1895
Cora B. Hamilton, 2619 Spencer St.	Lothrop	1904
Arthur Hansen, 1923 North Eleventh St.	Lake	1897
Rollo M. Hall, 1811 William St.	Howard Kennedy	1895
Emery E. Hendershot, 6304 North Thirtieth St.	Miller Park	1902
Joe Jindra, 1702 South First St.	Train	1898
Luellie Ruth Koch, 1025 Hawthorne Ave.	High	1896
Iva L. Kalb, 5121 North Seventeenth St.	Sherman	1901
Gurthia Long, 1041 South Forty-eighth St.	High	1893
George Lang	St. Joseph	1902
Dorothy Lloyd, 5707 Florence Boulevard	Saratoga	1898
Flaira McCauley, 2417 Poppleton Ave.	Mason	1905
Lunir G. Mathamer, 2915 Briostat St.	Kellom	1899
John Marcus, 722 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1895
Harold Norman, No. 17 Uintah Apartments	High	1894
Agnes Petrie, 2803 Dupont St.	Dupont	1900
Robert A. Patten, 1801 Locust St.	Lake	1897
Carl Ravitz, 1012 North Twenty-fourth St.	Kellom	1904
David Robb, 1512 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1900
Alano Roush, 4720 North Twenty-ninth St.	Saratoga	1896
Edna Rager, 3309 Camden Ave.	High	1896
Basil H. Smith, 1821 Spencer St.	Sacred Heart	1901
Rosetta Smith, 2419 Seward St.	Long	1895
Helen M. Seanson, 4024 Charles St.	Walnut Hill	1904
Melvin Schultz, 1737 Park Ave.	Park	1904
Ferdinand Schill, 2414 Oak St.	German Lutheran	1905
Mary Alice Taylor, 4227 California St.	High	1894
Gladya Villard, 2511 Charles St.	Long	1902
Glen Henry Woolley, 1710 North Thirty-fourth St.	High	1891
Ethel Watson, 2607 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1895
Herman Wise, 1920 South Fifth St.	Train	1896

A Bear and a Fairy



TAD AND BAB SAW A HUGE BLACK CREATURE COMING TOWARD THEM.

LD BRUNO sat sunning himself at the mouth of his cave. He had enjoyed a good supper of honey and herbs, and was now sitting in the last shafts of sun that came from the evening sun. "Almost nightfall," mused old Bruno. But the shades of night did not frighten him in the least. Indeed, he enjoyed them. He had just come out of his long winter's sleep, and enjoyed everything in the big outside world.

"Well," and he tapped one paw with the other. "It's fine to be a great black bear like myself. Goodness me, how people do fear me. They'll run miles and miles to get out of my sight. And—they don't know that I'm not such a powerful fellow, after all. Even a bobcat can make me, hide myself behind the bushes. I look pretty fierce, but when put to the test, I'd rather run than fight."

Thus musing, Bruno sat as the last rays of the evening sun glazied his eyes. Then, after the red ball had dropped behind the crest of the mountain, he got up and went leisurely off down the path which led to the spring of cool sweet water.

And while Bruno was going in the direction of the spring, there were two other creatures making in the same direction. But they were not bears, nor were they bobcats, the enemies of Bruno. They were little creatures in human form, a dear little boy of 7 and a dear little girl of 6. And they were hurrying along in the gathering darkness, hand in hand, their eyes full of fast-flying tears, and their mouths all quivering. They were lost on the mountain side.

It was in the early afternoon of the day that Tad and Bab had wandered away from home in the village at the foot of the mountain. Their mother had permitted them to go to play with some neighboring children, Penny and Benny Shivers. And Penny and Benny had persuaded Tad and Bab to take "A long, long walk to hunt for spring flowers." And after they had gone quite a way round a long foothill, Penny and Benny had grown tired and had returned to their home, which was in sight. But Tad and Bab were anxious to find some blossoms before returning to their home, so had gone on and on, and pretty soon, when they, too, became very tired, and wished to retrace their steps, they did not know which direction to take. So, as it always the case with children who are lost, they took the wrong course. And so they went on and on, up a long hill, then down it, then up another steeper and greater one. And so the evening shadows began to fall, and still Tad and Bab were

glowed wickedly. "Infants!" he muttered to himself. "I can kill them with one stroke of my paw."

"But you'll not kill them," said a little voice just above Bruno's head. "You'll carry them home on your back. Come—follow my instructions." Then the fairy—for the voice came from a sure-enough fairy in a tree—came to earth and approached Tad and Bab. As children and fairies always know each other on sight, it did not take Tad and Bab long to agree to do anything that their good friend, the fairy, told them to. "Come, you old black bear," repeated the fairy, "lend your strength to carry these lost children home."

And Bruno, like all wild creatures and children, loved fairies, even though he was a very fierce fellow, and he came willingly forward and stooped low so that Tad and Bab might mount upon his broad back. And the fairy flying above his head made him go at a very lively gait, and before long the little ones came in sight of the village and their own home.

At the outskirts of the village the fairy had them dismount, and pointing toward their house, said, "Now, there is no danger of your becoming lost again. You can see your own gate, and the moonlight is as daylight. Goody, and never, never run away in search of wild blossoms again. Next time a fairy might not rescue you, and a bear would certainly make quick work of killing you."

Then the fairy was gone. Also Old Bruno was fast disappearing up the mountain path. And then the children heard their mother's and father's voices calling to them. And they ran home as fast as ever they could, and when they told their story their parents shook their heads, saying to one another: The darlings have been asleep in the meadow and have dreamt that a fairy and a bear brought them home."

But Tad and Bab knew; and the fairy knew; and Old Bruno, sitting in his cave that night, knew. And he marvelled most of all.

Good Hunting.

"Well, Bill," said Dawson, as he met Holloway on the avenue. "Did you get any good hunting up in Maine?"

"Fine," said Holloway.

"How did that new dog Wilkins save you work?" asked Dawson.

"Splendid," said Holloway. "Fact is, if it hadn't been for him we wouldn't have had any hunting at all. He ran away at the first shot, and we spent four days looking for him."—Harpers Weekly.

and I began to get larger and larger, and about two or three years later I was a large oak tree.

I lived happily with all my dear comrades for a long time until one day a man came into the forest with some other men. They each had an axe. I did not know what was happening to me, because one man was holding me and pulling me while the others were chopping me down.

Then, of course, I knew that my happy life was to be ended. So as they were putting me into a large wagon with a lot of other trees I bid a farewell to all my dear little playmates.

We rode for a long time in this wagon till about five men took me out and put me in a long train. We journeyed a long time until one day we were all taken out and put in a store where there were a lot of other trees. The store was a large one that manufactured trees into nice pieces of varnished wood. They took me and put me through a lot of manufacturing machinery till when I came out I was a nice piece of wood. They then varnished me and when they got through I looked all nice and shiny.

The next day they shipped me to a city called Omaha. There they made me into a large desk. When I was finished they sent me to a school called Columbia, and now a dear teacher named Miss Pickering sits by me.

A Trip to the Mountains.

By John Ashley, Aged 12 Years, Fairmount, Neb. Red Side.

One July day mamma said, "Day after tomorrow we start for the mountains." Then we began to pack the trunks and satchels and to get everything in order to leave the house.

At last the eventful day arrived. We started for Denver at 7:22 p. m. and arrived at Denver at about 8 a. m. There we visited my uncle and aunt for about a week and then started for Loveland, Colo., and stayed for about a week, when mamma and another woman left for the mountains.

About three days after another boy and I started for the mountains and arrived at 11 o'clock.

Every afternoon we drove the horses to a place we found with bushes like a fence and inside there was fine grass.

We had a fine time and started home about the first of September.

Most Exciting Moment of My Life.

By Margaret White, Aged 14 Years, 513 M Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Red Side.

We began to work March 17 for the May carnival or May ball, which was to be held at Chase's theater. First we learned all our group dances and then afterward we learned our solo or separate dances, and the best workers and best dancers were to receive gold medals.

The carnival lasted for four nights and the last night Judge Gould or some other supreme judge came out on the stage and announced to the audience who were to receive the prizes.

We all listened, hardly breathing for a while, and then he called Margaret White. It almost seemed to me he shouted it louder than the rest.

Then you were supposed to come out and make a bow and you would be presented with a box containing your medal. You can't imagine how glad we all were when we heard our names called, as we all are when we receive a prize.

The History of a Seed.

By Dorothy Judson, Aged 10 Years, 112 South Thirty-eighth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

I am a little seed and I was put in a small envelope with a lot of other seeds.

One day a man came into this store that I am in and asked the storekeeper if he had some seeds to sell. The storekeeper said, "Yes," and handed him the envelope that I was in.

The man took it and put it in his coat pocket. Two or three days later this man took me out of the envelope and digging a large deep hole he dropped me in it and poured water over me. Then he covered me up with dirt.

I was kept that way for a long time until one day I pushed my little head out