

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

ANY of the boys and girls have been taking trips to the parks and in the woods, and have written interesting stories about the trips. All of the Busy Bees like to read these stories and it is hoped that the children will continue to write about their summer picnic parties.

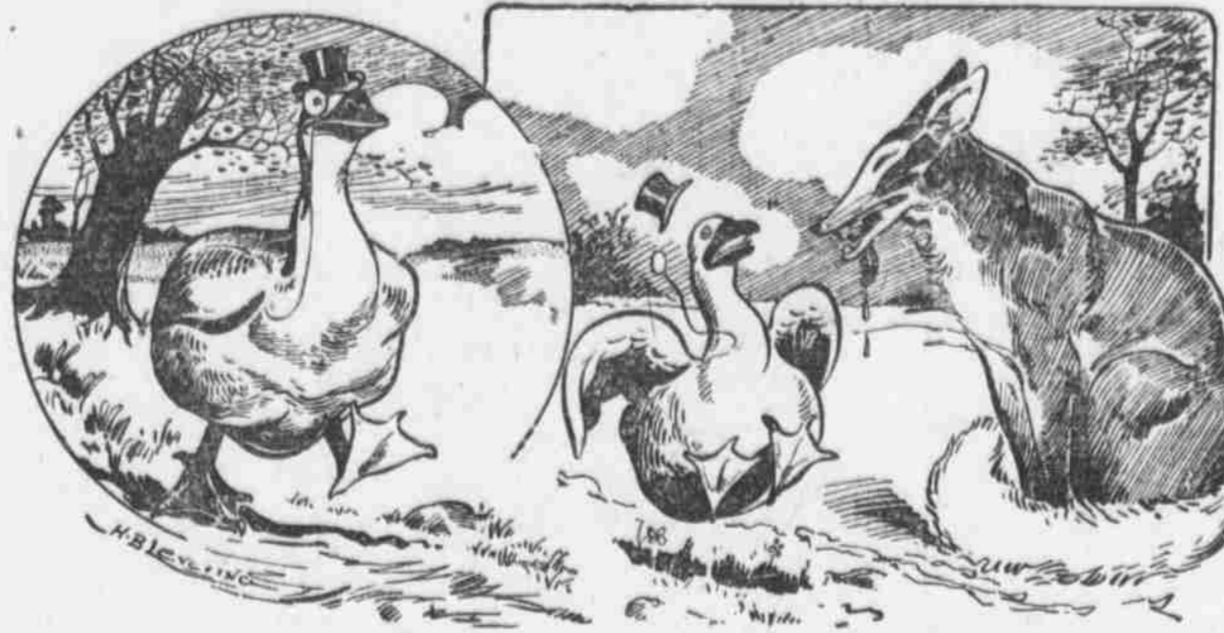
The editor and all of the Busy Bees regret that one of the ex-queens, Helen Verrill, has just celebrated her fifteenth birthday, and, therefore, ceases to write for our page. Helen's stories have been keenly enjoyed by the readers, for she writes cleverly and intelligently about birds, bees and flowers and different stories of nature, and her fairy stories are especially entertaining.

Prizes were awarded this week to Mildred Voigt, on the Red side, and to Roxie Erb, on the Blue side. Mention mention was given to Arthur Mason, ex-king of the Red side.

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

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>Jean De Long, Anson, Neb. Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb. Lillian Mervin, Beaver City, Neb. Mabel Wirt, Bennington, Neb. Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. Alice Damsker, Bennington, Neb. Marie Gallagher, Bennington, Neb. Ida May, Central City, Neb. Vera Cheney, Central City, Neb. Louis Hahn, David City, Neb. Rhea Friedell, Dorchester, Neb. Alicia Bennett, Fremont, Neb. Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb. Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb. Huldia Landaker, Fremont, Neb. Marion Cuppa, Gibson, Neb. Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb. Anna Voss, 40 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb. Lydia Roth, 66 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb. Ella Voss, 47 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb. Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb. Jessie Crawford, 66 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb. Pauline Schutte, Deadwood, S. D. Martha Murphy, 923 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb. Hugh Rutt, Lehigha, Neb. Hester F. Rutt, Lehigha, Neb. Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb. Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb. Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb. Edythe Kretz, Lexington, Neb. Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb. Anna Grassmeyer, 144 C street, Lincoln. Marion Hagan, 219 North C street, Lincoln. Elsie Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln. Irene Dinsler, 2029 L street, Lincoln. Hughie Dinsler, 222 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln. Charlotte Boggs, 222 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln. Helen Johnson, 334 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln. Alma Myers, 24 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln. Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb. Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb. Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb. Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb. Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb. Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb. William Davis, 231 West Third street, North Platte, Neb. Louise Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha. Frances Johnson, 953 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha. Marguerite Johnson, 953 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha. Eunice Brown, 409 Boulevard, Omaha. Helen Goodrich, 409 Boulevard, Omaha. Mary Brown, 3222 South Central boulevard, Omaha. Eva Hendee, 462 Dodge street, Omaha. Lillian Wirt, 418 Cass street, Omaha. Lewis Poff, 315 Franklin street, Omaha. Juanita Innes, 279 Fort street, Omaha. Hessett Ruf, 214 Binney street, Omaha. Meyer Cohn, 406 Georgia avenue, Omaha. Ada Morris, 354 G street, Lincoln. Myrtle Jensen, 299 Iard street, Omaha. Orin Fisher, 1218 S. Eleventh St., Omaha. Mildred Erickson, 709 Howard St., Omaha. Oscar Erickson, 709 Howard St., Omaha. Gail Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha. Belmont Johnson, 409 Nicholas, Omaha. Emerson Goodrich, 409 Nicholas, Omaha. Maurice Johnson, 107 Locust St., Omaha. Leon Carson, 124 Locust St., Omaha. Wilma Howard, 422 Capitol Ave., Omaha. Hilary Fisher, 119 South Eleventh, Omaha. Edna Hedon, 278 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. Mabel Sheffer, 404 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. Walter Johnson, 2465 North Twentieth street, Omaha. Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. Leonora Denison, 907 William St., Omaha. Mae Hammond, O'Neill Neb. Mildred Jensen, 48 North Nye Ave., Fremont, Neb. Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb. Zola Hedden, Orleans, Neb.</p> | <p>Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb. Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb. Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb. Edna Ennis, Stanton, Neb. Lena Peterson, 221 Locust St., E. Omaha. Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Nebraska. Clara Miller, Union, Neb. Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb. Aha Wilken, Waco, Neb. Leo Beckwith, Waco, Neb. Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb. Elsie Stansay, Wilber, Neb. Frederick Ware, Winona, Neb. Pauline Paris, York, Neb. Edna Benning, York, Neb. Mabel Houston, York, Neb. Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia. Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia. Ethel Murland, E. 7, Malvern, Ia. Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia. Katherine Mellor, Malvern, Ia. Margaret B. Witherow, Thurman, Ia. Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 2, Box 23, Missouri Valley, Ia. Henry L. Workinger, 352 West Huron street, Chicago. Adiana Serry, Monarch, Wyo., Box 32. Fred Serry, Monarch, Wyo. Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo. John Barron, Monarch, Wyo. Edith Arnold, Sheridan, Wyo. Pauline Squire, Grand, Okl. Fred Shelley, 289 Troup street, Kansas City, Mo. Mary McIntosh, Sidney, Neb. Nellie Dietrick, Sidney, Neb. E. W. Wright, 532 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb. Carol Simpson, Wilber, Neb. E. W. Wright, 532 West Seventeenth street, York, Neb. Maclean Moore, Silver City, Ia. Mabel Houston, 305 Sherman avenue, Omaha. Dorothy Tolleson, 436 North Thirty-eighth street, Omaha. Mabel Baker, Randor, Wyo. Corinne Allison Robertson, Wilber, Neb. Elizabeth Wright, 1222 South Thirty-fifth avenue, Omaha. Marion Staples, 1213 South Thirty-first street, Omaha. Frank A. Dotson, Pueblo, Colo. Phyllis Corbett, Sidney, Neb. Edward Becklund, 217 First and C streets, South Omaha. Harry Keating, 123 East First street, Grand Island, Neb. Jeanette McElrife, Elgin, Neb. Elizabeth Wright, 1222 South Thirty-fifth avenue, Omaha. Eunice Wright, 322 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb. Sadie Finch, 305 Fourth avenue, Kearney, Neb. Minnie Schlichting, Cedar Bluffs, Neb. Nellie L. Olson, Vall. Ia. E. Weiss, care Miller, 146 East Third street, New York City. Edith Matthews, 2062 Ohio street, Omaha. Madelyn Schumacher, East Dubuque, Ill. Carroll Atkinson, 59 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street, New York City. Margaret Holland, David City, Neb. Mildred Whitehead, Mitchell, Neb. Ester McNeal, Wayne, Neb. Katie Wendt, 304 North Seventeenth street, Omaha. Helen Bartos, 254 South Fourteenth street, Omaha. Christina Stephan, 207 South Central boulevard, Omaha. Gertrude Lensen, 207 South Twenty-first street, Omaha. Harold E. Paffendorf, 816 South Thirty-seventh street, Omaha. Frank Freeman, 1213 Georgia avenue, Omaha. Louise Watkins, 254 E street, South Omaha. Helen Shelton, Checotah, Okl. Marion Albert Bradley, 316 North Nineteenth street, Omaha. Harold E. Paffendorf, 816 South Thirty-seventh street, Omaha. Alice Thomas, 61 South Thirty-fifth street, Omaha. Ruth Shotts, 223 West Tria street, Chicago. Arthur Mason, 126 North Irving street, Fremont, Neb.</p> |
|--|--|

The Fate of a Gander



A RUTHLESS and reckless young gander Named Peterkin Paul Alexander Would frequently roam Far from his home Because he so loved to meander.

Till it happened, without any warning, His path, with bright flowers adorning Was darkened one day By a fox, big and gray And now his poor life is in mourning.



(First Prize.)

A Robin.

By Mildred F. Voigt, Aged 11 Years, Daventport, Neb. Red Side.

My name is Mrs. Robin. Would you like to see my nest? It is built in a large box elder tree; in it are three pretty little blue eggs. In a few days they will be little birds instead of the eggs.

Then when their little wings are strong enough we will fly away.

When winter comes all the birds of the sky fly southward. But one autumn a sad thing happened. I broke my wing and could not fly and father bird was forced to go alone. Just at the point of death I was picked up by a little girl and carried to her home. She then bound up my broken wing and laid me in a basket by the fire. She kept me all winter, my wing growing better all the time.

When spring came she let me fly out with the rest of the birds and that summer every morning I would come to her window and sing her a little song.

(Second Prize.)

My Trip to Yellowstone Park.

By Roxie Erb, Aged 8 Years, Gothenburg, Neb. Blue Side.

When I was 6 years old I took a trip to Yellowstone park. I saw many interesting things while there. I saw many wild animals, including bear, deer and buffalo; I also saw many beautiful birds.

While I was traveling from one hotel to another I saw "Old Faithful" and many other geysers. While at one geyser a guard put our handkerchiefs in the bubbling hot water and they went down towards the bottom and finally came to the surface

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 100 contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

A True Story.

By Rachel Sherrard, Aged 11 Years, Wood River, Neb. Red Side.

One bright spring morning three girls named, Dorothy, Lida and Carrie, went out picking violets. Each took a basket. They were going to the river, which was close to their home, so they walked.

It was a half a mile, so when they went along, and the old gardener, working about some rose bushes, saw what was in progress and duffed his cap and leaned on his spade as the little party passed him.

"Where did you find all those flowers?" asked Mrs. Agnew of Peggy.

"Why, mamma, you've given them to me from time to time to be used as models for my paper flowers. And instead of throwing them away, I stuck them in a box in my closet. And being in need of some flowers today, and not able to get any real flowers, I just remembered the old artificial ones you had cast aside. And I've been straightening them all up and fixing the leaves. But they look lovely, after all."

"Indeed they do," said Mrs. Agnew. But by this time they had reached the bird's grave and the little box was deposited.

After which Harry assisted Willy in filling the soil and rounding it up. And just as they were done, there came the old gardener, a rose-root in his hand. "Say, young master," he said, addressing Willy, "I'll plant this one on the sparrow's grave. And next Decoration day you'll have some nice roses from it to take to the cemetery—for the unknown grave."

"Oh, thank you, Perkins," said Mrs. Agnew. "This is a splendid spot for a rose bush. Yes, it will decorate birdie's grave."

And Peggy reached up and kissed the old gardener's cheek.

Cruel Man.

"There would be fewer divorcees," said former Governor Pennypacker, "if there were fewer men of a Pine Street's type of selfishness."

"Owen Winter," when he felt a gentle slap on the back.

"What, Street, old man?" cried his friend, Walnut. "En route for California all alone? Traveling without your wife?"

"Yes, old fellow," Pine Street replied. "Double the pleasure and half the expense, you know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Curious Mamma.

"Suppose, Bessie"—the teacher was trying to explain the meaning of "recuperate"—"suppose your papa had worked very hard all day; he is tired and worn out, 'yes, ma'am'."

"Then when night comes and his work is over for the day, what does he do?"

"Oh," replied Bessie, "that's just what mother wants to know."—Lippincott's.

Love Hyacinths.

"In Wilson are many hyacinths"—L. Cornelius Sulla.

Deem not my love can change or range; One ever, o'er and o'er, I could not love Bill B. so much, Loved I not Woodrow more!

—New York Sun.

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate



May 28, 1911.

FLORENCE G. HILL, 837 South Thirty-fifth Street.

| Name and Address. | School. | Year. |
|---|----------------|-------|
| Philip Almqvist, 3610 Seward St. | Franklin | 1905 |
| Helen J. Alleman, 1326 South Thirty-fourth St. | Park | 1899 |
| William Britton, 2511 Chicago St. | Central | 1896 |
| Billy Bullard, 1706 North Fortieth St. | Central | 1899 |
| Rose M. Baber, 1016 Seward St. | Lake | 1899 |
| Minnetta Calabra, 2130 Poppleton Ave. | Mason | 1898 |
| Ethel L. B. Craig, 2122 South Forty-sixth St. | Beals | 1905 |
| Jean Davis, 314 North Twenty-fifth St. | High | 1893 |
| Beda Engler, 2216 Grant St. | Lake | 1901 |
| Avis Geiger, 922 North Eighteenth St. | Kellom | 1900 |
| Ray H. Gould, 1919 Binney St. | High | 1893 |
| Dorothy Goldstein, 3112 Leavenworth St. | Farnam | 1900 |
| Charles Gorr, 3221 California St. | Long | 1901 |
| Solver Hanson, 4410 Pierce St. | Deals | 1901 |
| Rhea Harrison, 2602 Ohio St. | Lake | 1901 |
| Lines Hoyt, 2821 Dewey Ave. | Farnam | 1895 |
| Florence G. Hill, 836 South Thirty-fifth St. | Columbian | 1902 |
| Walter F. Harris, 2004 North Twenty-eighth St. | Long | 1901 |
| Margaret Haussner, 5621 North Fourteenth St. | Sherman | 1901 |
| Anton Hofmann, 2428 South Eighteenth St. | Leavenworth | 1895 |
| Leroy Holt, 2029 Dorcas St. | Castellar | 1899 |
| James Koscan, 106 Woolworth Ave. | Train | 1897 |
| Edward Lund, Fifty-seventh St. and Poppleton Ave. | Beals | 1902 |
| Clyde Murphy, 2824 Dodge St. | High | 1892 |
| Phillip Mansell, 2928 Vinton St. | Vinton | 1904 |
| Lura L. Marsh, 3116 Miami St. | Howard Kennedy | 1896 |
| Talford McWilliams, 971 North Twenty-fifth St. | Leavenworth | 1898 |
| Margaret McTaggart, 2623 Spencer St. | Lothrop | 1905 |
| Madeline McElligott, 3017 Oak St. | Windsor | 1901 |
| Bessie Novak, 1717 South First St. | Train | 1901 |
| William Pecha, 3011 South Twenty-eighth Ave. | Vinton | 1897 |
| Hildur Peterson, 337 North Thirty-seventh St. | Saunders | 1901 |
| Helen Pedersen, 2414 Wirt St. | Sacred Heart | 1899 |
| Elsa V. Reese, 523 North Twenty-eighth Ave. | Webster | 1901 |
| Ruth Sanford, 4826 Florence Boulevard. | High | 1894 |
| Ruth Strom, 2767 South Tenth St. | Bancroft | 1901 |
| Spencer Shearer, 4507 North Forty-first St. | Central Park | 1904 |
| Luella Teck, 2939 Spring St. | Windsor | 1893 |
| Brooke Titaworth, 1815 North Eighteenth St. | Kellom | 1893 |
| Mussa Tann, 1824 North Twenty-eighth St. | Long | 1897 |
| Karoline Urdewaska, 2616 South Twenty-sixth St. | Im. Conception | 1901 |
| Jean Woodruff, 3329 Lafayette Ave. | High | 1894 |
| Woodland Williams, 3031 Emmet St. | Howard Kennedy | 1896 |
| Richard Wheeler, 2517 St. Mary's Ave. | Mason | 1900 |
| Doris H. Witte, 3624 Valley St. | Windsor | 1905 |

time to go, they were all to meet at a chosen the wrong road. Then he thought of his mother and father who were so sorry he had chosen the bad way and he called out again: "O days of my youth return." And this time they did return, for he only dreamed it, and after that he was very good for he always remembered that dream.

A Drop of Water.

By Theresa Killian, Aged 9 Years, Wahoo, Neb. Blue Side.

One day many of my comrades and I were put into a large tub. Very soon some of us began to soak into a little girl's dress.

Then someone hung the dress out of doors on the line.

The wind and sun took us up to the clouds. Soon we came down to the earth in what people call rain.

As I happened to go by a window, I looked in. I saw a little girl with the same dress on that I had helped make clean in the tub. The window was open, so I went in. She had a great many plants in her window, but they were all very dry. So I sat down on the driest plant. Some of my comrades followed me. Then we moistened the plant. In a few days there was a pretty flower on the plant.

The little girl was very happy, when she saw the flower. I was glad. I had helped the pretty flower to bloom.

The Nanny Goats.

By Fannie Watson, Aged 12 Years, David City, Neb.

There was a kind nanny goat. She had two little daughters. Their names were Minkykins and Thinkykins. They lived in a little house in the woods.

One day mother said: "There isn't a thing in the house for dinner. Your aprons have holes in the elbows. I will go and get some cloth and some dinner. I will bring you home something good. Don't open the door while I'm gone."

They said they wouldn't. They watched her until she was out of sight. They did some work, then played school. They were singing, when a knock came. They ran to the door and said: "Who is there?"

"Grandma."

"Goody! What have you?"

"Candy, dears."

"Mamma said not to open the door."

But they did open it anyway. A wolf rushed in. He swallowed Minkykins and then Thinkykins. Then he felt uncomfortable. "I wish I hadn't eaten the second one, will go and take a nap." Very soon he was asleep.

Then the mother came home. She looked all over the house. Then she went to the woods. She saw him. She lit-up to the house to get a knife and a needle. She went back and slit the wolf's stomach. The goats jumped out. They went home right in the wolf's stomach and sewed it up. The wolf awoke, went to the brook and fell in.

A Ride to the Ball Game.

By Mildred Grace Carruthers, Aged 19 Years, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

One day after school, a girl named Harry, saw a boy named Harry, on a bicycle hurrying home as fast as he could.

"What are you in such a hurry for?" called Bernice, "in your mother's sack?"

"No," said Harry, "I'm going to the ball game at 4 o'clock; do you want to go?"

"Yes," said Bernice, "if my mother will let me."

"Will you get on the handlebars," said Harry, "and ride home with me?"

"Oh, yes!" said Bernice.

So when she got home her mother said, she could go; but when she came back, it was quite late.

Feeding the Elephants.

By Willie Spangenberg, Aged 3 Years, 2415 South Twentieth street, Omaha.

The first time I was at the circus, and after the show we went to see the animals and when we came to the elephants, I fed them peanuts and when I fed them all I had we started to feed one fan. First a palm leaf fan, handle and all and then I fed him a card board one, and he ate it too, wooden handle and all and after while he had to hold his trunk stiff and a man walked up his trunk. But I wonder if that elephant's stomach did digest all that or whether he got sick.

Robin's Letter.

By Mary Smith, Aged 7 Years, 61 Evans Street, Benson, Neb. Box 65.

"My Dear Mr. Robin: How are you in this rainy weather?"

"The rain hits me very hard. I have my nest in a maple tree.

"It is very nice here in the summer. The children bring me nice fresh crumbs to eat. Your loving MR. ROBIN."

Peggy's and Willy's Decoration Day

SOME hurry up, my dears, it's Decoration day, you know, and we must be off to the cemetery at 10 o'clock." And Mrs. Agnew shook Peggy and Willy awake.

"Come wake, my dears."

"Yes, mamma," yawned Peggy, sitting up in bed. "I remember, it's Decoration day, and we're going in the auto to Greenwood cemetery to place wreaths of flowers on the forgotten graves."

"Oh, yes, mamma," added Willy, also sitting up in his little bed and stretching and yawning, trying to get awake. "Oh, yes, so it is Decoration day. Is breakfast ready, mamma? I'm so hungry."

Mrs. Agnew laughed and helped Willy to get into his bath. Willy was only 7, and his mamma always looked after him of mornings. But Peggy was 10, and was quite a young lady, and could take care of her own morning toilet, all but buttoning up and tying the ribbon bow in her hair. Mamma always performed these little duties for her.



"OH, A DEAD LITTLE SPARROW. IT MUST HAVE BEEN KILLED BY THIS STORM."

After breakfast, the children dressed for the visit to Greenwood cemetery, where their parents took them each Decoration day. They also took great quantities of flowers woven into wreaths or grouped into bouquets. Not that Mr. and Mrs. Agnew had any dear ones sleeping in Greenwood, but because there were certain graves forgotten each year—unless they went there to remember them.

There had been a terrific wind storm during the previous night, and before starting to the cemetery, Peggy and Willy went about the grounds to see what damage had been done to trees and shrub. Two fine young trees that had stood in the rear of the big yard were lying on the ground, broken and dying. Peggy and Willy loved those pretty, graceful trees that had just begun to unfold their green leaves. And as they stood inspecting the ruin wrought by the storm, and expressing deep sorrow, Peggy's eye fell upon a tiny feathered creature lying in the shadow of one of the broken limbs. She stooped and made closer examination. Then she said in low, pitying tones: "Oh, poor little dearie!" Then she called Willy to come and see. Willy hurried to the spot, and cried out: "Oh, a dead little sparrow. It must have been killed by the storm."

"And its funeral shall be on Decoration day," declared Peggy. "We'll bury it down in the back of the grounds—behind the garage. Oh, isn't it sad that it should have been killed? It is so lovely!" Willy was busy thinking. Then he said: "Let's wrap it in pretty tissue paper and lay it in our room till we return. Then we'll bury it. And we'll invite Harry and Fanny Rogers

to start to Greenwood cemetery. Pretty soon the family of four were speeding along the broad county road leading to the cemetery. Mrs. Agnew, Peggy and Willy held on tight, and in their arms great quantities of flowers. And on going through the cemetery they found many graves which had been forgotten in so far as they were undecorated with flowers.

The four Agnews busied themselves placing wreaths and bouquets on those lonely little spots, and once Mrs. Agnew was seen to put her kerchief to her eyes on a baby's grave. "Either the dear mother is no more, or is too far away from her baby's grave to come to it today," she said. "But if she's living, her heart is heavy now, and she is thinking of this little spot. So for her sake—and for the poor father's sake—if he is living, too, we decorate this baby's resting place."

"Just as we—you and I—will decorate the little sparrow's grave," whispered Willy to Peggy. "Its mother doesn't know anything about its being killed—maybe. So we'll care for it in her place." "Of course, brother," agreed Peggy, mist coming over her own pretty blue eyes.

Then, their work being done, the Agnews returned to town, and Willy and Peggy took their mother to their room and showed her the dead sparrow. "We want to give it a decent funeral," said Peggy. "And,

mamma, we are going to buy some flowers for its grave, if you don't mind."

"Why, dearie, you can't find a single blossom anywhere in town, now. As my papa was passing the florist's shop this morning he stopped to speak to the keeper, Mr. Bates, and was told that he had disposed of every cut flower, only potted plants now remaining. So you couldn't find a cut blossom anywhere. For a week after Decoration day, you know, the town looks bare of flowers."

But while Mrs. Agnew was speaking Peggy had an idea. But she kept it to herself at the time. She and Willy found a pretty box in which they placed the little sparrow, all wrapped in a bit of blue tissue paper. Then the box was in turn wrapped in tissue paper and tied about with a pink ribbon. Then they wrapped a heavy brown paper. Then the little "casket," as the children called the box, was placed on a foot stool in the parlor where it should remain till their friends, the Rogers children, arrived. Willy had already phoned to Harry, explaining what he had to do, and when he was wrapped in the garage at 3 o'clock, and Harry said he and his sister Fanny would be "delighted to come."

At 2 o'clock Willy took a spade from his tool chest and went to the spot where the burial was to take place, and quickly dug a nice, square little hole about one foot deep. Then he returned to the house to tell Peggy that everything was in readiness. To his wonder, Peggy would not admit him to their room, the door being locked from within. Through the door she talked to him. "I'm very busy with some work," Willy, she explained, "and I can't allow any one to come in just yet. Even mamma came up a few minutes ago, and begged her to go away till I called to her."

So Willy went below and bustled himself about the front yard till Harry and Fanny arrived, which was just ten minutes before 3 o'clock. Then Mrs. Agnew joined the children on the front porch. "Isn't Peggy come down yet?" she asked of Willy. But before that young man could reply they heard Peggy's voice on the stairs.

"Here I am," she called out. Then all went to the open hall door to look up the stairs. And this is what they saw: Peggy was coming slowly down the stairs, in her arms her big doll's carriage all decorated with artificial flowers, and an occasional paper flower amongst them. On reaching the bottom the stairs she exclaimed: "We'll carry the casket in this cab. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Indeed it is," declared Mrs. Agnew, while Willy and the Rogers children said: "Ain't!" "Goodness!" "Isn't it grand?" etc. Then the little box was brought from the parlor and placed inside the doll carriage and the small procession started to the spot behind the garage. Mrs. Agnew