

# The Busy Bees

# Their Own Page

INDEPENDENCE DAY, the Fourth of July, will be celebrated Saturday by young and old Americans, wherever they are. While it is fitting that the Busy Bees observe this day appropriately, the editor wishes to warn you against the use of dangerous and noisy fireworks and fire crackers. Let us all pay our respects to the far-seeing men of 1776, who signed the Declaration of Independence and through whose efforts we today live in and enjoy the blessings of a free country.

The American Boy for July contains a timely warning for the youth of the land with regard to the observance of the Fourth. "The men who made possible the Fourth of July did not intend it should be a day of danger. They did not mean it should cause a loss of thousands of lives and millions of dollars in property. Noise is not patriotism. Noise caused by dangerous explosives is worse than folly. The powder that causes one detonation may blind your friend; it may cost you a limb; it may even demand a life. Is the noise worth the price?"

"A firecracker costing a fraction of a cent may start a fire that will burn thousands of dollars. Is the noise worth it? Patriotism is the willingness to sacrifice for your country's good. To go without firecrackers and fireworks is a small sacrifice to good citizenship. To avoid unnecessary danger and loss is good sense, so abstain from dangerous noise."

This week, first prize was awarded to Mildred E. Johnson of the Blue side; second prize to Alice Thomas of the Red side; and honorable mention to Abbott Fraser of the Red Side.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

**Experience with Sparrows.**  
By Mildred E. Johnson, Aged 9 Years, 174 Lake Street, Omaha, Blue Side.  
One Saturday last spring I thought I would make a wren-house. The first thing I did was to get a small box and put a roof on it, then I made a hole that was as small as I could make it, as big as a marble and when that was done I made a tiny little window. When the wrens came, I looked in it and saw two little eggs. The next day came and some sparrows looked into the nest and I guess they thought it would make a fine home, so they got some feathers and after they had got the feathers the hole was too small for the sparrows.

(Second Prize.)

**Yellowstone Park.**  
By Alice Thomas, Aged 11 Years, Box 135, Deer Trail, Colo., Red Side.  
Let us take a trip to the great Yellowstone park. There are the beautiful falls, the water rushing over the bank and the beautiful rocks, and there is "Old Faithful" that shoots its water 100 feet high and holds it in the air three minutes, making the grand fountain look like a million diamonds dancing through the rainbow.  
Then there are the Gibbon falls, which, too, are very beautiful. There is also a hot springs cone. You can fish in a lake, turn around and drop the fish in the hot springs, where they cook.  
The animals of Yellowstone are tame. The bears will let you feed them. There are big herds of deer, too.  
All these are beautiful sights, so everyone comes to see them.

(Honorable Mention.)

**Diary of a Cat.**  
By Abbott Fraser, Aged 9 Years, Broken Bow, Neb., Red Side.  
Monday: This morning my mistress went to church. She locked me up all alone in the house. I got into the pantry and ate some steak that was upon a shelf. When she came home she missed the steak and knew I ate it. She locked me up in the coal house.  
Tuesday: I made so much noise last night that my mistress came and let me out. This afternoon my mistress had company. It was a woman and a little girl. The girl played with me. She pulled my tail and I scratched her.  
Wednesday: It rained all day today and I slept most of the time.  
Thursday: Mistress is ill. The doctor says she has pneumonia.  
Friday: Mistress is worse. The neighbor's cat came over this morning. I asked her what pneumonia was. She said she didn't know.  
Saturday: Grey, Mrs. Smith's cat, died today. We had a funeral and buried her.  
Sunday: Mistress is lots better. She called me into her room today and petted me a long time. I think she will soon be well. Hurrah!

**Picking Gooseberries.**  
By Mary Marshall, Aged 11 Years, 1315 Quincy Street, Columbus, Neb., Blue Side.  
One sunny morning in May I went to look about the garden. I went, also, to look at the gooseberries. How big they were! When I saw them I was surprised to see such big gooseberries. I ran into the house and told mamma about them and she said, "I think they are big enough to pick, so you may get a pail and pick some and we will sell them." I was picking awhile when my sister came running out with a pail and we both picked about three quarts. When we came into the house to empty them, mamma said it was dinner time, so we ate our dinner.  
"Can I help them, too?" asked my brother. "Yes," said mamma, "you may." So in the afternoon we went to work again and picked six quarts. In the evening we sold them.

**Little Robin Falls.**  
By Kenneth Clark, Aged 11 Years, Central City, Neb., Red Side.  
Once there was an old mother robin who lived with her little children in a cozy nest high up in a tree. One morning she went out for food as usual and told her children not to get out of the nest while she was gone, but one of her children would not mind her, and as soon as she was gone he tried to get out of the nest and fell to the ground. It was a terrible fall. Just then Mrs. Robin came home, and when she saw her naughty child lying on the ground she got some of her neighbors and they carried little robin back up to his cozy home. Then little robin told his mother that he would always mind her, and he always did.

**New Busy Bee.**  
By Walter Mahoney, Aged 11 Years, R. F. D. 1, Fullerton, Neb., Red Side.  
Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have ever written to the Busy Bee page. I am in the fifth grade at school. My teacher's name was Mr. Homer Gooding. I will write again. I wish to see my letter in print.

**Goes Fishing.**  
By Guy Shenk, Aged 11 Years, Clarke, Neb., R. F. D. No. 2, Red Side.  
One day last summer my father was playing corn. We ate dinner and afterwards we went fishing. There were three

### HERE'S ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST OF THE BUSY BEES.



Photo by Sandberg & Eilmer  
Fannie Klein

shall I do?" cried Mida, then the young man came and said: "You are free from the golden touch," and then he turned everything that Mida had touched back to its natural self.

#### Prize for Best Garden.

By Alice Thomas, Aged 11 Years, Deer Trail, Colo., Red Side.  
"Oh, dear!" sighed Mabel, "such work! Well, I don't want to win the prize," she said, as she carried a bucket of water to the garden. "I know I won't win the prize."  
Mabel's father, Mr. Loans, said he would give a prize to the one who would have the best garden. By the first of July she looked around and saw Josie at work digging and working away. She walked over to Josie and said, "Well, look at those asters! Mine are not half that big."  
"Why don't you tend them," said kind little Josie.  
"I can't," said Mabel.  
"Come and see if you can't," said Josie. So they went together to Mabel's garden. Josie helped her for an hour or so; then she said: "Now, Mabel, see if you can't do ahead."  
That evening Mr. Loans walked out into the garden. He said, "Mabel, you are doing fine, too."  
"I am trying to do my best. Josie set me on my feet. Look at my asters and sweet peas; and papa, look at the morning glories and panies."  
"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Loans, "I am very proud of you both."  
The first day of July both children were up at a very early hour. "Well, papa," both cried as they walked to the garden, "who won the prize?"  
"Both," he said, and both received a bright five-dollar piece.

fetch her out," young Putnam said. He then crept into the cave very softly, raised his gun and fired. The wolf fell back with a groan. It was dead. His friends then cheered him.  
When the Revolutionary war began, Putnam was plowing in the field, when a soldier came and told him the king's soldiers were fighting at Boston. "Then I must be off to help my people," said he, and hurried away to join the army. Another time, a fire caught near a house where the powder was stored. Everybody but Putnam was frightened and ran away from the place. Putnam stayed and fought till the flames were out.  
Another time he was taken prisoner by the Indians, and they piled dry sticks around where he was tied. Then they set fire to the sticks. He did not show any signs of fear. He would have been burned to death if a white man had not saved him. I think Putnam was a very brave man.

#### The First Mouse.

By Dorothy Patten, Aged 11 Years, Fremont, Neb., Red Side.  
Once upon a time there lived six fairies. One of them was a little peewee, but she was very beautiful. Her peculiarities were round ears, beady black eyes (most uncommon in a fairy), and she always wore gowns of gray silk or satin.  
Now you must know that in the woods nearby there lived a witch who was as ugly as she was wicked.  
But she wanted to be as beautiful as Mousetta, the queer little fairy.  
One day the fairy Mousetta went into the woods to pick flowers. There she was met by the wicked witch Hazelwood, who said, "Ah, my beautiful fairy, now I have you in my power, unless you consent to changing faces."  
"Never," screamed Mousetta.  
"Then," said the witch, "quit the form of a fairy and take one of a small animal, but retaining all of your peculiarities," and said the witch shaking a finger with rage, "you shall be called by the first five letters of your name."  
"Zippie! Zimmie! Presto!" and where the fairy had stood a moment before there now was a small gray animal who scampered away at sight of the witch.  
The little animal had small round ears, dark black beady eyes and soft gray fur. That was the history of the first mouse and now when you see "Mousetta" and hear her squeak, you may be sure she is saying, "Break the enchantment, o-o-o-o, oh! oh! oh!"

**The Rattlesnake.**  
By Mary Palmer, Aged 5 Years, Columbus, Neb., Red Side.  
Once there was a little girl who went with her mother to visit her aunts, uncles and cousins in southern Michigan. One of her cousins came with a horse and buggy to take her to their home.  
On the way her cousin stopped the horse and got out and killed a rattlesnake.  
A few days later she was out under an apple tree playing house. She heard a noise behind her and turned around and there was a big rattlesnake. She ran into the house and told her uncle and he came out and killed it.  
This is a true story.

**How Chubby Got to College.**  
By Alice E. Schuler, Aged 13 Years, Decorah, Neb., R. 1, Blue Side.  
Chubby was the nickname of a girl named Ethel. But the name, Ethel was seldom heard as every one called her Chubby.  
Chubby was a very ambitious girl and her main aim was to get a college education. Money was a scarce thing in that household, but as Chubby had plenty of time, she decided to earn enough money to go.  
She had several bushes of the prettiest American Beauty Roses in town and was well known for it. She also had ferns as nice.  
When June came around, when so many weddings take place, and graduation exercises were on, she thought she might be able to sell some, as there were no roses around as nice nor were they near. Every class had the Ameri-

**Kindness.**  
By Sarah Hurrett, Aged 3 Years, Columbus, Neb., Blue Side.  
There once lived a little girl whose name was Eva. Eva was playing one day when she saw a poor lady carrying a heavy bundle. Eva felt sorry for her as she looked pale and tired.  
"Poor lady," thought Eva, "she has nothing to eat and drink, while I have too much."  
Running to the lady Eva offered to give her food and let her rest. The lady said she would so Eva took her into the house.  
As Eva turned to take the lady's bundle, she stared with surprise at her. For there, instead of an old lady, stood a fairy.  
"Do not be surprised," said the fairy, "you are very kind, so that I will give you a ring. You have only to turn it and I will obey your wishes."  
"Oh! I thank you," cried Eva, but the fairy had vanished.  
I hope that Mr. Wastebasket is off for a visit.

**Punished for Curiosity.**  
By Beniah Christiansen, Aged 13 Years, Bradshaw, Neb., Blue Side.  
Once there were two children whose names were Harry and Mary White. Harry was 10 years old and Mary was 8 years old.  
Now these children did like to play, but they did not like work. Their birthdays happened to be on the same day,

and their mother thought she would have a party for them.  
Their mother asked them to go to town and get a package. Of course they did not want to, but mother told them they must. They went, but very unhappy were they. They decided to open the package on the way home and see what was in it. So when they got out of sight, they looked in, and behold, there were some of their favorite cookies. They must taste them. These tasted so good they ate them all and were very sorry when mamma told them they were to have a party, but now they couldn't have it.

**Just a Minute.**  
By Doris Rich, Aged in Years, 1122 North Twentieth Street, Omaha, Red Side.  
One day as Mabel was playing with some girls her mother said, "Mabel, come into the house and eat your supper, then we will go to the show." "Just a minute," answered Mabel. So her father and mother ate their supper and went to the show. They left Mabel playing with the girls.  
Pretty soon her mother and father came home and there sat Mabel, crying so hard because she wanted to go to the show. So her mother told her that when she was called she should not say, "Just a minute." The next morning when Mabel was through with her work she ran out to play with the girls. She was always listening for her mother's call. Pretty soon her father came home with a big doll and then laid it on the table. After he sat the doll on the table Mabel's mother went to call her, but alas! she forgot and said, "Just a minute." Her mother told her that she had forgotten. She tried very hard for the doll until she remembered never to say, "Just a minute."

**A Brave Deed.**  
By Mary Doll, Walnut, Ia., Aged 11 Years, Red Side.  
Once there was a man and his wife who lived in the country and had two children named Mary and John.  
One day there was to be a great sale at one of the towns. Everything was to be sold at half price.  
As they were poor, Mr. and Mrs. Brown wanted to go. It was about six miles to town, and they had to go through a mile of timber.  
When Mr. and Mrs. Brown were on the way home they saw a man running as fast as he could.  
"What are you running for?" asked Mr. Brown.  
"The man stopped long enough to say, 'A flood by your house. The river has overflowed.'"  
Mr. Brown drove his horses as fast as he could and at last he came to the timber. Brown's home was just on the other side of the timber.  
The horses were tired and could not go any longer. At last they almost stopped. Mr. Brown got out and said to Mrs. Brown, "You can drive the rest of the way and I will run as fast as I can. I will get a boat and save Mary and John and anybody else I see."  
Mr. Brown found a boat and some oars and rowed as fast as he could to their home. He found Mary and John looking out of one of the upstairs windows.  
As soon as Mary saw her father she cried, "Oh! father, I am so glad you have come! I was so afraid we would be drowned."  
Mr. Brown took Mary and John in the boat and rowed towards a tree where four people were clinging. He took these people in with him and went towards the timber where Mrs. Brown was waiting. The people that Mr. Brown saved gave him \$100.  
When the flood subsided, Mr. Brown sold their home of one-half acre and they moved where there were no floods.

**Our Pets.**  
By Emma Schuler, Aged 11 Years, Ponca, Neb., Red Side.  
My brother Albert and I have two pet cows. Their names are Nellie and Jessie. They think a lot of each other for they are always together.  
When they were little calves we could lead them to the water just like horses. We hitched them to a little cart and then we would drive around the place with them. We used to have a lot of fun driving around with our little ponies.  
They both have little calves now. Their names are Mollie and Polle. They are our pets too. Every night when they come from the pasture Albert and I play with them for a few minutes.

**In Pleased with Book.**  
By Gell Baldwin, Herman, Neb., Blue Side.  
Dear Editor: I received my prize this morning and I wish to thank you for it. I am very much pleased with it.  
**Spring.**  
By Lucille Bliss, Aged 10 Years, 2021 1/2 Street, South Omaha, Neb., Red Side.  
When the sun shines warm,  
And the thrush sings clear,  
And the sparrow ruffles his wings forlorn,  
The Spring.  
When the apple buds are swelling,  
And the grass getting green,  
And the farmers plow their gardens and  
begin planting things,  
The Spring.  
When the cock begins to crow  
From the nest behind the hay,  
And the little chicks begin to grow,  
The Spring.  
Oh! how pretty is the spring, is the  
spring, is the spring,  
When the mountain blue sings  
I've perfumy air to fillus,  
The Spring.

**Kind Betty.**  
By Rosella Klein, 814 Hickory Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.  
One day when Betty was up town she saw a poor boy who was looking in a bakery shop window, dirty and hungry. Little Betty was very sorry for him and went up to him and asked why he didn't go home. He said sadly, "I have no mother, but when she died she told me to take care of my sisters, Elizabeth, Gertrude and Blanche."  
Betty asked her mother if she might have them for her sisters and brother. Her mother was kind and let her have them. So they were fed and lived happily.

**Fishing.**  
By Iva Thompson, Aged 10 Years, Loveland, Ia.  
One day a lady and her children came by. They were going fishing and wanted us to go too. Mamma and the boys and I got in and went with them. When we reached the lake the women fished and we girls waded in the water. We thought we would have fish for supper but my brothers only caught two or three little fish. This is a true story and the first story I have written.

**June.**  
By Henry Gloyer, Aged 11 Years, Gretna, Neb., Red Side.  
June is here and it is raining. We stay in the house so we shall not get wet. Everybody is feeling drowsy when night comes. People go to bed early. When morning comes, people run to the rooms to see if it rained and some run to the

**Rules for Young Writers.**  
1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.  
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.  
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.  
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.  
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.  
First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.  
Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE, OMAHA, NEB.

of us—my father, my brother and I. We went about one-half mile away from home. We caught two catfish. We fished with a pitchfork. One of them weighed ten pounds and the other weighed five pounds and one-half. Then we went home and my mother and father took them and cleaned them. This is a true story.

**The Captured Wolf.**  
By Viola Poggenahl, Venus, Neb., Oak View Ranch, Blue Side.  
"Five more chickens gone," announced Mr. Russell, as he walked into the house, where Delma, Carlina and Mrs. Russell sat.  
"We will have to catch that wolf, somehow," said Mrs. Russell. "Why not set some traps?"  
So Mr. Russell set some traps in front of the door of the chicken coop that night.  
In the morning what a sight their eyes beheld! There, strewn all over the ground, were feathers and bones. The wolf had killed eight chickens during the night.  
They had expected to see the wolf in the trap, but, instead, they saw the remains of the poor chickens. All week Mr. Russell kept the traps set, but no wolf was caught.  
Finally, at the end of the week, the two sisters started out in search of the wolf's den. They hunted for three long days. At the end of the third day they came upon a large hole on the side of a hill under some bushes. Bones were found all around the den.  
"This must be it," said Delma. "Looks like it," agreed Carlina. They set some traps there that night. In the morning the traps were undisturbed. This continued for another long week. On the last day, when they were returning from the wolf's den, they came suddenly upon a wolf that was sitting on the ground eating a chicken.  
"That's him," whispered Delma.  
"Let's shoot," said Carlina.  
Carlina took deliberate aim and fired. With a yelp of distress the wolf sped away and out of sight.  
"I missed him; you could have done better," said Carlina in a disappointed tone.  
"If at first you don't succeed—try, try again—say, let's give him a chase," she broke off, as an idea struck her.  
"Come on," said Carlina, and off they went. For about three miles they rode steadily on. They halted in front of a small grove of trees.  
With a quick motion Delma raised her rifle and there was a quick report.  
There was a howl of pain and a wolf staggered out from under the trees and fell to the ground.  
Whenever any one goes to the girls' room they always see a wolf skin stretched out on the floor.

**A Pussy Cat Clock.**  
By Beniah Christiansen, Aged 12 Years, Bradshaw, Neb., Blue Side.  
The abbe here relates that when he was traveling in China he asked his attendant what time it was. The man went over to a cat that was quietly basking in the sun and, examining its eyes, told the abbe that it was about two hours after noon, and on being questioned how he knew that he explained that the pupils of a cat's eyes were largest in the morning and that they grew smaller as the light increased till they reached their minimum at noon; that then they began to widen again till at night they once more became large. It is said that the abbe was filled with admiration for the ingenuity of a people who could use cats' eyes for clocks.  
I hope my letter escapes Mr. Wastebasket.

**Israel Putnam.**  
By Mary E. Grevson, Aged 12 Years. There one lived in Connecticut Israel Putnam, a general in the great war which we call the "Revolutionary War," and people still talk about his daring deeds.  
In those days, there were a good many wolves in the country. One wolf had her den in a cave not far from Putnam's home, and many were the pigs and sheep that she killed.  
The farmers had tried to rid themselves of the pest, but they could not even get sight of her.  
One night five lambs were killed in one field and two in another. The farmers made up their mind that they would put an end to such work, and the very next day they met for a grand wolf hunt. They tracked the wolf to the mouth of the cave, but the beast was too wise to come out of her den. "I will

## Father Misses Something in the Paper



cellar and see that it is full of water. They begin carrying and pumping. The roads are muddy and water is standing. Some boys go fishing and wading.

**A Nutting Party.**  
By Mary Goldenstein, Aged 3 Years, Glenville, Neb., Red Side.  
One day Mabel came running into the house. "Oh, mamma," she cried, "may I have a birthday party?"  
"Oh, my dear, I cannot make your goodie, because your aunt is coming."  
"I know of something to do, and I won't bother you a bit."  
"Well, all right. If you know of something to do, you can," said her mother.  
It was Saturday. May wrote the invitations. Tuesday came and all the children arrived.  
"Come with me," said May, "to the woods." They went to the woods and saw that there were hardly any nuts left on the trees.  
"Where have they all gone to?" asked John Brown.  
"Why," laughed May, "Joe has hid them and we must find them and the one who finds the most will get twelve Easter eggs."  
Sunday was Easter. A girl named Helen won the Easter eggs.

**Heat Ruins Garden.**  
By Ruth Stewart, Aged 3 Years, Tecumseh, Neb., Blue Side.  
Dear Busy Bees: This spring we planted a garden. We put in vegetables and flowers. In the vegetable garden we planted lettuce, radishes, beets, rainbow corn and peas. And in the flower bed we had sweet-williams, smart-gold, bachelor buttons, four o'clocks and sweet peas. This spring it was so hot that it killed my brother's garden. Our lettuce is growing old, our onions are old and our radishes are all dead.  
Next Sunday is children's day. I have a little song called "Christ's Garden," which will be sung by ten little girls.

**Miss Fussy.**  
By Mary Thomas, Aged 10 Years, Deer Trail, Colo., Box 65, Red Side.  
"Now Goldie, I don't see why you are always so fussy. Don't you think it would be better to try and get along with your playmates? You are even after the cat and dog. Now look what you have done. When you have lived as long as I, you will find out those who quarrel are always losers."  
Of course, Goldie is only a hen, but this is true about every one.

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**FRATILE OF THE YOUNGSTERS**  
Teacher—"Can you name a bird that is now extinct?"  
Small Pupil—"Yes, ma'am, our canary. The cat exterminated him yesterday."  
"My mamma wears a No. 1 shoe, boasted little Maggie."  
"Huh!" exclaimed small Elizabeth, "That's nothing. My mamma wears a No. 2."  
"Say, boy, somebody told me I would find a spanking team in this neighborhood. Do you know where they are?"  
"In our house, mister. They're pa and ma."

Child Visitor—"Mrs. Jones, please can I get upstairs in your room and look in your closet?"  
Hostess—"Why Willie, what do you want in my closet?"  
Child Visitor—"I want to see the skeleton pa says you've got there."  
Little Eloise had been naughty and her mother had chastised her.  
The next morning her mother asked if she had prayed for the Lord to forgive her for being such a bad girl.  
"Yes," replied Eloise, "and I prayed for Him to forgive you, too."

"Bless me!" said Tommy's great uncle. "Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?"  
"Never!" replied Tommy. "We have moral suasion in our school."  
"What's that?"  
"Oh, we get 'em in, and stood up in corners, and locked out and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at and jawed at, and that's all."  
Sunday School Teacher—"What do you understand by suffering for righteousness' sake?"  
Little Girl—"Please, miss, it means having to come to Sunday school."

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