THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: MARCH 16, 1913.

The Busy Bees



AVE any Busy Bees noticed if the birds which have spent they Bee. I am 9 years old. My name int winter in the south are on their journey north? It is most Eather Windolph. I wish to join the blue side. 1 live at 1519 West Livisio : interesting to watch the different birds and the way they street, Grand Island, Neb. I go to St. travel. Last Sunday if the Busy Bees who live in Omaha Mary's school and am in the third grade, were out in the afternoon they would then have seen a I walk ten blocks to'school. I sit with flock of wild geess flying north. This is truly a sign of my cousin Elizabeth. I have two sisters, spring, for these birds never start north until the cold Eleanor is 6 and Isabel is 1 year old.

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the

pages.
S. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
Short and pointed articles will be given preferance. Do not use over 250 words.
Original stories or letters only will be used.
Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
First and second prices of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.
Address all communications to

Address all communications to

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Wonder of wonders, why fate should

As Jean felt herself falling through

"Mercy! How in the world did I fall?"

I'm awfully sorry! Mercy! Oh, I beg your

pardon. I'm awfully sorry. Why, really

don't see how it ever happened." and

she was upon her feet in an instant, of-

fering assitance to the indignant duchess.

The three girls on the porch were con

vulsed with laughter and Mrs. Hevers

was trying to hide a broad grin, which

The duchess was indeed a funny sight.

quered and she laughed with the others.

'You're just like I was when I was a

child," she said. "Always getting into

"Daring Beed!" wrote Jean that even-

(Second Prize.)

The Hero.

the water on the flames and got half of

fierfely and as most of the neighbors

were out doors in their gardens they

Then finally with the help of the neigh

so when Roger's father came home he

very surprised to find what had happened

and felt proud of his boy for his hereism

father, his father knew who they were

and said they were the men that had

bothered him all his life, and were jealous

of his property, especially Roger's race

horse who had won so many races in

the state of Kansas. After a while

police, got the two men in an alley and

(Honorable Mention.)

Mary.

By Ruby Peterson, Aged 13 Years, 3055 Spruce Street, Omaha, Neb.

Blue Side.

In the city of New York in a comfort-

able little house their lived a woman and

her son, John, and Mary Anderson. Their

mother worked in a large store in New

on Sunday the children were contented.

One day a family moved in a large white

house. They had a little girl named Ruth.

She was a good natured child. Mary got

acquainted with Ruth. They had good

times together playing with their dolls

and playthings. The childr a were out

walking when it was snowing. Mary

kept looking at a little thing in the snow.

It was a black pocketbook. Ruth said

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Oh. I am going to find the owner." said

This went on for a few days. One day

a gentle rap at the door. She opened

the door and saw a tall slender man in

"Are you the owner?"

ma'am," said the man. Mary handed the

pocketbook to the man. "No," said the

Joins Blue Side.

Dear Busy Boess I am a new Busy

man, "It is yours, you found it."

Honesty is always rewarded.

"Yes,

When their mother was at home

After Roger described the men to his

would show itself on her face.

my mishaps do."

barn safely.

ran to help immediately.

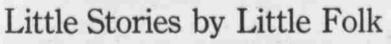
had both arrested.

York.

Mary.

weather is gone. There is always a leader who flys at the head of the flock, and then the rest follow in two lines. They will fly until it is dark and then light near some lake.

St. Patrick's day will be tomorrow, and I wonder how many Busy Bees know the story of this Irish saint and what he did for Ireland and why there are no snakes in that country.



Dages.

Omaha Bee.

(First Prize.)

The Duchess Has a Fall. By Margaret Mathews, 2828 California Street, Aged 13 Years. Red Side.

(Note-This story is to be read after the one entitled "Sweet Sixteen.") In their short, lonely lives, Jean and Mildred had been constantly with one another, so after they moved into their

new home they were quite like sisters, except that they never quarreled. There were parties and luncheons and dances and teas given in their honor,

welcoming them to the city and to get them acquainted. The girls disliked all this heartily, but Aunty Sue would tell them that it was their duty to go, so they would start obediently and, after

all, they enjoyed it, for they enjoyed her hostess walked up the path until everything. As Jean would say, "We they reached the tree in which Jean and like the 'getting acquainted' part, but hidden. we'd lots rather romp than go to all "Let us stop a minute and rest.' panted the parties you could give." the duchess. "So much walking tires me,

Among their new acquaintances were don't you know." the twins, a pair of lively girls given to outdoor sports, and who hated the pardecree this moment from them all to

ties as much as Jean herself. break the branch on which Jean rested. On this particular afternoon, a bright But as things usually happen the one sunny afternoon, by the way, Jean and moment when it's worst, so did this. Mildred tripped lightly down the garden path and, reaching the high stone wall space, she clutched the air-and someat the back, scrambled up as nimbly as thing else, for when the duchess looked

a kitten. up to learn the cause of the creaking "Prerret." came the loud clear call branch a small hand had grabbed her "Perrert," the twins answered back . ostrich plume and a struggling body Come on over and play," shouted had descended upon this astonished lady.

Jean. pulling her down with it on the soft green "Just a minute," was the answer, and grass. over the neighboring fence popped four bright eyes and climbing down, the twins asked Jean when she opened her eyes. stood laughing before the girls. "Oh, oh! Did I knock you down?? Mercy!

"What do you want to play?" began Mildred, ceremoniously, "Oh, we don't want to be formal," in-

terrupted Jean. "Scuse me, Minksy, dear, but-well, you know." "Yes, I know," said Mildred, good

naturedly; "I just thought maybe that's the way society people do. "That's a bright dear," said Jean again.

"But we're not going to be society people, we're going to act as we did in the her blue mull gown all grass stained and the trimmings on her hat hung limply asylum. One would think that Jean would on one side. At first she was angry-very

naturally be ashamed of the asylum, but angry-and then her sense of humor conshe was not, as her last words tell. "I've an idea," exclaimed Jean, "I hope

you girls will like it." "Out with it, quick. Don't keep me in mischief." suspense," laughed Vivien, the jollier of the twins; "I'm crazy to know what it ing, "happened unexpectedly, as most of

"Let's sit down under the Washington elm," suggested Mildred. "It isn't very cold today." So the four jolly girls seated themselves on the velvety green lawn By Emil Ceida, Aged 12

Omaha, Neb.

ESTHER WINDOLPH. Robbie's Sleigh Ride.

By Esther Mitchell, Aged 11 Years, Bel-grade, Neb. Red Side Robble Dawson did so hate to write compositions, and he must have one about goats, ready to be handed in by

the next Thursday. It was Tuesday already, and he didn't know any more about goats than he did the week before. when his subject was given him. He told his uncle Robert that all he knew about them was that they were a very tine thing for a boy to have, and he wished he had one to drive. Finally, a happy thought struck him. "I'll go and get Unole Robert to write it for me." said he to himself, "he's going back to New York next week, and it's a pity he can't do a favor for a fellow before he goes. Uncle Robert was easily found, but

not so easily persuaded, as Robbie found to his sorrow. "Look here, Robbie, my boy," said he, "your schooling won't be of the least benefit to you, as you will learn to your cost, when it is too late to rectify, if you are going to get some one else to do all of the tasks set before you. You are the one that needs the discipline, not I, but if I were to do it I would reap all of the benefits, and you would reap all of the harm. Besides, it would be cheating your teacher. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. Find

out all you can about goats; their home. nature, etc.; copy it neatly twice, once for me and once for the teacher. Hand your teacher hers, and if she accepts it, I will mine, and I will send you a live specimen of the animal as soon as I get home, providing that you promise to do, hereafter, all of the tasks assigned

you without seeking, or receiving unlawful assistance." "It's a bargain," said Robbie, and off he rushed to the library for pencils and paper and book-helps. By Wednesday night two neatly written sheets of foolscap laid in his desk, one addressed to his teacher and the other to his uncle

Robert. They were both delivered with of wind blew into the room. great solemnity Thursday morning. Friday at the close of school, the way to go. Then he turned north and was out of sight. Two hours passed before teacher returned hers so that he might practice in order to read it at the end they heard a barking at the door. They opened it and admitted father of the term. It was marked 100 per cent. half dead, clinging to Cap.

He took it home in high gies, and proudly showed it to his uncle, who seemed as much pleased as he. Uncle Robert left the following morning for New York, and before another week had rolled around, Robbie was in pos-

session of not only one goat, but two, named Punch and Judy. Such fun as Rob had that winter! 'His father made him a neat little sleigh. which would hold three or four, and after school Robbie would make up a eyes and a little while after she heard sleigh load of school girls, and with the boys in the tow on their sieds behind they

would have fine rides up and down the neighboring hills. Punch and Judy seemed to enjoy it as much as the chilall kinds of flowers. dren, as they pranced around quite joy-

fully. Robble ever thereafter wrote his own compositions, and soon excelled in that with nothing but flowers in. branch. I do not think he even thought of asking help, and if he did, he thought

ONE OF THE BRIGHEST NEW BUSY BEES.

Belly Kennedy

One day in particular the children will

The wind was howilng and the snow

beat against the windowpane till the

house was nearly covered and still no

Finally they decided to let Cap out into

They opened the door and a sharp gust

Cap rushed out undecided at first which

The Flower Queen.

By Lillian Stuhr, Aged 13 Years, Minden, Ia. Red Side.

day she was arranging some bouquets.

She said: "I wish I could see a room with

nothing but flowers in." In the evening

when she went to bed she closed her

Ethel was very fond of flowers. One

the blinding storm to look for father.

He had been lost in the storm.

some one turn the door knob.

She was very beautiful.

In came a fairy.

they called Cap.

supplies.

never forget.

father came.

children loved him dearly.

pan. Then I was pollshed and sent to a wholesale house, where there were many others with me. Next I was bought by a retail dealer

and packed in a big box and taken to Fairbury, Neb. Then 1 was unpacked and put on

shelf so people could see me. One nice day a lady came and bouz me for 50 cents.

I was put in a wagon and taken to he

She told the hired girl to wash me good. Then they put me on the hot stove where they put butter in me. Next they put some meat in me to fror their supper.

After that I was used every day. I was used many years.

One day a little girl came in the pantry where I hung. She reached up to get me, but I dropped and broke.

They put me in the trash barrel with ots of other rubbish. One day a man came by and took me to

junk shop. The junk dealer sent me back to Cleveand and I was melled and made into

pig tron again. And that was the end of my life as a frying pan.

New Busy Bee.

Dear Editor: I read the stories in The Bee every Sunday, and I think that they are very nice, and I would like to join the busy bees. My name is Leater Anit is "In the Woods."

this great, strong, shaggy dog, whom Cap was a very faithful dog and the little girl, but she was very fond of go-For he afforded a great deal of amuseing into the wood, and she was only 3 ment when their father was gone buying years old.

and told his father. Then he went out-

her home. That evening the poor buy different school. and girl played with the rich l'ttle girl. They carried their books in a leather At last it was 10 o'clock and they all school bag which slipped over your shoulwent to bed.

Soon it was morning and the man took den. the little giri to town, trying to find the If it was seventy-five or eighty grees in the shade, schools were dislittle girl's parents. As the man and the little girl were walking on a street the missed on account of the heat. Win we must. The red side shall not little girl happened to see her father on

the other side of the street, and she beat us. I hope my story and the waste paper showed the man where her father was basket will not become friends. The rich man gave the poor man \$2,000.

Then the poor man went home happy and he now has a comfortable house, good, warm clothing and a soft bed.

By Helen Adkins, Aged 11 Tears, 1109 North Twenty-second Street, South Omains, Red Side. When they lived in the wood hut they She wore a white dress trimmed with had "to sleep on floors. The other night as I sat by the fire I The man's children played with the Ethel had never seen such beautiful little girl and after that the people had flowers. The fairy said: "I am the flower

seemed to see an imaginary town. In the front was a big gate. I seemed to be a fence around their yard, but the little passing through the gate. It was very giri didn't ever go into the woods again. bright and light in this beautiful little town of "Butterflyville."

The Stump Speech.



Cast 904..... Joe Blazek, 2d and William Sts Train 1905..... Marie Cirralis, 2217 Pierce St...... Mason 1907...... Marion Coleman, 2329 South 33d St...... Windson 1907.....Joseph Corcilius, 2303 South 8th St.Bancroft 1898.....Olive M. Easton, 1511 North 30th St.....Franklin 1906.....John Evans, 2515 South 5th St.....Bancroft 1991.....Blanche Fay Gamble, 3222 Emmet St.....Howard Kennedg 1901.....Harry Goldenberg, 416 South 10th St.....Cass 1901.....Josephine Halverson, 3840 Parker St......Franklin 1905.....Natalie Hastings, 3506 Hamilton St.....Franklin 1899..... Bertha J. Heaton, 3507 Hamilton St...... Franklin 1907..... Earl Huddleson, 5203 North 14th St.....Sacred Heart 1906......Scott J. Irving, 2106 North 27th Ave......Long 1901.....Arthur Jensen, 2110 Elm St.....Vinton 1900..... Regina Kleffner, 2956 Martha St...... Dupont 1903..... Joe Kowalewski, 2414 South 29th St. Dupont 1905..... Lucille Langowm, 3530 North 27th St..... Lothrop South Thirty-fourth street, Omaha, and 1902...... Eleanor Madgett, 3617 Seward St...... Franklin would like to be on the blue side. 1 am 1906 Alice Newstrom, 4509 Hamilton St. Walnut Hill going to write a story now. The name of 1905 Marie M .Norre, 4510 Cuming St Walnut Hill and boy lived in a wood with their par- 1898..... Pedro Peres, 413 North 12th St...... Caes ents. Not far from their house lived 1897 George Pyzer, 1334 South 17th St Comenius some rich people and they had a sweet 1902 Ernest Reedy, 218 North 19th St..... Central 1903.....Georgia Reeves, 3313 South 23d St......Vinton 1907......Irene Richardson, 2935 Spring St......Windsor walk in the woods, but her mother said 1905 Lens Sokolof, 1907 Clark St. Lake When she had walked very far from 1905..... Charles Edward Stromberg, 2102 South 38d St. ... Windsor not find her way home. She was so 1904 Hilda Swenson, 618 North 32d St...... Webster howling, and she started to sry. Just 1902...... Mineroa Trowbridge, 2732 Burdette St......Long 1900 Ethel Jessamine Woodbridge, 1050 Georgia Ave...... Park

> Boys went to one school and girls to a her home. The little girl's mother asked the little boy if he would not run for her father. The little boy ran and got Edua's father.

The mother and father had a talk alone in the hall. The father went out where the boy was standing and asked him his name. He said his name was Raymond Wright. The father was very glad, for it was their little boy that was lost a long time ago.

Then the mother came out and the father told her that it was their little boy that was lost. Her mother wept for joy. He was taken into the bathroom and was given a nice, warm bath.

Edna was very glad that Raymond was her brother. Edna shared everything with her brother, Raymond. Edna and Raymond and their father and mother lived happily ever after.

C. St., Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

NR 24E

Fremont Busy Bee.

queen and I came to show you a room

Then she waved a wand and they both

you one."

Frank.

side, trying to find who was crying. At last he found the little girl and brought

'neath a towering elm, whose immense foliage threw shadows on the grass around

"Why do you call it Washington eim?" queried Nathalie, her curiosity getting ning from the passage which led from the better of her. "Oh. I always forget that nobody knows at the same time Roger obtained a view

except Jinky and I," and, waving her of a dark curl of smoke which came hand toward the tree, "It has such a- from the window and door of the barn. well-a-sort of stately look to it, just Instantiy he ran into the barn and there like Washington, and you remember the amid the flames and smoke stood Topsy, elm, where Washington took command of Roger's pet and rare horse. The flames were getting higher and the patrlot army? We think this looks Topsy jumped and neighed from the pain. Uke it." Roger stood as if petrified and didn't

"So it does. You must be a great students to remember that. I had that know what to do first. Looking around drilled into me all last year, but I he noticed a sack and also a pail full of couldn't have remembered it now if you'd water, which Roger intended to give the asked mc. Well, let's hear your plan horse to drink. Grasping both he poured now, Jinksy."

The girls caled each other nicknames the fire out, then taking the sack he put from the very first, the twins being Vee it on Topsy's head over the eyes, so he for Vivien, and for Nathalle, Neo. "It seems to me we get along pretty

well together and-I don't want you to repeat it-but Minsky and I like you bstter than the other girls we know and you often read about girls getting up clubs and having such good times, and I thought it would be nice if we did not exactly have a club, but just have a sort of a secret."

bors, Roger got the fire out. Nobody in "Had you thought of a purpose?" asked town except the neighbors and Roger's Vec. mother knew anything about the fire,

"Oh, yes. I didn't know as you'd like it, though. My idea was that we could to all sorts of daring things and then write them down and when we grew older we could look them over and think about what naughty kids we had been. "Gee, that would be fun. Let's do it,"

shorused the others. "What's our name?" "Frinky Four would be cute," cried Nathalia with enthusiasm.

"Yes, yes, we'll have that."

It was decided that they would not do. Roger's father with the help of some any daring deeds that day and they all sgreed on a game of hide-and-seek. 'I'll be it," offered Jean.

"No, we'll count out, decided Vee, and suiting her words to action, counted her uster "It."

"All right. I'll count to 500 by ten. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, hirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty.

Mildred ran to a secluded spot in some tall shrubbery in the side yard. Vee lodged herself on the portico under a settee and Jean sped swiftly through the yard and climbing a tree which overcoked the front entrance to her home. seated herself on a projecting branch, at the ond-at least, as near as she could w thout breaking the limb.

'Here I come, Oh, gtris! Base is on the "ront porch." First Mildred and then Vivian she caught, but no trace of Jean could also discover. Minsky and Vee conted themselves on the front plazza and watched Nee as she hunted for linkar

Mary. "I'm afraid I'll have to holler all's out's n free. she sat rocking her doll when she heard

Just then they heard a carriage stopping at the front gate and esgerly watched for its occupants to alight. "Oh, it's Mrs. Hevers and that duchess she has visiting her come to call on Aunty Sue," gasped Mildred. "And of tourse she'll want to see us and we're not dressed up or anything."

"Did you see the way the duchess acted at Mrs. Donaid's? Kind of snippy and She'll scorn you ever after.' stuck-up7 prophasted Ves.

flowly and majestically the duchess and

West of Punch and Judy, and immediately Point, Neb. Blue Side. Roger Vane was turning the corner of Main street on to State street when repented. he saw two rough looking men come run-

Sissy. By Ruth Halpin, Aged in Years, Bel-grade, Neb. Red Side. his father's barn to the street. Almost

Sissy was a new boy who had moved to town. He had long golden curls, wore Buster Brown suits and lisped. None of the boys liked him, and so Sissy sat on the doorstep and wished he had pants like the other boys, and oh, how he hated

his curis, for Sissy liked boys' games. Winter had come and all the boys were having a dandy time on the lake and the hills skating and coasting. Sissy had a fine bobsied and all the boys were making good use of that, but Sissy always had to stand around and wait for his ride. It was a fine winter

day and all the snow was melting and steaming. All the boys, even Bissy, felt bad that winter was going slowly, but would not be able to see the flames. Then taking Topsy by the bridle he pulled surely. While the boys were standing in groups her out of the flames and out of the a fire engine came down the street and a The finmes in the barn were raging

crowd after it. Naturally the boys followed after it and soon arrived at the scene. A large hotel was on fire. The firemen were doing their best to put out

the fire, but none would go into the building after a large Angora cat. Tain't

no good they said. The owner was a jolly fat, rich old lady: she was crying and begging for someone to go and get her darling cat. Sissy, who stood by her, asked her what the matter was. She told

him and he said, "Til go and get your cat." Away he ran up to the burning building; then up the stairs he darted. Those in the crowd held their breath.

The building could not be saved and so they were letting it burn: They heard Sizey call kitty, kitty. Then hey heard a faint me-o-w. Pretty soon they saw Sizey coming down the burning

stairs. Just as he reached the door with the cat the building fell in. Everybody rushel to where Sissy lay under the arms, and so was safe. But poor Sissy. When they had taken the boards and ruins off his face. It was black and

charred. He was still unconscious when they carried him to his mother. After around said, "Is the cat safe?" His mother nodded assent.

He was quiet for a moment, then made a careful survey of the room. On the foot of the bed hung a medal. "Who's that for?" he asked. "For you," his mother replied. "For me, for getting that cat?" "Yes," his mother replied. "Say, sin't I glad; and say, mother, can I have my hair out and-and wear pants?" His mother nodded her head, 'Oh, goody; maybe the boys will play

with me now," he said. The boys came into the room just in time to hear Sissy's wish. "Well, I should say we will," they said, "and we won't call you Sizey any more." After that Sissy certainly had a

In a little suburban town in Canada there lived a family by the name of Kelly, that consisted of a man and wife, two children and St. Bernard dog. Mr. Kelly peddled notions to support

his family. His profits were small, so they could

not have very much. The children had no playmates

"Follow me and do all I do," said the fairy. So Ethel did as she was told.

Out of the window they went and just before/them was a golden shoe. It was lined with pink satin and drawn by two white rats.

They both climbed into the shoe and away the rats went. They went faster than the fastest auto. Ethel enjoyed the ride immensely. She looked around and saw all kinds

of flowers following them. All of a sudden the rats stopped. The fairy said: "There is the flower palace. There stood a beautiful glass palace.

Then the fairy waved a wand and they were again their real size. Then they entered the palace and all street tomorrow. the flowers followed them. Inside was the most beautiful place Ethel had ever seen. There was nothing but flowers and still more were coming in.

"Now did you see enough flowers," said the fairy. Just then Ethel awoke and found it

was only a dream

How Jessie Morton Forgot Her Loneliness.

By Louise E. Congdon. Aged 13 Years, Carroll, Neb. Blue Side. "Oh. dear mel I don't seen any fun in

having to stay in the house all day. when all the other children are having good times in the snow. And it's just because it is snowing a little."

This was the remark Jessie Morton had made.

Jessie Morton was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. John Morton. She was 8 years old.

Her mother heard he say this and felt very sorry that Jessie could not go out of doors, but she could not help it because Jessie was careless and often got her feet wet.

So she went to where Jessie was sitting and told her she thought she knew of something which would interest her. ruins off his face, it was black and So she said, "Go and get me some papers and I will get the scissors and glue." After she had brought it all and laid

it on the table Jessie and her mother cut out lions, ducks, colored people and white people. After they had gotten them some treatment he revived, and, looking all out out they got some boxes and cut out the heads of the different beings. They cut out the feet and hands and put each one in a separate box. Then they took a body out of one box, a head, arms and feet out of the others. When they had done this they pasted each

> One of Jessie's was a body of a negro with a lion's head on, the legs of a cal and arms of a white man, and taken all together it made a funny picture. After work Jessie exclaimed. "Why, is the afternoon gone so soon? Why it seems

Adventures of a Frying Pan. by Margaret Carpenter, Aged 15 Yeurs, 615 G Street, Fairbury, Neb. Blue Side. First I was a piece of iron upon the fasaba range in northern Minnesota. Next I was loaded on a flat car and taken to Duluth, then loaded into a steamer and taken to Cleveland, O., where I was unloaded at a smelter and

made into pig iron. Then I was taken to a foundry and melted and poured into a mold.

When I was taken out I was a frying

A fairy guide to By Evelyn Vore, Aged 10 Years, South palace, where she was dining. She seemed to be in trouble. I asked her if I could As twelve boys gathered together, Frank climbed on a shoe blacking box.

"Now," said Frank, "I have a plan; we have to earn our own money, you know, so let's take two weeks to earb all we can. Then bring it to me."

"Yes," said Billy, "but I haven't any "Oh, well, I believe I will try to find a friend of the queen's, and if they touched Butterflyville I would bring some

The next day as Frank was shining a of my glant friends to destroy them. So man's shoes, his customer asked him if they promised and never threatened the he knew of a boy who would work. queen again. "Yes, his name is Billy Swanson.

Just then papa came in and put some "You tell him to come down to 1417 C more coal on the fire in the grate and my beautiful little "Butterflyville" was lost to sight.

"All right," said Frank, and away he ran and soon found Billy. "Bill," said Frank, "I have a job for you. Tomofrow you go to 1417 C street and you will find By Wilhelmina Holstein, Aged 11 Years. Millard, Neb, Blue S.de.

a man waiting for you." "Oh, good! Thank you ever so much Frank.

So the next day Bill got a job with peeling that a bigger girl had thrown the pay of \$6 a week. Before two weeks down just a while ago. were up each boy had a job with the Edna tried to get up, but could not: pay of \$6 to \$8 a week and had saved

quite a sum of money. They handed it to that was standing nearby ceme to help "Come on, boys," said Frank. Soon

they came to a large store. They went it was Edna Wright. So he took her to in and Frank led them to where they sold boys' suits. Each got a new suit, cap and shoes. Their faces were all smiles as they went out. Now they were

not afraid to go to Sunday school. "And Frank did it all," they exclaimed "Oh, no; you helped a lot by earning that money." returned Frank, who never wanted to be bragged about.

After they had worked several months and had quite a sum of money, Frank, who always had a plan ready, thought they might go to school. They all thought it a good plan and started to achool.

Every one of them was good at school and was liked by everyone, but Frank was liked the best and did the best at school.

German Schools.

By Gertrude Koenig, 136 North Thirtyfirst avenue. Blue Side, Omaha.

In Germany there no public schools as we have.

One has to buy their own books. The poorer class go to what they call public schools

When I was in Germany I went to private school because I was a foreigner. Our school started at 5 o'clock and was at at 1 o'clock. In the summer, school was out at twelve o'clock. We had no school in the afternoon but had to study at home. We had a different teacher for every study and were in different rooms for different studies.

For our studies we had reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, bible history, catechism, gymnasium, astronomy, French and English music, writing, geography and painting, and twice a week needlework or other kinds of manual training. We did not have all these studies every day, but on an average of two or three times a week.

We had school there on Baturdays, just as on other days. They have more holldays than we do but not all at once. There are only from about seven to thirteen girls in a class. Boys and girls were not mixed as they are in America.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my third letto be in trouble. I asked her if I could ter to the "Busy Bees' " page. I read the do anything for her and she said, "Tes. stories in it every Sunday and I think our enemies, the goblins, have threatened they are fine. I am sending in a story to burn up our city if I don't consent to named "Buster." It will be my second marry Asgar, the king of the goblins." story and I hope you will like it. My Here she burst out crying. So I went to last story was in print and I hope this see these goblins (I rode in the queen's one will be. Yours truly, charlot of mother of pearl, drawn by two white stags), and told them that I was

How Edna Was Saved.

school she slipped and fell on a banana

Visions in the Fireplace.

P. S .-- Remember our motto Reda Beat the Blues."

George Washington.

By Ruth Carlson, 3518 Hamilton Street, Omaha. Blue Side.

LENORA TALTT.

He went out into the garden, With a hatchet in his hand, And he marched down through the

orchard As if leading a great band.

Then he stopped to try his hatchet On the first thing he could see. And, of course, it was his mother's Small, but highly prized cherry tree. One day when Edna was walking to

When his father first discovered That the little tree was gone. He then questioned all the children. How the mischief had been done.

But George Washington was maniy, she had broken her leg. A little newso sy Even though a little boy. He walked up to his father, Looked him right straight in the eye.

her up. He picked her up and asked her what her name was. She told him that Even though he thought he'd eatsh it, He said. "I did it with my hatchet.

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are so pure, so refreshingly fragrant, so delicately medicated, as to vie with the most expensive of toilet preparations, and yet so speedily effective in restoring the skin, scalp, hair and hands to a normal condition of purity and beauty as to have no rivals worth mentioning among costly "creams," "skin foods," lotions, etc.

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together as they did it.

they had gotten through with their as if I had just begun. What spiendid ideas you have, mother. P. S.-Beat the Reds. Blues.

fine time and when he got well he was

A Canada Blizzard. black. She said, "Are you the one who Mildred White, Aged 12 Years, 500% Chi-found the bocketbook?" "Yes, sir," said