

# BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

SOME of the Busy Bees have been "birds," as they call it. That is, they have gone to the woods or to the parks and studied the birds, each trying to see how many different kinds they could see. Before one goes birding it is necessary to study something about them, for otherwise there are so many kinds of birds that one does not recognize.

A new Busy Bee sent in a story written on both sides of the paper this week, which, of course, could not be used, for the printers never turn a page, so that would leave only part of the story. Some continued stories have been sent in, but the short stories are preferred by the Busy Bees, so that they are the only ones that receive prizes.

The illustrated rebus last week was, "The spring is here, and birds are in the trees, and flowers bloom over the field." Correct answers were sent in by Myrtle Jensen and Mary McAdams.

Prizes were awarded this week to Mabel Witt, on the Blue side, and to Verna Kirschbaum, also on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Rena N. Mead of the Blue side.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

- Marguerite Johnson, 923 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Jean De Long, Alnsworth, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Barnhart, Neb.
- Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
- Anna Gottsch, Lexington, Neb.
- Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Agnes Dahmke, Benson, Neb.
- Maria Grasmeyer, Benson, Neb. (box 12).
- Ida May, Central City, Neb.
- Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
- Louisa Ham, David City, Neb.
- Rhea Freidell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Bunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
- Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marion Cayne, Gibson, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gresham, Neb.
- Lydia Roth, 66 West Keonig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 185 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 405 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schultz, 42 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Margie Murphy, 258 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Hester E. Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
- Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
- Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Elizabeth Johnson, Lincoln, Neb.
- Marian Hamilton, 203 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Elsie Hamilton, 203 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Disher, 203 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Hughie Disher, 203 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Louise Lyons, 203 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, 203 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Louise Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
- Luella Larkin, No. Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma Marquardt, North and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Reverie M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Helen Goodrich, 610 Nicholas street, Omaha.
- Orrin Fisher, 210 South Eleventh street, Omaha.
- Omaha.
- Mildred Erickson, 2700 Howard street, Omaha.
- Oscar Erickson, 2700 Howard street, Omaha.
- Louis Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
- Frances Johnson, 533 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Emma Carruthers, 251 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Leonora Denton, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.
- Max Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
- Maize L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
- Zola Hedden, Orleans, Neb.
- Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
- Maria Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
- Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
- Ethel Enis, Stanton, Neb.
- Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.
- Lena Petersen, 2111 Locust street, East Omaha.
- Ira Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.
- Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.
- Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
- Max Grunke, West Point, Neb.
- Ethel Stastny, Wilber, Neb.
- Frederick Wars, Winslow, Neb.
- Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
- Edna Behling, York, Neb.
- Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
- Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
- Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
- Ethel Mulholland, Box 71, Maivern, Ia.
- Ethel Roberton, Manilla, Ia.
- Katherine Mellor, Maivern, Ia.
- Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
- Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
- Pauline Squire, Grand, Okla.
- Fred Shiner, 120 Troup street, Kansas City, Kan.
- Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Attila, Ind.
- Mary Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Eva Hendes, 462 Dodge street, Omaha.
- Estelle Johnson, 462 Dodge street, Omaha.
- Lillian Witt, 418 Cass street, Omaha.
- Emilie Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Edith Johnson, 107 Locust St., Omaha.
- Ada Morris, 2434 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Myrtle Jensen, 209 13th street, Omaha.
- Gail Howard, 210 South Eleventh, Omaha.
- Helen Houck, 103 Lothrop street, Omaha.
- Emerson Goodrich, 409 Nicholas, Omaha.
- Mildred Johnson, 210 South Eleventh, Omaha.
- Leon Carson, 1134 North Fortieth, Omaha.
- Wilma Howard, 473 Capitol Ave., Omaha.
- Ethel Fisher, 120 South Eleventh, Omaha.
- Mildred Jensen, 277 Leavenworth, Omaha.
- Edna Heden, 2189 Chicago street, Omaha.
- Mabel Witt, 414 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Walter Johnson, 205 North Twentieth street, Omaha.

## The Little Indian and Springtime

Grace V. Bradley, 2014 Charles Street, Omaha.

WHAT is spring to the little Indian, the real child of Nature? It means, to those in school, a desire (often carried out) to be a moment late when the bells ring and in a hurry to get out again and shout and laugh and skip and run. They welcome the return of the meadowlark, whose song is in the Sioux language, so the little Indians say. They see the first crow and duck; they find the very first grasshopper and butterfly and bring them into the house to show the mission ladies. They discover the little prairie dogs, busy again on their summer homes. Best of all, they find the wild onion, or garlic (then their teachers know spring has come), and here and there during play time are groups of children digging, a stick for the tool, working hard to get the onions from the ground. Shortly following the onion the tipina is on the market, the wild turnip, which the Indian thinks worth any amount of searching and digging for. Then, when he goes for a walk, there is little walking, for the children supply themselves with sticks and harvest the tipina.

On windy spring days the big Russian thistles, last fall's crop, are extricated from the fences and used for kites. The girls as well as boys the strings to these immense "tumble weeds" and let them blow in the air. The Indian child likes to chew the pussy willow, making a gum of it. The boy wants the long, limber switches to throw mud with. He puts a ball of the waxy gum mud on the end of the switch, bends it backward, suddenly jerks his hand away and the mud sings afar into the air.

The little girls, more aesthetic, braid the new blades of grass, making crosses, mats, etc. Boys and girls alike are skillful in modeling with the

mother went on about her work, bestowing no sympathy, thinking it would be best to let Helen learn her own lesson.

When she got to school the next morning all the girls called out: "Helen have you got your problems, let's compare?" "No, I haven't," snapped Helen. She passed by without another word and went upstairs.

"Why, what have we done to her? When have we offended her?" asked the girls of each other. "Oh, I know what's the matter!" exclaimed Edith. "You girls forgot to invite her to your party last night!" "That's right, we forgot all about Helen!"

"Well, the best we can do is to be real friendly towards her." But Helen would have her spite out and was not willing to make up right away.

In about a week one of the girls went to her and begged her to be her friend again.

"Oh! What a miserable week it had been and Helen was quite willing to make up. She was sorry now that she had been so spiteful. She always told her little sister the story and at the close she would say, 'Now Jenny this is the moral: Never cut off your nose to spite your face.'"

### The Mountain Princess

By Helen Cross, Aged 11 Years, 212 Front Street, North Platte, Neb. Blue Side.

There was once a princess who lived in a castle on the top of a mountain and it was said that the young man who would bring her the most beautiful flowers would have her hand in marriage.

There was a king who lived near by and he had two sons, the oldest seemed to be very bright, but the younger was a simple, little fellow. The king heard of the princess and made up his mind to have his oldest son try his luck, so he furnished him with beautiful flowers, a horse, and a few rich cakes and started him on his journey. The younger son had heard of this princess also, and he went to ask his father, but the father refused to furnish him with a horse so that he would be able to go. But the boy went to the barn and got an old mule and drew some sour beer and started on his journey.

The eldest son rode along away up the mountain when he met an old man who asked him for some of his wine, and cakes, but the young man refused him and he rode until he came to the door of the castle where he was allowed to be shown to the princess, but just as he was in front of the throne the flowers became common sunflowers and the princess laughed at him and he returned home heart-broken.

The younger son had also met the old man and he told him he had only sour beer, but he would share it gladly. The old man drank it and wished the boy good luck. The boy had been gathering wild flowers as those were the only ones he could get. He was shown into the princess' presence and when he reached the throne his flowers turned into the most beautiful flowers and the princess exclaimed, "Oh, what beautiful flowers!" The princess liked the man and they were married.

### Fred's Prize

By Martha Noble, Aged 11 Years, 205 Hawthorne Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

There was great commotion in the little country school house for a prize was to be given to the one who read the best story of course. Ruth Simpson thought he would get it since his father was the richest of all the fathers of the boys in the school.

He didn't think the reading mattered much. But the teacher and the superintendent did. Ralph's father was a proud, selfish man, his mother was a sick, pale, nervous woman.

But there was one poor boy named Fred Smith, who was poor but honest, and who won the teacher's favor very rapidly.

He worked very hard for the prize, but had no hope of winning. He smiled faintly, for he knew who would get it. When the exciting day came, Fred had no new suit to wear like Ralph, but he was more certain of his work.

The superintendent came about fifteen minutes before two in the afternoon with a list of names and who would get it.

He called upon each one to read. When he came to Ralph he failed utterly. Next was Fred's turn. All eyes were turned toward him. He read with a voice which was pretty shaky.

There were just five more to read and then the prize was to be given out. "Fred Smith receives the prize," called out the superintendent. He handed it to Fred, who went home with a happy heart, you may be sure.

### Ruth's Lesson

By Mildred Whitehead, Aged 10 Years, Mitchell, Neb. Blue Side.

Ruth was 10, and a very large girl for her age. She had been cutting out paper dolls and when she was through her mother told her to pick up the scraps.

"As soon as I am through with this story," said Ruth. But when Ruth was finished reading her book she took another, but as soon as she was about half way through she heard a knock at the door. She opened it and there was one of her friends. She wanted Ruth to go out riding. "I will ask my mamma," said Ruth. But Ruth's mother would not let Ruth go until she had picked up the scraps, so Ruth's friend got someone else. Ruth's motto was always "obey your parents."

### The Sunflower

By Ruth Kirschbaum, Aged 10 Years, 3001 Grand Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

Once there was a little fairy that lived in the bottom of a big river. She had her cave far down in the water, but she had a chariot to drive around her realm, for she must know that she was a ruler over the fairies. Her chariot was a beautiful pink shell, and her horses were a fish and a lobster. One time as she was driving around she fell fast asleep. Her horses kept on going up, up, up, until they reached the surface of the water. The little fairy started from her sleep, for the shell was stuck tight to the fishing grass, and when she saw the glorious sun, the green trees and some little boys playing, she wondered if she were still asleep. But the thing that caught her fancy most was the sun. She stayed there all day, turning only when the sun set and rose. She stayed there one week, and finally people saw instead of a lovely little fairy a beautiful "sunflower." Its green stalk and leaves were the fairy's green dress, and petals to the flower were the fairy's sunny tresses, and the brown center of the flower was the fairy's dark eyes. Thus this simple story tells us only how we came to get the sunflower. When we see a sunflower let us think that a long time ago it was a water fairy.

### Lead, Kindly Light

By Rena N. Mead, Queen Bee, Aged 13 Years, 203 L St., Lincoln, Neb. Blue Side.

The girls had organized a Glee club. They met once a week to practice their pieces. All were assembled in Evangeline's room one Saturday evening. Little thought they how much good they were doing as they sang:

Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,  
Lead thou me on.  
Midnight dark and I am far from home,  
Lead thou me on!  
This was the sweet refrain that floated out of the window as a man passed along on his homeward way. He had been to the saloon and was reeling about when the sweet refrain fell on his ears. It made him sober up and think of home, his wife, and his little girl so dear to him just now. He never before seemed to realize how poor his home really was and how different it

### Returning Good for Evil

By Marguerite Carpenter, 2325 Cumby Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

"Please, sir, may I see my mother?" sobbed a small boy of 10 at the undertaker's door. His mother was dead and they had no money to bury her. So the undertaker was going to bury her like a pauper. His father—well, his father was nothing to him, for it was all of eight years since little Joe's father had crossed the threshold of his home.

"And now that his mother was dead, what had he in the world?"

"Go away, you rascal," gruffly answered the undertaker.

"Please, sir, just once you know she is my mother and was everything to me," he said, choking between the words.

"What did I tell you?" thundered the undertaker and he sent a kick at poor Joe. Joe bravely pulled himself up. He shook his fist and said:

"Oh, mother! mother! And he sank down on the ground.

A gray-haired man sat in the court room. The judge said: "Is there no one who will plead his cause?"

The man pleaded with the words, "Of course everyone thought him guilty. But you the alac a well-dressed young man came. 'I suppose you know me?' he inquired.

"No," replied the old man.

"I am the boy who seven years ago you would not let see his dead mother." "I suppose now you have come for your revenge?" he questioned.

"No, I have come to help you out of your trouble. You know what a wrong you did me, but I feel sorry for you and will help you. You know the Bible says, 'Return good for evil.'"

### Henry's Good Fortune

By Bertha Buffum, Aged 12 Years, Tecumseh, Neb. Blue Side.

Henry Clay lived with his mother in the little village of Lakewood. His father was a sailor and he had to support his mother. He was a very hard man. One day he came to his mother and said: "Mother, I have a good job as a sailor. I am going to cross the Atlantic ocean. I will be gone two years." The mother was sorry to be alone at that time.

One day Mrs. Clay packed up Henry's clothes, for he was to start at 3 o'clock that afternoon. His mother bade him goodbye and as the ship left the harbor the mother went back to her little cottage feeling very lonely without her only son. The next day a lady in black knocked at her door. It was her sister, Mrs. Harmon. She had come to stay with her while Henry was away. Henry arrived in six days, he sent a letter by the first

steamer telling his mother he had arrived there all right and Mr. Sanderson, the sailor, was going to sail to Iceland in a few days. Henry sent his mother half his wages, enough to support her till he got his next month's.

Days, weeks, months and years circled away till the two years were gone and it was time for Henry to return home. Mrs. Clay and Mrs. Harmon were sitting sewing when a young man knocked at the door, and she did not know him. He put his arms around her and said: "Don't you know me, mother?" "My little son," she whispered once, "my little son and my own man." Henry had laid up his share of his wages and had the sum of five thousand dollars in the bank, and he and his mother and Mrs. Harmon lived in happiness ever after.

### The Bee

By Marguerite Riley, Aged 9 Years, 264 Union Street, Omaha, Red Side.

The bee has long been a type of the industrious worker but there are few people who know how much labor the sweet board of the hive represents. Each head of clover contains a portion of sugar not exceeding the 60th part of a grain. The proceeds of the bee must therefore be inserted into 500 clover tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are 7,000 grains in a pound, and, as honey contains three-fourths of its weight of dry sugar each pound of honey represents 2,500,000 clover tubes sucked by bees.

### Augusta's Kind Deed

By Mary Elizabeth Hamilton, Aged 14 Years, Omaha, Blue Side.

Augusta was the only child of a very rich family, but she was not spoiled or selfish like some rich children are. Next door to her lived a family of very poor children. The next day was going to be her birthday and she would be 5 years old. She asked her mother if she might have the children that lived next door over to supper, her mother said, "Yes." The mother of the children said that one of them could wear her hat and best dress, but they all wanted too, so she made them go just as they were.

They did not have very nice table manners, but nobody cared. They all had a very nice time.

### How I Spent My Vacation

By Ella Schulz, Aged 10 Years, 1209 Hendricks Avenue, East St. Louis, Ill. Red Side.

One day in June I got a letter from the country saying that I should pack my valise as soon as school was out and come and spend the summer. I was very anxious to go and could hardly wait until school was out. I had only one week to wait, but it seemed like a month. But by and by the school exercises were over and the next morning I should start for the country.

I woke at 6 o'clock, for the train left at 7:50. I ate my breakfast at 8:15 and then started for the station. The train was late. Soon we heard the whistle and we all got on the train, which included my two sisters and myself.

At last we reached the small town and found my aunt and uncle and my little cousin waiting for us.

For two evenings we went to bed very early and went out with my little cousin to see the horses. There were two little ponies and we each rode on one. All at once mine turned a curve and I tumbled off. I happened to fall in the grass and did not get hurt.

The next day we went on a squirrel hunt and we got two squirrels and a rabbit. The other days were spent in happiness also. We stayed for two weeks and thought we had had the best time we ever had. And thought the next summer we would like to go again.

### Two Girls

By Mildred Johnson, Aged 12 Years, Wahoo, Neb. Blue Side.

There were two little girls, whose names were Evelyn Thornton and Marian Richmond. Marian had everything she wanted, but Evelyn had to earn money. So, one day their teacher at school said: "In a month I am going to have a prize given to the girl who has earned and saved the money."

So as they were going home Marian said to Evelyn: "It is no use for you to try, because I can get my papa to give me some money."

"Oh," said Evelyn, "would you do that? I wouldn't. That would be deceitful. She said for us to earn some."

"Oh, well, I don't care," said Marian. "In a few days Evelyn was working very hard and had \$12, while Marian didn't have any."

At last the time came when the prizes were to be given out.

Marian's papa had given her \$200, which Marian only had \$12.

At last they said that Marian had the prize, and she got a pretty diamond ring and after she got it she said she didn't want it, and she told the whole story.

Evelyn got the prize and she is now working in a millinery store and getting \$10 a month, while Marian isn't doing anything.

### Edith

By Margaret Langdon, Aged 10, Grctna, Neb. Red Side.

"Oh, gee," said Edith, "I can't wake mamma up, so be content at home, girls. I was going to see Winnifred and Howard."

"Why can't you wake her up?" said Kate Jenkins. "Because she said not to," replied Edith.

"Oh, we don't care, we're going on," said May.

Very soon they were playing and having a good time. Meantime Mrs. Gray woke up, and Edith was going over. Soon she heard screams and yelling. Playing in the barn they set it on fire. Edith was glad to stay home. At school next day they said she was wise.

### Riddles

By May Berthel, Aged 12 Years, 1287 South Twenty-fourth St., Omaha, Red Side.

Round as an apple, black as a bear, if you fall asleep that I will pull your hair. Answer: Snore lid.

Why do girls look like the moon. Answer: Because there is a man in it.

What was the name of our president seven years ago? Taft is the answer.

Spent little dog with three letters. Answer: Fup.

What three letters would turn a girl into a lady? Answer: Age.

Why does a rabbit go over a hill? Answer: He can't go through it.



## Little Stories Little Folks

### 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. Blue ink is preferred.
  4. Give preference to original stories or letters only.
  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.

### The Ragman's Dream

By Mabel Witt, Aged 13 Years, Bennington, Neb. Blue Side.

A poor man was walking along the streets of Boston, carrying a bag of rags. It was a warm day, and with his long walk, he sat down to rest. He had bought many kinds of rags that day, but as he looked in the bag the red, blue, white and black rags had all reported themselves and were talking about their value. The red and blue rags said they were more valuable, because they were found in the flag.

The black rags said they were of the most value, because that comforts sorrow, while the white rags said they were in the flag, they had noticed that the man had paid more for them than the others.

The man laughed as he heard the silly quarrel and said: "You will all be ground, soaked, boiled and pressed and run between rollers until you won't know which of you are red, white or blue. Some of you will go into families. But as rags you would be allowed to remain on the floor in the attic." He gave the bag a shake and mixed all up again. He was

### Helen's Spite

By Rena Nell Mead, Queen Bee, Aged 13 Years, 203 L St., Lincoln, Neb. Blue Side.

The girls had a surprise party on Grace's other night. "Edith got it up!" burst out angry little Helen to her mother, when she came home from school one evening, "and they never asked me to be there, I'll spite them for it." Her

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## Peter and Paul Go A-Hunting

By Maud Walker.

PETER AND PAUL were twin brothers, 9 years old. Their home was in a small town that lay in a pretty valley between long ranges of hills. And over these hills grew an abundant forest. And through the forest men and boys loved to go hunting for wild animals, though only a few of such now remained, and they were of the small and harmless variety. Squirrels, a few deer, badgers, coons and the like were the victims of the hunters. Larger game had been killed off many, many years ago.

One fine May morning little Peter and Paul were playing in the yard of their home when Paul's eyes turned on the deep blue, forest-covered hills a mile distant. "Say, Pete," he said, calling to his brother, who was at the moment riding a very fractious stickhorse, "wouldn't it be lots of fun to go a-hunting in the woods today? I suppose we ride over to Old Witch and shoot a bear?"

"Old Witch" was the name of the highest hill of one of the ranges that waited in the town where Peter and Paul lived. And hunters loved to delve into the woods that grew over the head of Old Witch, just as sure-enough hair grows on the head of an old witch or wizard.

"Sure, let's go," consented Peter, reining in his steed. Then for the moment forgetting his horse he threw him in the corner of the fence, not even taking time to remove the nice twin bridle. "I'll get my gun. You get yours. Then we'll ride Bounder and Plunger over to the great mountain, Old Witch, and shoot two bears."

"Bounder" and "Plunger" were the names of the fractious stickhorses ridden every day about the yard by Peter and Paul. It was poor Bounder who now lay in the corner of the fence, as gentle as any stickhorse can be, while Plunger stood tied to a small tree near to the gate, awaiting his master's pleasure.

Peter and Paul ran into the house and got their guns—pretty wooden weapons, as harmless as their horses, but very dangerous looking. Then they mounted Bounder and Plunger and were off, going down



"IN THERE, TOO," AND PETER POINTED INTO THE HOLLOW OF THE TREE.