

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

TODAY is Flag day and I hope that every Busy Bee will have a flag, no matter how tiny, with which to celebrate this day. In some of the schools, Flag day was celebrated Friday with appropriate exercises, but most of them will observe it tomorrow. The chief feature of the program is generally the salute and pledge to the flag.

There are two pledges that are usually made to the flag on this day. Children in the primary grades give this one: "I give my head and my heart to God and my country—one country, one language and one flag." The older children give the military salute to the flag and repeat the following: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands—one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

These are solemn pledges and stir the hearts of the little ones, as it does their elders, with boundless patriotism, which it is meant to do. The pride of the Americans in their flag is second to none.

This week, first prize was awarded to Grace L. Moore; second prize to Lucile Baker and honorable mention to Winifred Shaughnessy, all of the Blue Side.

ANOTHER OF THE BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEES.



Ruth Cunningham

into the hole so I had to crawl in and pull the old wolf out by the ear, and when I got her out I went into the hole backwards and pulled the little ones out with my toes. We caught eight little ones and one old one. This is a true story.

His Mother.

By Helen Young, Aged 10 Years, Council Bluffs, Ia., Blue Side.

One day Tom's mother went to get some bread in the cupboard, to eat. "Oh! dear me," she said, "there isn't a speck of bread in the house." Then she fell to crying.

"Never mind," said Tom, "we'll have some to eat before dinner time." Then he went out the door.

When dinner time came, his mother set on the table what she had. Just then Tom came in with several big bundles and laid them before his mother.

"Oh! my dear boy," she said, clapping her hands, "where on earth did you get all these nice things?"

"Just sit down," said Tom, "and I will tell you all about it."

"Well, I worked for our neighbors by raking the yards and several other things, and I earned five and got \$2 worth of bread and a new dress and a pair of shoes for you and a pair of shoes for myself, and here is the rest of the money."

"Oh! how can I thank you?" she cried, and ever after they lived happily together, Tom helping his mother like he did that day.

Presents Worth While.

By Martha Anderson, Aged 12 Years, Weeping Water, Neb., Red Side.

Little Alice Brown had always been able to get enough pennies saved during the year to get her father and mother each a birthday present. Their birthdays were very near now, and she had no pennies saved.

She spent nearly a day in deep thought before she thought of a plan that suited her.

On her mother's birthday she put on her bonnet and went into the garden, not leaving until the lettuce, radishes and onions were clear of weeds.

For her father she planned a similar present. He worked in the field and it being very warm he often had to walk to the house for a fresh drink of water. But Alice was going to prevent that extra walking for that day. Just as she was thinking of going for a drink Alice appeared with a cool, fresh drink for him. This she repeated as often as her father had been coming for a drink.

That night she told her parents that those little acts of thoughtfulness were their birthday presents. Her father said, "May God bless you and may you receive many such presents during your life."

Cares for Garden and Ducks.

By Pearl Madison, Aged 13 Years, Horace, Neb., Blue Side.

I have never written to the Busy Bee page. I planted a small garden this summer. I planted California poppies, four o'clocks, morning glory and balsam. I planted them some time ago and they are just coming up. Besides these I have four rose bushes and two peony bushes. I water the ground every evening after the sun goes down. I did not have much time to plant a garden this summer, for I take care of the little chickens for mamma. I am raising ducks this summer instead of planting many flowers. I have ten ducks and twenty duck eggs setting. I am a new Busy Bee and wish to join the Blue Side.

Has Pet Snowball.

Ruth Stewart, Aged 8 Years, Tecumseh, Neb., Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the very first time I have written. I will write better and longer next time. I have a pet whose name is Snowball. I like him very much.

I have one sister and two brothers. My sister's name is Dorothy and my brothers' names are Harman and Willard Stewart.

A Helping Hand.

By Mabel Hancock, Aged 14 Years, Verdun, Neb., Blue Side.

It was a cool morning when Gretchen's father first went to fish for cod off the coast of Newfoundland.

Gretchen, who was a year's old, was just at the age where she had a great desire to help. "I can row the boat while daddy catches fish," she pleaded. So her mother put a hood on her head, and a happy little girl took her father's hand and walked down where the large boat had been drawn the night before.

When they were comfortably seated, and Gretchen had placed her tiny hands upon the great oar, a proud father clasped the end of the oar, and away they sailed out into the blue bay.

When they had dropped anchor in a place where cod were often thick, Gretchen started to pull the net around "I expect daddy," she said, "that you will have to help me a little bit." So her father took the net and threw it out into the bay. After awhile a load of cod were drawn into the boat. Gretchen looked at the flopping fish with wondering eyes and said, "Daddy, won't they dance clear out of the boat?" This brought a broad smile to her father's face.

In the evening the anchor was pulled, of course, with the help of Gretchen, and again her tiny hands were placed upon the oar.

As she and her father walked toward the house, Gretchen said, with a great air, "My, daddy, don't it pay to take me along?"

Herman's Luck.

By Mary Goldenstein, Aged 9 Years, Glenville, Neb., Red Side.

In the country, near a town called Hampton lived a little family. There were two children, Rosa, who was 2 years old, and Herman, who was 8. Herman's father was poor, so he drove to town every morning and brought things from the depot to the stores to earn money for his wife and family.

One day Herman was in the woods. He saw two men talking. They saw him and one asked if he could stay at his house over night. Herman said they could, for there were no hotels. The next morning when he got up there was a package on the table. Herman's father opened it and they saw that there was a whole lot of money in it. In the bottom of the box was a piece of paper, which read: "Kindness is always rewarded."

Needs Too Late.

By Edna Brand, Aged 11 Years, Fontenelle, Neb., Blue Side.

In a neighboring town there was a little girl, who, when her mother would ask her to do anything, would always say:

"All right, mother. Wait a minute." One day, her little candy bird got out of his cage and her mother said, "Dear, shut the door or the cats will get your bird." She said, "All right, mother, wait a minute," but she waited a minute too long. When she went to shut the door, the cat had already caught her bird.

That taught her to go when she was first asked to do anything. In the bottom of the box was a piece of paper, which read: "Kindness is always rewarded."

PART II.

The Great Stone Face.

By Fay Baldwin, Aged 11 Years, Herman, Neb., Red Side.

Mr. Gathergold's house was pure white marble on the outside. The doors had gold or silver knobs. The windows were

Public School Roll of Honor

CHILDREN RECEIVING THE HIGHEST MARK IN MORE THAN HALF THEIR SUBJECTS LAST WEEK.

MASON.	MASON.	SARATOGA.	SARATOGA.
Caroline Baker. Raymond Blair. Zelma Dean. Sam Greenberg. LeRoy Goldsmith. Minnie Knepper. Emer Koford. Ethel Lyon. Mike Mangano. Harold Moore. Laura Kies. Harold Scott. Grazianna Steel. Vernon Williamson.	Marj Lotz. Antonio Mercurio. Virginia Payton. Christine Zimmel. Fourth B. Lucietta Amato. Jack Compton. Joe Fisher. Neyer Friedman. Bessie Handler. Taisy Miller. Fourth A. Eddie Brodkey. Dorothy Rosenthal. Maggie Currie. Camilla Genhe. Helena Gifford. Edna Larsen. Frank Palmer. Ralph Rose. Maurice Barker.	Third A. Frances Bell. Caldwell Clark. Robert Hoban. Hazel Ivey. Jack Stanfield. Sixth B. John Buttlinger. Parker Comstock. Jack Gorman. Margaret Handler. Adrian Westberg. Sixth A. Vivian Barnes. Marguerite Brightwell. Zola Ellis. Gregor Endras. Ruth Rafter. Marguerite Heas. Elizabeth Johnson. Martha Thornton. Fifth B. Philip Barnett. Hessie Baxter. Richard Elster. Vera Elder. Alice Monroe. Delbert Pierce. Harold Potter. Gertrude Sanford. Truman Brewer. Oliver Pierce. Elna Shokert. Walter White. Sarah Wohlmer. Sixth B. John Barson. Mildred Daley. Colinetta Lear. Walter Maccherna. Sixth A. Charles Reis. John Cretney. Gladys Kemp. Thelma Brison. Myrtle Christensen. Hazel Olson. Third B. Mary Amato. Bertha Cohen. Ethel Pratt. Alice Gunnson. Alice Kiewit. Fred Knight. Frances Ross. Ethel Rose. Kathryn Smith. Angela Wenninghoff. Ethel Werderer. Eva Wilson.	Fourth A. Erling Schistensen. Lona Deerson. Walter Johnson. Beva Kulakofsky. Helen Mall. Ernie Newhouse. Mildred Ryder. Wendell Stevenson. Clemens Taphorn. Sixth A. Merquie Haussener. Loral Lee. Howard O'Donnell. Evelyn A. Nina O'Donnell. Minnie Wolhner. Frost Reitz. Rory Kahl. Fifth B. Daniel Turner. Eugene A. Theresa Beres. Eugene O'Donnell. Philip Reitz. Walter Sandland. Elsie Wolfson. Fourth B. Elmer Isaac. Louise Krunnwald. Katherine Seesman. Fourth A. Elmer Isaac. Howard Rakekin. Forest Richards. Warren Short. Third B. Edna Gilby. Sidney Gushkin. Clark Hutchison. Pauline Hester. Hazel Ritter. Constancia Wolfson.

from the ceiling to the floor. The house was so magnificent. It was mostly silver and gold on the inside. Ernest did not think that Mr. Gathergold looked like The Great Stone Face. But The Great Stone Face seemed to say, "Fear not, Ernest. The man will come." Soon Mr. Gathergold's wealth disappeared and he died. He did not look like The Great Stone Face.

Ernest was a young man, but they did not think much of him. Old Blood and Thunder was born in this valley and had fought in many battles. When Old Blood and Thunder came, they had a great fear under the trees for him. Ernest did not think that Old Blood and Thunder looked like the great white face.

Finally the people did not think Old Blood and Thunder looked like The Great Stone Face.

Ernest was a young man, but they did not think much of him. Old Blood and Thunder was born in this valley and had fought in many battles. When Old Blood and Thunder came, they had a great fear under the trees for him. Ernest did not think that Old Blood and Thunder looked like the great white face.

Finally the people did not think Old Blood and Thunder looked like The Great Stone Face.

Ernest was a young man, but they did not think much of him. Old Blood and Thunder was born in this valley and had fought in many battles. When Old Blood and Thunder came, they had a great fear under the trees for him. Ernest did not think that Old Blood and Thunder looked like the great white face.

Finally the people did not think Old Blood and Thunder looked like The Great Stone Face.

Ernest was a young man, but they did not think much of him. Old Blood and Thunder was born in this valley and had fought in many battles. When Old Blood and Thunder came, they had a great fear under the trees for him. Ernest did not think that Old Blood and Thunder looked like the great white face.

Finally the people did not think Old Blood and Thunder looked like The Great Stone Face.

Ernest was a young man, but they did not think much of him. Old Blood and Thunder was born in this valley and had fought in many battles. When Old Blood and Thunder came, they had a great fear under the trees for him. Ernest did not think that Old Blood and Thunder looked like the great white face.

Finally the people did not think Old Blood and Thunder looked like The Great Stone Face.

Ernest was a young man, but they did not think much of him. Old Blood and Thunder was born in this valley and had fought in many battles. When Old Blood and Thunder came, they had a great fear under the trees for him. Ernest did not think that Old Blood and Thunder looked like the great white face.

Finally the people did not think Old Blood and Thunder looked like The Great Stone Face.

Ernest was a young man, but they did not think much of him. Old Blood and Thunder was born in this valley and had fought in many battles. When Old Blood and Thunder came, they had a great fear under the trees for him. Ernest did not think that Old Blood and Thunder looked like the great white face.

Finally the people did not think Old Blood and Thunder looked like The Great Stone Face.

Ernest was a young man, but they did not think much of him. Old Blood and Thunder was born in this valley and had fought in many battles. When Old Blood and Thunder came, they had a great fear under the trees for him. Ernest did not think that Old Blood and Thunder looked like the great white face.

Finally the people did not think Old Blood and Thunder looked like The Great Stone Face.

Ernest was a young man, but they did not think much of him. Old Blood and Thunder was born in this valley and had fought in many battles. When Old Blood and Thunder came, they had a great fear under the trees for him. Ernest did not think that Old Blood and Thunder looked like the great white face.

Finally the people did not think Old Blood and Thunder looked like The Great Stone Face.

Ernest was a young man, but they did not think much of him. Old Blood and Thunder was born in this valley and had fought in many battles. When Old Blood and Thunder came, they had a great fear under the trees for him. Ernest did not think that Old Blood and Thunder looked like the great white face.

Finally the people did not think Old Blood and Thunder looked like The Great Stone Face.

Ernest was a young man, but they did not think much of him. Old Blood and Thunder was born in this valley and had fought in many battles. When Old Blood and Thunder came, they had a great fear under the trees for him. Ernest did not think that Old Blood and Thunder looked like the great white face.

Finally the people did not think Old Blood and Thunder looked like The Great Stone Face.

Ernest was a young man, but they did not think much of him. Old Blood and Thunder was born in this valley and had fought in many battles. When Old Blood and Thunder came, they had a great fear under the trees for him. Ernest did not think that Old Blood and Thunder looked like the great white face.

Finally the people did not think Old Blood and Thunder looked like The Great Stone Face.

Ernest was a young man, but they did not think much of him. Old Blood and Thunder was born in this valley and had fought in many battles. When Old Blood and Thunder came, they had a great fear under the trees for him. Ernest did not think that Old Blood and Thunder looked like the great white face.

Finally the people did not think Old Blood and Thunder looked like The Great Stone Face.

Ernest was a young man, but they did not think much of him. Old Blood and Thunder was born in this valley and had fought in many battles. When Old Blood and Thunder came, they had a great fear under the trees for him. Ernest did not think that Old Blood and Thunder looked like the great white face.

Finally the people did not think Old Blood and Thunder looked like The Great Stone Face.

Ernest was a young man, but they did not think much of him. Old Blood and Thunder was born in this valley and had fought in many battles. When Old Blood and Thunder came, they had a great fear under the trees for him. Ernest did not think that Old Blood and Thunder looked like the great white face.

Finally the people did not think Old Blood and Thunder looked like The Great Stone Face.

Ernest was a young man, but they did not think much of him. Old Blood and Thunder was born in this valley and had fought in many battles. When Old Blood and Thunder came, they had a great fear under the trees for him. Ernest did not think that Old Blood and Thunder looked like the great white face.

Finally the people did not think Old Blood and Thunder looked like The Great Stone Face.

day school. I send the story papers and the comic paper to my aunt. A lady who works for mamma gave me some plants. I like them very much. I hope to see my letter in print.

The Fairy Pool.

Edna Carille, Aged 11, Underwood, Ia.

There was a little house by the river in which two little girls used to play. Their names were Alice and Edith. They would watch the pebbles as the wind would rock them to the shore, and this little place the children would call the "fairy pool" and they would say the fairies kept their house very clean. They could see fish and beautiful shells as they looked down at the clear, cool water. One day Alice was unkind to her sister. She went down to the pool and sat there. When she looked down she could not see the clear water; it was muddy, and instead of seeing the fish she saw a big, ugly snake coiled ready to jump at her. Alice began to sob as if her heart would break. "A lady stepped out and said, 'What are you crying for, little girl?' Alice said, 'The pool is not pretty, and I am sorry I have been rude to my sister.' The fairy told Alice to go and meet her sister, so Alice went and they threw their arms around each other and kissed. They went back to the pool and it was clear. 'Children,' said the fairy, 'the pool is just like your hearts. If you are good the pool will be clear and clean, and if you are not good the pool will be dirty and muddy.' So she disappeared, and Alice woke up, for she had been dreaming.

Edna Carille, Aged 11, Underwood, Ia.

There was a little house by the river in which two little girls used to play. Their names were Alice and Edith. They would watch the pebbles as the wind would rock them to the shore, and this little place the children would call the "fairy pool" and they would say the fairies kept their house very clean. They could see fish and beautiful shells as they looked down at the clear, cool water. One day Alice was unkind to her sister. She went down to the pool and sat there. When she looked down she could not see the clear water; it was muddy, and instead of seeing the fish she saw a big, ugly snake coiled ready to jump at her. Alice began to sob as if her heart would break. "A lady stepped out and said, 'What are you crying for, little girl?' Alice said, 'The pool is not pretty, and I am sorry I have been rude to my sister.' The fairy told Alice to go and meet her sister, so Alice went and they threw their arms around each other and kissed. They went back to the pool and it was clear. 'Children,' said the fairy, 'the pool is just like your hearts. If you are good the pool will be clear and clean, and if you are not good the pool will be dirty and muddy.' So she disappeared, and Alice woke up, for she had been dreaming.

Edna Carille, Aged 11, Underwood, Ia.

There was a little house by the river in which two little girls used to play. Their names were Alice and Edith. They would watch the pebbles as the wind would rock them to the shore, and this little place the children would call the "fairy pool" and they would say the fairies kept their house very clean. They could see fish and beautiful shells as they looked down at the clear, cool water. One day Alice was unkind to her sister. She went down to the pool and sat there. When she looked down she could not see the clear water; it was muddy, and instead of seeing the fish she saw a big, ugly snake coiled ready to jump at her. Alice began to sob as if her heart would break. "A lady stepped out and said, 'What are you crying for, little girl?' Alice said, 'The pool is not pretty, and I am sorry I have been rude to my sister.' The fairy told Alice to go and meet her sister, so Alice went and they threw their arms around each other and kissed. They went back to the pool and it was clear. 'Children,' said the fairy, 'the pool is just like your hearts. If you are good the pool will be clear and clean, and if you are not good the pool will be dirty and muddy.' So she disappeared, and Alice woke up, for she had been dreaming.

Edna Carille, Aged 11, Underwood, Ia.

There was a little house by the river in which two little girls used to play. Their names were Alice and Edith. They would watch the pebbles as the wind would rock them to the shore, and this little place the children would call the "fairy pool" and they would say the fairies kept their house very clean. They could see fish and beautiful shells as they looked down at the clear, cool water. One day Alice was unkind to her sister. She went down to the pool and sat there. When she looked down she could not see the clear water; it was muddy, and instead of seeing the fish she saw a big, ugly snake coiled ready to jump at her. Alice began to sob as if her heart would break. "A lady stepped out and said, 'What are you crying for, little girl?' Alice said, 'The pool is not pretty, and I am sorry I have been rude to my sister.' The fairy told Alice to go and meet her sister, so Alice went and they threw their arms around each other and kissed. They went back to the pool and it was clear. 'Children,' said the fairy, 'the pool is just like your hearts. If you are good the pool will be clear and clean, and if you are not good the pool will be dirty and muddy.' So she disappeared, and Alice woke up, for she had been dreaming.

Edna Carille, Aged 11, Underwood, Ia.

There was a little house by the river in which two little girls used to play. Their names were Alice and Edith. They would watch the pebbles as the wind would rock them to the shore, and this little place the children would call the "fairy pool" and they would say the fairies kept their house very clean. They could see fish and beautiful shells as they looked down at the clear, cool water. One day Alice was unkind to her sister. She went down to the pool and sat there. When she looked down she could not see the clear water; it was muddy, and instead of seeing the fish she saw a big, ugly snake coiled ready to jump at her. Alice began to sob as if her heart would break. "A lady stepped out and said, 'What are you crying for, little girl?' Alice said, 'The pool is not pretty, and I am sorry I have been rude to my sister.' The fairy told Alice to go and meet her sister, so Alice went and they threw their arms around each other and kissed. They went back to the pool and it was clear. 'Children,' said the fairy, 'the pool is just like your hearts. If you are good the pool will be clear and clean, and if you are not good the pool will be dirty and muddy.' So she disappeared, and Alice woke up, for she had been dreaming.

Edna Carille, Aged 11, Underwood, Ia.

There was a little house by the river in which two little girls used to play. Their names were Alice and Edith. They would watch the pebbles as the wind would rock them to the shore, and this little place the children would call the "fairy pool" and they would say the fairies kept their house very clean. They could see fish and beautiful shells as they looked down at the clear, cool water. One day Alice was unkind to her sister. She went down to the pool and sat there. When she looked down she could not see the clear water; it was muddy, and instead of seeing the fish she saw a big, ugly snake coiled ready to jump at her. Alice began to sob as if her heart would break. "A lady stepped out and said, 'What are you crying for, little girl?' Alice said, 'The pool is not pretty, and I am sorry I have been rude to my sister.' The fairy told Alice to go and meet her sister, so Alice went and they threw their arms around each other and kissed. They went back to the pool and it was clear. 'Children,' said the fairy, 'the pool is just like your hearts. If you are good the pool will be clear and clean, and if you are not good the pool will be dirty and muddy.' So she disappeared, and Alice woke up, for she had been dreaming.

Edna Carille, Aged 11, Underwood, Ia.

There was a little house by the river in which two little girls used to play. Their names were Alice and Edith. They would watch the pebbles as the wind would rock them to the shore, and this little place the children would call the "fairy pool" and they would say the fairies kept their house very clean. They could see fish and beautiful shells as they looked down at the clear, cool water. One day Alice was unkind to her sister. She went down to the pool and sat there. When she looked down she could not see the clear water; it was muddy, and instead of seeing the fish she saw a big, ugly snake coiled ready to jump at her. Alice began to sob as if her heart would break. "A lady stepped out and said, 'What are you crying for, little girl?' Alice said, 'The pool is not pretty, and I am sorry I have been rude to my sister.' The fairy told Alice to go and meet her sister, so Alice went and they threw their arms around each other and kissed. They went back to the pool and it was clear. 'Children,' said the fairy, 'the pool is just like your hearts. If you are good the pool will be clear and clean, and if you are not good the pool will be dirty and muddy.' So she disappeared, and Alice woke up, for she had been dreaming.

Edna Carille, Aged 11, Underwood, Ia.

There was a little house by the river in which two little girls used to play. Their names were Alice and Edith. They would watch the pebbles as the wind would rock them to the shore, and this little place the children would call the "fairy pool" and they would say the fairies kept their house very clean. They could see fish and beautiful shells as they looked down at the clear, cool water. One day Alice was unkind to her sister. She went down to the pool and sat there. When she looked down she could not see the clear water; it was muddy, and instead of seeing the fish she saw a big, ugly snake coiled ready to jump at her. Alice began to sob as if her heart would break. "A lady stepped out and said, 'What are you crying for, little girl?' Alice said, 'The pool is not pretty, and I am sorry I have been rude to my sister.' The fairy told Alice to go and meet her sister, so Alice went and they threw their arms around each other and kissed. They went back to the pool and it was clear. 'Children,' said the fairy, 'the pool is just like your hearts. If you are good the pool will be clear and clean, and if you are not good the pool will be dirty and muddy.' So she disappeared, and Alice woke up, for she had been dreaming.

Edna Carille, Aged 11, Underwood, Ia.

There was a little house by the river in which two little girls used to play. Their names were Alice and Edith. They would watch the pebbles as the wind would rock them to the shore, and this little place the children would call the "fairy pool" and they would say the fairies kept their house very clean. They could see fish and beautiful shells as they looked down at the clear, cool water. One day Alice was unkind to her sister. She went down to the pool and sat there. When she looked down she could not see the clear water; it was muddy, and instead of seeing the fish she saw a big, ugly snake coiled ready to jump at her. Alice began to sob as if her heart would break. "A lady stepped out and said, 'What are you crying for, little girl?' Alice said, 'The pool is not pretty, and I am sorry I have been rude to my sister.' The fairy told Alice to go and meet her sister, so Alice went and they threw their arms around each other and kissed. They went back to the pool and it was clear. 'Children,' said the fairy, 'the pool is just like your hearts. If you are good the pool will be clear and clean, and if you are not good the pool will be dirty and muddy.' So she disappeared, and Alice woke up, for she had been dreaming.

Edna Carille, Aged 11, Underwood, Ia.

There was a little house by the river in which two little girls used to play. Their names were Alice and Edith. They would watch the pebbles as the wind would rock them to the shore, and this little place the children would call the "fairy pool" and they would say the fairies kept their house very clean. They could see fish and beautiful shells as they looked down at the clear, cool water. One day Alice was unkind to her sister. She went down to the pool and sat there. When she looked down she could not see the clear water; it was muddy, and instead of seeing the fish she saw a big, ugly snake coiled ready to jump at her. Alice began to sob as if her heart would break. "A lady stepped out and said, 'What are you crying for, little girl?' Alice said, 'The pool is not pretty, and I am sorry I have been rude to my sister.' The fairy told Alice to go and meet her sister, so Alice went and they threw their arms around each other and kissed. They went back to the pool and it was clear. 'Children,' said the fairy, 'the pool is just like your hearts. If you are good the pool will be clear and clean, and if you are not good the pool will be dirty and muddy.' So she disappeared, and Alice woke up, for she had been dreaming.

Edna Carille, Aged 11, Underwood, Ia.

There was a little house by the river in which two little girls used to play. Their names were Alice and Edith. They would watch the pebbles as the wind would rock them to the shore, and this little place the children would call the "fairy pool" and they would say the fairies kept their house very clean. They could see fish and beautiful shells as they looked down at the clear, cool water. One day Alice was unkind to her sister. She went down to the pool and sat there. When she looked down she could not see the clear water; it was muddy, and instead of seeing the fish she saw a big, ugly snake coiled ready to jump at her. Alice began to sob as if her heart would break. "A lady stepped out and said, 'What are you crying for, little girl?' Alice said, 'The pool is not pretty, and I am sorry I have been rude to my sister.' The fairy told Alice to go and meet her sister, so Alice went and they threw their arms around each other and kissed. They went back to the pool and it was clear. 'Children,' said the fairy, 'the pool is just like your hearts. If you are good the pool will be clear and clean, and if you are not good the pool will be dirty and muddy.' So she disappeared, and Alice woke up, for she had been dreaming.

Edna Carille, Aged 11, Underwood, Ia.

There was a little house by the river in which two little girls used to play. Their names were Alice and Edith. They would watch the pebbles as the wind would rock them to the shore, and this little place the children would call the "fairy pool" and they would say the fairies kept their house very clean. They could see fish and beautiful shells as they looked down at the clear, cool water. One day Alice was unkind to her sister. She went down to the pool and sat there. When she looked down she could not see the clear water; it was muddy, and instead of seeing the fish she saw a big, ugly snake coiled ready to jump at her. Alice began to sob as if her heart would break. "A lady stepped out and said, 'What are you crying for, little girl?' Alice said, 'The pool is not pretty, and I am sorry I have been rude to my sister.' The fairy told Alice to go and meet her sister, so Alice went and they threw their arms around each other and kissed. They went back to the pool and it was clear. 'Children,' said the fairy, 'the pool is just like your hearts. If you are good the pool will be clear and clean, and if you are not good the pool will be dirty and muddy.' So she disappeared, and Alice woke up, for she had been dreaming.

Edna Carille, Aged 11, Underwood, Ia.

There was a little house by the river in which two little girls used to play. Their names were Alice and Edith. They would watch the pebbles as the wind would rock them to the shore, and this little place the children would call the "fairy pool" and they would say the fairies kept their house very clean. They could see fish and beautiful shells as they looked down at the clear, cool water. One day Alice was unkind to her sister. She went down to the pool and sat there. When she looked down she could not see the clear water; it was muddy, and instead of seeing the fish she saw a big,