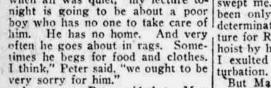


THE BEE: OMAHA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1921.





Squirrel and Mrs. Woodchuck took that it was a shame, and that he

tales about that poor boy, to show tale was sadder than the one just be-

Chuck rose hurriedly and hobbled away from the lecture. He had sat in one of the best seats, because it was free. And he had wept quite noisily, once or twice, because it cost no more to weep and he wanted all he could get for nothing. But when Mr. Squirrel said what he did, Uncle Jerry at once thought of a had better leave before it was too

Peter Mink saw him go. here and there he noticed other people who looked as if they would like to leave, too. And he knew that there was no time to lose.

hope no more will go-unless, of course, they're so stingy that they wouldn't care to give a little something to help this poor boy I've been telling you about."

leave, because nobody wanted to be

Woodchuck to take up a collection for this poor boy," Peter Mink said. 'And I've no doubt that they will be glad to give all they can, them-

Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Woodchuck saw that everybody was looking at them. And they at once emptied their pocketbooks into their hats.

poor boy's name?" a hoarse voice called. It was Mr. Crow who asked

body

hands. have a better opinion of Peter Mink. But old Mr. Crow only laughed loudly from his perch in the tree.

horse in very early ages, the first record of riding as an art is in

