THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: OCTOBER 26, 1915.

nave had pictures of many of the Busy Bees who live in Omahabut it is not often that we are able to have a picture of a Busy Bee who lives away from the city. This week we may see Mary and Alice Thomas of Deer Trail, Colo.

These little girls live on a ranch and know what it is to enjoy the fun of living in the country. Each week they read the Busy Bee page and are among the writers who seldom miss a Sunday in sending their stories. They have written a story which appears on the page telling of their pets in the picture. I am sure there are many little Busy Bees who live on other ranches who have pictures, and we would be so glad to have them send their pictures to the editor. We are not able to meet one another personally and it is so lice to become acquainted through the columns of the Busy Bee page. This is a busy season of the year for every one. There is quite as much to be done on the farms and ranches to prepare for the cold winter days as there is in the city. Both Alice and Mary have written splendid stories telling of the life on the ranch and we hope they will continue for some time.

Busy Bees

Hallowo'en will soon be here and I hope that the Busy Bees will tell just how they spent the evening and how they got their pumpkins for the parties.

# Little Stories by Little Folk

#### (First Prize.) What the Leaf Said.

By Madeline Kenyon, Aged 12, 229 Cum-ing Street, Omaha. Blue Side. Once or twice a little leaf was heard to the old hand-made, flat-bottomed thing ory and sigh, as leaves often do when a would go. We want as far as the mouth sentle wind is blowing. And the twig of the creek, where the sandbars of the said: "What is the matter, little leaf?"

me that one day it would pull me off float away. Then all of us took off our shoes and stockings and walked up the and throw me on the ground to die." The twig told it to the branch and the Platte on the sandbars. At last we came branch told it to the tree. When the to a swimming hole and we had just got tree heard it it rushed all over and sent word back to the leaf.

tight and you shall not go of till you walk and walk and walk, and then walk are ready.

So the leaf stopped sighing and went on singing and rustling. It grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came the leaf saw all, but that delicious bird never tasted so the leaves around growing very beautiful. good to me in my life as it did then. Some were yellow, some were brown and many were striped with different colors. races, jumping matches, boat races and Then the leaf asked the tree what this meant. The tree said: "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they in icy waters until about fifteen minutes have put on these colors because of their to 4, when we started to walk to Ash-

Then the little leaf began to want to go and grew very beautiful in thinking of it. When it was gay in colors it saw tree had no colors on them. So the leaf said: "Oh, branch., why are you lead- train, but aside from that nobody was colored while we are all beautiful and rolden?"

"We must keep on our working clothes," said the tree, "for our work is not yet night. done, but your clothes are for holidays

because your task is now over." Just then a little puff of wind came and the leaf let go without thinking and the wind took it up and turned it over and over.

Then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves and has never waked to tell us what it dreamed about.

### (Second Prize.)

Alice Browne's Bob White Babies. By Miriam Wesner, Aged 10 Years, 3212 Lincoln Boulevard, Omaha, Blue Side. Once upon a time Alice Brown was playing in the field with her doll. She abe the old oak tree when heard a little voice that said, "Bob White, Bob White." Allos looked up in the tree and saw a mother and father bird. She heard another little tweet, tweet, and under some nice big leaves of the bush she saw six little Bob White bahles.

while. We then fixed a throw line across the creek (on which nothing was caught) and then a Mr. Daft and we boys went skimming down the stream as fast as Platte stopped us. Here Mr. Daft pulled "The wind," said the leaf, "just told the boat up on the sand so it would not into the water when a boatload of girls appeared, took our boat and fied back to

"Do not be afraid." It said. "Hold on camp. Then after our swim we had to some more before we got back to a feast that never before looked so appetising.

I have often said that I was half negro when it came to eating fried chicken.

After a very filling dinner we had foot other games. Afterward we enjoyed ourselves by fishing, boating and swimming

land to catch the train for home. We were about half a mile from the station when our train pulled in. I never knew colors. It saw that the branches of the first place when we arrived at our des- a frown on her brow. tination. One young lady fainted on the the worse for the run.

We all enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, and I for one slept very soundly that

## My Vacation.

By Ethel V. Brinkman. Aged 11 Years. 218 South Thirty-fifth Avenue, Omaha, Red Side. I am going to tell you about the pleas-

ant vacation I had although I did not go away. In the mornings the other girls and I in our old clothes, climbed trees and had other fun. We found one branch shaped very much

dress.

spent the mornings.

pleasant a vacation as I had.

Autumn.

like a bicycle seat with two lower branches as the pedals and two higher ones as the handlebars. We had great fun all three girls getting on together; one on the seat, another on the handlebars and I stood up between them.

Colorado Busy Bees in the Open



MARY AND ALICE THOMAS, WITH THEIR DOG. TOWSER OF DEER TRAIL, COLO. PONY, BOWIE, AND THEIR

Lord." The words from Helen's lips touched her father's heart very much. He then went downstairs to his room. knelt down on his knees with his little daughter and began to pray. At the break of day the storm was over. Helen awoke the next morning telling her father he must always have faith in the Lord.

Helen remembered what her Sunday school teacher had said, "to always have faith." The Princess Hilda.

Lucile Bliss, 3621 E Street, South Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Princess Hilds sat at an open window looking out upon her garden of flowers. She was very beautiful, with a face as I could run so fast until I found myself fair and sweet as a rose. Not far off the branches of the tree had no bright and Mr. Daft running neck and neck for sat, watching her, her cousin Zors, with There was hatred in Zora's heart, be cause Hilda was rich and she was poor; because Hilds would, in time, be queen and she a subject. Moreover, Hilda was

> far and wide-and it was for her beauty Cora hated her more than for anything else. In childhood Zora had been beautiful, and the courtiers had petted her and said she was even fairer than the princass. But her beauty only meant bright

> so beautiful and good that it had spread

eyes and rosy cheeks, so it could not last. She might have been as pretty as Hilds, had she been pure and good.

Zora's mouth was pulled down at the By Helen Falvey, Aged 11 Years, Benson, Neb. corners; she had an ugly frown, which was always on her brow. It was said in those days Zora was in the power of the wicked fairles.

But as Hilds was looking out the

has a great deal of money and a kind "Father, do not swear, trust in the Hilds and seemed so kind Hilds readily heart, and went around doing good and consented to take a walk to the park. helping everyone she saw in trouble. "Dottle," said mamma again, presently, "What a fine flock of sheep," cried 'you didn't bring me those chips, and Hilda as they passed the park. But that was the last she said. She became it is almost time to start dinner. "I will, mamma, by and by: but how a wee lamb. I should love to be a princess, like this

Zora laughed when she saw what had happened Wors went home and told the courtlers Hilda was not in bed.

The courtiers searched far and wide for Hilds. Not finding her. Zora became princess. Nobody liked her, but

they had to treat her like a princess. Nothing, also, was seen of Prince Reginald. He had listened at the window of the cave to Zora's talk, and had asked to be changed into a llon.

in the park. "I will go," said sad Hilds to herself, "and be chowed up by the lion." She time all by myself." went, but the lion knew by her eyes that she was Hilds and put out his paw and stroked her. They became time to hear her little daughter's last

Jack.

fast friends. words. But there was only a little wonder Zora gave up all hope when the day in her voice as she inquired: "Did the before the year was out came. princess in your book try to have a But happy was the next day to the good time all by herself?"

their own forms and went to the castle Dottle, very slowly. "No-no, mamma, I guess not," said together. "Well," continued mamma, "If you

They were married soon and became a really want to be like her, you can't behappy king and queen, while Zora begin a minute too soon." came a snake.

Jack lives at Mr. Feiten's now. He was a little walf, once, in a great city. I will take you." He slept in boxes and barrels in dark

vou?" said Mrs. Richards.

alleys. He was only 7 years old, but dancing in. Bright-eyed, smilling little May came

May.

Letter from Busy Bee.

A Letter from a Busy Bee.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26. "This is the day we celebrate." Name and Address.

9-B

1906.....Eva Andrews......Ma:on 1899 ..... Rose Blechs, 202 Walnut St. ..... Train 1899..... Lee Clark, 701 South 16th St. ..... Mason 1898 ..... Anna Marie Cowen, 4345 Seward St. ..... Walnut Hill moment he had placed the pitcher on her 1902 ..... Charles Dunley, 3114 Poppleton Ave ..... Park head, he took care to let go before she 1907 ..... Helen Constance Emsley, 1703 Laird St. ..... Lothrop laughing, and asked her why she did 1907..... Dalay M. Hansen, 4030 Binney St. ..... Clifton Hill not take hold of the handle. But his 1905 ...... Lois Hollenbeck, 2533 North 20th St. ...... Lake laughing was very soon changed to 1897 ..... Frank Janicek ..... Pacific screams and he got his punishment. Well, 1900..... Irene Johnson, 3760 Grant St........ Long 1897.....Oscar Johnson, 3624 Maple St.....Clifton Hill 1906 ..... Marguerite Peterson, 2897 Franklin St......Long 1906..... Leland M. Richmond, 4368 Burdette St...... Clifton Hill 1900......John Ruttinger, 619 South 42d St.....Columbian 1903...... Lucille Wiggs, 3230 Evans St....... Druid Hill 1902...... Emil Martin Wright, 1985 South 11th St.......... Lincoln 

> land, Neb. I had a very nice time there. GIANTS OF THE DAM FAMILY Greatest Irrigation Project of the We enjoyed the ride very much. "Lest we forget." It is necessary once

> time, too. Stella and Ralph, the Two Fairies. By Alice Thomas, Aged 11 Years. Deer It is to cost \$10,000,000 and vast territory

One afternoon the telephone rang and Stella answering it heard the voice of a girl friend. "Is that you, Stella?" it said. "Yes, that you Carabell?" Stella, I am going to have a party tonight. Can you, come? Just a minute, said Stella. And By Alice Thomas, Aged 11 Years, Deer ahe ran to the dining room. She was Trail, Colo., Box 155. Trail, Colo., Box 155. "May," called Mrs. Richards, "I am going downtown this afternoon, and if you will please care for baby brother u will take you." Mr. Lawson's comparative picture of the know he will be delighted and I thank you for inviting me. Goodby." A few

Trall, Colo. both in the United States and in Mexico will get the waters for irrigation. Five times bigger than the Mills build-

ing at New York, 100 feet higher and with a storage capacity which would cover the state of Delaware with two feet of water, was Project Engineer L. M. Lawson's comparative picture of the

World on the Rie

Grande.

in a while to repeat that the United

States government is building at Elle-

phant Butte, N. M., on the Rio Grande,

the greatest irrigation project in the

world. The Assuan dam, on the Nile, in Egypt, is not to be compared with it.

minutes later Stella telephoned to her wide and the main canal would be one of brother, who was working in his father's the largest in the world. He said that Another sport we found was acrobating in his rather's the intrgest in the world. He said that in another tree, sliding down in different forgot himself and paused before the which one day he blacked Mr. Felton's boots. The did not know Mr. Felton then. He At 5 o'clock Ralph reached home and few days, when the dam proper would Under date of Elephant Butte E. H. party dress, blue sash and blue hair Balwin, consulting engineer, writes as ribbon. Then I shall wear my blue follows: During the latter part of April necktie to match, said Ralph. They got the grab buckets which had been excaout their things, placed them on the vating about 1,200 cubic yards of sand bed and went down to supper. When and gravel per day on the dam site, they finished Ralph went to leave the were removed from cableways and skips dining room, but he lifted the shade substituted in order to help out the der-Oh, Stella, he called. I'm afraid we ricks, which were handling bowiders and can't go. Why, Ralph? Because it is loost rock on a section near the flume, snowing and the ground is covered. the desire being to prepare an area of Stella's face clouded a moment, then it the foundation about 200 feet square, adjabrightened. I think I can fix it. First cent to the flume section, for masonry, dress, then I will see. Stella dressed so that concreting could be going on She looked very pretty in her white while the balance of excavation was being completed, thus enabling a larger force met Ralph at the foot of the stairs. to be employed and consequently hasten The material excavated during the last month has been mainly bowlders, loose rock interiald with broken shale and clay. flakes was seen coming. Then the beau- and some thin layers of hard sandstone, the most of which required blasting, but plained about the party, the snow and carefully handled, much of it loosened not long till they were back. Queen remove than expected, as the surface of Magic opened the mouse trap, but befor the mouse could run away she actly with the location shown by diamond touched it with her wand, saying drill borings, was in many places shat-"Presto." The mouse changed into a pony and there stood a little pony. "Hold depth than anticipated. it. Ralph," she said. Then taking the In several places the excavation is now apple she said "Presto, apple, change into at a depth of sighty feet below the low-, senting a very uneven surface, which is very desirable for the same reason. With the exception of a narrow strip at or scorched by a fire, apply Bucklen's both heel and tos of the dam, work on Arnica Salve. Cures piles, too, and the which was hitherto not possible on account of the position of the derricks and water pipe lines, this area is about ready for concreting: but in order to carry on the work most economically no concrete "Take a seat, doctor," invited the great will be placed until the above mantioned areas are ready.

"O, Dottle! please the 'is 'ting on my wogan; the old one bwokened." This was Dottie threw down her book impatiently, "You are a little nuisance!" she I would feed the pige and milk the cows exclaimed, as she grabbed the string He was caught one day and caged up from her brother's hands so hastly that I went to Manson. In., in our auto. she broke it. "I wish you'l go away and let me alone. I never can have a good When we got to Pomeroy it was Mamma was coming out of the pantry

Their Own Page Little Folks Birthday Book

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write piainly on one side of the paper only and number the

the paper only and number the pages. 8. Uso pen and ink, not pendil. 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words. 6. Original stories or letters only will be used. 8. Write your name, age and ad-dress at the top of the first page. First and second prices of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDIAEN'S DIFARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Heb.

get home." "Very well," said George.

Dottie and the Princess.

Eather Christiansen, Aged 13 Years, 50 South Ninetsenth Street, Omaha.

Dottle, will you go to the store for

"Yes, mamma, just as soon as I finish

this story. It is all about a princess who

one, and be able to help make every one

Mamma finished peeling her pan of po-

tatoes and brought the basket of chips

helself, while Dottle scarcely looked up

around me happy."

from her book.

baby Bertle.

na?"

dark, so we telephoned for my cousin to come and meet us. We enjoyed ourwith a jar of preserved pears just in selves very much there, too. I hope all of the Busy Bees had a nice

She ran to her grandfather and told him she had found six little Bob White bables and her grandfather told her what kind of a bird a Bob White was, and she said that is how my six little birds are. Her grandfather told her to go and tell her father about it.

But before Alice could speak here came the barb wire man, who said, "Do you. think you want some barb wire for your and then Alice spoke, "Oh, father, don't have any barb wire fences on our farm, then I can't visit my Bob White Then her father said, "Well, I'll babies." think it over first." When her father went in to dinned that day Alice told him all about and he said "Whee ... " and gave a long whistle that meant that there was to be no barb wire on our farm. The Bob White bables staid on the farm all summer long.

#### (Honorable Mention.) Washington Irving.

Mollie Corenman, Aged 12 805 South Seventh Street, Omaha, Red Side.

One of our great American writers was ever. Washington Irving. He was very much admired and loved, in both our own was known not only as a great writer, and red tint. but also for his kind spirit, gentle and modest manner and really noble character.

His home was called "Sunnyside," and they would not be in that part of the stood in a beautiful spot on the bank of country when it grew cold. the Hudson river, a few miles above New York.

He was born in 1783 and died in 1859. Two of his most famous stories are "Rip die. Van Winkle" and the "Legend of the The aster whispered to the brook "are Sleepy Hollow," The gate of his own you sorry, little brook, that autumn is charming little house on the beautifut here?" Hudson river was forever swinging be-

fore visitors, who came to him. He shut ter, I am not. All the flowers will go no one out.

poor. He was kind to everyone and was in the spring I will again wake to make happy in his little house on the beautiful you happy with my blossoms." He say Hudson river.

A Joyous Picnic.

By W. A. Averili, Greenwood, Neb. Red Bids.

By 7:30 o'clock on the morning of the 28th twenty some men, women and children were bourding the train that would much for our horse is very gentle. You take them to their picnic ground two can see one of our dogs in the picture very tiresome thing, indeed, especially

when a person is going to a picnic. At faithful friend, last the long and tedious minutes dragged by, and then we boarded the little branch Deertrail, Colo., Box 155. train which let us off right at the picnic ground.

We boys knew the place well, as we had been there before, so we raced down the "picnickers' road" to the bridge going across the large Sait creek, big enough to be a river, to the island of over 200 acres. many for a trip. In the dead of night a between the Salt creek and the Platte storm came up. It rocked the ship badly. TIVER.

ourselves with a good, cold drink of His little daughter, Helen, about 12 water we boys jumped in a boat-a leaky years of age with beautiful black curis, old tub-and rowed around the creek a looked into her father's face and said.

in another tree, sliding down in different forgot himself and paused before the ways in which one of my friends tore hor, window. Hilds blushed and let the cur. brushed very hard. Jack tried to do his tain drop. Zora saw the knight and In one of our old trees of which one ground her teeth in rage. It was Prince

part has fallen down, we had great fun. Reginald, and she had determined he The part that had fallen down being the should never see her cousin. largest. The easiest way to get up is by "They shall not meet." she said to limbing a rather high fence. We sat

herself, "if there are bad fairles enough there for hours at a time reading or sewto prevent it." ing for our dolls. This is the way we But when she looked up Hilda was emiling.

The way we spent the afternoons was Zora could hardly walt for nightfall, quite different because we did not get out so eager was she to do her wicked work. until late and when we did get out our When it was dark and quiet she stole mothers said it was too hot to run around and that we should sit on the porch and fairy, Gerula.

sew, read or write. We thought sewing Gerula was the wickedest and mos great fun and sewed many things for our hideous fairy that ever existed. She dwelt in a cave surrounded by snakes I read a great deal and I prefer Louise

Alcott's stories the best and mother says When Zorn approached the cave Gerula pretended to sleep and started in seem they are fine for children of my age. Some of the books are Little Men, Little ing surprise when she entered. Women, Eight Cousins and Joe's Boys. "What brings a lady here at this I hope other Busy Bees have had as time of night?" said she.

"I am Zora. I have come to ask you to work magic on hateful Hilds, so that I may see her face no more."

"I will do as you say, but what will By Mary Davis, Ased 12 Years, Gibbon, Neb. Red Side. you give me?" said Gerula. "I will give you a diamond necklace,"

The little brook was slowly wending its way over its course. It seemed very she replied. sad. The aster by the stream seemed "That will never do. Promise me if

sad, too. Its head dropped lower than you do not marry Prince Reginald in a year you will become a charming green The first frost of the season had made make," said Gerula.

"I hear something outdoors. It passed the elm tree's leaves yellow, and the country and in foreign lands, where he maple tree's leaves had a pretty yellow by the window," said fora-"Nay, nay; ye did not. But

Up in the trees the squirrels were me," said she in a hissing tone. "Yes, if I do not marry Prince Reghaving their annual picnic. The birds were flying southward, hurrying so that inald I will become a snake," said Zora,

turning pale. Then Gerula said the charm. When Everything seemed desolate. The trees she had finished she said, "Tomorrow whispered to each other and waved morning early ask Hilda to take a their branches as if they were going to walk; then har fate will come." Zora

departed.

The brook answered: "No, pretty as-

to sleep and wake up again in the spring Mr. Irving was never married, but made resplondent in their new dresses." a home for some nieces who were left The aster said: "I am very glad that

ing the aster went contentedly to sleep to waken again in the spring.

# Has Good Time.

Dear Busy Bees: I am sending a picture of my sister and myself on horseback. I like to ride very miles cast of Ashiand. In a few minutes His name is Touser, while our other dog's they were getting off of the train at name is Johnnie, and our horse's name is Ashland, where they had to change cars. Bouris. My sister and I have lots of nice Then came a fifty-five minute wait, a rides. My sister, Mary, is sitting on behind. I will close for this time. Your

ALICE THOMAS.

At Sca. Mattie Childs. 1965 South Thirteenth Street. Omaha, Neb. Red Bids. At sea a captain with about 100 persons on board left America soing to Ger-

After walking to camp and refreshing His temper rose and he began to swear.

best. He never stopped until the heels, were as shiny as the toes. The man looked into his eyes and as he handed him his pay: "Would you like to go with me to the country tomorrow?" he asked. Jack looked to see whether the

man really meant it. Then a amile spread over his face. He had never seen the country, but he knew a boy who had. The boy had gone on the cars. and it had cost him a quarter. Jack warded. looked sober. He had only 20 cents.

haven't money enough, sir," he said, out of the castle to seek the wicked looking up. "But 4 have the money myself," said the man. So Jack went.

# The Tricky Boy.

By Ellen Grobeck, 3664 Valley Street, Omaha, Neb.

I will tell you a story; this is the first was a little girl whose name was time I have written to you. My story is about the tricky boy, his name is George Norton, who was very fond of playing tricks. He thought it was fine was a little gift whose in whose is dealer of the self was about 2% years of the neighbors after corn and she wanted to go, so she thought they would to tie a rope across a passage and see let her. When her papa started she it, children? she said. Then Stella exmomeone fall over it, or to pin a little tried to follow, but she couldn't go as girl's apron to the chair, so that it fast as the horses, so she was left begirl's apron to the chair, so that it fast as the horses, so she was left be would tear when she rose. He did not think or care about the danger of being burt by the fall or of the trouble of burt by the fall or of the trouble of

not loved by anyone. At last, however, she was lost he met a little girl with a pitcher of milk. Being tired of carrying the pitcher sister. in her hand, she asked him to put it on

her head. "With all my heart." said George. He thought it would be fine fun to throw it down and make her be-lieve that she had let it fall. "Come here, By Lester Anderson, Aged 10 Years, 555 South Thirty-fourth street, Omaha, Neb. stand still, and when I have lifted the pitcher, be sure that you take hold stories for quite a few Sundays because of the handle."

I have been on my vacation and haven't "Thank you," said the little girl, had time to write. My name is Lester "My arm is ready to drop of. 1 have Anderson, 555 South Thirty-fourth departed. Next morning very carly Zora awoke and sisters can have no dinner till I I spent part of my vacation in Oak-



South Omaha School Lads Do Manual Training Work



Fighth Grade Boys - Brown Park School - So. Omeha. Nebr.

Left to Right. Top Row-Harold Helm, Hryan Hamilton, Millon Baust, Ham Ourada. Second Row-Eddie Opecensky, Frank Kostal, Wilber Shainholtz, Jerry Sasek, Joseph Fisher. Third Row-Martin Telg, Fred Means. Sidney Goddard, Bohous Sinkule, Joseph Vavra.

mamma calling: "May, oh May, come the first thing he asked was what are be started. here." May brought baby in. "Come, dear, and change your dress." Mamma you going to wear. Stella said my white had been very busy all morning. After she had changed her dress her mamms took her downtown and to May's delight

her mother bought her a great big doll. May was so glad and she said: "Mamma, I think it's so nice to be good." Moral: Be good and you will be re-By Eame Haynie, Aged 11 Years, Route Dear Editor. I should like to join the dress, blue sash and blue ribbon. She Eusy Bee page. I want to be on the Blue Side. I am going to write about Ready, he called. Yes, said Stells, come the work. "How Mamie Got Lost." Once there now. They went out on the perch. Stella ran out on the stairs and called

Queen Magic, Queen Magic. Then from the clouds something larger than snow mending clothes that were torn. As his went out to search for her. They found mouse, and Stella bring me an apple, with the output when handling sand and her in the house of a merchant, where four spools and some thread." It was stavel. There was also more of this to P. S .- I have seven brothers and one Dear. Editor: I have not written any

a sleigh." and there stood a red sleigh. est point of the old river bed and in one Then taking the thread she changed it place even deeper. The large areas of into a harness and the spools into lit- bedrock thus far exposed indicate an tie spools. "There you are," she said, excellent foundation, the rock dipping at "and I hope you have a nice time." And while the children were thanking her she sible protection against sliding and prerose and disappeared in the clouds.

# Scalded by Steam

worst sores. Guaranteed. Only Ec. For sale by your druggist .- Advertisement.

## The Pin Case.

tor?

general air of ill health." explained the great detective. The doctor replaced his amazement and said. "Something has been worrying me all day. I don't know exactly what it is. That's the most worrisome part of ft, and that's why I came to you. I haven't been able to sit still all day, and yet I don't know for the life of me what's the matter. Something is on my mind." The great detective looked closely at his visitor's head, but not even a hair was there.

heartily. "I owe you ......" "Twenty dollars," said the great do-tective crisply .- Detroit Free Press.

Labor conditions have been somewhat unsatisfactory of late, but steps have been taken to supplement the supply and a steady improvement in this respect is noticed. At the present time, when there is necessarily so much hand work on the excavation, preparing the bedrock for masonry, a shortage of labor affects the output much more noticeably than when: such work is being done by machinery. But with a large area of bedrock uncov-"No." he said. "You're wrong there, tion and concreting practically in sight was there. "No," he said. "You're wrong there, It must be somewhere else." He pressed the tips of his fingers to-gether until one of the nails crucked with a loud report. Then he said: "You say you haven't been able to sit still all day" "No," replied the doctor, "nor in the morning sither." "It is use possible," he said at length. A Good Substitute,

"Why have you not come to my bridge party as you promised?" telephoned the irste hotess. "You are breaking up one table."

"I am sick." was the reply. "That's an old excuse." "Really, I'm sick. I have a trained

DUFES.

"Weil, you should have sent a substig tute. Ask the nurse if she plays."-Kan-ass City Journal.

detoctive. "But how did you know I am a doc-tor?" asked the astonished visitor. "By your sallow complexion and your general air of ill health," explained the

"It is just possible," he said at length. "It is just possible," he said at length. "that there is a pin sticking in you some-

"The physician felt hastily, finally lo-cating it just above his right knoe, in the rear of his trousers, where it had been placed to hold a slight tear to-

gether. "] owe you my gratitude," he mid