An Ultimatum to a Dictator

YOU GIT IN THAT HOUSE,

SCARE 'IM TO DEATH!

EDGAR -- WHAT ARE

YOU TRYIN' TO DO

TO THAT LITTLE

BOY, ANYWAY --

the finishing touches to that book which

first established his fame as a humorist,

Their Own Page

The Busy Bees

Welcome ye that are here Welcome all and make good cheer. Welcome all another year. Christmas is past we hope that Santa Claus has been wise enough to bring the right thing to every home and that there was a song in every heart, and a spirit of good will so that the message of the Christ Child was not in vain,

Of course every one of the Busy Bees went to see our Big Tree in the courtyard, I heard a little girl say who was looking at the tree that it would be nice for the city to plant some Christmas trees there that will grow, and always be ready to use each year, to have more jolly wood times, and crowds like we had the other night.

This week being Christmas week, we will print only the Christmas stories and next week print as many of the others as we have room for. We were glad to get a real story from a little tot 8 years old, and whose picture we will have next week. We were pleased to get greetings from the Busy Bees.

First prize was given to Emmagulia Read; second prize to Walter A Averille; henorable mention, to Majory Dorsey.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Thoughtful Mabel.

By Emmagulia Read, Aged 8 Years, 2961 Harney Street, Omaha, Red Side. It was bur a week before Christmas and the stores were crowded with people buying presents. In one of the large windows of the

biggest store in the city there were lots of beautiful toys that would make a child Happy. Fred and John had gone down town

with I their 14-year-old sister, Mabel, to buy their last Christmas gifts. As they came down the crowded street John rushed over to a window. Ered.

followed him and Mabel was close behind. because she did not want them to get

"Oh-pooh," cried Fred, "I don't want a

the use of wanting something you can't tise until next summer?" Mabel turned aside and saw three poor children standing near the curb. She

ese children and asked: What do you little children want for Christmas 7 'We can't have anything, 'cause we

are too poor," cried the three. window and tell me what you like." Sarah's eyes glistened as she murmured, "I just love that big doll." "Well, what would you two boys

"Oh, I would like that duck over there but I know I can't have it." "Oh, don't that elephant look nice? I like him." said the smallest boy.

You children shall have just what you like if you go to bed early the night before Christmas," said Mabel. The little children said good-by and

walked away, wondering who that dear little girl was, Mabel went into the store and ordered the toys these poor children wished and

also many other nice things, On Christmas eve she and her mother delivered the gifts and that night Mabel fell to sleep thinking that she had made to him and gave him \$106 for his kind-

best Christmas she had ever had.

(Second Prize.)

Little Ned's Santa Claus. By Walter A. Averill, Greenwood, Neb. Red Side. Two small boys were sitting in front of

chimney was free from soot or any other substance,

"I don't know," worried little Ned, mas will be here in two days, so this "Nelly! Nelly!" he shouted. "Come whether I sent my letter soon enough will be our Christmas present. On harness my horse for me. You said you or not. But, gee, I hope he brings me a Christmas eve Fred's mother and father would do it after breakfast." ew pair of skates."

mentioned it in your letter? But this through they went through the window Christmas we will see him if we have to again and shut it. In the morning when rtay up all night, won't we?" 'Uh huh," came a sleepy response.

some time and now it began to lag. Donald. He hurried and put on his a few minutes Bob went out and signalled to his father. Then, coming in here! Are you awake?"

real-it surely was.

and he immediately began speaking. anyhody, will you? Another thing, you was always well, for they had plenty can't you go down stairs?" will have to be good boys or I will leave money to buy some things to eat and

punish you with " He then started to distribute the con- went to Mrs. Miller to spend their tents of his pack. When a pair of shoes Christmas, with a pair of blue-steel ("dandles," Ned called them) skates riveted on them appeared, Neddy jr. s eyes nearly popped

out of his head. Rob, who was keenly watching his little "Nedsle." could scarcely keep from laughing. Well, boys, good evening. I hope you

Good old Santa slowly disappeared up the chimney and then the boys watched the rope jadder also disappear. "Gen!" exclaimed Ned in an awed tone,

as he examined his skates. (Honorable Mention.)

How Maggie Helped the Poor.

she heard a cry like the cry of a baby, nothing. She walked toward it and saw a little

people in the house.

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

cured. So she went home happy. The "Oh, shouted John, "I want that next day she went to the house and asked the mother if she could take the little girl away a few days. She said yes thip. I want that elephant. What's and in a few more days she took her home and the next day the doctor came and took the bandages off of her eyes and she said, "Oh, mamma, I can sec. Now, then, Maggie pulled out a bagful nanaged to get Fred and John away of good things to eat and she always om the window, so she walked up to gave them money every month and never got tired of feeding or clothing or helping the poor.

It was on Christmas day when she helped those people and she said she never had a happier day than that and "Well." said Mabel, "come over to the she said she would always help the poor as long as she lived.

Donald's Christmas.

By Julia Boehm, Aged 12 Years, Dum-fries, Ia., Blue Side. Donald was a poor boy. His father was dead and his mother was sick nearly all the time. Donald was only 8 years old. It was a very cold winter's day when he was coming home from school. There were some children sleigh- her young daughter. riding down the hill, when one of the Nelly started in trouble, as she sleds upset and one of the children started answered: to cry. Donald ran to see what was the matter. He found out that the little home they laid him down on a bed and someone happy and that this was the ness. When Donald got home he showed his mother the money. She asked Donald where he got the money. Donald said that Mrs. Miller gave it to him. Donald's mother said that he should go and get some clothes and something to eat. When Donald returned home

hings to eat. His mother said Christ- time, "Be kindly affecwent to Donald's house and while they

skates or Santa has changed a lot since of the rooms, which they called their last year. Don't you remember that he dining room. They set the tree up and brought you your big drum that you put many presents on the tree and put wanted so badly, and you never even some on the floor. When they were Donald's mother awoke and was going to make breakfast she saw the tree. This sort of conversation had gone on She began to scream and this awoke

Little Ned's head began to nod, and after clothes and looked to see what was the matter. When he saw the Christmas tree he did not know what to say, While brotherly love-in honor pre-I declare, side, he shook his smaller brother and they were looking at the presents the Charley, you're real naughty to bother eried: "Ned! Wake up! Hey, look door flew open and in ran Oscar. He me so. I'll tell mother if you don't go said that his mother said they should away this instant! she exclaimed quickly, Could be believe his eyes? Was that a that his father would get through by the room, and coaxingly presented his or was he dreaming? Yes, it must be 10 o'clock. It was dinner time when toy horse and wagon. they got there. They had a big table | Charley did not answer, but sat down A rope ladder was dangling from the set with nice things to eat. After on the floor beside her and tried to archimney of the great fireplace. A large dinner Donald played with the boys range the complicated little harness himskiny boot appeared, then another, and and had a very good time. They had self. at last Santa Claus was on the hearth supper and then they went home. It "Oh, do stop your fumbling!" cried "Boys," he said, "I am surprised at be- go home. They said they had a very atrocious conduct. "I don't believe there into the second grade," she said. ing trapped like this. Now don't tell good time. After that Donald's mother ever was such a boy for teasing. Why

Little Wolf's Wooden Shoes.

By Elsie Knoll, Aged 13 Years, Gretna, Neb. Blue Side. Long ago in a small town there lived a small boy. He was 7 years of age and his name was Wolf. Wolf was an or- she seized her books and hat and moved will be satisfied, and remember, 'mum is phan and in charge of his aunt, who was toward the door. unkind. Wolf loved her, although he

feared her. to a small school. He was poorly-clad and the master was ashamed of him. Even the scholars made fun of him. Christmas approached and all children

were talking of what they would get. Little Wolf knew his aunt would send By Marjoric Dorsey Aged 13 Years, him to bed without any supper, while One day as Maggie was walking along He knew he had been good and feared hot cheek, and said, gently.

As all the children were going home from house. She knocked at the door, but no school a little child had fallen asleep on hurry this morning. I love little Charley one came. She walked in and there on a churchstep. Its feet were bare and it the floor she saw a baby crying. She had only a cloak wrapped around it. picked it up and walked into the other Every person walked on and never noroom. There she saw a woman sitting ticed it. Little Wolf wandered on and in a softer tone; "I want my horse haron the floor with a crust of bread in her he saw this child. "Oh," thought he, nessed." hand. Over in the corner was a little "this child with nothing on its feet and such a night!" He pulled off one of his impatience, and sitting down on the floor She thought of taking it home, but, no. wooden shoes and put it on the child. her father would not have room for more He ran home, limping in the snow, and snd wagon, "I will harness it for you; chtered the door. His aunt scolded and but won't Charley be sorry for poor sister Her father gave her \$14 every month whipped little Wolf until he had to go Nelly if she goes late to school, and gets and she thought she would take the little to bed. Wolf's pillow was wet with bad marks." girl to the eye doctor and have her tears, but he fell askeep. The next morn- Charley was too young to go to school,

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS the paper only and number the pages.

2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.

3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.

Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT. Omaha Bee, Omaha, Meb.

ing his aunt came downstairs and to her but he had sometimes heard Nelly speak

A circle of gold had been placed around the spot where the little child had been to whom Wolf gave the wooden shoe on his sister, as she adjusted the last strap the churchstep. Wolf knew this had been the Christ-child and he was very happy.

Learning by Heart.

By Inez Roberts, Aged 11 Years, 4001 Charles Street, Omaha. Blue Side. "What Bible verse do you say this morning, Nelly?" asked Mrs. Davis of

"Oh: I don't know it yet, mother, and it's almost school time. It's a beautiboy's leg was broken. So Donald helped ful verse from Paul's Epistle to the Oscar carry Fred home. When they got Romans something about loving each other;" adding, as she opened her testacalled the doctor. Just before Donald ment, where a bright blue book mark was going home Fred's mother came divided the pages, "Here it is! Jenny Scott has the same verse, I remember"-

and Nelly read aloud: "Be kindly affectioned, one to another

one another." Mrs. Davis happening to leave the room an instant afterwards. Nelly went on he showed his mother what he had repeating the words two or three times a great fireplace waiting for dear old bought. He had for his mother some without looking from the book. At Santa to appear. This fireplace was dresses, shoes and stockings, and he had length, her little brother, Charley, put never used, and therefore the spacious some clothes for himself, too He had his curly head in at the doorway just some bread, potatoes, meat and other as she was repeating, for the fourth

"Oh, Charley, do go away," answered Big brother Bob smiled. "Don't you were sleeping, they crawled into the Nelly, petilantly. "Don't you see I'm worry, Neddy, ir. You will get those window and put a Christmas tree in one studying?" and she resumed the verse. "Be kindly af--" and once more a voice, not at the door, but in Nelly's own heart, interrupted, her "Am I 'kindly affectioned?" " it asked.

"Certainly," answered another voice, also within. "I love Charley dearly; but then he always plagues me just when I'm studying."

"He kindly affectionate," resumed Nelly, aloud, "one to another with brotherly love-one to another with come over to their house. He said as Master Charles slipped once more into

was 10 o'clock when they started to Nelly, now really irritated by Charley's

"'Cause I don't want to," returned you just a birch rod for your parents to some clothing all the year, and every Charley, promptly. "You're an old. year after that Donald and his mother naughty Nelly, you are; you're b-a-a-d," and his pent up tears began to flow in

carnest. "Nelly! Nelly!" whispered the voice again, "Charley's copying your own temper," but she did not listen to it very attentively. How could she when she had the verse to learn? Finally, after studying it a little more,

"You're ba-ad, sobbed Charley, looking up at her, his little face flushed, and

She cared little for Wolf, and sent him an angry light in his swimming eyes. Nelly, gianced at him for an instant, and would have hurried out into the street, had not something in her heart rebuked her. "Poor Charley!" she thought, "it's all

my fault; I've not been 'kindly affectioned toward him at all." She knelt down beside him, kissed his

"No, no, Charley, dear, sister don't want to be bad; only she's in a great very much-won't that do?" "No!" said the young man sturdily, but

"Well," answered Nelly, checking her beside him, as she lifted up the horse

surprise saw toys, candies, etc., hanging of bad marks and had a vague idea by Wolf's one wooden shoe. Wolf came that they were something very much to cancing downstairs and beheld the sight. be dreaded; besides Nelly's altered man-The other children had only switches ner had softened him wonderfully. He in their stockings, while Welf had great put his arms about her neck and said: "Go to school quickly, Nelly! I'll put

hersey in his stable till you come back."
"No. you needn't, darling," laughed "See, he's all harnessed. Kiss Nelly and now aren't you sorry you were

naughty?" "Yes," answered the little fellow, solemnly. P. S .- Will finish next Sunday. I am on the Blue Side.

A Helpful Maxim.

By Mary Tague, Aged 13 Years, 70 Ninth Avenue, Shenandoah, 1s. Blue Side. "Lost-Yesterday, somewhere between No reward is offered, for they are gone

somehow she could not get it through with brotherly love; in honor preferring her brain. It was snowing that day, and indeed it was easier to look out of the

in fact, everything except the snow. "Maisle Naner." said Mins Akerns, the

staring out of the window?" "Indeed I don't know, Miss Akerns But it seems as if I can't get my mind on the lesson. I will get to work right 1902 Charlotte Wardlow, 1818 Chicago St Central to my father, for he will not know where away," said poor Maisie, blushing to the 1899..... Alfred William Young, 1322 South 25th Ave............ Park I am." roots of her hair and feeling like she could sink through the floor. At that critical moment who should knock but Maisle's mamma. Maisle then settled down to work. It seemed as if diamonds, gold, hours, minutes and rewards in a mighty jumble and never could get straightened out. All the while she wondered why it was that her mother should ome to visit the school, for Mrs. Naner believed that where parents should be was "tu hum" and not go taking the children's attention off their books by visiting schools. She stiffly took the chair Miss Akerns offered her and looked very stern in the friendly school room. She went over to Maisle and told her to remain as she wanted to talk to her and Miss Akerns. The only thing that Maisle directly saw was thirty pairs of curious eyes looking her way. School was dismissed an hour earlier than usual that evening in honor of the occasion. When the pupils were gone the teacher went

to see what Mrs. Naner wanted. "I have come to have Maiste put back

"I really don't think Maisie needs to go back, Mrs. Naner. Her work is done with much satisfaction. What are your Akerns pleasantly.

can quit." she said curtly.

Maisle gasped in astonishment. What had come over her mother, anyway? She Day. While I was getting supper, papa the tedium by writing newspaper squibs had not said a word about her bringing came in from his chores and I asked him her school work home, and she could not think of a reason why her mother should he didn't care, if mamma didn't, and trips up the Hudson. Those trips were start growling now.

"Has Maisie asked you to let her go back?" asked Miss Akerns. "No, she has not," replied Mrs. Naner, 'but tomorrow you may move her back, if you please, so that she can get a good start before the holidays set in."

Poor Maisie burst into tears. "Mother, please let me stay here." 'Mind your own business, my ady," sald her mother. "That is all, if you please. Miss Akerns, and I want to thank you very much for this interview with me. It is much more than I ex-

pected." Mrs. Naner got up to leave, but Malale still sat at her desk crying. She, looking up, sent Miss Akerns an appealing glance. "Mrs. Naner, don't you think you are a trifle hard on little Maisle?" asked the teacher, when they were in the hall, "No indeed Please call Maisic," she

"She has to make up her reading lesson, "Very well," said that lady, and passed

out the door.

little Tolks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28. "This is the day we celebrate." Name and Address. 1906 Frank L. Bartlett, 3410 Bedford St..... Howard Kennedy 1906..... Irene Burns, 2819 Dupont St...... Dupont 1898..... Helen Franson, 4108 North 17th St............ Saratoga 1903..... Charles Westly Freyer, 4809 Franklin St...... Walnut Hill 1899..... Raymond Frohm, 2522 West Frohn St..... Lothrop 1902..... Samuel Gordon, 843 South 22d St............. Kellom a poor little girl came by. May laughed 1905..... Haine Hahn, 1436 North 20th St Kellom so loudly that she caused Rose, her older 1903..... Irene Heflin, 2222 Ogden St...... Miller Park sister, to look out of the window. sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, 1903..... Osmond LeRoy Henninger, 3060 Woolworth Ave...... Park each set with sixty diamond minutes, 1901..... Frances Hodgin, 4117 Lafayette Ave....... Saunders 1906 Paul Hughes, 341 North 37th St. St. Cecilia walking. They took their dog, Sulp. Maisle Naner, aged 10, was in the 1902..... Blanch Jacobson, 975 South 51st St...... Beals with them. When they had gone about fourth grade at school and was trying 1903..... Anna Johnson, 132 North 37th St..... Saunders a block, May saw the same girl at whom fourth grade at school and was trying 1903..... Anna Johnson, 132 North 31d St..... Druid Hill she had laughed. At that moment she her best to learn the above maxim. But 1903..... Hattle Jones, 3510 North 33d St..... Druid Hill she had laughed. At that moment she said, "Sie her, Snip, go on." The dog 1900 Agnes Mathiew, 4128 North 38th St Monmouth Park bled. window and think what levely snow 1905..... Hazel L. Mitskoff, 2106 North 27th St..... Long "Help!" cried the poor child, and then bables she could make with it. Soon she 1902..... Milton Merle Myers, 3720 Marcy St...... Columbian dropped to the sidewalk. May ran home 1906 Dorothy L. Page, 3306 Fowler Ave Monmouth Park A policeman who had heard the noise 1903 Justin Rice, 2209 North 28th Ave Howard Kennedy shot the dog, and took Rose and Mary, teacher, "how do you expect anything in 1905..... Ethel Robbins St. Peter's for that was the child's name, to the pothis world can be learned by sitting and 1902..... Elmer H. Thorson, 2757 Webster St...... Webster lice station. When they had bound her 1802 Bernice Triplett, 1822 North 20th St. Lake and said, "Leave this girl, Rose, go home,

> will see the professor about this, for I am going to hide my plaything." "Then, know as well as you do that you are said the nurse, "you will be acting like fitted for this work, and I feel that this a naughty girl, too." "I don't care," is where you should stay."

> True to her word, the professor was told, and Mrs. Naner was seen about it. Plaything. The little girl's father has Mainle did not go back into the second told her not to go into one of the rooms, grade and her teacher and herself were but the little girl did not mind and went two of the fastest friends ever after.

> her. Maisie learned the maxim by heart that very evening, and though she is a grown woman and has learned many more maxims, the one she learned on By Milton Rogers, Aged 14 Years, 3718 that winter's day will long be rememthat winter's day will long be remembered-one she will never forget: "Lost-Yesterday, somewhere between

sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is ofered, for they are gone for-

The Visit to Herman. By Minnie Moller, Aged 13 Years, Blair, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Editor: This is my first writing to ideas to think that way?" asked Miss the Busy Bees' page. I was 13 years old last March. I am in the seventh grade "She brings her books home every even- at school and am in the eighth, all exing now to study after the dishes are cept history and geography. I would done, and I don't like the ides. If she like to join the "Blue Side." The story hasn't time to do her sums at school, she I am sending is called "The Visit to

Herman." It is as follows: It was the night before Thanksgiving if we girls could go to Herman. 'He said as mamma didn't either, we were as mainly for the benefit of his health, but happy as could be. The next morning we in 1806, although he was a handsome lad hurried to get our work done and soon of 21, he was not at all strong, and so got ready. We didn't drive up with our he had his brother Will to go with him horses, but took the train. Leo, our next on an European voyage. They consted to the smallest brother, went with us through the Meditterarean, landed in Italy, We had a very nice time. Friday afternoon Gertrude said: "Let us go up to the sand pit." That was a place up in the hill about half a mile from the house. All through the voyage he attracted hi-There was nice sand there to play with. We made houses of all kinds, and when finished they looked fine. Well, since this will take up quite a

space I will close and do better next friend Spaulding in writing and publishtime I write. P. S .- Hurry up. Blues, and beat the Reds.

I hope my letter escapes "Mr. Waste

Two Naughty Girls.

By Vera Inez Prior, Aged 9 Years, Council Bluffs, Ia. Blue Side. There was once a naughty girl who daughter than of the judge's teachings, would soon find out the misery the little would not let her little sisters look at and so came about the tragic bit of life fellow went through. The best time of her new picture book.

said the little girl.

So the little girl went and hid her into the room and saw all that Santa Mrs. Naner did admit that she was a Claus was going to bring. He was trifle harsh with Maise, as she called going to bring Esther a trunk and candy and nuts, Bethine a doll and a book.

The Life of Washington Irving.

Washington Irving was a native of

New York City. He was born in a peaked gable roofed house on the west side of Williams street. The date of his birth was 1783. He was a mischievous lad. He played many a trick, such as throwing pebbles down the chimney of some amazed Dutch neighbor. But his mischlevous spirit was only lessened by his brother, who looked with disfavor on all readings except the Catechism and the Bible on Sunday, except on some delightful occasion he would let them read "Pilgrim's Progress." On week days such books as "Gulliver's Travels" and the "Voyages of Sinbad" and "Robinson Crusoe" were permitted. For some rea son he did not have the times his elder brothers enjoyed; instead he went into a law office. Sometimes he would relieve under pen name of Jonathan Oldstyle, and still more relieving it by memorable then to Paris, then to Holland, and finally they passed through England. This voyage was a voyage of romance to Irving. larious attention by his queer costume, consisting of his gray coat, embroidered white vest and colored small clothes. On his return to America he joined his old anonymously the "Salmagunai" papers. his older brother, William, and another good friend, Governeur Kemble, of Cookloft Hall, aiding with their advice. It had my-suit dirty." a certain success and the secret of the So the little girl said to the nurse: "I sad tinge of sadness to Irving's whole think he should have "

the book's name being "History of New York." He was too sad in those days to care or enjoy the applause that followed its publication, so for years to come he looked upon it with disapproval. In 1810 he became a silent law partner. In 1815 he sailed for Europe to join his brother Peter, who was representing the Irving house in London. When Irving arrived at Liverpool the battle of Waterloo had been fought and his brother Peter was ill, and the house of Irving was shaky. As a result, Irving had much commercial work on his hands. His Knickerbooker fame opened all the doors to him and he was greeted cordially everywhere he went. There were two or three years of such happenings, and then the house of Irving went into an honest bankruptcy. Irving then was left without any resources. His brother William had foreseen the crisis and had secured for him a secretaryship in the United States Navy department. This Irving declined, resolving to work his way by the pen-Months after Irving did feel regretful for having refused the offer, but at last the day dawned for him, and he finished his most successful "Sketch Book." This was printed in June, 1819. This was Irving's most popular book. Irving in the meantime traveled through Europe again. 'In 1826 he entered upon some Spanish duties, which resulted in his "Lift of Columbus," "The Conquest of Granada" and the "Alhambra," too, were written with the help of his Spanish experience. While in Spain he was appointed to the secretaryship of the American legation in London. Irving then went to London, and after seventeen years of absence from America, he finally salied for his dear, beloved America in 1832. The next year after his triumphant return to America he bought and remodeled the cottage on the Hudson, where he lived thereafter and where he died. It was a beautiful old cottage and grounds, with a magnificent view of the Hudson. In 1842 he was appointed United States minister to Spain, and he, with some reluctance at quitting his home, finally accepted it. In the four years there he started his "Life of Washington," which later on in 1859, after a hard time, he finally finished his last volume of it. That was written within a year of his death. He lived in peace and comfort the last year of his life, cheered by nature and his friends. When he died the grief was universal and sincere. He died December 1, 1858. Many hundreds of people came from all parts of the country to attend his funeral. Washington Irving was the best loved American author. The way he expresses his sympathies, and his humor, and his wonderful language, it is no wonder the people loved him so.

Christmas was coming on so Rose and May were cleaning their little room, While they were washing the windows

"Shame on you," said Rose, laughing at a poor little gir; like that." The next day the two staters went out

foot well enough, she opened her eyes

When Rose got home she was out of her mind because her sister never had done a thing like that before. mother did not know what to do with her. Rose would sit all day with her mouth open and would open her eyes so wide that she would scare anyone who

came near her. When she was better her elster came up to her and said: "Slater, I have caused you trouble and the other girl, also. I deserve punishment. It shall be that I shall not get a Christmas present from father."

The day of Christmas Rose and May sent a Christmas present to Mary, but it came back with a little note on which was written:

"It is too late. You have killed my daughter. She was the only one I had. She died from the poisonous teeth of the MR. JONES.

When Rose and May finished the letter May cried; "Mother, mother! I deserve death. I have killed a child and a criminal must be put to death." At that moment a policeman came up and was about to strike her, when she called out: 'Mother, mother! I want to live." All of a sudden she felt someone jerk

her; it was her mother. "Mother," she said, "I shall never laugh at anyone again. May had laughed at many other people, and while she was cleaning her room she had fallen asleep and dreamed about

this girl, Mary.

A Boy's Rights. By Bessle Brown, Aged 12 Years, 427 Ninth Street, Lincoln, Neb. Red Side.

Our neighbors, who live next door, have a little boy. One day he was playing in the yard with his friend. I was sitting on the steps watching them with great interest. They were playing that one was a cowboy and the other an Indian. When the cowboy shot the fleeing Indian he wouldn't fail down so they started to quarrel. I got up from the plazza steps and went to the fence. "What's the matter?" I asked. Jimmy won't fall down when I shoot him." answered Charlie.

"Why don't you fall down?" I asked trying to settle the question. "Why mamma never lets me "but Charlle's down."

mother doesn't care, because, I'd-get-I left the boys to themselves and authorship was well kept. He continued studied the matter over. I felt sorry for

his law studies in the office of Judge the little boy, and wondered if his Hoffman, and I um afraid he was a good mother had the same trouble when she deal more interested in the judge's was a little girl, and hoped that she When Miss Hoffman died, and it gave a a boy's life is when he is little and i