HE BUSY BEES will find their page very interesting today, as the mail last week brought a great many original stories, and most of them were exceptionally good.

The exchanging of postal cards among the boys and girls seems to increase in popularity, as each week new names are sent in to add to the list of those having postals to send in exchange for others. The following are names and addresses of these: Miss Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.; Me Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha; Miss Ruth Ashby, Fairmont. Neb.; Miss Pauline Parks, York, Neb.; Miss Louie Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Miss Hulda Lundberg, 348 South I street, Fremont, Neb.; Miss Edna Encs, Stanton, Neb., and Miss Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

Miss Gail E. Howard, queen and captain of the blue side, and Mr. Albert Goldberg, king and captain of the red side, have been ruling for two weeks now, and the red side is ahead, as last week both prize stories were won by the red team. So this means for the subjects of the queen to make a special effort to win the prizes next week.

A very few of the writers forgot to mark their stories original and also to mark their stories either red or blue. Be more careful in the future.

The prize winners for this week were Miss Ruth Ashby, aged 12 years, of Fairmont, Neb., and Miss Ruth Robinson of Little Sloux, Ia.

Those who succeeded in solving last Sunday's rebus were Miss Pauline Edwards of Fremont, Neb., and Miss Hulda Lundberg of Fremont, Neb. It was as follows: "The dear girls and boys spent Saturday in the woods, but went home at sundown."

Great Grandpapa's Way



REAT-GRANDPAPA sat in his whose voice could, be heard ring- lighten you concerning certain customs of ing hilariously from the children's pla, those times. And that is history." ground in the rear of the fine country

home, situated in the city suburbs. for school." At the sound of his mother's of the civil war?" grandpapa asked sudvoice Harry-the playful little great-grand. denly. on of the dreaming old man on the porch -came reluctantly from his play with hoop, ball and dog, to the porch, answering his mother who was in the house, and who had

called to him from an open window. But as Harry came upon the porch his face indicated that all joy had gone from him, for he drooped his head and thrust out his under lip in a decided pout. "I hate school," he declared vehemently to himself as he walked leisurely past greatgrandpapa. "I wish there wasn't any such

hing as school, so I do,"
Grandpapa lopked up from his revery, naving been roused by Harry's impatient

"What's that, son?" he asked, detaining darry as he was about to enter the house. ome, what's that about hating school?" farry knew that his wish had been a very chool. That's all."

"Now, son, suppose you call your mother ere for a minute. I think I can persuade ssons today-and maybe-if you then wish

A look of eager anticipation came upon farry's face, and he ran'to the door and alled to his mother to come upon the erch. "Grandpapa wants you on importat business," he added, as his mother ap-

as in fact a grandfather to Harry's your books, for they are useless." ether, but he always addressed her as Harry's face was serious, but he did

it that he is excused from books."

sons that forenoon. And she also had a nothing." very private words with the governess "But that wouldn't be atudy," protested fore ahe again returned to the porch Harry. "You'd tell it to me and I'd lisere grandpapa and Harry were now it, ten. eversation.

Grandpapa, tell me about your own papa. anything to hear grandpapa talk forbidden thing." his own boyhood.

of emphatically and said: No. grandpaps, I don't. I hate his-

"Then I must not tell you arything big armchair in the sun, dream- about my boyhood, for that would be hising no doubt of the days long, 'tory," said grandpapa dryly. "All history long ago when he was young deals with past events. Were I to tell like his little great-grandson you of my beyhood it would mean to en-

"But I like that sort of history," cried "Harry!" called a voice, "come, it's time "How would you like to hear me tell

> drawing his chair nearer. "I know you must have had some exciting times during the war, grandpapa, for mamma has told um so.

"Not nearly so exciting as did the many great army officers" said grandpaps, smil-

"Tell me about some of the officers." begged Harry. "That would be great, grandpapa.'

"Well, I'm so old that my memory is not as it used to be, son, but if you'll run and bring your United States history -that I may refresh my mind-I'll tell you about Abraham Lincoln, a strange and wonderful genius."

Harry was not long in fetching the text book grandpapa had asked for, and laid "That's all there is to it, grandpapa," It on the old gentleman's knes. Grandaid Harry, a bit of a blush coming at papa took it up, opened the pages and aving been overheard by grandpapa, for began to scan them. Then suddenly he closed the book, saying: "But you hate aughty one, although he did not yet un- school-which means learning, and this erstand the enermity of it. "I just hate would be teaching you a history lesson. So, we must not open this book. Your dis-

like for study forbids us to do so." "Oh, but grandpapa, I want to hear ar to allow you to remain away from about Abraham Lincoln," protested Harry. Grandpapa shook his head. "No, son, -to remain away all the time. Call your you are excused from lessons today, and I must not turn teacher. You wish there was no such thing as school. Were there no schools you would never have learned to read. If you could not read you would not have books. The past would be a sealed mystery to you, and a mystery to all people were there he learning-no schools and books and lessons. So, since "Now, daughter," said grandpapa (who you do not care to learn we must destroy

sughter), "I think we'd better have gov- not say anything to this suggestion, though negs excuse Harry from lessons today, he did not relish it in his heart. He began says he hates school, and wishes there to understand that going to school and s no such thing. Now, since he doesn't studying from books meant something prove of the institution of learning- vastly more important than he had realtes education, so to speak-we should see ized before. But he hardly knew just what to say to his grandfather about de-Francipapa gave a knowing look at his stroying his books, and advoitly turned the anddaughter who seemed to perfectly un- subject. "Say, grandpapa," lie began, stand him, and turning to her little son "since you can't tell me about your own boyhood, nor about Abraham Lincoln, 'If you do not wish to go upstairs to the s'pose you tell me about the time your baby, olroom I'll have governess excuse you, father and mother-when you were a little grandpapa has requested me to do. You haby-were almost taken prisoners by the by stay here and talk for an hour or so Indians. I'd love to hear that again, for

I've almost forgot lt." and then Harry's mother went upstairs "No, that would be Indian history," extell the governess-who was engaged to plained grandpapa. "And we must not son Harry, and his older brother and sis- touch upon anything of the past, for that s-that Harry was to be excused from is history. And you are supposed to study

"It's one form of learning," said grand-

"You'd learn from my recital just 1001 days." said Harry, loving better as you would from books. So, that's a

Harry began to grow nervous. It seemed randpapa sat silent for a minute, then there was little of interest to talk about be teaching you something you do not see about us, but we must not ask how "Do you like to study history, that did not pertain to history. Well, he already know. Since you hate school and they came or for what purpose. That would would give up the pleasure of hearing of books and lessons you must not be in- be learning. But don't you think you'd farry pursed up his lips, shook his the past. He'd ask grandpaps about things structed in things educational. If men better run and play with the dog and of the present. He rummaged about in had not been great students there never ball and hoop? There's no studying in his mind for something to talk about, would have been books. Without books idle pastime, you know." Just then an automobile went dashing they could not delve into the sciences.



Very few can Tell the Toucan From the Pecan -Here's a new plan: To take the Toucan from the tree, Requires im-mense agil-i-tee. While any one can pick with ease The Pecans from the Pecan trees: It's such an easy thing to do. That even the Toucan he can too.



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

l. 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

4. Original stories or letters only will be used. Pirst and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

(First Prize.) Uncle Paul's Ring

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue.

"Children," said Uncle Paul, one morning at the breakfast table, "I've lost my It's valuable, of course, but I value it more for its memories than for its real worth. To the one who finds it I'll give this," holding up a bright \$5 Then she showed Margie how to make cast a beautiful glow over the otherwise gold piece. "Now, Gall, Eunice, Bobby, Helen, you all hunt for it."

"Margie," turning to the 3-year-old Eunice. "you can hunt, too." "Me'll find it," said Margie, wisely, rap-

"Let's see," said Gail, sitting down on finger, as she often did.

Harry's inquisitive mind found relief.

we see flashing in the sky?"

tricity-is it different from the lightning

rupted her.

"Gail, you'll never find it by sitting there," she said, practically. Gail jumped phone post, I had a good opportunity to this was the most popular paper of all. up and began to hunt.

and went to play. the brook?

"Well, then, Helen or Gail will go." "No, mamma, me want Eunie."

take Margie to brook?"

wiped her feet and put on her slippers, chief beauty of the scene was lights, which gardens and houses in the sand. Margie homely scene.

"Tes," said Bunice, without looking up, By Adeline Specht, Aged 13 Years, 517 South for the was buried in "Hans Brinker: or Twenty-fourth Ave., Omaha, Red. ping with her spoon up her chair. After for she was buried in "Hans Brinker; or brackfast every child rushed out to find the the Silver Skates." She supposed Mar-

"Grandpapa, how do they make electhings that call for questions on your

part and enlightening answers on my part.

down to meditate on his last words to the

dog. Supose he should never go to school

again! Wouldn't he grow up to be a very

ignorant man? Would he be able to cope

he already knew? And wouldn't his brother

up and he was a fool? Yes, it was really

for she'll feel badly when she don't find it, a comb for-" Then Eunice inter-

don't like boys."

her red slippers and stockings. She down appearance of the walls is due to a waded until she was tired. Then Eunice lazy landlord, not a lazy husband. The

played happily. Then she came up to "See baby's new ring."

you get it?" cried Eunice. "Oh, me found in the sand."

In the Woods

Ella Grayson, Violet Palls, and by name is "mother's" ways.

what it was (Violet and I), but Ella told Smith H was a cow bell. When we found out what it was we ran is hard as we could and the cow after us, 'll we came to a big tree and we climbed ip. There were lots of grapes on the tree, and the cow went away. When we got over

our fright we began picking grapes. The tree was very rotten and I got out on a limb that was not safe and down I went, grapes and all, and lit in a wild gooseberry bush, and that did not feel very good. All I said when I fell was, "Oh, my! Girls, catch me!" but, of course, they didn't. It didn't hurt me. Maybe you think I don't worship that gooseberry bush! We got our baskets full and went home, and are going again next year.

(Honorable Mention.) The Dream of the Red Rose

By Irens Reynolds, Aged 10 Years, Little Sloux, Is. Red. A red rose wished she were a white rose, One night she saw a firefly flying by and said: "Dear, firefly, can you make me a nice white dress? I am tired of my old

"I believe you would look best in your own bright gown than in a white dress, like yonder roses; red is prettlest," the fire-

Then the firefly flew away. At 12 the fireto be a white rose instead of wanting to killed, but he wasn't. be your own sweet color?"

In an instant the firefly and the fairy were gone. The rose's wish came true. A red rose asked her who she was and she answered, with a toss of her head, "I am hero of the parish.

The rose awoke from her dream and saw her own red dress. Then she looked at her own red dress. Then she looked at by Wilms R. Howard, Aged 10 Years, 4722 yonder white roses and said: "I would Capitol Avenue, Omaha. Blue. rather be a nice, bright, red rose than a white rose. I will never again be envious."

house are the busy bees, crawling over the mother's name was Mary Roberson. sentation of American home life?" En- eager eyes at a beautiful Christmas tree "All right, take her." Margie trotted raged mankind answers, "No!" It is an which was decorated with beautiful toys off to get Dorothy May, her clothespin uncalled for attack on men by oppugnant and ornaments, which were all for him, females, probably spinsters (or as they Margie always seemed to like Eunice now call them, bachelor maids of 35 or 40). better than her other sisters. "Eunice, who have lost their last chance with men, Thirteen-year-old Eunice swung Margie Up of the American Youth," or "The Home South I Street, Fremont, Neb., Blue. on her shoulder and Margie laughed with Life and the School." You saw that "Father" was seated in the kitchen; the Once at the brook, Margie pulled off parior is too good for him. The tumble-

The Wrong Mr. Smith

gie had twisted some grass around her just moved into her new home. One day father had gone to Wyoming on a business the porch steps, "15 would buy candy, "Look! see how pretty it shines, like the ringing of the bell. Hastliy tying on a packing up their things at once to go ice cream, hair ribbons for Helen. Eunice the sun," insisted Margie. Eunice looked dainty white apron which she had handy to Wyoming. Early in the morning they and myself, a Teddy bear for Margie, up, and there on baby's finger was Uncle for such occasions, she opened the door both started for Wyoming. The train was

past on the road in front of the house. No, we must not talk about electricity ing today. And, of course, if you miss one nor lightning. We must not talk about day you will miss many more. And one link at a time dropped from a chain in the a while he told the people that passenger making destroys it as a useful thing. One must pursue one's studies if one would ac-

We can talk about your ball and dog and complish any good from them." "Electricity, my son, was discovered- kite. We can talk about our food and our "Are you going to talk about anything But I must not tell you, for that would sleep. We can talk about the things we else when Tom, Betty and Alice come down at recess time?" asked Harry eagerly. "Well, I should like to expiain how the children studied botany when I was a youngster," said grandpapa. "And our method of learning spelling was vastly different from the method used now, and Harry reluctantly withdrew from the most exciting and interesting, too. porch to the playground, but he could -here I am rattling on, just as if you not get interested in his play and sent were a little student instead of a boy who Fido about his business, saying, "Oh, you had decided to throw books away and are such a stupid thing, Pido, for you stop going to school." don't know anything," Then Harry sat

Harry sat with head down for a minute, then raising his eyes to his grandpapa's face he said: "Grandpapa, I'm tired already of not going to school. I'm going with the world? Would he ever become a up to the school room right now and ask business man, like his papa, if he stopped Governess to let me come in and get at learning? Would be forget even what little my lessons, for I don't want to be a fool, I don't. Bo, grandpapa, just count me in on Tom and his sisters. Betty and Alice, be being one of the party when you tell that ashamed of him when they were all grown revolutionary story. I don't hate school, and I'd be mighty sorry it there were no a very serious matter. Tom and Betty and books, no lessons to learn, and no school Alice were now learning their lessons up to attend. And since mamma and papa are in the big pleasant school room. Perhaps so kind as to get a governess for us, so they were learning Indian history, or maybo, that we may have school right in our own about Abraham Lincoln. And here was home, I'd be very naughty if I failed to he. Harry, too lazy to like lessons. But appreciate it. So, from today on I'm when he got to be a big boy-Well, then going to look at learning in a different he wanted to be very amart indeed. He light."

"Ah, now, san, you are shouting." laughed wished that he might make the whole world hear of him. But how was be to grandpapa. "The world has no place for accomplish anything if he did not study idlers. It offers premiums, however, to the well-educated boys and girls who are Harry threw his ball on the ground and earnest and energetic. I'm glad my Harry returned to the porch, where grandpapa has had his eyes opened this morning, and still sat. As he resumed his seat grand- that he now understands the necessity of papa said: "When it is recess time I want an education."

you to tell Tom and Betty and Alice to come "And you'll tell us about the Indians, to the porch. I've got a fine story of the too?" asked Harry, as he rose to start revolution-of our George Washington- upstairs to the schoolroom. to tell them, for I think they are now

"Yes, about the Indians, and my own studying about revolutionary times. It school days, too, this evening," agreed is a most interesting subject, too. But grandpaps. "And now run along and tell we'll ask you, son, to withdraw from the your mother that her little son has turned I wish I were a little fish,
With fins upon my side:
Then all day long through water deep
I merrily would gilde porch while we discuss their lessons. We'll over a new heaf and means to be not forget that you are excused from learn- brightest scholar of them all

Paul's ring. Marjorie Howard, where did and admitted a pleasant, middle-aged

Mrs. Smith thought, "This must be one Eunice picked up baby and ran to the of my neighbors, come in to get accouse. Uncle Paul gave her the munor, quainted." When, to her dismay, the which she put in her bank. So Marjorie woman brought out from the folds of her Little Silly plays in school.

And never learns a lesson.

Breakfast Food," which she talked about.

Oh, it is most distressn': telling how nutritious and how healthful it was and that it was good for everybody, By Ruth Robinson, Aged 13 Years, Little etc., ending with the remark, "Mr. Smith Sloux, Ia. Red. is very fond of it and could eat it three It was one bright morning in September times a day." Mrs. Smith became suddenly when I and two friends went to the woods interested and gave her order for a dozen to pick grapes. I will tell you our names- packages, thinking she had learned one of

The next day Mr. Smith was served his Well, I went up to my friend Violet's first dish, which he gently pushed aside, and told her that I was going graping and saying, "I never eat sawdust, dear," Now, wanted her to go too, so she said she would. here was a mystery. Why had this woman We took some baskets and a flour sack. told her that Mr. Smith was fond of it? We got out in the country and met Elia, As if to solve the problem, she looked over who is another friend, so she went along, the bill; there it was plainly written: "One We went to a woods. The first thing when dozen packages to 110 Avenue A. Mrs. T. we got into the deepest part of the woods Smyth, agent." The little bride resolved heard a bell and we could not think that her husband was not the only Mr.

A Hero

By Viola Porterfield, Aged 14 Years, Lintan Apartments, Omaha, Blue. Once upon a time there lived a little Es-

kime girl named Neille. Now, Nellie had a big St. Bernard dog whom she loved very much; his name was Rover. One fine day in December Nellie's mother told her that she was going next door to borrow some oll and that she should stay at home with Rover. So off she went in such a hurry that she (Neilie) did not have time to ask her whether to start the fire or not.

She went in the house with Rover, but just as she got in the front door she heard a terrible noise at the back door. She went to see what it was, but could not see anything, so she went about her work. Again, again, again, it came, louder and louder, and then "bang" the back door

fell in. Nellie was so frightened she could not By Margaret Cowden, Aged 7 Years, River-speak, but stood open-mouthed, staring ton, Neb. Red. speak, but stood open-mouthed, staring hard, for there in the door stood a Polar

bear and her cub. When Rover saw what had frightened Nelliq he gave a bark and then leaped on the cub, grabbed him by the neck and threw him to the ground, dead.

Christmas Tree

"Newspapers! Newspapers! Omaha Bee! Daily News! World-Herald! One-cent apiece!" This was little Bob's voice that Everybody Works But Father was calling. He was a little blue-eyed. freekeled-faced boy of 9 years.

By George Grimes, Aged 13 Years, Omaha. Everyone passed, but once in a while a From my viewpoint, half way up a tole- man would stop and buy a Daily Bec, for see how a song is put on a float. In "Every" It was a cold day in December when this But Uncle Paul's ring was nowhere to body Works but Father," the master of the happened. It was about an hour after Bob be found. One by one they gave it up household is represented as sitting with his had bought his papers that a broad-shouldfeet on the stove reading the latest copy ered man stopped in front of Bob and looked "Mamma, can me take off shoes and of the "Times," borrowed from his neigh- into his eyes, then he drew out his purse stockings," asked Margie, "and wade in bor. His better half is outside in the garden, and asked him what his name was. Bob busy over the washboard, while her daugh- told him it was Bob Roberson. Then the "Yes, dear, but better take Bobby with ters are hanging up the clothes, one of them man said that his name was Roberson and ou."

firting the while with the valet, who is that his sister's name was Mary Roberson,
"No, no, mamma, Bobby's a boy. Me lighting her father's pipe. Back of the but she was dead. Bob told him that his hives. You may ask, "Is this a true repre- . The next morning found Bob looking with

Results of a Wreck

Emma was a little girl ten years of age. She was very kind and had many friends. The town where she lived was in Iowa. On the 24th of October was her birthday. She was going to have a party, so her mother sent out the invitations the it was too hard work. day before. Emma was very happy; she could hardly wait for the day to come.

The next day at 2 o'clock the guests came. They all brought her pretty presents and had a nice time.

Now a few days after this Emma and her mother received a telegram which Mrs. Smith, a bride of a few weeks, had told them that her fathe was hurt. Her she was summoned to her front door by trip. So Emma and her mother began going at the rate of sixty miles per hour. As it was about half way to Wyoming it stopped. The conductor ran through the car and looked very frightened. After train No. 10 was coming, a short ways from them. They gave a signal for it to stop, but it was too late. It rounded the curve and crashed into their train. The

train of eight cars fell in the ditch. Emma and her mother were in one of these. Emma was hurt very badly; her mother was not hurt at all. So Emma was taken to the nearest hospital and her wounds were dressed.

It was found that both her left arm and leg were broken. She is now a cripple

Naughty Little Silly



At home she pouts and stubborn is. And her mother she annoys. Not one thing does she do to pleas She spolls and breaks her toys.

She cries for sweet cake every day.

And frowns on bread and milk.

She says she hates her cotton frocks,

And wishes they were silk.



Oh, she is a most trying child!
As naughty as can be.
'Tis hoped the girls who read this tale
Are not so bad as she.
MAUD WALKER.

and cannot walk. I think she will not forget that wreck as long as she lives, for, was it not for the wreck she would not be a cripple.

A Day in the Woods

Once upon a time some children went to spend a day in the woods. There were two boys and two girls and their mother. One little girl's name was Mas and the other's Bess. One of the boy's names was Earl and the other's Dick. Earl was a little boy When the mother bear saw this she, burn- about 8 years old and Dick was about 10. fly and fairy called Changeable came to ing with anger, leaped upon Rover with And Mae was 6 and Bess was 9. Dick put the rose, and the fairy said: "So you want such force that poor Rover was almost up a swing so the girls could swing while up a swing so the girls could swing while their mother fixed dinner. At dinner they Up he got and chased the Polar bear till talked about what they would do when they were so far Nellie could not see them. they got big. Dick said he was going to be Rover did not come back till quite awhile a farmer and Earl said he was going to be after that, but when he did he was the a carpenter. Mae said she was going to be a farmer's wife and Bess said she was going to be a city girl so that she would not have to ride to town for everything. After dinner they gathered nuts until late and got so many nuts that they could not get them in the buggy, And Dick said that they would have to go and get the wagon, so they could get the nuts home. And hise looked up and saw papa in the wagon, and they went home tired and happy.

Tom's New Magic Lantern

By Ruth Weller, Aged 10 Years, 2414 North Twenty-first Street, Omaha. Blue. Tom was out in the yard playing with his two sisters. After playing different games Mary, the oldest, said: "Let us have a moving picture show with your magic lantern that papa gave you on your birthday. "And, yes, we can have it in the shed. I

know mamma will let us," said Dorothy. "What price shall we ask?" said Tom. "Oh, 1 cent," said Mary; "that will be

"Let's have it tomorrow," said Dorothy, who had no idea how long it took to fix the shed up and get ready for it. But it took two days before everything was ready. "Let us make the tickets and sell some tonight," said Tom. Then they each got a

pencil and some paper. They sent Tom around selling tickets. First thing the next morning they had to help their mamma. After they finished they went out and started to get the shed ready. Tom did the running from the house to the shed. They sold a lot of tickets and had good success. But they never tried it again, for

Limerick



There was an old buble-bee, yellow;
A most carrivodly big fallow;
He took a sly nip
At old Brindle's hip;
And you should have-heard old Brindle bellow!

—M. W.

Let Good Enough Alone



Were you a bird, my silly boy,
Worms would your dist be:
And boys would take a shot at you
When you swung in leafy tree.

Then if I may not be a fish, Nor bird, with plumage gay What may I be besides a boy? Will you tell me, pray?

Bird and Fish:

Why, go to school and study hard.
And learn all that you can:
Improve your mind while you are young,
And grow into a MAN.
-MAUD WALKER.



WHAT'S THAT SONT HE ASKED. "COME, WHAT'S THAT ABOUT HATING SCHOOL!"