

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

STRANGE that more of the Busy Bees have not been out visiting the parks, or out in the woods gathering wild flowers.

Oh, some of you have been? Well, the rest of us would like to hear about those excursions. Won't you write us and tell of the tramp over the hills and down the ravines to pluck the violet or the columbine? We would like to read of the excursions and share your pleasure in finding the blossoms.

When you got back from the trip you no doubt were tired, and hungry, and sleepy, from being out in the sun and wind. But the next day, or the next, you could remember your sensations and had time to write.

If all the Bees would write of flower excursions, picnics or the summer games, we would have a great many good stories for the page. Try it.

Prizes were awarded this week to Mary Katherine Harrison, Queen Bee, and to Helen Verrill, ex-Queen Bee. Both on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given Donald Mahaffey on the Red side.

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

- Jean De Long, Alsworth, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
- Lillian Mervin, Beaver, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
- Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Agnes Dampke, Benson, Neb.
- Marie Gallagher, Benksman, Neb. Box 12.
- Ida May, Benson, Neb.
- Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
- Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
- Eloise Freidold, Dorchester, Neb.
- Aleida Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
- Enrico Boda, Falls City, Neb.
- Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marion Cuppa, Gibson, Neb.
- Marquette Hanson, Ithaca, Neb.
- Anna Voss, 497 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Lydla Poth, 25 West Keogh street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 467 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 24 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Faulline Schulte, Deadwood, R. D. 2.
- Martha Murphy, 222 N. Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- High Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
- Hester F. Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Eddythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
- Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Gramsmeier, 355 G street, Lincoln.
- Marian Hamilton, 202 L street, Lincoln.
- Eloise Hamilton, 222 L street, Lincoln.
- Irene Dinsler, 200 L street, Lincoln.
- Hughline Dinsler, 200 L street, Lincoln.
- Charlotte Boggs, 227 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln.
- Helen Johnson, 324 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln.
- Aileen Meyer, 24 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln.
- Louise Siles, Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Henry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Louise Hansen, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letha Marquin, 308 Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Maulson avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- William Davis, 231 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
- Louise Raabe, 2899 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
- Frances Johnson, 583 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
- Marjorie Johnson, 923 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
- Emile Brown, 135 Broadway, Omaha.
- Helen Goodrich, 400 Nicholas street, Omaha.
- Mary Brown, 2223 South Central boulevard, Omaha.
- Eva Hendee, 469 Dodge street, Omaha.
- Lillian Witt, 469 Dodge street, Omaha.
- Levi Poff, 515 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Juanita Innes, 378 Fort street, Omaha.
- Bessie Ruf, 125 Broadway, Omaha.
- Meyer Cohn, 446 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
- Helen F. Douglas, 192 G street, Lincoln.
- Ada Morris, 245 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Myrtle Jensen, 200 1/2 12th street, Omaha.
- Oscar Pflafer, 120 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.
- Mildred Erickson, 279 Howard St., Omaha.
- Oscar Erickson, 279 Howard St., Omaha.
- Gail Howard, 472 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
- Helen Koush, 152 Broadway, Omaha.
- Edmond Goodrich, 400 Nicholas, Omaha.
- Maurice Johnson, 207 Locust St., Omaha.
- Leah Carson, 135 North Fortieth, Omaha.
- Wilma Howard, 472 Capitol Ave., Omaha.
- Hilma Pflafer, 110 South Eleventh, Omaha.
- Edna Hiden, 405 North Nye Ave., Omaha.
- Mabel Sheffield, 404 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Walter Johnson, 245 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
- Emma Carruthers, 231 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Leonora Denison, 97 William St., Omaha.
- Mae Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
- Mildred Jensen, 405 North Nye Ave., Fremont, Neb.
- Nedra L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
- Edna Redden, Orleans, Neb.
- Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
- Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
- Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.
- Eloise Smith, Stanton, Neb.
- Lea Peterson, 231 Locust St., E. Omaha.
- Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Nebraska.
- Clara Miller, Utesa, Neb.
- Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Ara Wilken, Waco, Neb.
- Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
- Eloise Healing, York, Neb.
- Frederick Wary, York, Neb.
- Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanella, Ia.
- Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
- Elio Mubolland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
- Eleanor Melior, Malvern, Ia.
- Katherine Melior, Malvern, Ia.
- Ruth Melior, Malvern, Ia.
- Margaret B. Withrow, Thurman, Ia.
- Bertha M. Wray, R. F. D. 3, Box 25, Missouri Valley, Ia.
- Henry L. Workinger, 203 West Huron street, Sargo, Ia.
- Adrian Sory, Monarch, Wyo. Box 33.
- Fred Sory, Monarch, Wyo.
- Paula Garrison, Monarch, Wyo.
- John Barton, Monarch, Wyo.
- Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
- Pauline Equin, Grand, Wyo.
- Fred Shelley, 230 Troup street, Kansas City, Mo.
- Mary McIntosh, Sidney, Neb.
- Nellie Dietrich, Sidney, Neb.
- Eloise Wright, 322 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
- Carol Simpson, Wilber, Neb.
- Phyllis Haas, 222 West Seventeenth street, York, Neb.
- Mable Moore, Silver City, Ia.
- Mabel Houston, 202 Sherman avenue, Omaha.
- Dorothy Tolleason, 494 North Thirty-eighth street, Omaha.
- Mabel Bandler, Wyo.
- Corinne Allison Robertson, Wilber, Neb.
- Elizabeth Wright, 1222 South Thirty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Dotson, Omaha, Colo.
- Phyllis Corbett, Sidney, Neb.
- Eloise Beckard, Waco, Neb.
- Eliot Peterson, Fifty-first and C streets, South Omaha.
- Harry Reuting, 123 East First street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jeanette McBride, Elgin, Neb.
- Elizabeth Wright, 1222 South Thirty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
- Samuel Finch, 2215 Fourth avenue, Kearney, Neb.
- Nellie Schlichting, Cedar Bluffs, Neb.
- Phyllis Schlichting, Cedar Bluffs, Neb.
- Nellie L. Olson, Vail, Ia.
- E. Weiss, care Miller, 129 East Third street, Omaha.
- Edith Matthews, 2022 Ohio street, Omaha.
- Madeline Schumacher, East Dubuque, Ill.
- Henry Axtelson, 219 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street, New York City.
- Margaret Holland, David City, Neb.
- Edna Morris, 245 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Katherine McNeal, Wayne, Neb.
- Katie Wendt, 208 North Seventeenth street, Omaha.
- Helen Barton, 214 South Fourteenth street, Omaha.
- Christina Peterson, 207 North Central boulevard, Omaha.
- Gertrude Lesner, 207 South Twenty-first street, Omaha.
- Forrest Martin, 512 South Thirty-seventh street, Omaha.
- Frank Treeman, 1513 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
- Lucile Watkins, 214 E street, South Omaha.
- Reed-Albert Chocotah, Okla.
- Marion Shelton Brockway, 316 North Nineteenth street, Omaha.
- Harold E. Paffenrath, 814 South Thirty-seventh street, Omaha.
- Alice Thomas, 511 South Thirty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Ruth Shotts, 223 West Tenth street, Chicago.
- Edna Callahan, 126 North Irving street, Fremont, Neb.



(First Prize.)
In the Park.

By Mary Katherine Harrison, 2804 North Twenty-second Street. Age 11.
I had a peek into the woods yesterday. They were so beautiful and gay that I do believe the Fairy Queen of May has passed that way. The orchards, all pink and white, were like a big bouquet. How fragrant and fresh the air was.
At Elmwood park, half way down on the side of a green hill, a spring bubbled out and sparkled like beads of dew. We had a drink out of our hands. A big elmwood tree shaded the spring. They must be kind friends, for the spring flowed back into the hill to water the roots of the elm. But it came out a little way down the side of the hill and fell over green mossy rocks and made a little waterfall. Then it flowed into a creek, which had such a soft sandy bottom that I wished to wade.
There are many beautiful trees at Miller park. The birds sang joy, joy, fitting from tree to tree, for now is their nesting time. The jay has come, too, for he notably announced himself flying from a sweet bud tree. He seemed to say: "I can make a noise if I can't sing." The lake was clear and I could see sky tints of pink and blue in it. Near a rippling field of green wheat we spied a most foolish baby rabbit. Wif, he just sat and stared at us with big, innocent eyes. I hope he will get his rabbit education before fall.

with some food and water, but he would not eat or drink, he was so sorry to go.

A Dandelion.

By Mary Katherine Harrison, Queen Bee, Age 11, 2804 North Twenty-second Street—Blue Side.
I know a lion;
He does not roar—
Stands on one leg
Instead of four.

When a young fellow
His mane is yellow;
When he's old and gray
You blow him away.

You think he's not handy,
But for cure he's handy.
I've said his full name,
If you can't guess,
I'm not to blame.

An Easter Morning.

By William Campen, Aged 14 Years, 50 South Twenty-sixth Street. Red Side.
The sky was clear and blue,
With a few yellow streaks of red in view;
The sun was still and soft,
Which was chilled by a wind from aloft.
Most everyone was fast asleep,
For it was yet too early for them to peep.
But the birds were singing beautiful songs
As if to wake the people on that peaceful morning so bright.
After a while a red ball of fire arose from the east,
Which helped to make more glorious that splendid morning.
And whose rays as they fell awoke many a sleeping soul,
And also gave the earth a warmer feeling.
While the sun filling the earth with brightness,
And the birds were filling it with joyful-ness,
The church chimers rang out from beyond To wake the people all around.

The Poplar Tree.

By Margaret Folsen, 3015 Jackson Street, Omaha, Aged 12 Years. Blue Side.
Do you know why the poplar holds up her branches? It is because once upon a time a man went to the end of a rainbow and found a pot of gold. He put it into a barrel.
Edwin Burdette Black celebrated his birthday on April 20, and his picture was published in The Bee on that day. Many of Edwin's little playmates and school-fellows saw the picture and congratulated him, but he is now prouder than ever of his birthday picture, for it brought him this very nice letter from the famous lecturer, preacher and humorist, Rev. Robert J. Burdette, for whom he is named:
"BOSTON, May 7, 1911.—My Dear Boy: A thousand thanks for your birthday picture. I am proud to be standing in the middle of your name. That's the meatiest part of the sandwich, you know. You had a long chase after me, but you caught me here at last. I am on a 'go-look-see' tour in Yankeland, and will return home about June 10.
"I spent two or three days with James Whitecomb Riley, who has been very ill, but is now happily, cheerily and hopefully convalescent. His mind is clear as crystal, his bodily strength daily increasing. He talks and laughs and tells stories—humorous and pathetic—with the old-time Riley spirit.
"My greetings to all the dwellers in your home. Cordially yours,
"ROBERT J. BURDETTE"

Birds.

(Second Prize.)
By Helen Verrill, Ex-Queen, Aged 14, The Strathlow, No. 18, Omaha, Blue Side.
One day as I was looking out of the window I saw a nest with four little eggs in it. It was just about a foot from the window in a grape-arbor. By and by a song sparrow came and sat on the eggs and in a few days I saw four tiny baby-birds, and when their mother or father came to feed them they looked as if they were all mouth, and very selfish.
I put bread crumbs on the window sill and the mother-bird would come and get them when I was standing right near.
One morning about two or three weeks later I heard a lot of chirping, and when I looked out of the window the birds were learning to fly. It was so funny to see them flap their wings and fly a few inches straight up, and then drop in the nest again. But before the day was over they could fly very well, and in the morning they flew away and never came back.

Trix.

(Honorable Mention.)
By Donald Mahaffey, Aged 9 Years, 4023 Charles Street, Red Side.
One time I had a little dog named Trix. He was a fine cocker spaniel. He knew how to play hide-and-go-seek with us children. Papa said we had better sell him or give him away, because he tore our stockings and frightened the baby. Soon after a man said he would buy him. The day before he went away some children came over and we all played hide-and-seek with him. When the day came for him to go away we put him in a box

the branches of the poplar tree, which was like any other tree.

Now, this pot of gold belonged to the Goddess of the Rainbow, who was Jupiter's sister. So she asked him to ask the gods and goddesses if they had seen the pot of gold, but nobody had seen it.

So he came to earth and the trees held up their branches to show that they had not the pot of gold, and all of a sudden the pot of gold came from the branches of the poplar tree. She was so ashamed that after that she always held up her branches to show that she was innocent, because the man had put the pot of gold in the branches of the poplar tree.

To this day the poplar holds up her branches.

Fairy Story.

By Marjorie Armstrong, North Bend, Neb.
The story of King Corn.
"At first," said the corn, "I was in a store, and a man came and bought me. He took me to his home in the country and planted me in a field. It was very dark under the ground, and I stayed there for what seemed to me a year. But another Nature was very good to me. She sent her rain and sunshine to me and soon I began to grow, and soon I saw the sun again and I was very glad to get out of the ground. I had now a stock and a leaf and I was very proud. I grew bigger every day and soon I had an ear of corn. There was a green covering over it and little silk threads were at the top, and I thought it very pretty, but I did not think it half as pretty as the ear of corn itself without the green covering. The corn itself had little white grains on it and I thought it very pretty. Not long after a sad thing happened. The man of the house came out to look at his corn. When he came up to me and saw my ear of corn he tore it off my stalk and carried it away. When he got into the house he put it with a lot of other corn and took it down to the mill and had it ground up. I have had many ears of corn, but I never forgot the first ear."

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 page.
6. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best 150 contributions to this page each week.
Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT OMAHA BEE, Omaha, Neb.

May 21, 1911.

Name and Address. School. Year.

Eleanor Austin, 3515 Dodge St.	Columbian	1897
Dudley Brown, 1117 Park Ave.	Webster	1899
Ethel Booth, 2024 Grant St.	Lake	1899
Helen M. Braun, 1121 South Seventh St.	Pacific	1901
Mary Crusco, 1115 South Fourteenth St.	St. Philomena	1905
Chauncey Cook, 2608 Harney St.	Farnam	1901
Warren Cook, 2608 Harney St.	Lincoln	1903
Grace Coe, 1919 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1901
Elizabeth Edmondson, 1717 Nicholas St.	Kellom	1901
Daniel B. Fuller, 2561 Dodge St.	Central	1900
Mary A. Gutter, 4014 North Thirty-third St.	Druid Hill	1905
Rudolph Hornig, 1601 Frederic St.	Castellar	1904
Samuel Horn, 621 North Central Boulevard	Webster	1901
John Hewitt, 3035 Meredith Ave.	Monmouth Park	1902
Roy G. Helsing, 507 North Forty-third St.	High	1894
Ella Johnson, 974 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Webster	1900
Minnie Johnson, 3123 Mason St.	High	1895
Inez Johnson, 2920 South Twentieth St.	Vinton	1905
Annie Kuehrlik, 2807 Dupont St.	Dupont	1902
Mary Knott, 1318 South Fourth St.	Train	1902
Isabel Kolmitz, 1513 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1898
Florentina Kosowska, 2920 Frederic St.	Im. Conception	1897
Elihu K. Livingston, 1329 South Thirty-first St.	High	1895
Helen Miller, 3311 Harney St.	High	1893
Helen M. McAuliff, 2211 South Nineteenth St.	St. Joseph	1902
Hulda Nelson, 418 Walnut St.	Train	1898
Johnnie Nelson, 2636 Chicago St.	Webster	1905
Frances E. Newmann, 47 U. S. R. F. D.	St. Joseph	1899
Doris Payne, 3206 South Twenty-third St.	Vinton	1905
Raymond Powell, 4007 North Thirtieth St.	Lothrop	1896
Eddie Rynarzewski, 2518 South Thirtieth St.	High	1896
Bensen Rowley, 4308 Grant St.	High	1892
Martha Stow, 2715 Elm St.	Castellar	1903
Helen Silver, 4312 Erskine St.	Clifton Hill	1904
Clifford F. Schurig, 108 North Fortieth St.	Saunders	1904
Louis D. Swanson, 2602 Poppleton Ave.	Park	1906
Wilhelm J. Siew, 1347 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1905
Frank Sullivan, 1837 North Twenty-first St.	Kellom	1895
Slgg Slanger, 2905 Elm St.	Im. Conception	1904
Josephine Walsh, 3601 South Nineteenth St.	Vinton	1895
Gene Watson, 2607 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1902
Gerhart F. Wengel, 211 Walnut St.	Train	1899
Donald B. White, 4118 Grant St.	Clifton Hill	1898
Floyd P. Zarp, 1507 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1904

A Trip Through South America.

By Maud Grace Caruthers, Omaha, Aged 10 Years, Red Side.
I first got on a train, went to New York and then boarded a ship for South America. We went to Brazil, in the rubber section, where they raised rubber trees. Every twenty years they tap the trees, then send the rubber to Para. After I was through visiting Brazil I went to Venezuela, where they raise coffee, but not the kind we drink in the United States.
Next I went in a different part of Venezuela, where they raise cocoa trees. In Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, after that I was just about ready to go home, when I happened to think I forgot to visit Argentina. Its climate was about like our own in the United States. Next they visited the railroad center. There were cars and trains about like ours in the United States. It had some very

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate



May 21, 1911.

Name and Address. School. Year.		
Eleanor Austin, 3515 Dodge St.	Columbian	1897
Dudley Brown, 1117 Park Ave.	Webster	1899
Ethel Booth, 2024 Grant St.	Lake	1899
Helen M. Braun, 1121 South Seventh St.	Pacific	1901
Mary Crusco, 1115 South Fourteenth St.	St. Philomena	1905
Chauncey Cook, 2608 Harney St.	Farnam	1901
Warren Cook, 2608 Harney St.	Lincoln	1903
Grace Coe, 1919 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1901
Elizabeth Edmondson, 1717 Nicholas St.	Kellom	1901
Daniel B. Fuller, 2561 Dodge St.	Central	1900
Mary A. Gutter, 4014 North Thirty-third St.	Druid Hill	1905
Rudolph Hornig, 1601 Frederic St.	Castellar	1904
Samuel Horn, 621 North Central Boulevard	Webster	1901
John Hewitt, 3035 Meredith Ave.	Monmouth Park	1902
Roy G. Helsing, 507 North Forty-third St.	High	1894
Ella Johnson, 974 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Webster	1900
Minnie Johnson, 3123 Mason St.	High	1895
Inez Johnson, 2920 South Twentieth St.	Vinton	1905
Annie Kuehrlik, 2807 Dupont St.	Dupont	1902
Mary Knott, 1318 South Fourth St.	Train	1902
Isabel Kolmitz, 1513 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1898
Florentina Kosowska, 2920 Frederic St.	Im. Conception	1897
Elihu K. Livingston, 1329 South Thirty-first St.	High	1895
Helen Miller, 3311 Harney St.	High	1893
Helen M. McAuliff, 2211 South Nineteenth St.	St. Joseph	1902
Hulda Nelson, 418 Walnut St.	Train	1898
Johnnie Nelson, 2636 Chicago St.	Webster	1905
Frances E. Newmann, 47 U. S. R. F. D.	St. Joseph	1899
Doris Payne, 3206 South Twenty-third St.	Vinton	1905
Raymond Powell, 4007 North Thirtieth St.	Lothrop	1896
Eddie Rynarzewski, 2518 South Thirtieth St.	High	1896
Bensen Rowley, 4308 Grant St.	High	1892
Martha Stow, 2715 Elm St.	Castellar	1903
Helen Silver, 4312 Erskine St.	Clifton Hill	1904
Clifford F. Schurig, 108 North Fortieth St.	Saunders	1904
Louis D. Swanson, 2602 Poppleton Ave.	Park	1906
Wilhelm J. Siew, 1347 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1905
Frank Sullivan, 1837 North Twenty-first St.	Kellom	1895
Slgg Slanger, 2905 Elm St.	Im. Conception	1904
Josephine Walsh, 3601 South Nineteenth St.	Vinton	1895
Gene Watson, 2607 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1902
Gerhart F. Wengel, 211 Walnut St.	Train	1899
Donald B. White, 4118 Grant St.	Clifton Hill	1898
Floyd P. Zarp, 1507 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1904

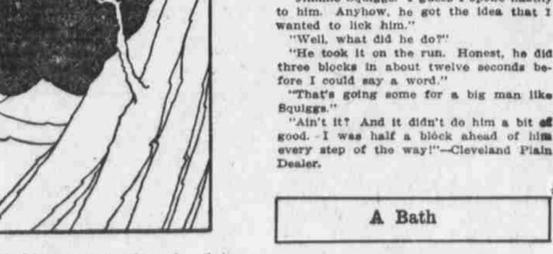
large cities, which were Buenos Ayres and the La Plata countries.

Then we took the ship home and went around to San Francisco and then returned to Omaha.

Sea Birds Drink Rain.
Under the headline, "Where Do They Get Water?" a writer in the Young Folks Catholic Weekly says: "When I was a cabin boy I often used to wonder, seeing like thousands of miles out to sea, what they did for fresh water when they were thirsty. One day a squall answered that question for me. It was a hot and glittering day in the tropics, and in the clear sky overhead a black rain cloud appeared all of a sudden. Then out of empty space over a hundred sea birds came darting from every direction. They got under the rain cloud, and waited there for about ten minutes, circling round and round, and when the rain began to fall they drank their fill. In the tropics, where the great sea birds sail thousands of miles away from shore, they get their drinking water in that way. They smell out a storm a long way off; they travel a hundred miles maybe to get under it, and they swallow enough rain drops to keep them going."

A Narrow Escape.
"I nearly had a scrap this morning," confided a slender young lawyer, whom you wouldn't suspect of being belligerent. "Who with?" we asked, with no respect for grammar.
"Dimmie Squigg. I guess I spoke hastily to him. Anyhow, he got the idea that I wanted to lick him."
"Well, what did he do?"
"He took it on the run. Honest, he did three blocks in about twelve seconds before I could say a word."
"That's going some for a big man like Squigg."
"Ain't it? And didn't do him a bit of good. I was half a block ahead of him every step of the way!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Bath.



He had become overanxious when their son did not return at nightfall, and had been to call on their neighbors, thinking the boy might have wandered off with some of the neighbor children to play. Not finding him at any of the adjoining farms, the good people had set out to search the grounds thoroughly. And so it was that Harry ran right into their arms. You cannot imagine the surprise of Harry's parents when he told them his story. They led him home between them, fearing he might take wings and fly away again.
"No, no, no, papa and mamma," Harry assured them, "I'll never, never leave home without one or both of you with me. Oh, it is so terrible on top that great, black, frowning mountain. Oh, the moaning wind, the roaring lion, the hooting owl, the yellow tiger—I shall never, never forget my feeling of terror at it all! And the loneliness, the cold, the darkness! I shall never be able to describe to you, but no longer am I the Youth of Dreams. I want just plain reality henceforth. Harry sat down at the cheery supper table and his parents had not eaten during his absence, and were waiting for him, and felt once more the happiness of home and father and mother. And the good parents smiled as they partook of the meal, for they were thankful to have their boy back again.

Tough on the Steak.
"Little Johnny placed a package on the block in front of the butcher."
"Please, sir," he said, "father wants you to change this piece of meat fr s'n liver-wurst."
"What is the matter with the meat?" inquired the butcher.
"Taking a long breath, the boy replied: "Well, pa says you certainly would be bankrupt if it hadn't ever become legal tender."—Youngstown Telegram.

The Lion and the Owl—A Strange Story

HARRY OBER had always wanted to go to the top of the great mountain which loomed forbiddingly in the sky, and which made the days so short, hiding the sun from sight as early as a o'clock every afternoon. And very often the great mountain's crest was hidden by the heavy clouds falling about it like a robe. When the clouds were white they resembled snow on the mountain; when black and full of rain, they looked like a shroud. And at all times the top of the mighty mountain held interest and mystery for Harry.

The Ober lived in a fine fertile valley at the foot of the great mountain, and, unlike their son Harry, Mr. and Mrs. Ober seldom thought of the mountain save as a background to their splendid landscape view. They felt no curiosity concerning the top of the great giant, never once contemplating a journey up its rough, steep side. They were content to live at the mountain's feet, till the soft, tame sheep and cattle and entice themselves in an honest, homely way. But not so with their young son Harry. He had dreams and dreams full of mystery, and would sit for hours together, looking longingly toward the top of the great mountain which loomed over all that part of the land.
"Some day I shall go there," Harry promised himself. "Some day." But the time flew by and still the day of his going did not arrive. "Next year I shall go," said Harry to himself one evening as he drove home the cattle. "Next year!" But as he spoke he heard a foot fall beside him, and glancing round, was astonished and frightened to behold a great lion trotting along like a tame dog. "Fear me not, youth of dreams," spoke the lion. "I have come to lead you on your way to the top of the mountain."
"But—but—" stammered Harry, "how did you know I wished to go to the top of the mountain?"
"The owl told me," informed the lion. "The owl and I live near neighbors. My cave is beneath the tree in which His Wisdom, Master Owl, lives."
"Yes, I explained to the lion, my friend, that a Youth of Dreams lived in the valley, and that it was his heart's desire to go in quest of adventure." So spoke another voice at the other side of Harry. And turning about, Harry saw a very fine owl flying along close to his head. His astonishment was great, and for some seconds he was speechless. Then, finding voice, he asked of the owl: "But, how did

you know that I desired to go up to mountain?"
"I am wisdom, my fine lad," replied the owl. "I know things without being told. So come with us—the lion and me—and we will take you to the place you desire to see."
"But what strange companions you are—a lion and an owl!" cried Harry, much bewildered. "I never knew that creatures so unlike were companionable."
"Which proves that a Youth of Dreams does not know everything," observed the owl calmly.
"Will you come with us?" asked the lion, shaking his great head. "If not, we'll waste no more time with you."
"I must drive my cows home," explained Harry. "Then, if mother will permit me—"
"Your cows will go home of themselves," interrupted the owl. "And no one but you must know of your going. If you speak of it to another soul the charm will be broken, and we shall disappear."
Harry was thoughtful. He wished very, very much to go to the top of the mountain; but he disliked doing so without first telling his parents about it. The owl seemed to read his thoughts, and said: "We can't waste time with people of indecision. Will you go?"
"Yes," said Harry. He felt that it was now or never. If he would see the top of the mountain, he must not waver about going.

"I shall carry you," said the lion. I am strength and muscle. I can carry you anywhere and no animal will dare to approach you so long as you are on my back.