SY. LITTLEBEES TIBER OWN.P

OTH prize stories go to the Red team this week and the Blue team is going to have to hurry or it will get beaten in the present contest. The Red side is several stories ahead, having thirteen prize winners. while the Blue side had but seven. Gail Howard of Omaha, our Busy Bee queen, is captain of the Blue team and Albert Goldberg of Shenandoah, Ia., our king, is captain of the Red side.

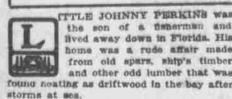
Ever so many of our boys and girls write of better acquaintance as well as a great deal of fun resulting from the postal card exchange. Some of the Busy Bees are exchanging letters as well as cards and all are enjoying this new department. The exchange so far includes the names of Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Marguerite Bartholomer, Gothenburg, Neb.; Louise Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Faye Wright, Fifth and Bells streets, Fremont, Neb.; Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.; Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha; Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.; Miss Pauline Parks, York, Neb.; Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enes, Stanton, Neb., and Alice Grassmeyer, Lincoln, Neb.

The prise winners this week are Alpha Field, aged 11 years, Omaha, Neh., and Mary Day, sged 12 years, 3843 Franklin street, Omaha. Honorary mention was given to Miss Ruth Ashby.

An unusually large number of stories were sent in this week and the editor was very much pleased to find how closely all of the rules had been observed. One story, however, sounded decidedly "bookish," and as it was not marked "original" it was not even considered in competition for a prize. It is too bad to lose a prize this way, but this particular rule has been so constantly repeated that it must now be enforced.

Little Johnny at Bottom of the Sea

By Mand Walker.



and mending nets and keeping her house in order, while Johnny's father spent most of his time in the Gulf of Mexico fishing run them two or three weeks in case of for red-snapper. That particular kind of emergency, though they rarely remained fish always brought a good price at the out at sea longer than four or five days fish houses on the wharf, and Johnny's at a time.

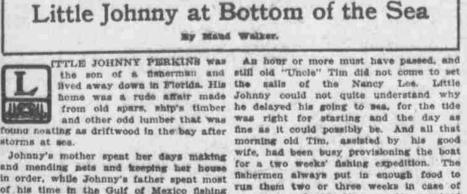
gan planning to follow the fishing trade, but his mother objected to her little son's going to sea till he should be eld enough to brave the tempests and endure the exposure of cold : I dampness. Indeed, the good woman knew too well the perils of the great deep, for many and many were the nights she waited and watched for the return of her husband's boat, building a bonfire on the sandy beach to guide him in the darkness. And many and many a time she saw with fearing heart the waves beat high, driving the frail fisherboats out to sea where many of them were jost. But always her husband came he declared that he was a lucky fis' erman and would never be caught in Davy Jones'

After a fishing expedition, which usuwould remain at home for a week, stiting in the shade of the house resting and stories of the sea. And other fisher folk

And so the months passed by, some of in terrible anxiety and suspense when the the wind. tather and husband was away, and other suit of a good catch of red-snapper.

But all this time Johnny was becoming father to take him every time he took his his eyes. boat - the Captain Perkins - out; but "Oh, I've got you now, young man," said each time the fond father would shake this remarkable individual. "You are going his grizzled head and say: "Not yet my with me to the bettom of the sea very laddic. Wait till you are stronger of arm shortly." and leg and stouter of heart and firmer lay hands on you, and once in his clutches presence of the stranger. you'd find yourself in his locker next. No-o-o, just you wait awhile. Besides folk fear me as a bad boy fears the dark. Hike the glants which fairy books tell about.

But Johnny said nothing in reply. He your locker at the bottom of the sea." So, one day just after his father had set really frightened. Old Davy Jones! And the sails of "Captain Perkins" to the right there in possession of the boat! And Wilson, to carry into effect a plan which had been Johnny knew meant a coffin. forming for days and nights in his childwas another one belonging to old "Uncle" my mother and never, he never, run away By Mary Day, Aged 15 Years, 2843 Franklin Street, Omaha. Red. for he, like Jim Perkins, was a fisherman, fisherman along the Florida coast." When no one was about Tim's dock Johnny place of tarpaulin. Then he waited.



father usually brought in a good pull As the lorenced by there in the anug, close little cabin and covered by the tarpaulin. So, closing his eyes he was about to indulge in a nap when of a sudden the boat started without another occupant than Johnny and without its salls being set. Johnny marvelled at this; but fearing that should he appear outside the cabin he would be accused by the boat's owner of having set it going and decided to remain in his snug corner.

On and on he sailed, going at a great rate over the dancing water. Johany could hear those on the shore shouting and calling out to old "Uncle" Tim that his Nancy Lee was drifting out to sea; but what good would all that noise do? There wasn't another boat in dock that home, no matter how great his peril, for could travel as fast as the Nan Lee when it was going at its usual speed, and at its present speed none could hope to even keep it in night.

Now, the reader may be somewhat surally lasted several days, Johnny's father prised that Johnny did not feel any fear -drifting away out to sea in a boat of which he knew nothing. Often he had smoking his pipe and relating to Johnny gone on short salls with his father in the Captain Perkins, and had some notion of would come in to spend an hour in the how to manage it. But the Nancy Lee evening when Johnny's father was at was a different sort of beat-larger and home, for every one knew him for a good-better than the Captain Perkins-and was hearted, cordial soul who was ever ready managed on different lines. So Johnny was going out into the great rolling gulf in a boat of which he was wholly ignorthe time spent by Johnny and his mother and it was doubtless just drifting before

While Johnny lay meditating upon his times spent in simple domestic bilss when novel experience, not wondering how he By Alpha Field, Aged 11 Years, Omaha, Neb. Red, he was at home safe and sound with a was to get on land again, but wondering what he should see after he had gotten beyond the sight of land, the tarpaulin was raised from his face and the strangest impatient to go to sea. He begged his looking old man stood peering down into

"Who are you, and how did you get of nerve. The old gulf afa't no place for aboard this boat?" asked Johany, now little shaver. Old Davy Jones might sitting up and showing his surprise at the

I'm laying away a bit towards making a And it is not always so easy to catch a scholar and a gentleman out'n you. What fellow as it has been to catch you. I saw if yer dad is just plain Jim Perkins, the you creep into the boat and knew that you leaf and he told his father he had seen a fisherman: 'tain't no sign you have to fol- meant to disobey your parents and go to bugaboo. low the same trade, Nope, Johnny Per- sea in direct opposition to their wishes. kins shall fish for bigger fish than red- So, says I to myself, old Davy, there's as a bugaboo. one for you. Get him and clap him into kept on longing and longing to go to sea. For the first time in his life Johnny felt bugaboo.

breeze and went like a white-winged bird going to take him-Johnny Perkins-to the over the beautiful waves that danced so bottom of the sea, where he would im- pumpkin, with a mouth, a nose and eyes club, "It's up to us to do something Halmerrily in the sunlight, Johnny proceeded prison him in the wide-famed looker which cut in it, with a candle inside. "Oh, sir, please do not harm me!" wailed ish brain. Near to his father's little dock Johnny imploringly. "I will go home to

boat, the Nancy Lee, was tied up walt- the bottom of the sea. My father is Jim ing for old "Uncle" Tim to start to sea, Perkins, the best-hearted and lucklest

crept into the little cabin of the Nancy to take you down to the bottom of the mean to keep it. So, prepare to see the you. Come, git out'n here and go and tell Les, hiding himself behind the provision sea," laughed Davy Jones. "Your father box and covering himself with a great bears a charmed life. Wind and waves and old Davy Jones are defied by him.



The Pewee. The Pea.

To tell the Pewee from the Pea, Requires great per-spi-cac-ity. Here in the pod we see the Pea, While perched close by is the Pewer, The Pea he hears the Pewee peep, While Pewee sees the wee Pea weep. There'll be but little time to see, How Pewee differs from the Pea.



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

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

6. Use pen and ink, not pencil 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use ever a50 words. 4. Original stories or letters only will be used. dress at the top of the first page. First and second prises 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.) Harry's Bugaboo

Omaha Bee.

Harry Wilson lived with his father and mother on a farm and, being a coun-

try boy, was a brave little fellow. One evening, when his mother asked him to go on an errand to one of the neighbor's, he started off bravely and cheerfully, aithough it was almost sundown. pected. It was dark when he started toward home. The country road looked

dark and queer and startled him a little. But he whistled and looked toward home. When he had gone about half way home "My name's Davy Jones. The sea-going he saw a figure that looked very much feet two little dolls. he thought he saw a bugaboo. In a field How Harry did run toward his home! Mr. Wilson said there was no such thing sion of Walnut hill.

He went with Harry to show him what it was, and laughed heartily "at Harry's

"It's only a Jacko'lantern," said Mr. By Ruth Ashby, Awed '2 Years, Pairmont, Nison

(Second Prize.)

"That's just the reason why I'm soing But now that I have my hold of his son I hour ago. I've been helping to search for once, my lad."

> As the old man spoke there was the you sure." sound of rushing waves and the Nancy Lee began to rock and pitch furiously. Johnny to make sure this was not a happy dream, began to tremble with fear and to wish with all his heart that he were safe at home with his mother. Just as he was 1'll never, never go to sea again. Never." about to implore old Davy Jones again to shot like an arrow into the sea, dividing the waters and making a straight path to you may talk." the very bottom.

Johnny was digry from the quick descent and could hardly speak when at last the boat stopped on the sandy bottom of the gulf. Then gasping, he turned to old Davy. Jones, who was looking at him with a sardonic grin on his ugly face, "Oh, sir, what are you going to do with me now?" Johnny asked. "I feel so smothered with all this water over me that I feel I shall die unless you let me go to the top again. Oh. oh!" And Johnny gurgled and gasped. struggling for breath.

"Ah, here you are, you young rascal" lifting him from his reclining position. And then Johnny opened his wes and caught his breath at the same mement. To that he was once more on dry land, and she didn't. his amazement he beheld the weatherbenten so soon to run into his dear anxious face of old "Uncle" Tim bending over him. mother's arms, skipped off with all his delayed starting out with the hoat half an Jones would get me if I did."

do?" "Have a parade."

hats falling off and stumbles. On they go.

trimmed with much difficulty with some old bunting and leaves. In it sat some dolls, four in number, badly shaken by the bumps over rough sidewalks. Next in the grand procession came a

girl dressed up as Santa Claus, with the resumes her tasks. And still another; this is a tricycle

trimmed with pink crepe paper.

The horse was his brother. And after, the prince heard what they said. "Look." He was kept longer than he had ex- as though she were the Picd Piper. She cave." "No," said the other. "that cannot not matter.

Spectators watched from every window. children followed and climbed trees and When he got there he was shaking like a poles. Up one street and down the other By Vera Cheney, Aged 13 Years, Creighton, went the parade. Never was a day more remembered than the grand proces-

> (Honorary Mention.) The F. S. Hallowe'en

Harry found that it was only a large "Girls," said the president of the F. S. last year. Can't any of you think of something to do?

The room was very still, then a hand went up. "O, Marjoriam, I've a dandy plan." The girls put their heads together diligently the children worked! and began talking in low tones. Just then

mysteries of the bottom of the sea, and at your mother you're safe and sound on dry land. She thought old Davy Jones had got

"Well," and Johnny rubbed hard his eyes "I guess old Davy Jones dld pretty near git me, Uncle Tim. But if I know myself "W'y, you foolish youngster, you haven't save him the boat gave a sudden dip and been to sea yet," laughed "Uncle" Tim-"Walt till you get a real taste of it; then

"What?" said Johnny, showing some surprise, for as yet he was not sure that he had not been in the bottom of the gulf. "do you call going to the hottom of the sea nothing? Well, I've been there and talked with old Davy Jones, and he's a Dorathy. Take my diamond ring in my fulghty dangerous person, too, I can tell drawer." He put down Jessie and went to

"Oh, none of your spinning sea yarns at your age," said "lincie" Tim. "But git thing and ran down stairs and out the out of here. I'm for getting off to sen door. Just then Mr. and Mrs. Plake came There comes my partner now. Run with and asked who that was. Dorathy told all your legs and tell your mother she's got them. They praised her very highly for And a strong halld took hold of Johnny, you to feed and fum over for another saving Jessie. Her mother fainted, but soon while."

And Johnny, glad to the core of his heart "How come you in here, you young run- might toward his home, declaring under away?" asked "Uncle" Tim. "Your mother his breath: "I'll go to school and become has been bare daffy about you and has the a scholar. Til never, never go to sea. As whole town out searching. That's why I sure as my name's John Perkins, old Davy

cake. "O, Mrs. Hart, do sit down and hear our plan for Hallowe'en." Mrs. Hart sat down and listened.

These were all nice girls from about 13

dent. They called her Marjoriam, Then there were Rose, Violet, Lily and many ried a bag or bundle. At the door Mrs. Hart met them. When they were all there brought and distribute them around to poor drops nearly to its feet. people? Now Grandfather Hoyt is afraid that you will do something to his property. Now don't you think that we had better arises from its bell-like note (though some leave those things you want at people's say its note sounds strangely like the doors?"

The boys all agreed. The mothers of the girls of the F. S.

and many of the mothers of the boys were there. They went out together.

and all adjourned to Mrs. Hart's home. They played games, ate apples and pump- is shown in the accompanying picture. kip pie, cake and many other dainties.

Then it was time to go and all of the boys agreed that it was a very happy evening, not dress up as she thought it would be and get Mrs. Brown a load of coal," said said, "Helen, we will ge over to Aunt

The Lost Ring

Agnes Lundberg, Aged 9 Years, 348 South I Street, Fremont Neb. Blue. Harriet Larson was a girl of 10 years. She had just celebrated her birthday. She received many presents from her friends. The one she liked best was her gold ring set with a diamond valued at \$50. She wanted to wear it to school, but her mother would not let her.

Well, one day her mother was not at home, so Harriet took her ring, put it on her finger and said, "I will wear it; what is the use of saving it?" Then she ran out to her friends and showed them, 10 years old, but nobody would listen to ple in the streets. She thought she might They all played many games. Then one him. of the girls said, "Let us rake up leaves

"Oh, yes, that will be fun," said Harriet. So they began raking up leaves. is it?" and he walked up the street after baby and began to search for her without When they were jumping on them Harriet cried out, "Oh, girls, I've lost my ring, please bely me find it."

They all searched for it, but could not find it. Then they went home. Harriet told her mother the first thing. Her mother and father were angry at this and sent her to bed.

That same night Harriet dreamed that her ring lay under a leaf about four feet from their porch. At this she awoke and Many times were said. "Wouldn't this wondered if it was true. As soon as it look better?" "What are they going to was morning she got up, dressed and went out, went up to the leaf and picked it The children are in the barn dressing, up, and there was the gold ring. She when a little girl brings a cow's tail which took it and ran to her mother, saying, was to be used as hair for Santa Claus. "I found my ring right under this leaf, When all are ready the leader calls out, Oh, goody, goody." Harriet thought it "Order!" Quick as a flash, they were in was the fairles that gave her that dream. line like so many soldiers, regardless of I imagine how glad she was when she found it.

A Spider and a Fly

By Mary Engl. Aged 12 Years, 1809 South Eighteenth Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue. There was once a young prince who said that, if he had the power, he would drive all the spiders and flies out of the world. One day after a great fight this prince had is called, from the leader. Once more she and there, under a tree, he lay down and fell asleep. A bad man saw him. He drew his sword, and crept up toward him He sprang to his feet and the man ran And yet another. "Oh, my!" A little off. That night the prince hid himself in girl with a triangle, and she is beating, a cave in the same wood. In the night s "That makes me think of school, spider wove her web across the mouth of the cave. Two men, who were hunting Here comes another. A wagon with a for the prince, that they might kill him little boy in it, bravely waving his flags, passed by the cave in the morning, and him comes a little girl blowing on a fife, cried one of them, "he must be hid in this could only play two notes, but that did be, for if he had gone in there he would have brushed down that spider's web." And last of all in this grand procession And so the men went on and did not wait comes a float named "Paradisa," and on it to look in the cave. As soon as they were were two arches trimmed in white. On out of sight, the prince thought how his it lay a doll, as though dead, and at her life had been saved-one day by a fly and the next day by a spider.

Dorathy's Burglar

Neb. Dorathy Flake was to stay alone that night. All alone with her little sister Jessie, who was 4 years old. This was the first night she had ever stayed alone, Mr. and Mrs. Flake were going to the

her Teddy bear. At last bedtime came, dropped minelowe'en. Just think of the things boys did Jessie was put to bed, then Dorathy went to bed. Jessie was asleep and Dorathy was about to sleep when a stealthy footstep was heard on the front steps. Dorathy's heart beat fast as she waited for the knock, but instead she heard the in shaving himself, and his small nephew grinding of something. Then the opening and shutting of the door. She did not hear anything for about five minutes after want me to shave you, too?" that. Then, as she had feared, a step was heard on the stairs. The thought of burglars made her shiver. She remembered that the staircase was a winding one, and it would take the burglar a long time to come up. She grabbed Jessie and got under 'dead'?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. have been swearing? The burglar reached the top and looked

their room. He thought they were in bed. Then he went into Mr. and Mrs. Flake's room and took all their jewelry. . ? He came into the children's room and went to the bed. He intended to steal Jessie. They have gotten up." he said gruffly. Fie then began to look for them. Jessie. who had been dreaming, began to cry. The burgiar, startled by the cry, turned around quickly, then looked under the bed, "Come out, you rascals," he said, grabbing Jessie. "Oh. please don't take her." the drawer. Dorathy grabbed her father's gun and shot. The burglar dropped everydoor. Just then Mr. and Mrs. Flake came came to, and the first thing she said was, "I will never leave you alone again." And

The Surprise Party

By Marguerita Barthulome, Aged 13 Years, Gothenburg, Neb. Red. Helen's mother told her that she could not have a party on her birthday, so Helen enly expected a few presents and she did

Remarkable Tropical Birds

to 16. They had organized a club called the Two curiously remarkable birds are the Flower Sisters. Marjory Hart was presi- Umbrella-bird and the Bell-bird. The former is found along the upper Amazon others. Rose's real name was Rosalyn; river and has its home in the highest tree-Lily's was Lillian and Violet's was Violet. tops. Its food consists of wild fruits and On Hallowe'en the boys were all seen berries. It derives its name from a pegoing into Mrs. Hart's home. They all car- cultar head-dress in the shape of a large. flat-topped, slightly drooping crest of soft Mrs.) Hart said: "Boys, don't you think feathers that completely shade its face. it would be nice to take the things you From its throat a long lappet of feathers

The Bell-bird, whose name doubtless sound of a blacksmith's hammer on the anvil, sharp and ringing clear), is a most interesting bird to study. There are four species of the Bell-bird, three of which A large pumpkin pic was left at Grand- have snow white feathered nales with father Hoyt's door, a cake and a chicken naked faces of a vivid color. A curious were left at Widow Brown's and her wood gristle-growth, or formation, thinly covwas also chopped and carried into the ered with feathers, hangs from the bird's wood house. About 9 o'clock they finished forehead, and during times of excitement this pendulous growth rises stiffly erect as



"Next year we'll put our money together of no use, but in the evening her mother "We'll call this the F. S. Hal- Nellie's, se run upstairs and put on your pink slik dress." Helen ran upstairs to my son."

Suddenly the door opened and a crowd and gave him a home forever. of boys and girls rushed into the room. Helen was so surprised that she ran back and turned very white. After that they played games and ate a light lunch and then went home. They all said they had had a delightful time.

The Brave Boy's Reward

and when we have a high heap let's jump of about 40 years of age. "Shine yer know which way to go to return to her boots?" The man looked at his shoes and father's house.

> paying the boy, when he turned down a residence street, started for home. In the meantime, Marie After he had gone a little way, the boy met a policeman. He saw she was lost saw a street car coming. In front of it and questioned her as to what her name was a child playing with its Teddy bear, was and where she was going.

and laid him on the grass.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"This boy saved the child from being run over by the car." Why, that is the boy that blacked my

boots this morning, and the boy saved is her room and changed her dress. She then He took them both in the house and got came downstairs and waited for her a doctor. They found the boy's name was mother.

Paul Jenes. They put him in a nice bed

The Runaway Baby

By Mabel Witt, Aged 12 Years, Benning-ton, Neb. Blue.

Little Marie Robertson was a very small girl, who lived with her parents in a large city. One day, her mamma being very busy, she was left to play in the By Richard Daugherty, Aged 12 Years, yard. She thought it very cruel that she Kearney, Neb. Blue, was not sllowed to go outside alone when "Shine yer boots?" cried a boy of about she wished so much to see the busy peogo and return before she would be missed. Coming down the street was a tall man but she wandered so far that she did not

said, "Yes, I will take a shine. How much Her mamma by this time missed her success. She was very much alarmed and It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon telephoned her husband, who at once

He ran in front of the car, grabbed the But she did not know that she had a child by the arm and started to run off the name other than Marie and she wanted truck, but he was too late. The car caught to find her papa. The policeman then his leg. He dropped the child and gave took her to the station house, where he a shrick of pain. A man picked him up waited for inquiries for the child, which was not long, and Marie was soon re-Just then the tall man came around the turned to her dear mother and she volunteered never to venture outside the gate again unless accompanied by her mamma.

Pussy Got Left

Pussy, in the corner Of the great big house. Pussy in the corner. Watching for a mouse.

Hole quite close to Pussy. Hole so small and dark; Not a ray of light there. No, not a single spark

Pussy waits and listens; Hark! What's that she hears?



Something in the hole moves! It catches Pussy's cars.

Soft she creeps up closer, For on the other side Of the tiny dark hole A little mouse does hide.

But she sees Miss Pussy. And says, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! So long as she is calling I shall stay right here.

Prattle of the Youngsters

The evening passed slowly away by Little Elmer-Mamma, please give me that get out of the way of automobiles; Dorathy reading and Jessie playing with another lump of sugar for my coffee, I the ones that don't are the 'dead.' Mamma-Where did you drop it, dear? Census man-Now, little boy, run up-

One morning Uncle Bob was engaged was away on a visit.

was an interested spectator. "Clarence," said his uncle, "don't you chair of a baid-headed barber. "No, uncle," replied the little fellow.

"My whiskers ain't ripe yet." "What little boy can tell me the dir-

Willie waved his hand frantically. "Well, Willief"

"Please, ma'am, the 'quick' are the ones your presence.

Little Elmer-I dropped it-er-in my stairs and tell your mother I forgot to ask her when your baby brother was born. Little Boy-She doesn't know, str. She

> Little Gerald had just been placed in the "Well, my little man," said the barber, "how would you like your hair cut?"

"Well," replied Gerald. "you may cut it like yours if that's the style." ference between the 'quick' and the Mother-Is it true that in my absence you

Little Willie-Yes, ma'am; I heard you tell pa you'd allow no man to swear in

Illustrated Rebus





"OH. SIR, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME NOW!" JOHNNY ASKED.