

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

MARY KATHERINE HARRISON of Omaha, and a member of the Blue side, is the Bee's new queen. John Ashby of Fairmont, and a member of the Red side, is the new king.

Among the votes of the Bees were several for the re-election of the retiring queen and king. The votes, as well as several notes received from writers for the page, express the appreciation for the interest which Helen Verrill and Arthur Mason have taken in the stories and the writers for the page.

A letter from the king is given below and contains a suggestion which the Bees will do well to follow.

During the last four months the Blue side has won eighteen prizes and the Red side fourteen, a record which indicates a pleasing division of talent.

The letter from the retiring king follows:
 Dear Busy Bees: I expect this will be my last letter during my reign as king.

The stories you wrote were excellent and I wish you would keep it up. As spring is coming, you will be able to take walks. Why not write about what you see?
 With best wishes, your ex-king.
ARTHUR MASON.

The prizes this week are awarded to the ex-queen, Helen Verrill, and to Thelma Fredericks.

- Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:
- Jean De Long, Alameda, Neb.
 - Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
 - Lillian Mervin, Beaver City, Neb.
 - Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
 - Anna Gotsch, Bennington, Neb.
 - Minnie Gotsch, Bennington, Neb.
 - Anne Dampke, Benson, Neb.
 - Marie Galtner, Benson, Neb.
 - Ida May, Central City, Neb.
 - Yara Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
 - Louis Hahn, Dakota, Neb.
 - Rhea Friedel, Dorchester, Neb.
 - Aida Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
 - Eunice Bode, Elgin, Neb.
 - Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
 - Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
 - Marion Cupter, Fremont, Neb.
 - Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
 - Anna Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
 - Loyda Roth, 606 West Kenosia street, Grand Island, Neb.
 - Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
 - Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
 - Jessie Crawford, 405 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
 - Pauline Schulte, Grandwood, S. D.
 - Martha Murphy, 923 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
 - Hugh Pitt, Laramie, Neb.
 - Heater F. Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
 - Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
 - Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
 - Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
 - Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
 - Marye Fomble, Lexington, Neb.
 - Anna Grassmeyer, 1046 C street, Lincoln, Neb.
 - Marion Hamilton, 1024 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
 - Edna Hamilton, 202 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
 - Irene Dinsar, 3030 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
 - Hughie Dinsar, 3030 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
 - Clara Boggs, 227 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
 - Helen Johnson, 234 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
 - Alma Myers, 234 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
 - Estelle Hiles, Lyons, Neb.
 - Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
 - Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
 - Henry Crawford, 213 North City, Neb.
 - Lucile Harkin, Norfolk, Neb.
 - Lucile Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
 - Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
 - Genevieve M. Adams, North Loup, Neb.
 - William Davis, 231 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
 - Louise Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
 - Frances Johnson, 533 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
 - Edna Brown, 2522 Northward, Omaha, Neb.
 - Helen Goodrich, 409 Nicholas street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Mary Brown, 2322 South Central boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
 - Eva Hendee, 492 Dodge street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Alban York, 432 C street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Leola Poff, 515 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Juanita Innes, 279 First street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Basnet, Ruf, 18 1/2 Binney street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Rayver Cobb, 46 Twenty-third street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Helen F. Douglas, 1883 G street, Lincoln, Neb.
 - Ada Morris, 354 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Charles Erickson, 250 Howard St., Omaha, Neb.
 - Orin Fisher, 1219 E. Eleventh St., Omaha, Neb.
 - Gerald Erickson, 250 Howard St., Omaha, Neb.
 - Charles Erickson, 250 Howard St., Omaha, Neb.
 - Edna Heden, 250 Howard St., Omaha, Neb.
 - Walter Johnson, 205 North Twentieth street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Emma Carruthers, 343 North Twentieth street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Leonora Denton, 407 William St., Omaha, Neb.
 - Mac Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
 - Mildred Jensen, 408 North Nye Ave., Fremont, Neb.
 - Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
 - Zola Hedden, Orleans, Neb.
 - Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
 - Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
 - Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.
 - Edna Emms, Redwood, Neb.
 - Lena Peterson, 181 Locust St., E. Omaha, Neb.
 - Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Nebraska, Neb.
 - Chas Miller, Ute, Neb.
 - Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
 - Aha Wilken, Waco, Neb.
 - Leo Beckford, Waco, Neb.
 - Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
 - Elise Stansay, Wilber, Neb.
 - Mary Fredrick, York, Neb.
 - Pauline Farber, York, Neb.
 - Carrie B. Seibert, Fontaine, Ia.
 - Ethel Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
 - Ethel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
 - Elmer Melior, Malvern, Ia.
 - Ruth Robertson, Mantlin, Ia.
 - Mary Ann, Witherow, Thurman, Ia.
 - Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 3, Box 25, Missouri Valley, Ia.
 - Henry L. Weisner, 202 West Huron street, Chicago, Ill.
 - Adelene Sorry, Monarch, Wyo., Box 33.
 - Henry L. Weisner, 202 West Huron street, Chicago, Ill.
 - Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
 - Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
 - Pauline Squire, Grand, Okl.
 - Fred Shelley, 230 Trout street, Kansas City, Mo.
 - Mary McIntosh, Sidney, Neb.
 - Nellie Diederik, Sidney, Neb.
 - Ethel Wright, 523 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
 - Carol Simpson, Wilber, Neb.
 - Edna Peterson, 523 North Logan street, York, Neb.
 - Macie Moore, Silver City, Ia.
 - Marion Hamilton, 202 Sherman avenue, Omaha, Neb.
 - Dorothy Tolson, 488 North Thirty-eighth street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Mabel Baker, Lander, Wyo.
 - Corinne Allison Robertson, Wilber, Neb.
 - Elizabeth Wright, 1222 South Thirty-fifth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
 - Marion Staples, 1133 South Thirty-first street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Fran A. Tolson, Pueblo, Colo.
 - Phyllis Corbett, Sidney, Neb.
 - Edward Beckard, Waco, Neb.
 - Edwin Peterson, Fifty-first and C streets, South Omaha, Neb.
 - Harry Reuting, 123 East First street, Grand Island, Neb.
 - Janette McBride, Elgin, Neb.
 - Elizabeth Wright, 1222 South Thirty-fifth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
 - Edna Peterson, 523 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
 - Edna Peterson, 523 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
 - Minnie Schlichting, Cedar Bluffs, Neb.
 - Edna Peterson, 523 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
 - Nellie L. Olson, Vail, Ia.
 - E. Weiss, care Miller, 156 East Third street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Edith Matthews, 2083 Ohio street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Madelyn Schumaker, East Dubuque, Ill.
 - Carroll Adams, 46 Twenty-third street, New York City, Neb.
 - Margaret Holland, David City, Neb.
 - Mildred Whitehead, Mitchell, Neb.
 - Edna Peterson, 523 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
 - Kate Wendt, 300 North Seventeenth street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Helen Santos, 214 South Fourteenth street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Christina Stephan, 201 South Central boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
 - Gertrude Lensen, 207 South Twenty-first street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Edna Peterson, 523 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
 - Frank Freeman, 1313 Georgia avenue, Omaha, Neb.
 - Louise Watkins, 334 E street, South Omaha, Neb.
 - Reed P. Shelton, Checotah, Okl.
 - Marion Albert Bradley, 215 North Nineteenth street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Harold E. Patterson, 815 South Thirty-seventh street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Alice Thomas, 311 West Thirty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Ruth Shotta, 223 West Tric street, Chicago, Ill.



Butterflies.
 By Helen Verrill, ex-Queen, Aged 14 Years, The Strahlweg, No. 2, Omaha, Blue Side.

Here is an experience I had last summer which I think was very interesting.

One sunny day in June I was walking in the garden, when I noticed a lot of big brown caterpillars, not the kind with fur, these were large and smooth. They were all over the vines. I picked up three and took them into the house and put them in a fish-globe filled with nice fresh grape leaves, because that is what they eat.

Every morning I put fresh leaves in. And by and by they began to spin. Then I got them in a candy box filled with leaves and made a lot of holes in the top for air. In two days I looked in the box and found there were only three cocoons on the top of the box by a silk thread they had made.

After about three months the cocoons began to change color, they got dull blue, green and red.

And one day, about a week later, I found a dear little butterfly. It was very small and its wings were all wrinkled up. I took it on my finger. It stood there, and after a few minutes its wings began to stretch out and the wrinkles disappeared and there was a large butterfly on my finger. With its wings spread out flat on a post card it would about cover it. The wings were black with a blue edge, and red, green and blue dots along the edge. I put it on a flower and it soon flew away. In a few days I had two more, all three were alike.

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.

A Timely Rescue.
 By John Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb., Red Side.

"Too-o-o-o!" sounded the auto whistle on the great asphalt. "Eagle" as it came from the shed on the edge of the fair grounds with six men pushing it.

"All right," sounded the boyish voice of Bob Norton, aged 12 years, as he cranked up the motor and took his seat at the steering apparatus.

On the other side of the city on the banks of the Mississippi river, a little boy played beside a little cove and although the inlet did not have any force, it was eleven feet deep.

It was at this time that the "Eagle" left the judge's stand and was speeding toward the park, which the airships had to round and come back, the winner receiving a beautiful cup. As all the other airships had come back, and none were as fast as Bob's, he was sure he could go.

As Bob was coming back across the Mississippi (and no other had made such good time as he), he heard a scream and saw the boy fall into the cove. Bob instantly shifted the elevation rudder and with a graceful swoop the "Eagle" reached the place where the boy had fallen and Bob caught the belt of the little boy and drew him into the airship and then landed.

Bob saw a woman run from a house and soon she was hugging the little boy and thanking Bob at the same time.

It proved she was Bob's sister whose husband had died recently and she moved to Bob's house to keep house for him and Bob never regretted the loss of the cup.

Biddy.
 By Thelma Fredericks, Aged 11 Years, 322 East Fifth St., Grand Island, Neb.

We used to have a pet hen named Biddy. She was a Plymouth Rock, she was so gentle that we could pick her up and pet her. She became ours because she kept coming over to our house and she wanted to see. We drove her off the nest, but she came back again. Then we asked the lady who owned her if we could buy her. The lady said, yes.

We set Biddy on thirteen eggs and when three weeks came she had ten little cotton balls. She was very gentle to the little chickens and they lived and grew up.

Then we set her twice more and she raised her little chickens. One little chicken's feathers didn't grow and he didn't grow big. He followed us around every time we went in the pen. At last one morning we found him dead in the pen.

Biddy is dead now and we have some more hens.

The Sponges.
 By Ruth Kirochstein, Aged 12 Years, 2023 Maple Street, Omaha, Neb.

Many have never seen a sponge growing and find it almost impossible to believe that it is beautiful.

Sponges are quite common on the rocky shores of our own country. They do not form large masses like the sponges grown in warmer seas, which we import, but the smaller growths massed together often cover a great space of rock and are beautifully colored. Some sponges are crimson and some are green, while some of the commonest are a brilliant orange yellow.

The sponges that are colored orange yellow are often found near the low tide mark on the rocks and covered by growing seaweed.

Though it is moist and firm when it is growing it has still the "feel" of sponge.

An Automobile Ride.
 By Cecil Shopen, Aged 9 Years, 4216 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha, Blue Side.

One afternoon a man that my father knew came to see me. He had a car and my little brother did not want to go. He said, "I want to stay with grandpa."

So he stayed and my other brother went in his stead. We went up the Dundee car line and passed the Happy Hollow club. After that we saw several farms and little pigs. They were very pretty near Calhoun. I hope we can go again.

Unfinished Works.
 By Madeline Cohn, Aged 10 Years, 1307 Park Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

Helen was a sweet little girl of 5 years. She was an only child, and did not go to

school. She was bright for a child of her age and she loved to help her mother.

One day her mother got some cherries and Helen asked if she could pick the stems off. Her mother said yes. She had picked several of them as she went in and asked if she might stop.

"There are just a few left," she said.

"You might as well do them, dear," said her mother.

So she started out and one thing and another attracted her until it was fully ten minutes when she returned. Then what should she see but Tim, the dog, running off with the last few cherries in his mouth. She began to chase him and when her mother called her she was saying, "naughty dog."

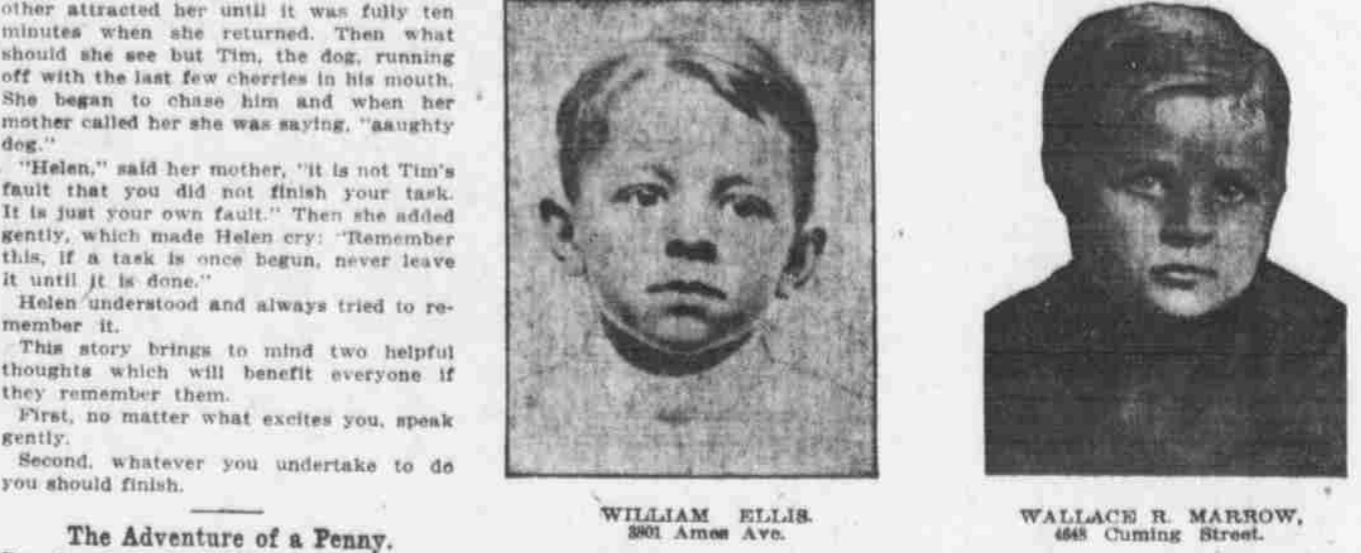
"Helen," said her mother, "it is not Tim's fault that you did not finish your task. It is just your own fault." Then she added gently, which made Helen cry: "Remember this, if a task is once begun, never leave it until it is done."

Helen understood and always tried to remember it.

This story brings to mind two helpful thoughts which will benefit everyone if they remember them.

First, no matter what excites you, speak gently.

Second, whatever you undertake to do you should finish.



THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK
This is the Day We Celebrate
 WILLIAM ELLIS, 3801 Ames Ave.
 WALLACE R. MARROW, 468 Cumings Street.
SUNDAY, May 7, 1911.

The Adventure of a Penny.
 By Ava C. Huffsmith, Aged 12 Years, Creighton, Neb., Blue Side.

I was born in the Rocky mountains and was made into a United States penny in Philadelphia in 1837 with an Indian head on one side and the words "One Cent." on the other. Well, I was taken to a bank, and that very day a little girl came and said she wanted five cents out of her bank account. Then she handed him a slip of paper and I and four other pennies were exchanged for it. She took us to a candy store where I was exchanged for a sugar image. I don't know what became of my companions.

Next I was given in change to a very close old gentleman who hung on to me as if I were a gold coin. He took me home and put me in a large bag where there were several other coins and then placed the bag in an iron chest. In the night a burglar broke into the house and got us all. He took us to a cave and put us into his clothes and said he was going back to his home in the Rocky mountains. When we got there I looked out of a hole in the bag and saw that I was at my old home so I rolled out of the hole and I have been lying here ever since.

Nannie's Visit at Grandpa's.
 By Mary L. Kewler, 315 Corby St., Omaha, Red Side.

Nannie had been sick and her parents decided to send her to Rocky Nook, the place where her Grandpa Richmond lived.

When Nannie heard this she began to feel well at once. She grew well and strong and gained ten pounds that very summer.

One day a queer thing happened. Nannie's grandpa lived in a stone house. The front door opened on a beautiful green lawn. The side door opened on a large yard. Nannie was playing on the grass with Caesar, a large shepherd dog, when she heard music. She ran and peeked through the hedge. At the corner of the house was a little boy playing a flute and a monkey was dancing.

Nannie went and told her grandpa and they went out on the lawn and her grandpa asked him where he lived and where he came from.

He said he had no home and that he came across the hedge. Nannie's grandpa said she needed a boy to feed chickens and carry wood.

So the boy came to live at Grandpa Richmond's and the monkey came, too.

Presence of Mind.
 The burglar, having pocketed all the loose jewelry in sight, which was not much, roughly awoke the sleepers.

"I want them diamond carbons o' yours, ma'am," he snarled.

"Please don't fear them out of her ears," begged the husband; "I'll detach them and hand them to you myself."

"All right, sir, quick now."

Subsequently the burglar learned that he had robbed the dwelling of Prof. Presto, the magician, and that the professor had cleverly substituted a pair of glass imitations for the diamond carbons—Chicago Tribune.

Harper Goodman and the Masquerade

GONG to the masquerade party at Beatie Smith's?

It was Jack Webster who asked the question of Harper Goodman, as the two boys ambled homeward from school.

"Sure," replied Harper. "Wouldn't miss it for anything. One always has such a good time at the Smiths. Mr. and Mrs. Smith know just how to make the young folks enjoy themselves. And Beatie is just a dandy little hostess. Glad the party comes off on Saturday night, for I've got piles of work to do on my spring exams. And it's a bit hard to get up at 6 to study after spending the previous evening making merry. On Sunday morning I may be a bit half past 8. Mother always allows me to have breakfast in my room on Sundays. Then I dress in a jiffy and go to Sunday school with Gladys and Annie."

"Yes, Sunday's a sort of rest day for me, too," said Jack. "I'm glad the party takes place Saturday night. But what are you going to wear? I'm going as a knight of the Middle Ages."

Harper shook his head. "I'm going to surprise you fellows," he laughed. "Shan't tell even mamma about my getup. I've got it about ready now, but am doing without the aid of anyone."

"Well, you can't disguise yourself so that I won't know you," declared Jack, laughingly. "Your broad shoulders and foot ball swing give you away."

"That's to be proven," laughed Harper. Then the boys parted, each going to his own home.

The evening of Beatie Smith's masquerade party arrived, and all the young folks of Beatie's set were full of anticipation. In many of the homes there was hurry and excitement, laughing and planning. Girls were dressed to represent Morning, Evening, Dawn, Midnight, Patriots, Little Goose, Old Mother Hubbard, Three Little Maids from School and other characters too numerous to mention. Boys came to the party as Mephistopheles, Faust, Knights, Princes, Kings, Clowns, Circus Riders, Lion Tamers, Uncle Sam, Father Time, Life and Death (held in hands) and other characters, humorous, historic and ambiguitous.

The time set for the party was 8 o'clock sharp, and it was to last two and a half hours. This would give the young folks (all boys and girls in their teens) plenty of time to reach home before 11 the hour when they must be abed.

As has been said of them, Mr. and Mrs. Smith were royal entertainers of young people and their pretty and witty 10-year-old Beatie was quite as hospitable and gracious as were her parents. The guests arrived punctually and a whispered hubbub filled the spacious rooms. All were masked and each was trying to hide his or her identity, thus they held their voices in whispers or talked in a high falsetto key.

Harper Goodman was a trifle late getting ready for the party. He dressed in the barn in the rear of his own home. He was anxious to try his disguise on his mother first, and if she failed to recognize him, he would then hurry on to the party. Having completed his masquerade toilet—which was that of a tramp—he went to the kitchen door and knocked. He did not wear a false face, for "makeup," a full wreath of straggling whiskers so disguised him that he would not have recognized himself on looking in the mirror. He had blackened his eyebrows, giving to his countenance a dogged, heavy look. The rough black beard covered most of his lower face, while a slouch hat, drawn well down, shaded the upper part.

The household opened the door in response to Harper's rap, and on beholding the suspicious-looking character there did not invite him in. On the contrary, she pushed the door almost shut in his face, peeping out through the crack at him.

"I'd like to speak with Mrs. Goodman," said Harper, speaking in his natural voice.

"I'll tell her," responded the maid. Then she banged the door in Harper's face, turned the key and rushed to her mistress's room on the second floor. But Mrs. Goodman had gone across the street to inquire about a neighbor's sick child. She knew that Harper was preparing to go to the masquerade party, and that he would be sometime at his toilet. So she decided to make the few minutes neighborly call, returning in time to see her

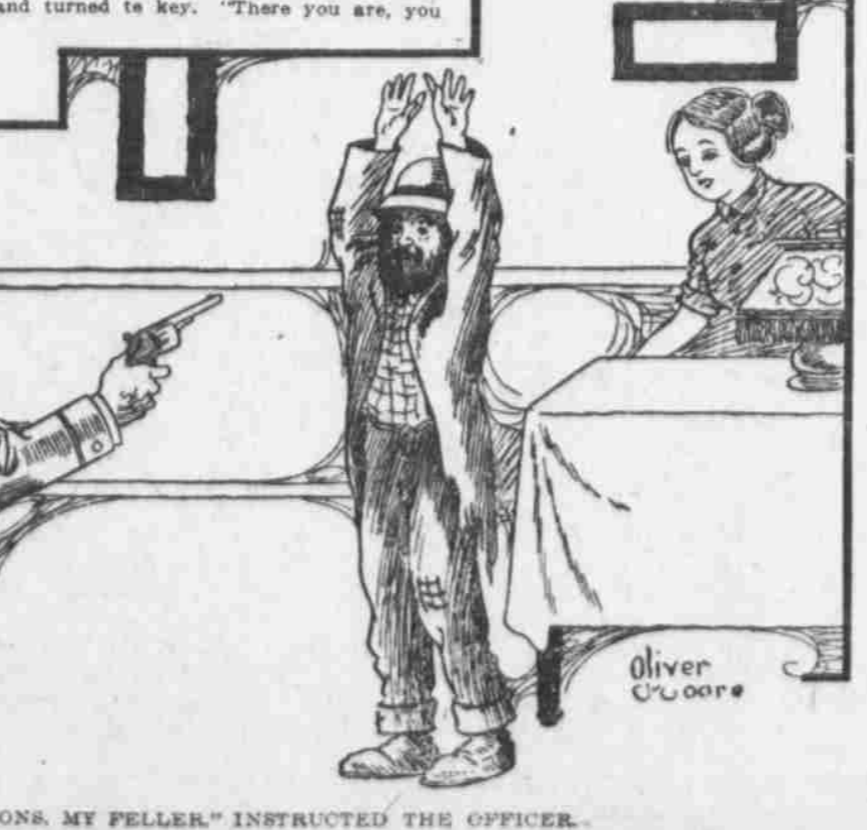
ain't a bad thing to have. I'll send it to the auld folks in Ireland."

Then she went below.

She decided on the butler's pantry. It being without an outside door or window. The door leading from the pantry into the dining room she looked, putting the key into her pocket. The door leading into the kitchen she left open, the key on the kitchen side. Then she opened the outside kitchen door and saw that her ma's was still there. "Mrs. Goodman says please to step into the dining room," she announced to Harper.

"Thanks, mum," replied Harper, smiling to himself, for he was pleased to note that Carry—the maid—did not guess who he was. "Just pass through the pantry, sir," instructed Carry, very respectfully, pointing the way.

Unsuspecting, Harper went as bid, and just at the moment when he put his hand on the knob of the door leading into the dining room (to find it locked) Carry shut the kitchen door behind him with a bang, and turned to key. "There you are, you



"ASK NO QUESTIONS, MY FELLOW!" INSTRUCTED THE OFFICER.

thief!" she called out to Harper. And the surprised fellow heard her stamping hurriedly out of the kitchen. Then he heard her bang the street door behind her. At first Harper smiled—"she thinks I'm a tough character," he mused. Then, finding himself locked in the butler's pantry, he began calling loudly to his mother. He did not know that she had gone across the street.

In vain did Harper call. No one responded. Presently, being tired out, he decided to wait. But it was not long before he heard the street door open into the hall. The footsteps came on to the dining room. There were two persons walking. Harper could make that out. But neither was his mother. He could hear her light step among many others. But he was not long kept in suspense. The key turned in the door lock; the door was swung open and a dark form filled the doorway. Then Harper made out

the gleam of something bright in his face. It was the muzzle of a revolver. The dark form was that of a policeman. Carry, arms akimbo, and a look of "Ah, my man, I got you," on her face, stood just back of the policeman.

"Up with your hands and come out!" The officer spoke sharply, authoritatively. Harper obeyed, too dumbfounded to speak at the moment. But once in the lighted dining room, he smiled, for he thought the policeman must recognize him. He knew the officer well, for his best look and Harper was in the habit of passing a few words with him of a morning as he went to school.

"Say, Mr. Foley, don't you know me?" asked Harper, just as the officer was heading him toward the front hall.

"Ask no questions, my fellow," instructed the officer. "Go to the door as I tell you. Miss Carry, open the front door for us."

Carry hastened to obey, saying as she went, "Say, Mr. Foley, if there happens to be a big reward, don't forget it's mine. And a nice share of it will go to you for makin' the arrest."

"Sure, my girl," laughed Mr. Foley. "I think I've got a man we've been lookin' for a long time. He's in disguise. I'd know them false whiskers anywhere. March!"

Harper now saw that he was in a dilemma. Hands up over his head, he could not drag off the hat and beard to show the officer who he really was. The officer had commanded silence, and the poor boy was afraid to speak.

But at the door, and just as Carry was about to open it, it opened from the outside, and in stepped Mrs. Goodman. She had no time to ask questions about the strange scene transacting in her hall, for before the policeman or Carry, or even she could speak, Harper, all fear now gone, had jerked off hat and whiskers and was crying out: "Mother, I've been arrested for being in my masquerade costume!"

Well, of all the surprised persons in the world, that policeman and Carry were the most surprised. Carry stood open-mouthed, not able to say a word. Mr. Foley shoved his revolver into his pocket and tried to look unembarrassed. But his face was crimson, and he looked like creeping through the keyhole.

A few words from Harper and everything was explained. Then Mrs. Goodman and Harper laughed heartily. But the officer beat a hasty retreat after a look meant to wisher his victim, was directed at Carry. He knew that on the following day he'd be the butt of his fellow officers. Carry, humbly begging pardon, and contending: "But, Mrs. Goodman, Master Harper looked like a bloke. Sure an' he did. An' I thought there'd be a big reward, so I did."

"You were in the right, since you mis-

took Harper for a house breaker," said Mrs. Goodman. "I can trust you in the future, and you are a brave girl."

"Yes, no bad man is going to make a haul while you are here," laughed Harper. "But say, mamma, it's tough luck to have to be arrested in one's own pantry. Gee, I'll be half an hour late at the party, though! It's twenty minutes past 11. I must put on my slinging beard and hat and be abed."

"Hope they won't run you in' enroute to the Smiths!" laughed Mrs. Goodman. "You'd better carry hat and whiskers in hand as you go on the street and adjust them at the Smiths' door."

Harper acted on his mother's advice and reached the party safely, where all fell to guessing who he could be. And not one guessed his identity till the end of the evening. Then they heard the story of the strange arrest. And all agreed that Harper had enjoyed a most peculiar experience.

"Such a dilemma," said Beatie. "Being shut up in your own pantry. Wasn't there any cake and cheese to eat while waiting for the policeman?" Then everyone laughed.

A Pertinacious Question.
 "Dr. J. H. Jowett believes it is the minister's, not the congregation's fault, if the church doesn't go."

The speaker, a member of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church in New York, smiled and continued:

"Dr. Jowett once told me that he added with the old lady who always went to sleep during sermon time."

"Why don't you take snuff during the sermon?" the minister said to her. "That will keep you awake."

"Why don't you put the snuff in your sermon pipe?" retorted the old lady.—New York Times.

Is Goodwin Knocking?
 Appropos of the failure of the reformers to make Reno divorce a little less easy, N. C. Goodwin said the other day:

"Reno. Instead of improving, is getting worse and worse. I understand that the Reno divorcees are taking up law on the side. One or two divine sport signs on their front doors that say:

"'Tash marriage—\$1 up. Come one, come all."

Then below:

"Divorce our specialty. Record terms and time."

No Extraneous Demand.
 Tramp—Kin I get a bite to eat here?
 Woman—Yes, if you'll see that pile of wood.
 Tramp (staring up the job)—Ain't askin' for no Ho-a-plate banquet, lady.—Boston Transcript.

"You were in the right, since you mis-