## The Busy Bees

HE Blues won by a large majority over the Reds and now well have new rulers, Miss Helen Adkins as queen and Master Milton Rogers as king. I hope they will receive the hearty support of their subjects that was shown the former king, William Davis, and queen, Dorothy Judson. Both of the new niers live here, Milton Rogers having lived in Omaha all his life and Helen Adkins in South Omaha her entire life. The new rulers are both very thoughtful of others and I know will watch over their new kingdom with much care. I hope that they will both try to impress it upon the minds of the Busy Bees that the stories must be original. Again last week a story came to the page that had been copied from a reader and was not original. These facts do not make me feel that they have been done purposely, but have been done unconclously. The stories about Thanksgiving Day which have been received are very good and I know that the writers for the page are enjoying reading them. If there are any Busy Bees who have stories written I hope that they will send them

## Little Stories by Little Folk

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 CHILDRENS DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

the most intelligent and refined of any

nation. This is not true of the middle

and lower classes. But most of the Eng-

lish people are truthful, honest and de-

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

Mollie Corenman, 806 South Seventh Street, Omaha. Red Side.

receiving the best advantages of educa-

The volume was well received and led

In 1819 she married Charles Sigourney,

the (crade) cradle to the deathbed; of

the hopes that burn, like the unquenched

alter fire, in that chosen dwelling place

voluminous of American female writers

ford, in 1865, after an amiable life and

An Equal Exchange.

By William Stockham, Aged 12 Years, 416 Lincoln Boulevard, Omaha. Red Side.

One bright summer afternoon in a

pretty residence district in the town of

Quincy, Ill., there appeared an organ

grinder with a monkey attired in a saucy

red jacket and a little red hat. This was

no common thing in Quincy, so naturally

the gay music and the monkey attracted

the attention of all the children in the

neighborhood, and the pennies and nickels

lingled cheerily in the tin cup that the

Just about this time a boy accompanied

by a small yellow dog started for the

of meat he was to receive on his return.

When about half way to the store the

The dog, seeing the monkey, snapped at

Suddenly there was a cry of 'Police!

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

By Esther Christiansen, Aged 13 Years, 3350 South Nineteenth Street, Omaha.

When he was a little boy only 4 years

The happiest years of his boyhood were

spent at his uncle's home in the forest

Salem, Mass. on July 4, 1804.

lic, though she lived many years.

monkey passed around after his perform-

ances.

brown monkey.

marked the lady of olden time.

lightful companions.

(First Prize.) Our New Neighbors.

By Helen Tagwerker, Age 12, Columbus, Neb.

This is the first time I have ever written to the Busy Bees. We have some new neighbors near our home. They seem to be nice, but they are timid. The husband goes away and

with, while the nest and dainty little lady sets it in order. They have two children. The children come over to our house and play on the

fence. While their parents are at work

sets the furniture to furnish their house

they are at play. Mamma often gives them bread. One day after the home was finished I missed the busy little lady until one fine spring morning she hopped out on the porch, shook her clothes and then hopped back in again. The next day I saw her again. She was out on the porch. There was a big out watching her and she seemed so nervous. All at once the husband came home and I saw his wife run to meet him. They both went in the house together and, my, such singing as there was in that house. I wondered what it all could be about. But to my surprise what should I see the next day but two tiny heads peering out of the window. I think if I were this mother I should be unobtrusive virtues of character which

> (Second Prize.) The Wood Nymphs.

By Abbott Fraser, Aged 3 Years, Broken Bow, Neb. The sun was just rising as the nymphs in the work of instruction. In 1814, she scampered away into the gloomy wood. | was induced to commence a select school

out so soon," said Ruby. "Hush," said Pearly, "the old witch title of Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse, will get you if you are not quiet."

The next night when the wood nypmhs to the author's engagement as a con- By Marjorie Shipman, Sidney, Neb. Blue Side. met on the grassy meadow Ruby was not tributer to various periodicals.

"I know," came a voice from the wood, career was to be that of an author. The ing."

say: "Well, I don't just know myself." Book," "Boys" Book," "How to Be wanted the people to worship the same on the lawn. They approached him and

and was so scared that at last she fainted of every description. clear away. Then old Mr. Owl seized North American Review pays the follow-Ruby and put her on his back and flew ing tribute to her poetic talent: "The away to where the wood nymphs were excellence of all her poems is (quite)

And to this day the wood nymphs and of domestic life-its unobtrusive happiold Mr. Owl are great friends.

(Honorable Mention.) The Thieving Jackdaw.

By Edith Kenyon, 323 Cuming Street, Omaha. Blue Side. "Why," said Jane, the maid, as she of virtue and religion." In merit, her came through the door and looked at the | prose writings equal her poetry and even breakfast table, which stood with the give promise of longer endurance. Mrs. cloth spread and the dishes on it, waiting Sigourney has been one of the most for the family to come down stairs. Why, I am sure that I put a spoon at having published from forty to fifty difmaster's plate, and now it is gone. I'll ferent volumes. She died in her seventy-count the others and see." Yes, sure fourth year, at her residence in Hartenough, a spoon was missing.

"It must be tramps," said Jane, and cheerful old age, illuminated by deeds she ran to the window to look out. It of kindness and charity, was a very pretty scene that she saw An English garden, bright with many flowers and a green lawn beside it, but not a tramp was in sight.

Jane ran out and down one of the paths and gazed about her. All at once she looked up, and then she saw the thief. He was a shiny black jackdaw, and there he stood on the roof and in his mouth was the missing spoon. Jane shook her finger at him. "Oh, you wicked thief!" she said, "Now

I know what becomes of the things that are lost all the time."

She hurried back to the house and told her master what she had found out. When breakfast was over he had a long ladder placed against the roof and climbed The jackdaw sat on a tree close by and chattered with all his might. it was of no use. His bad tricks had master, apparently thinking of the piece

been found out at last. In a hole under the tiles they found the spoon which he had stolen that morn- boy's attention was attracted by a crowd ing, and a great many other things be- of people centered around some object. sides. There was a silver watch that was He broke into a run and arriving at the given to Tommy by his grandpa on his edge of the crowd he found the attraclast birthday, and which was lost the tion to be the monkey and organ grinder. Tom was sure that he had left it on his dressing stand, but his him, and the two were soon engaged in papa thought he must have lost it while a fearful combat. playing foot ball. There was a candlestick there, too, and all the family stood at the ladder and cried with surprise as one thing after another was taken out their own animals and fled. When they

of the hiding place. That was the end of the jackdaw's thefts, for now they watched him so closely that he had no chance to steal.

London, England.

By Inez Roberts, 4001 Charles Street, Omaha. Blue Side. The castle has many towers and turrets

and its gray stone walls are half covered with ivy, which one sees everywhere in England. The building covers half an acre and is big enough for a dozen families and large ones at that. The castle is surrounded by a high stone wall surmounted by an iron railing or fence. Inside this rathing is the lodge house covered with roses and ivy. All the lawns

are dotted with flower beds. The English people are not so easy to become acquainted with as the people of many other nations. They are not ai- through the woods and here his life was ways agreeable people to travel with and as free as a bird in the air and as wild do not talk much to those they do not as a wandering brook. But in their homes we find them to be the most delightful people we have

met in all our journeys.

## Their Own Page

Ochiltree Twins Entertain Young Friends on Their Birthday



FOUR-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTERS OF MR. AND MRS. CARL OCHILTREE, 1915 SPENCER STREET, GIVE A PARTY. Top Row-Irving Baker, Raymond Russell, Helen Baker, Mary Helmer, Middle Row-Lucile Highes, Geraldine Edwards, Elenor Knapp, Joey Rushton, Mar-Cathers, Jimmie Rushton, Richard Pierce, Dorothy White. Bottom Row-Donald Johnston, Marjorie Schiltree, Myrtle Ochiltree, Richard Johnston.

alone by night and wrote wild tales by Maude's mother died and she was left the last thing Mr. Gobbler knew, chop, ble, Sarah," said Mary. "I can never

He burned most of the stories, but some ever, and no one seemed to know that and when she was 15 years old she died. he wrote them. These stories were after-Lydia Huntley Sigourney was born at wards collected and published in two Norwich, Conn., in 1791. Her father was volumes and were called "Twice-Told a man of worth and benevolence, and Tales."

her mother possessed those well-balanced He loved children and he wrote several charming books for them, "Twice-Told Tales," "A Wonder Book," "Tangle-In her earlier years Miss Huntley gave wood Tales" and "Grandfather's Chair." evidence of uncommon abilities; and, after friend, Franklin Pierce, came to see him. tion, she put in execution a plan which The two friends started for the White she had long contemplated, of engaging mountains in the hope of gotting benefit for the sufferer. But in a little hotel where they had stopped for a rest on the "I wish that old Mr. Sun had not come at Hartford. In 1815, she gave to the way Hawthorne passed away. public her first productions under the

The First Thanksgiving.

Dear Busy Bees: As I have not writ-"Oh, I wonder what has happened to a thoroughly educated and accomplished ten to you for quite a while I will write member those marbles you wanted. Well, turkey and rather, said Pearl. I will give them to you if you will play and oranges.

Owl had been an enemy of the old witch good of the rising generation led her to southern part of England, where they prepare for their guise by pulling their ever since he was born.

When the wood nymphs would ask him which he would with he wou "Oh, then get her," sobbed Pearl.
"All right," replied the old owl. And away he flew over the dark wood and and other poems; and in 1861, "Pocahon-

A critic in the very angry and he threw the Puritans dog our Don is." As they kept on taninto prison for a month.

second attempt to flee, This time they Billy's danger, jumped in front of him dancing on the meadow. There he left quiet and unassuming. They are full of hired a Dutch captain to take them. The and received the injuries himself. the sweet images and bright associations men walked for about twenty miles along Jack got the marbles that he had been the coast where little boats were waiting promised and many others. ness, its unchanging affections, and its for them to take them to the big ship. cares and sorrows; of the feeling, natur-The women went by sea in little boats ally inspired by life's vicissitudes, from to the larger one. The English were following them and when the captain saw them he took one little boatload and started out for Holland. This time King James would not give them anything to eat, or even put them in prison, but made them wander.

After several months of this the king

finally consented to let them go. In Holland the people were treated very kindly. The Dutch people showed them how to sew, and weave, but for all this one thing was wrong. That was that their children were becoming like the Dutch. So they bought two little ships called the Mayflower and the Speedwell. They started for America and were out a little way when they discovered a leak in the Speedwell. Then they went back and boarded the Mayflower. There were ice people on it, so it was quite crowded. During the voyage one person died and a baby was born.

The Pilgrims intended to go to New York harbor, but fierce winds drove them down to Plymouth Rock, in Massachu-

The first winter was very hard and some days there were only five grains of corn to a person. In the spring a kind hearted Indian showed them how to plant corn by putting a fish to each hill of

store. The dog trotted on ahead of his In the fall there was an abundant harvest and the Pilgrims decided to invite the Indians and thank God for what He had done for them. The mothers baked pies and cakes. The children went out in the woods and gathered berries and nuts. The men shot wild deer and tur-

the day was here. The first thing done was to go to church, where they thanked God. Nobody went to sleep and the chil-Police!" The organ grinder and the boy dren sat very still, so the tickler and each snatched what they supposed to be the hare's foot were not very busy. After church they went home, where

reached places of safety and looked at the Indians had already assembled. They their animals their surprise knew no had brought wild deer and turkeys with bounds. The organ grinder found a little them, so that helped out with the feast yellow dog and the boy found a little They were also painted up. The little children were timid at first, but after a while they found the Indians very friendly. The Indians danced and told stories of battles by the fires at night and romped with the children in the aft-Nathaniel Hawthorne was born at ernoon. Thus the three days were spent. ing. We spend our Thanksgiving now old his father died. His mother was a by worshiping God and feasting. We beautiful woman, but after the death of spend only one day instead of three. I her husband she shut herself up in the am going to spend my Thankagiving in house and hardly ever appeared in pub. Denver. so maybe I will write and tell you of it.

of Maine. He loved to wander all alone By Bethine Donaldson, Aged 12 Years, Council Biuffs, Ia., R. F. D. No. 4. One bright summer day if you were After he left college he went back to meadow a frisky little colt, which, if you his home in Salem and lived the life of had asked the name, its master would a hermit for twelve years. He lived as have said, Maude. It was very black The better class of English people are a shadow in a shadowy world. He walked and was a very pretty colt. One day

an orphan. When Maude was 2 years old and Mr. Gobbier was killed after all his find mine." her master broke her, and in a few years running. This farmer's wife picked Mr. of them were published in various maga- she was so gentle that the children could Gobbler and then cooked him. He was it?" asked Sarah. zines. No one seemed to read them, how- drive her. She was petted very much then cut with a carving knife and set "How can I tell?" said Mary. "But if

> A Child's Lesson. By Margaret Parish, Aged 12 Years, 3618 Lincoln Boulevard, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

On a hot day in August, two little brothers were enjoying the outer sports of the country. Their names were Billy During his last illness, in 1881, his old and Jack. They had been sitting along the bridge dangling their small sunburned legs in the water, but this grew onotonous, and finally Billy said: "Ah! scare old Don." But Jack said; "No, Billy, mother would not approve of it, and in the hot weather especially."

But Billy could not see Jack's point, and became disgusted and cross. Finally his face lighted up all of a sudden and he said: "By the way, Jack, you re-'tramp' with me. Unfortunately Jack It was old Mr. Owl who spoke. Old Mr. true interests of her own sex, and the The Pilgrims' first home was in the yielded to temptation and they began to

straight into the hut of the old witch, tas" and other poems. These productions They hired an English captain to take for it would tend to make him cross, which was at the other end of the wood. display a warm sympathy with missionthem, but he was afraid, so he went and and turned to go inside. Billy spoke up:
them, but he was afraid, so he went and and turned to go inside. Billy spoke up:
the old witch screamed and screamed ary effort, and with philanthropic labor tattled to the king. This made the king oh, mother don't know what an amiable talizing him, he began to get cross and After they were released they made a turned to snap at Billy, but Jack, seeing

The Thanksgiving Turkey.

By Grace Moore, Aged Il Years, Silver Creek, Neb. Blue Side. It was a beautiful morning in November when old Mr. Gobbier got up with her house burned to the ground. So she his large fan in the air, knowing it was went to the house next door and Dorothy going to be Thanksgiving, he hurried up and ran into the woods. He was staring she got into the matches and dropped at a woodchuck when he heard someone talking. He thought it couldn't be Mr. Rogers after him, as it hardly sounded she would never touch a match again. like Mr. Rogers' voice: It sounded more like children. Just as he turned his head so glad that he saved Dorothy's life that he saw two small boys. He thought to she bought him a new collar and had enhimself, must be run or stay there. They graved on it, "Faithful," After that had a large thing that looked like a gun. Rover was always called Faithful. Well, thinks Mr. Gobbler to himself, there's a cornfield over there, so just as he entered the field he saw two girls Madeline Kenyon, Aged 12 Years, 3239 gathering pumpkins for pies, etc. He ran Cuming Street, Omaha. Blue Sida gathering pumpkins for pies, etc. He ran and ran till he came to another farmer's house and this farmer had no turkeys, so he said, "We shall have turkey for whose name was Sarah. dinner. He caught old Mr. Gobbier and

on the table with many more goodles. He you will not lend me yours I can borrow was very well enjoyed, but afterwards one elsewhere." was paid for And this was the last of

Thanksgiving Morning. By Alice Lowry. Aged 9 Years. Fort Crook, Neb. Red Side. Once upon a time there lived an old lady and man in a little cottage which

stood by the roadside. One Thanksgiving morning she just opened the door to get some more wood I have a plan. Let's dress as tramps and and she found a basket on the step and she picked it up and brought it in the house and went out to get the wood. When she got the fire started up good she looked in the basket. There she found a note saying. "Dear Friend-For your Thanksgiving dinner. From Robert. Under some of the papers she found a turkey and nuts and candy and apples

> After their dinner Robert and his father and mother came over to spend the afterncon with them. And after that they were always friends.

> > Faithful.

By Madelyn Stevenson, Aged 13 Years, Columbus, Neb. One day a little girl named Dorothy was playing in her yard. Her mother had were all alone. It was quite cold and Before night I will have a place for

the house. Dorothy found a box of matches and she lit one and dropped it on the rug. All at once there was a blaze and Dor othy gave a cry of horror.

Her old dog Rover grabbed her by the By Ida Quinn, Elkhorn, Neb. Blue Side. dress and took her out doors over to the neighbors and then he grabbed the lady by her apron and pulled her over to the house and she put in the fire alarm.

Dorothy's mother came home and saw was crying. She told her mother that one. She also told her how Rover rescued her. She promised her mother that Her mother patted Rover and she was

A Place for Everything.

One day a little girl by the name of Mary came over to another little girl "I wish you would lend me your thim-



This is the day we celebrate. NOVEMBER 80. Name and Address. 1904.....Rollin Barnes, 3415 Redick Ave............Central Park 1906 ..... Franklin Brewer, 3723 North Thirty-eighth ...... Fairfax 1901 .... Emil Gehrke, 226 Francis ..... Train going to kill it, but I wouldn't let him 1896 .... Richard Myroa George, 2427 Emmet ...... Lothrop 1905....Reuben Gretzinger, 2718 Farnam ..........Farnam 1906 .... Freida Evelyn Griss, 2868 Meredith ...... Monmouth Park 1902..... Henry Henderson, 2821 Dorcas .......... Dupont 1906 .... Frederick Jaspersen, 2511 South Thirty-fifth ..... Windsor 1905 .... Henry Jensen, 4025 Camden ........... Central Park 1901 ..... Violet Marie Johnson, 2002 Lake ........ Lake 1901 .... Genevieve Keenan, 933 North Twenty-seventh ..... Webster 1901 . . . . Everett Kunold, 2902 South Twentieth . . . . . . . Vinton 1899 .... John Laushman, 2426 South Fifth ...... Bancroft dollars," 1904 . . . . DeWitt Lee Maupin, 2216 North 28th Ave . . Howard Kennedy pressed nose against the window ex-1900 .... Edward Aron Mills, 3517 Valley ...... Windsor 1904.... Elizabeth Muir, 2523 North Twentieth ............ Lake 1896 .... Joseph Leo Murphy, 2046 North Eighteenth ..... Lake 1898.... Laurence Ortman, 2141 South Thirty-third...... Windsor 1906 .... Paul Owens ...... Peters the shade and Miss Dollie fell. The boy 1902 .... Margaret Wylhemin Parish, 3616 Lincoln Blvd .... Franklin picked her up and her finger was broken 1900.... Zetta Reeve, 410 North Twenty-third ........... Central 1903 . . . . Helen Smith, 2923 Seward . . . . . . . . . . . . Long tickets with her. The wooden doll's ticket there. 1901 . . . . Janet Sullivan, 544 South Thirtieth . . . . . . . . . . Farnam was only 10 cents. In the morning the little 1907 .... William Henry Thomas, 3028 Marcy .................. Park 1898 . . . . Lloyd Thompson, 4526 North Thirty-ninth . . . . . . Central Park amount from an old pocketbook and went

"Why is it, Mary, you can never find

"I am willing to lend mine to you Mary, but I would very much like to By Herman Goebel, Aged 14 Years, Riverknow why you come to me to borrow

so often." any of your things, and always know pump water. where to find them." "And why do I always know where

to find my things?" "I don't know why, I am sure. If I

place for every thing, and I put every "O Sarah! who wants to run and put

everyhting away as soon as she has used it as if her life depended upon it," said Mary in one breath. "Our life does not depend upon it, but

our comfort does surely," said Sarah.

"You are not offended with me, I hope," said Sarah.
"No," said Mary, "but I am ashamed. Busy Bee.

thing in its place. "You have taught me a lesson that

shall remember."

Our Pet Rabbit.

One day our hired man caught a little rabbit while he was shucking corn. He from school. It is a pretty little dog. I brought it home and gave it to my little brother. He was afraid to handle it. He it very much. was afraid of it. He would not handle or feed it. So he gave it to me. I put it in a shoe box and punched holes in it. I put the lid on and purched holes in that, I gave him some milk to drink, some potato peeling and apple to est. He would not eat. The next afternoon we went to town and when we came home all the milk was gone and most all the potato peeling and apple. He seemed to prefer eating while all was quiet. He had been gnawing at a hole in the lid. He had gnawed the hole so big he could almost get out. At night he would scratch around so that he kept mamma awake. Papa slept so soundly he did not hear it. The next afternoon I put a window glass over the top of the box instead of the lid. I put the box by a south window

so he could be in the sunshine. I forgot to tie the giass on. I went out of the room for a minute and when I came back the glass was off and the rabbit was gone. I looked and looked and I could not see him. I finally went in mamma's bedroom and looked under the dresser behind the washbowl. My little brother said, he was all bunched up. I put the rabbit into the box and tied the glass on. I then put the box in the kitchen. That evening he had scratched around so he had cut the string and knocked off the glass and got out again. Mamma and I both got out and looked for him. Mamma finally found him behind the stove hid behind a sack of meal. My cousin told me she killed a little rabbit by giving it just plain milk. That l ought to feed it part water. So I did. It was wild. My oldest brother was The rabbit wanted to get out so bad I could not get any green grass or clover kept it three or four days. I took it over in one of our neighbor's alfalfa fields and turned it loose. I think all

Only Five Dollars.

By Edith Kenyon, 3229 Cuming Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side. In the shop window was a beautiful doll with one outstretched arm on which was a dangling ticket which bore the words; "Only Five Dollars. "Only five a shabby looking girl with claimed. "As if anybody had \$5." The doil smiled at her as if to say

Please buy me, I do want a home and mother." That night the boy went to pull down

and her dress was torn. He put her on the wrong shelf; next to her stood a shabby looking girl came and seeing numbered," was the reply. 50 cents on the doll's ticket took the 

doll in her arms, saying, "You darling! Did he break your finger and tear your dress? Never mind, mother'll mend

Saved. By Mary Doll, Aged 10 Years, Avoce, Ia. Once upon a time there was a famous St. Bernard dog. He belonged to a poor peasant. The peasant had one daughter. who was a great friend of the dog. The dog's name was Bruno. Whenever the little girl went some place the dog would

go, too. He did not want any harm to

come to his young mistress. One day the peasant went fishing. He took the dog and the little girl with him. The man went down the river bank a little farther and told the girl to stay with the dog while he went to hunt a good fishing place. The girl saw some water lilles near the bank. She went down the bank and stepped into the water to get them. The water was too deep for her and she sank. The dog dove in to get her. He brought her safe back to land again. When the little girl's father came back and saw how brave the dog had been he took him in his arms and petted him. After that the father bought the dog a collar with his name in gold letters on it.

Robert's Pet Rabbit. By Myrtle Heckman, Aged 8 Tears, Ames, Neb.

Once upon a time Robert was going to On the way he found a little rabbit

ying on the ground fast asleep. He took it in his arms and carried it He made a little house for it. Then be

went to the garden and picked some cabbage leaves and some lettuce. He fed it to his rabbit. He said, "I will name him

One day when he came home from school he looked in the house for Bunny, He could not find him. He looked every place but the barn. He started to the barn, There Bunny lay dead.

A Burrow.

I have a donkey; its name is Slocum "Because," said Mary, "you never lose It is about five feet high. I use it to

When I don't ride or drive it it runs on the wheat. It is as fat as a tick. I rode it Sunday about two miles south to see one of my friends. And when I did know, I might sometimes find my started home my friend got his pony and went up to see to his traps, but he had "I will tell you the secret," said nothing in them. Then I came on home, Sarah, begining her story. "I have a and every hill I came to the donkey would gallop down one hill and up the other. thing in its place when I have finished I will close for this time. I am a new writer for the Busy Bee.

> A Little Calf. By Alice Goebel, Aged 11 Tears, Riverton, Neb.

I have a little calf and its name is "How much more time will it take to water every day. It is growing very fast, put a thing in its place than to hunt It eats alfalfa and corn. It is a red calf, for it or to borrow whenever you want It gnawed a pasteboard box until it got to use it? "Well Sarah," said Mary, "I will never fodder stack. I take it by the tail and corrow of you again, you may depend it runs very fast. When I go to milk it follows me to the pen. We do not give it any more milk. It starts to follow me to school. I am a new writer for the

One day when I was at school a little puppy came to our house. It was brown and white. Its hind legs are longer than its fore legs. I play with it all, the time. It looks like a rabbit when it runs, It comes to meet me when I come home

think. It follows me all the time. I love The Story of the Canary Bird.

By Mabel McCullough, Aged 13 Years, Concord. Neb. Red Side. I have a canary bird. I call it Billy. think lots of Billy. It eats many things. It cats apples and seeds and many other things. It doesn't sing when it is losing its feathers or when they are coming in. It sings very loud when it sings. Dear Editor, as I am a new Busy Bee, I should like to join the red side,

By Pearl White Aged 12 Tears. 553 South Thirteenth Street. South Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Busy Been: I would like to Join the Busy Bee club. I want to join the Red side. I am in the sixth grade, The school I go to is the Madison school My teacher's name is Miss Kane. I am 13 years old. My birthday is July 7. My story will be the "Fruit Venders." The to see my letter in print.

PRATTLE OF THE KIDDIES.

Caller-I hear your father is sick. What seems to be the trouble? Little Fred-Two doctors and a nurse

"Willie," said the teacher, "can you tell me how the poet Milton was afflicted?" "Yes, ma'am," was the reply. "He was afflicted with a mania for writing

Little George (to physician)-Say, I don't think you look like a duck. Doctor-Who said I did? Little George-Nobody. But mamma

told papa you was an old quack. "My gracious, boy," said the uncle, 'you do certainly eat an awful lot for a

little boy. "Well, sir," replied the boy, "maybe I'm not so little as I look from the out-

"Now, Thomas," said the teacher to a small pupil in the primary class, "can you tell me what moss is?" "Yes ma'am," replied the little fellows

"it's something that a rolling stone does

Little Eric had dropped a basket containing some eggs on his way home from

the grocery. "How many did you break?" asked his mother. "I didn't break any," replied Eric, "but the hulls came off two or three."

Minnie, aged 5, had been to Sunday school, and upon her return her little brother asked what she had learned "Why, I learned that all our days are

"Huh!" exclaimed the small interrogator, "Anybody who has seen a calendar