

IS is the best page the Busy Bees have had for several Sundays. Letters have come in briskly all week from different parts of Omsha, from other towns in the state and even from other states. I One Busy Bee wrote from clear out in California, and in spite of the fact that she had hurt her right hand and had to write left-handed.

The Children's page editor is wondering if any of the boys and girls have made flower or vegetable gardens this summer. No mention of them has been made in any of the letters. Has anyone planted nasturtiums, geraniums or hollyhocks, lettuce, radianes or tomatoes? If so, write in how you did it and what luck you are having.

Only one boy is represented on the Children's page today and he has captured the first prize. So far the girls have done most of the writing, but now the boys ought to be encouraged to write more letters.

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

Postcard Exchange, which now include Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb. Irene McCay, Barnaton, Neb. Lillian Mervin, Beaver City, Neb. Mabel Witt, Beanington, Neb. Anna Gotisch, Bennington, Neb. Anna Gotisch, Bennington, Neb. Asnes Dampke, Benson, Neb. Mario Gailbacher, Bensington, Neb. Mario Gailbacher, Benkieman, Neb., Bos 18. Ida May, Central City, Neb. Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb. Louis Haha, David City, Neb. Rhes, Freidell, Dorchester, Neb. Aleda Bennett, Eigin, Neb. Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb. Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb. Huida Lundburg, Fremont, Neb. Marion Cupps, Gibson, Neb. Marion Cupps, Gibson, Neb. Marion, Neb. Instand, Neb. Lydia Roth, 605 West Koenig sti-et, Grand Island, Neb.

Island, Neb.
Lydia Roth, 605 West Koenig stillet, Grand Island, Neb.
Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jeasle Crawford, 608 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schulte, Deadwood, S. D.
Martha Murphy, 808 Einst Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Hester F. Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Adythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Adythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Marine Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln.
Marian Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln.
Irene Disner, 2000 L street, Lincoln.
Hughte Disner, 2010 L street, Lincoln.

Lincoin. Helen Johnson, 334 South Seventsenth street, Lincoin. Altnea Myers, 224 North Sixteenth street, Lincoin.

Lincoln. Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb. Estelle McDonaid, Lyons, Neb. Milton Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb. Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. Lucile Hasen, Norfolk, Neb. Letha Larkin, South Bigth at Neb. e Hasen, Norfolk, Neb. Larkin, South Biath street, Norfolk,

Mary Brown, 2322 South Central boulevard, Omaha. Eva Handes, 4402 Dodge street, Omaha, Lewis Poff, 215 Franklin street, Omaha, Juanita Innes, 375 Fort street, Omaha, Juanita Innes, 375 Fort street, Omaha, Bassett Ruf, 1814 Binney street, Omaha, Mager Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha, Marger Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha, Marger Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha, Mildred Erickson, 3708 Howard St., Omaha, Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Beinerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas, Omaha, Bernerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas, Omaha, Mildred Erickson, 1709 Howard St., Omaha, Bernerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas, Omaha, Bernerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas, Omaha, Hilan Fisher, 1216 South Eleventh, Omaha, Hilan Fisher, 1216 South Eleventh, Omaha, Street, Omaha, Walter Johnson, 1027 Locust St., Omaha, Mabal Shmitelt, 4014 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Street, Omaha, Street, Omaha, Street, Omaha, Street, Omaha, Street, Omaha, Omaha. Eva Hendee, 4492 Dodge street, Omaha. Lillian Wirt, 4165 Case street, Omaha. street, Omaha. Leonora Denison, 507 William St., Omaha. Made Hammond, O'Neill, Neb. Mildred Jensen, 436 North Nys avenue, Fremont, Neb. Madge L. Daniels, Ord. Neb. Zola Beddeo, Gricans, Neb. street.

shortcomings.

to them and said:

cautious and watchful."

very house."

have profited by the lesson.

But Naughtie's story shall tell itself.

on Mrs. Blue Fox. Her oldest son came in

"Yes, mamma," said Spots, the daughter.

"We'll stay within call. We'll go no farther

than that huge oak tree-and it shades our

But all the while that his sister and

brother were talking. Naughtie said not a

word. Indsed, he was thinking: "I shall

When the three of them were out playing

in the yard which surrounded their own

pretty little house-built of dry sticks and

leaves, with a vine growing over its door-

Swiftle saw his brother edging away from

the huge oak tree. He called to him, re-minding him of their mother's warning.

But Naughtie (whose real same was not Naughtle, but Tutty, and whom we call

Naughtie owing to his conduct) ran on

down the slope towards the lake. In vain

did his sister and brother call out to him.

He kept going and going. Then, after he

had disappeared among the trees and under-

brush, Swiftle and Spotty ran to tell their

mother. When Mamma Fox heard that

her unruly son had gone a long way off,

she became very anxious and hurried out to

go a long way from the huge oak tree."

Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb. Lotta Woods, Fawnee City, Neb. Esri Perkins, Reddington, Neb. Edna Ennis, Stanton, Neb. Lena Peterson, 2011 Locust St., E. Omaha. Ina Carney, Sutton, Ciay county, Neb. Clara Milicz, Ulica, Neb Midred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb. Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb. Leo Beckord, Waco, Neb. Leo Beckord, West Point Neb. Leo Beckord, Wace, Neb. Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb. Eisle Stasnay, Wilber, Neb. Frederick Ware, Winside, Neb. Pauline Parks, York, Neb. Edna Beeiling, York, Neb. Mary Fredrick, York, Neb. Carrie H. Bartleit, Fontaneile, Ia. Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia. Ethel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia. Ethel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia. Etheine Mellor, Malvern, Ia. Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia. Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia. Margaret B. Witherow, Thurman, Ia. Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D S. Box 25, Mis-souri Valley, Ia. souri Valley, Ia. Henry L. Workinger, 2053 West Huron street, Chicago. Adlena Sorry, Monarch, Wyo., Box 23. Fred Sorry, Monarch, Wyo. Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo. Solith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo. Paulus Squire, Grand, Okl. Fred Shelley, 230 Troup St., Kansas City, Mo.

Mo, Mary McIntosh, Sidney, Neb. Nellie Diedrick, Sidney, Neb. Eunice Wright, 522 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb. Catol Simpson, Wilber, Neb. Phyllis Haag, 632 West Seventeenth street, York, Neb. Macile Moore, Silver City, Ia. Mabel Houston, Sols Sherman avenue, Omaha.

Omaha. Doorthy Telleson, 4346 North Thirty-eighth

Dooring Teleson, 336 North Thirty-eighth street, Omaha. Mabel Haker, Lander, Wyo. Corinne Allison Robertson, Wilber, Neb. Ellizabeth Wright, 102 South Thirty-firth aveaue, Omaha. Marion Staples, 1313 South Thirty-first street, Omaha.

Francis A. Dotson, Peublo, Colo, Phyllis Corbett, Sidney, Neb. Edward Beckard, Waco, Neb. Ellen Peterson, Fifty-first and C streets, South Omaha.

Letha Larkin, South Sixth Street, Noriols, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madi-son avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madi-son avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
William Day s. 231 West Third street. North Platte, Neb.
William Day s. 231 West Third street. North Platte, Neb.
Sulf Omaha.
Frances Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Marguerite Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Marguerite Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Bmile Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha.
Helen Goodrich, 4019 Nicholas street, Omaha.

Neo. Minnie Schlichting, Cedar Bluffs, Neb. Fay Calhoun, Elm Creek, Neb. Neilie L. Oison, Vall, Ia. E. Weiss, care Miller, 105 East Third street, New York City. Edith Matthews, 362 Ohio street, Omaha. Madelyn, Schmacher, East Dubuque, Ill.

GLENN WILLIAMS. v little Stories

Spends Vacation on His Pony

(First Prize.) A Vacation Trip. W. Mason, Aged 13 Years, Arthur 1305 North Becond Street,

Fremont, Neb. It was after much trouble we got started for a week-end trip. We had made the camping outfit into four bundles, as there were four boys going along. Instead of following the road like most people do, we cut through the woods. We had to cut some vines down to make a path. As evening came we sighted a gipsy camp.

The queen asked us to cross her hand with a half dollar and she would tell us our fortune, but as luck would have it we did

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. 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 con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEFAUTMENT

time to read your paper-the Children's Department in The Sunday Bee-and would like to write a letter for it, as I have something to tell about my Robin birds, a papa and a mamma, Mr. and Mrs. Robin, who sing sweetly every day in a tree right by my home, and it was here they built their nest, and I seem to hear them say in their song: "Oh, how happy we are, and we ask you to love us." One day I found three little birds that tricd to fly, but had fallen to the ground, and I put them back in their nest. Two or three days after I set a pan of water under the tree and they came and drank, stretching their little heads up as though thanking ms. Then they flow away and ever since I have been looking for them and calling for them to come back. Have any of you little pirls who write for The Busy Bee seen anything of my

birdies?. Please let me know, as it would make me very happy. I had one of my friends write this letter on a typewriter for me. I hope that it will be all right.

Nero Punishes a Rogue. Clarence Siekkotter, Aged 14 Years, Gretna, Neb. Red Side, By

Nero was a large Newfoundland dog. One day when the men came out of the One of them asked if Nero could pick out his master's hoc. As soon as Nero heard that he went and picked his master's hoe out from amongst all the rest of them and brought it home.

and get the meat, and every time he came a little bulldog would come out and bite

When Nero had a basket full of meat he would not set it down; but would run on and let his enemy bite him, and when Nero didn't have the basket his enemy would not come out. One day when the mistress took the meat out of the basket Nero took the basket off of the table and ran out with it. When the mistress saw Nero run out with the basket she ran to see what he was going to do.

He ran down to the place where the other dog was and when the other dog aw Nero with the basket he thought that e had a fine chance to bite him. But as soon as he began to bite Nero

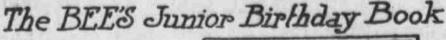
forgot it and now Nero doesn't have to run when he passes with his meat.

"Teddy." By Agnes Britton, Aged 5 Years, 2616 Cum-ing Street, Omaha.

About three years ago I owned a rooster named "Teddy." I raised him since he was 6 weeks old, until he was 2 years old, and he was so tall he would eat off the table. He followed me to the store just like a dog, and I tell you he would not let a peddler in the yard. There were lots of different people who would like to have bought him, but I could not part with him. In about two or three months afterward he took sick with chicken diphtheria and died.

The Fairies' Talk.

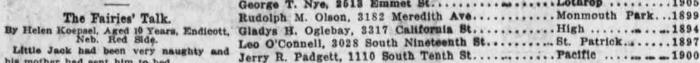
Little Jack had been very naughty and





VERONICA COFFEY, 1505 Ohio Street.

Name and Address. School. Fay R. Byer, 809 North Forty-eighth St. Walnut Hill 1900 Veronica A. Coffey, 1508 Ohio St. Bacred Heart 1901 Floyd L. Kachler, 809 South Twenty-third St. Mason 1897 Louise Mazzie, 2219 Pacific St. St. Philomena..... 1896 George Monroe, 2626 Caldwell St. Long 1905 Frederic Nielsen, 3008 North Fiftleth St. Monmouth Park ... 1897



Catherine Tighe, 3908 North Twenty-fifth St. Sacred Heart. 1901

Madelyn Schmacher, East Dubuque III, Carroll Atkison, 519 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street, New York City. Margaret Holland, David City. Neb. Mildred Whitehead, Mitchell, Neb. Esther McNeal, Wayne, Neb. Katle Wendt, 963 North Seventeenth street, Ometer

Helen Bartos, 2514 South Fourteenth street,

Christina Stephan, 2017 South Central boulevard, Oinaha. Gertrude Lener, 2007 South Twenty-first was a lady, a man and two boys. The when one morning Christopher was miss-street, Omaha. Forrest Perrin, \$12 South Twenty-seventh their health. We stayed there for supper, cause he thought the dog was dead.

Omaha. ouise Watkins, 2514 E street, South our school.

Omaha. Reatha Shelton, Checotah, Okl. Marion Albert Bradley, 216 North Nine-teenth street. Omaha. Harold E. Paffenrath. 516 South Thirtyseventh street. Omaha. Alice Thomas, 511 South Thirty-fifth street,

Omaha. Ruth Shotts. 2233 West Trie street, Chicago. Arthur Mason, 1206 North Irving street, Fremont, Neb.

in vain. Naughtie (who had indeed proved

meal, so preoccupied was she with some and old, did his bidding. Some crept into Should he return and find the place de-

and when we have suffered through evil Just as the searching party, led on by old wayward son kept her up and doing.

weighty thought. Just as the meal was deep holes in the earth which were so hid- seried he might run away again."

A Race for Life

a bit selfish or disobedient. Well, he was beneath the edges of overhanging rocks, in

both. And he paid dearly, too, for his heavy grass and pried-up dead leaves; but

But every lesson learned in life is worth himself to be very naughty) could not be

doing, and have learned how wrong it is, we Singer Fox-who was dressed in his Sun-

were scouring the forst in quest of us, thicket, a gun on his shoulder.

speaker.

Mrs. Red Fox lived with her fell him.

while, for we profit by our past experiences, found, hair or hide.

T WAS a deep English forest that see if she might find him before danger be-

three little ones, Spotty, Swiftle The neighbors joined her, and the crowd

and Naughtle. Naughtle was a went running off towards the lake, swift

son, and you would infer from as deer. Everywhere about they looked,

his name that he was sometimes under weed and vine-covered fallen trees,

not have that much. We watched them cook supper and they invited us to stay, but when we saw the friends. Ned is their master, and they

way they cook their food it made us sick lived in the country, twelve miles from and we declined. We went a mile farther Campbelltown. Ned's father bought a and made camp, two of us putting up the home in the town and they took Christotent and the other two making a fire. pher with them, but left Fio on the farm. Two days later we met a caravan. There They had been living there three weeks

street, Omaha. Frank Freeman, 1313 Georgia avenue, In three days we started for nome, But no, indexa, twelve miles to the farm

(Second Prize.) Christopher and Flo. By Eunice Siekkotter, Aged 8 Years,

Greins, Neb. Blue Bide. Christopher is a great yellow dog. He has a star in his forehead.

By Ethel May Smith, Aged 9 Years, Har-per, Kan. Flo is a Maltese kitty, and they are good

"Their power of scent is so great." It did not take the foxes long to cover Then the two men passed on through the the distance to their village, and soon Mrs. "Do you think you will be good now," and wood walking within three feet of several Red Fox had crossed the threshold of her his answer was, "Yes." foxes hidden there. And after they had own pretty cottage. And there she found The fairles were so glad, and from that disappeared and their voices could no longer her son awalting her. But in what a plight! day to this Jack has always been good. be heard, poor Mrs. Red Fox crept from One paw-a front one-was swollen to three

pily together.

hiding. "They spoke of a red fox running times its normal size, and he was all but this way," she said. "I fear it is poor exhausted beyond the power of speech. this way," she said. "I fear it is poor exhausted beyond the power of speech. Naughtie being pursued. On that dis-obedient one! He may pay for his wrong- ing it were better that she be alone with one cold evening Edith. Daisy and Jack they found their mistake. They hat dis afterwards they found their mistake. They hat do clock, which

doing with his life. I know not which way Naughtle for the present. When she had were sitting around a fire. the suffering fellow in his own bed, and Dalay said she would tell a story. She his foot dressed she asked for his story.

wit's end, and was so anxious that she was nearly ready to faint. But thought of her ticular to go, so just rambled about. Oh, "The hunters must have sighted him day best-was about to return to their vil- down by the lake," suggested old Singer mamma, how wicked I was." And the suf- about four miles away. fering Nanghtie began to ery in his pillow. lage, their ears caught the sound of volces- Fox, coming to Mrs. Red Fox's side to ad-One fine June morning Mrs. Red Pox human voices. Then they heard a gun- vise her. "He ran, they said, in this direcsat at the breakfast table in a slient and crack. Ab, how they were frightened! tion. Now it may be that he is in safe serious mood. She had hardly spoken a "Hide, every fox-young and old!" cried hiding somewhere hereabouts. Maybe we'd by myself, and thought I'd come home-the best place on earth-and play with Swiftle house. When we went in we found it to be dozen words to her little ones during the out old Singer Fox. And every fox, young best go right home and waft there for him.

and Spotty. "I was really and truly sorry I had dis- get warm. obeyed you, mamma, and meant to hurry "After the storm was over we went home

to you and tell you so, and to promise you very glad that we were not lost long." that I would be naughty no more. But just Edith and Jack thanked Datay for the Tom. as I was crossing that ridge-where the story and as it was bedtime they went to big rocks are--I heard a strange noise, then bed.

very much stranger one which went 'pop!' and I felt a stinging in my paw. Then I knew the hunters-that you had told of this morning-had come, and had

shot my foot "For a while I feared I would not be able

dear. And at last-after a race for life-I

reached here to find you gone. Ah, how

lonely it was without you. But I could go

no farther, and crept into the house and

walted for you. And soon you came-just

as you always do. Can you forgive me,

my son, for your past disobedience, and

made up your mind to be good and obedient

like your slater and brother, then you have

my forgiveness. But this lesson has taught

you to listen to your elders in future. The

next time you might not get off so easily,

for you might receive the shot in a vital

"There will be no 'next time,' mamma,

sighed Naughtle, who from that day be-

came such a good little fox that he was

And his good mother and the good neigh-

bors soursed the wounded Naughtis till he was sound and well again. And then the

foxes moved still farther into the forest

where hunters would not molest them. Had

not God given them the right to live?

called by his right name.

"After you have fully forgiven yourself,

mamma?"

good feet. But oh, the pain! "Well, I hid here and there, resting a few minutes at a time. But every step I took carried me towards home and you, mamma

over, and the three little ones ready to run den beneath last year's dead branches and "Yes, you are right, my friend," acout into the woods to play, as was their leaves as to be invisible to man. Others quiesced Mrs. Red Fox. Then the party of custom after breakfast, their mother turned crept beneath loose-edged rocks and into foxes turned about towards their village hollow tree-trunks. And by the time that which was a mile distant. But pretty soon "My dears, don't wander ten feet from our the persons whose voices had been heard they heard several gun-cracks in the direcown dooryard this morning. for I heard in the distance had drawn sear not the tion of their homes, and apprehension again bad news last evening while I was calling tinlest bit of fox could be seen anywhere. took hold of them. What if the hunters

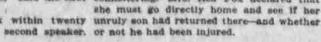
to turn in quest of him."

Indeed, the poor mother fox was at her

Now, none have ever come this far into the "He ran off this way," replied another live our lives happily. But now danger is He also carried a gun over his shoulder.

"Where do you suppose that little red fox had followed Naughtle to his very home while I was there and told us that hunters went?" asked a man coming through the and discovered the habitations of the foxes? That would mean destruction to all. Some were in favor of hiding out for the forest, and we have always been safe to man who was following the first speaker. remainder of the day, while the others advised creeping close to their home and re-

stalking near our door. So we must be "Pity we haven't the dogs," said the first connoitering. Mrs. Red Fox declared that



"Sure, they'd get a fox within twenty unruly son had returned there-and whether "Yes, mamma," said Swiftle, the baby son. mlies of us," laughed the second speaker. or not he had been injured.

Omaha Bee, Omaha, Meb.

(Honorable Mention.)

My Robins.

his mother had sent him to bed. He was restless and could not go to sleep for a long time, but finally did so. through a large field. He soon heard talking and went towards

the place whence the sound came. There, under a large tree, were sembled many fairies.

One fairy who appeared to be the queen "I just don't know what we'll do said. with liftle Jack, he is so naughty." The Blossom Fairy said, "I think it would be well to change him into a fairy and town. And after that they all lived haphave have him live among fairles for time and then he would be cured." The queen said, "That is very good. Are

there any more suggestions?"

Just then a most beautiful fairy said. "I think it would be well to show him I have just had a chance for the first the like) and show him the good boys in where bad boys go (as penitentiaries and school studying and loving one another." Just then Jack awoke and found his

mother bending over him, while she said, first.

Lost in a Blizzard.

they started fishing at 6 o'clock, which

was the time they had planned to start. began:

"When I ran off this morning," said "When I was about 14 years old and lived Naughtle, speaking with effort, "I went in Canada I went snowshoeing with some By Olive Prater, Aged 9 Years. Du Bols, Neb. Blus. directly to the lake. I had no place in par- of my friends. The snow was very deep. One day John and Tom went to the "We intended to go to our uncle's home

"When coming home we found the snow Well, I soon decided it was no fun being was drifting and the wind was blowing. "After a long while we saw the roof of a

our neighbor's house. We were glad to

There is a little girl about my age that

Dick and Don. These boys had planned She and I put on some of our mother's to go a-fishing at 6 o'clock, but did not long skirts that she does not care for.

know whether they could awake so early. Then we play we are agents. We take Don thought of a plan and said to Dick, old catalogues that have furniture or Being we just live across the alley and clothing in it. We each have an old purse our rooms are side by side, you tie a rope and a pencil, and a book to keep track of around you and throw it out of your win- who buys and what they buy, the price of dow into mine and I will the it around me, the article, etc. Then we go to trees and The one who wakes first pulls the rope say it is Mrs. Tree. We go to porches, and wakes the other. Both boys went to bushes, grass, walks, doors, posts, tablas sleep, thinking which could pull the rope etc. Another thing we play is house. dress up as ladies, take our dolls and say Early that morning a hayrack went past and the last wheel caught the rope and pulled and jerked both boys out of bed and to the window in a quick hurry. They

A Selfish Boy.

they are our children. Then we visit each other. We each have our own house under trees, between bushes, etc. We have boxes, chairs, sleds, boards, bricks and scolded each other for pulling so hard, but other things for furniture.

We

Sometimes we oatch firefiles or lightning bugs. We put them in a glass far and put the lid on so they can get air, but not so they can get out. When we have quite a fow we let them go without hurting them and watch them fiv away.

We play many things, but if I went on to tell them I would get tired.

The Runaway.

let's leave some nuts for the squir- By Nellie Strever, Aged 11 Years, Merced, squirreis." Tom said, "Let's not, the squir- By Nellie Strever, Aged 11 Years, Merced, Cal. Biue.

We have a mustang pony fiamed Nig. When we first got Nig he was so gentle to be a poor little squirrel, and go out on When we first got Nig he was so gentle cold winter days in the snow and ice and any of us could drive him. One time when we drove him it was dusk. My big brother "I would not like to be a soutrrel," said was driving. We went in front of a cow. Nig gave a leap into the air and began to "Well, you are a selfish boy," said Tom. run. My brother pulled so hard that out he went of the cart and I was left all alone. The horse turned a sharp corner and threw me out and hurt my right hand By Theima Ehrhardt. Aged 11 Years, like everything and it isn't well yet, so I have to write with my left hand. You can see my writing is kind of gigglily. I hope you will enjoy reading this story as well as I enjoy reading yours.

What Happened to Catherine's Aunt.

By Winifred Smith, Aged 13 Years, 1248 Park Wild Avenue, Omaha. Catherine was a little girl who lived in Oqunquit, a little town in Maine.

Once Catherine said, "Mother, what happened to Aunt Louise, I never saw her, did 1??"

"Alas, my dear, your aunt was killed when very young." "Oh, mother, how was she killed."

"I cannot tell you now, dear, for I am

busy. I will tell you-some other time. Catherine ran and played, but she did not forget about her aunt.

One evening as her mother was sitting on the sofa, Catherine came running over and said, "Tell me the story about Aunt Louise now.'

Very well, Once when your aunt was very little she and her brother, George, went out into the woods to pick flowers. George got tired of picking flowers and ran to get acorns. Suddenly he heard a scream and looking up, snw an Indian calping your Aunt Louise. He ran for help, but before we could get to her the Indian had scalped her and ran away."

"Oh, mamma, I wish you had not told me the story. I will dream all night." "No, you won't. Run and do your los-

sons. It's all over and we can't help it."

And know the works of God. Than to be a crowned king. I'd rather be a bird And know no strife and pain Than own the wealth of earth, Causing suffering through my gain.

I'd rather be a bird Than anything I know (Except a child just as I am), Qn all this world below.



to walk another step, but fear of the hunters, who I knew would come after me if I stopped, made me run along on my three I'd Rather Be

Dick and Don.

I'd rather be a bird

I'd rather be a bird

And live in forest tree.

Than a billionaire to be.

And soar in air on wing,

And sing my happy song,

By Beatta Krause, Aged 10 Years. There were two boys whose names were lives near me.

What I Play.

