

ILLIE CULLEN, age 10 years, of Omaha, and Eleanor Mellor, age 11, of Malvern, In., have been elected king and queen of the Busy Bees for the next three months, their reign beginning today. Our new king will be leader of the Red side and our queen leader of the Blue. These two had the highest number of votes, though Maurice Johnson of Omaba and Ruth Ashby of Fairmont were close rivals. Both Maurice and Ruth have been chosen king and queen before and they are among the very best contributors to our page.

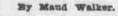
The Blue side came out ahead this time, it having won thirteen stories. and the Red side eleven. Our contest will continue under the present rules until June 1.

Several boys and girls have written recently asking how they may become Busy Bees. Just write a story and follow all the directions under "Rules for Young Writers" and mall it in. Any story may be credited on the Red or Blue side, just as the writer wishes.

The prizes were won this week by Leona H. Bays of Mondamin, Ia., on the Blue side, the second going to Ruth Ashby of Fairmont, Neb., also on the Blue side, while honorable mention was given to Gladys Lindskog of Omaha, who is on the Red side. Last week all the prizes were won by the boys and this week the girls have won all of them.

The Busy Bees write that they are enjoying the postal card exchange and a new name is added this week. The list now includes: Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Ardyce H. Cummings and Grace Cummings, postoffice box 225, Kearney, Neb.; Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.; Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.; Emma Carrathers, 2211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha; Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omnha; Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.; Emma Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha; Florence Pettijohn, Long Pine, Neb.; Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.; Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.; Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.; Alta Wilker, Waco, Neb.; Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reede, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gall Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.; Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.; Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.; Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha; Lotta Woods, Pawne City, Neb.; Miss Pauline Parks, York, Neb.; Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

Myrtle and May's Ghost



YRTLE AND MAY JACKSON the years that Sam has worked for us-I



not a forbidding place by daylight, but at often alters the plan of a poor creature on night it was quite desolate enough to make the earth. We are viotims of circuman ordinary boy or girl feel "creepy" if stances. The sun is all powerful." panied by an adult.

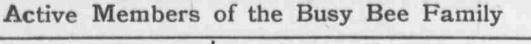
One evening, just after supper was over "But be not afraid. Even though Sam in the Jackson home, the son of a distant were detained an hour or so you two girls relative of Mrs. Jackson came driving up are perfectly safe here. Lock up the house in a sleigh, calling to Mrs. Jackson-who securely, draw down the shades and people had hurried to the door to greet him-that passing will never know that two little girls his mother was very ill, and that he had hold the fort alone. And now goodbye, come to take Mrs. Jackson to her bedsids. dearles; I must hasten to your poor auntie's

were sisters, aged 14 and 12 re- might say, been one of the family-he has spectively. Their home was on never broken his word with us. So I'm a farm adjoining a town that as sure he'll be here on time as I am sure nestled in a wooded valley. of tomorrow's sun shining," Between the Jackson farm and "You must not forget, mamma mine," inthe town stretched the town park, a lonely terposed Myrtle, with a smile, "that the barren place-with its gaunt trees and ice- sun cannot be interfered with by mortal paved walks-during the winter. It was man, whereas the most trivial circumstance

obliged to pass through it, unless accom- "You are a great wiseacre," laughed Mrs. Jackson, stroking Myrtle's hair tenderly.



MADGE E. DANIELS, Ord. Neb.





EMMA KOSTAL AND BROTHERS.

lots better than when I tried to please myself alone. mother.

(Second Prize.) When Uncle Jack Was Sick

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

"A story, Uncle Jack, a story," clamored where he had found Dick. The next day the children. Uncle Jack put down his James and his sister made a flower grave book good-naturedly. "Well, kiddles, I will and a little coffin in which they put little tell you a story this once, but I'm afraid Dick. Then they put the coffin in the the father, mother and their son, whose it'll be one I told you before. Come here, grave, and filled it up with dirt. James name was Jack. Jack's father supported Bub, and sit on n.y knee." "Oh, I have then made a little wooden cross which he the family by running a small carriage reit." said Uncle Jack, pulling one of 3-year- put on top of the grave, and his sister pair shop. old Bub's long, yellow curls, 'I thought of picked some flowers and put them on the it the other day."

The children drew up their chairs and on which was written, whose grave it was. died. After his death, a brother of his, Uncle Jack began. "When I was a little Then when this was done, they made a from whom he had borrowed money to

(Honorable Mention.)

Ohio Street, Omaha. Red.

There once lived a little girl, long ago,

dining room, which was nest; then in the

bed room, the same way, she liked them,

Honesty is the Best Policy

Neb. Blue.

and his mother were taken to a stately blame for all the rubbish, mud and weeds? mansion. James was educated in the best schools and his mother and he lived happily. He can tell you that "honesty is the best policy."

Dorothy's Valentine

Oh, cried Dorothy, as she jumped out of bed, today is St. Valentine's day. Won't we have a good time? Hurry and dress me nurse, I want to get through my lessons. Dorothy's teacher was her nurse. Dorothy was a girl of twelve, and St. Valentine's day, her birthday. She had black eyes and dark, brown hair and a winning smile and she was a perfect beauty. She was dressed in a sailor suit of dark blue trimmed in white braid and her hair curied and parted on the side. Down stairs she went with a skip and a bound. "Here mother," she said, giving her mother a large bundle. "Here's one for you and papa," holding up another. "I will give yours after lunch." said papa. "Oh, papa," pouted Dorothy. "Work first and play after," said papa. After breakfast, Dorothy went in to the library and took her seat at the table. Dorothy's friends, Cynthia and Marcia, always studied together. There stood nurse. "we will hurry today" said nurse, take your arithmetic, and work five problems on page 228, now hurry. At last, all the lessons were finished and Dorothy went to her father's study, (her father was a lawyer) he was busy and Dorothy waited half an hour. At last he put on his hat and took Dorothy's hand. They went out the side door and there stood a little pony and cart. "Oh, it's mine," cried Dorothy, and sae jumped for joy. We will go for a ride now pape, and calling to mother to come, she pulled out the back seat for nurse and mother. Dorothy and papa sat in front, and off they went. They were riding about two hours, when papa said they must return. They let mother and nurse out. Then they went to the stores and bought ice cream, candy, nuts, fruit and everything imaginable, and at last they started for home. When they got there, out jumped thirty girls and boys, and they had a jolly afternoon and evening and Dorotny had many a happy time with Forence, for that was the name she gave her pony.

The Sad Story of a Little Bird

and flew away. A cat saw him and ters," jumped at the bird and killed him. Dick did not return home until he was found by a little boy, whose name was James. He picked the little bird up and went home and showed it to his mother, and told her

mother was the gentleman's sister. James rubbish and weeds. I wonder who's to

Aunt Jayne's Vase

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

"Have any of you children touched Aunt Jayne's beautiful struscan vase?" asked By Adah Heidryx, Aged 11 Years, Kearney, mamma, coming into the sewing room, Neb. Blue. where the children were playing.

"I didn't," said Dorothy. "Nor L" said Marjorie and Jack.

Bernico's face grew red. "I didn't," she said, hesitatingly.

"Very well," said mamma; "only Aunt Jayne felt very badly over it, for Uncla Phil gave it to her just before he went away on the voyage from which, as you know, he has never returned. He may be dead or he may be captured by cannibals." Mamma went out and left the children alone.

"Isn't it too bad?" asked Marjorie. "Yes; and 1 wonder who did it. They

ought to be ashamed of themselves. But there is the postman's ring. Run and see if my post cards came, Jack." Jack went to get his sister's mail.

"Here's your post cards, Marjorie, and we've all got an envelope exactly alike." They opened them and it proved to be an invitation to Isabel VanDelaine's George Washington party. They rushed in a body to mamma, who agreed to make them dresses of red, white and blue.

"Where's Bernice?" asked Dorothy. They had not missed her and found ner in the girls' bedroom.

The day of the party arrived. "Come, mamma, and show us our surprise dresses."

Mamma went and brought out the dresses. They were white with broad red. white and blue sashes and trimmings. Little white slippers, with red, white and blue ribbons, lay beside them. Jack's suit, however, was different. It was of deep red sateen. The knee breeches had a silver buckle and there was lace in the sleeves. On the three-cornered hat a white wig was placed.

"Oh, mamma, how lovely! But there are only two."

"Bernice can't go."

"Oh, why not," criel the girls. "Bernice and I only know." The three put on their pretty clithes and then Bernice asked, "Why couldn't I go,

mamma?" "Because Washington never told a lie, By Willie Kretshmer, Aged, 19 Years, 1942 and I am ashamed of my little girl who South Sixteenth Street, Omaha. Red. told me she didn't break the vase when

told me she didn't break the vase when There was a little bird whose name was she did. Aunt Jayne had it fixed so that "I knew you would, dear," said her Dick. One day he escaped from his cage it doesn't show, but that doesn't mend mat-

Bernice never told a lie again.

Jack's Honesty

By Justin P. McCabe, Aged 11 Years, 3112 Miami Street, Omaha, Neb. Red. In Seattle there lived a family by the name of Peron. The family consisted of

Things went well with the Peron family grave. After that they made a little sign, until one day, late in June, Mr. Peron



to and don't disk me whether I want to or RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

I hope you can come with me, Aunt bedside." And Mrs. Jackson kissed her Mary." pleaded the young man, "for mother daughters goodbye and was soon on her thinks there is no nurse in the world like way to minister to her sick relative. you."

minute," promised Mrs. Jackson, "Come night to fall before securing themselves in and warm yourself while I get into my in their stronghold. wraps."

"But, mamma," said May, "what will have thought of a plan to fool anyone Myrtle and I do-here alone? You know who might be sulking about to do mischief papa will not be home till tomorrow even- here while we are alone. Suppose we light ing and may be detained even longer if up the parior, the hall and sitting room the old jury doesn't agree."

"Oh, is Uncle Frank on the jury ?" asked lets play the plano and sing with all our Jack, who was warming his benumbed fingers at the big base burner, which party is in progress." glowed with cheerful coals.

"Yes, and the case that is now being said she thought it quite unnecessary to go tried will not be given to the jury till to- to so much trouble and that she preferred morrow morning," said Myrtle. "So, you to pass the evening in a book that was see, if mamma goes away sister and I will most instructive and entertaining. be here alone."

"Didn't Sam promise to return at bed- turn in just as the clock strikes 8. You time?" asked Mrs. Jackson, drawing on her know how punctual he is. Were he out of overshoes. She referred to their hired man, his bed at 9 o'clock I think the world who was perfectly trustworthy in every would stop." respect and who had lived with the Jack-Then Myrtle buried her body in a big.

son family since Myrtle and May were mere easy chair, drawn up before the fire, and tots. And many and many a time he had her mind in a book, which she found most looked after the house, the children and the engrossing. May got her drawing ma- mamma!" farm in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Jackterials and proceeded to sketch the old cat that lay on a fur rug, taking life easy. "Oh, if Sam returns before bedtime it's

all right," said Myrtle. "But you know he has a long ride before him." "Where did he go?" asked Jack, who, as

ask questions pertaining to the family for Tabby had proved so fine a model for staring into one another's pale faces, she wanted to defend her sister and hermatters. her pencil that all but her drawing had

"Well, you know, Jack, that Sam has an been forgotten. old friend living about eight miles from town-over south. This old friend's daughhe must attend the wedding. Laden with wake us up on his return, for the doors the buggy and set off for the place of getting sleepy, and I don't feel the least feativity. The wedding was planned to take bit afraid, either, although I thought it thought he'd be through with the 'palaver.' -just you and me."

as he called it, and ready to start for home

Myrtle and May locked and fastened "Certainly, Jack; I'll be ready in a doors and windows, not waiting for the

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil 8. Short and pointed articles will e given preference. Do not use over words.

"Say, sister," said May, excitedly, "I 4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and ad-dress at the top of the first page. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con and maybe mamma's room upstairs. Then tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to might and anyone passing will think a CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Omaha Bes. Myrtle laughed at her sister's plan and (First Prize.) Agnes and the New Rule

By Leona H. Bays, Aged 13 Years, Mon-"Be damin, Ia. Blue, sides," she went on, "Sam will doubtless One day Agnes Ford came home in tears.

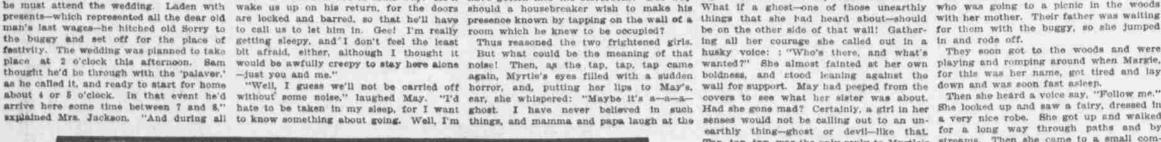
"I just can't have a good time in school," she sobbed. "The girls won't try to please me at all. They just play what they wan

Half an hour found Myrtle and May in

their bed, the moon peeping in through the Thus the time passed and, to Myrtle's window to keep them company. astonishment, the clock struck 9. So inter-

"What was that?" whispered May. aside her book. "It's quite evident that directly opposite their bed. Could someone sounds had issued from.

about 4 or 5 o'clock. In that event he'd without some noise," laughed May. "I'd ear, she whispered: "Maybe it's a-a-aarrive here some time between 7 and 5." hate to be taken in my sleep, for I want ghost. I have never believed in such





GATHERING ALL HER COURAGE, SHE CALLED OUT, IN & HUSKY VOICE: "WHO'S THERE AND WHAT'S WANTED!"

"That isn't the way to feel dear. Suppose an old maid teacher, one of the common found in the you try to please them once," advised Mrs. ones, with a long nose, thin lips, and a pair the grave. Ford.

Agnes said nothing, but she resolved to actly the same-a long white apron red do as her mother said. waist and her light hair drawn back into a knot on the top of her head. The only The next day as she was on her way to school, she saw a little girl just in front redeeming feature about her was that her of her, crying. She went up to her and name was quite fancy, Miss M-. You children can enjoy schools nowadays, for said, "What is the matter?" "I lost my you usually have a pretty teacher to look dolly," was the answer.

A few minutes hunt found the doll and the child went on her way happy, leaving liked to go to school. For even if their Agnes with a glad heart. teachers were pretty, they were cross. When Agnes got to school she surprised her playmates by agreeing to everything

that they said. . "What's come over Agnes?" they wondered.

Agnes kept on the watch and she found many ways in which to help others. At night when she came home her mother

said: "How did you get along, dear?" "Nicely, I followed your rule, mamma, said Agnes with a happy smile. "I feel

sleepy, too. How lonely without papa and mere mention of the name. But what else than a ghost would make that strange quite well. I never played 'possum again, noise?" for grandma came to live with us and she

May shivered at her sister's suggestion, was too wise for me." and involunterily dropped down into bed But just as they were going off into again, covering up her head. Not so with ested in her book had she been that she Slumberland a strange tap, tap, tap sounded Myrtle. She wanted to hear all that was had not heard the striking of & Neither on the wall that divided their room from going on. Her fear would not allow of his shoulder and went out of the room. a relative of the family, held the right to had May noticed the passing of the time, the storeroom. Both girls sat up in bed, her hiding her head. On the other hand,

> self. With a mighty resolve she stepped The Wonderful Kitchen Tap, tap, tap, went the sound again, three from the bed and tip-tced to the wall, plac-"Let's go to bed," yawned Myrtie, laying times as before. And it was on the wall ing her ear against the spot where the By Gladys Lindskog, Aged 11 Years, 4237

Tap, tap, tap, ter was married today and Bam feit that Bam has been detained in some way. He'll have gotten into the storeroom? But why tap! This time four! Myrtle's blood chilled. who was going to a pienic in the woods should a housebreaker wish to make his What if a ghost-one of those unearthly be on the other side of that wall! Gather- for them with the buggy, so she jumped

in and rode off. Thus reasoned the two frightened girls, ing all her courage she called out in a They soon got to the woods and were But what could be the meaning of that husky voice: : "Who's there, and what's playing and romping around when Margie, again, Myrtle's eyes filled with a sudden boldness, and stood leaning against the for this was her name, got tired and lay

Then she heard a voice say, "Follow n covers to see what her sister was about. She looked up and saw a fairy, dressed in Had she gone mad? Certainly, a girl in her a very nice robe. She got up and walked senses would not be calling out to an unearthly thing-ghost or devil-like that, for a long way through paths and by

streams. Then she came to a small com-Tap, tap, tap, was the only reply to Myrtle's fortable looking cottage. query. The fairy twisted the key and walked in But at this instant a mightly stan.ping

and knocking on the door sounded down fitted nicely, with lights lit. Then in the stairs, and Sam's voice was calling for admittance. It did'nt take Myrtle and May an hour to get down to the hall door, and And then in the kitchen, for to her delight, to tell Sam all about the ghost in the storethere were shining kitchen utensils, a small room

stove, a table and some cooking materials. "Well, we'll have that ghost, dead or The fairy said, "Now Margie which room alive," declared old Sam, striding up the do you like the best?" Margie thought and stairs and right into the storeroom. But then said, "I really do like the kitchen the nothing could induce the girls to accompany best." Just then she heard her mother him, and they stood shivering into hall, calling her. She woke up and there she waiting for Sam's dying shrick or his live was in her own cosy bed. Her mother had explanation. They lived many days during taken her home while she was asleep. those two minutes for Sam's stay in the storeroom. Then forth he came, a grin

on his honest face. "The clothesline hangs on the wall next By Vera Farris, Aged 11 Years, Albion,

to your room," he said, "and somebody has careleasly left the window of the storeroom open. The wind blows in and shakes the knotted end of the clothealine, making it tap against the wall. It's as ornery a ghost as I've ever catched in all my life,

"Sam, that's one on us." said Myrtle. "Please let us off as casily as you can when you tell paps and mama about it." And both girls joined Sam is a lange that ap reigned in the house, for the shows time. He followed James home and his had departed and Ham had returned

woods and put them around of spectacles. She was always dressed ex-

Contentment

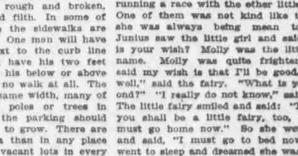
By Willie Cullen, Aged 10 Years, 3212 Webster Street, Omaha, Red. There was once a little boy named Ed-

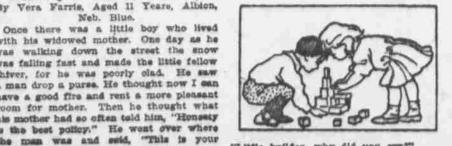
had all the luxuries of a child with wealthy parents, but yet he was not contented. The at" Uncle Jack paused a moment, while poor little boy named John who lived the children indignantly denied that they across the way was twice as happy and contented. Edward was never satisfied He always found fault with everything he "Well, as I was saying, I positively hated had. When his parents bought him new to go to school. One day I pretended to be suits of clothes he always found somesick, so I could remain at home. Mother thing wrong with them; they were always felt very sorry and it would have worked either too big or too small, according to well if it were not for grandma. She said Edward. Nothing suited him and he was something to mother in low tones. Mother the most disagreeable companion anyone seemed very reluctant, but grandma said, ever went with, while little John was al-Yes' so loud that I heard her. She came ways happy and greeted everyone with a to me and said," 'John, since thee is so smiling face even if he did not have all sick, thee must remain at home; thee must go to bed at once.' They put me to bed by all of his companions, but Edward was and dosed me with castor oil, sassafras tea and some other of grandma's remedies. changes take place. One day his father Needless to say, when Dot (your mother) and the rest came home at noon, I was "No, kiddles, I won't tell you any more stories. I'll save them for the next stormy day." Uncle Jack then threw Bub upon

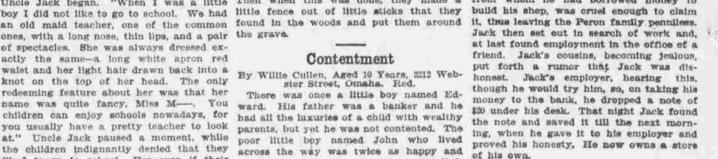
piness of contentment.

What's the Matter with Omaha her surprise, found she was still lying on By Roger Crawford, Aged 13 Years, 2808 North Thirtleth Street, Omaha. Red.

I came from the clean, well paved city of Tacoma, Wash., where the streets are washed and swept twice a week, and they have fine concrete walks, on every street, bordered on each side by parking. I would often skate for miles on the payements there with roller skates. Not so in Omaha. Here the streets are rough and broken, There they stood alone in a small parlor







Adetha and the Fairies

By Myrl Rodgers, Aged 8 Years, Gibbon, Neb. Red.

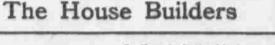
One day Adetha was asleep on the porch, when suddenly she was awakened by very soft singing. She looked and she saw a ring of little creatures, about two inches tall. At first she was very frightened. Then one of them flew to her and said, the luxuries Edward had. John was liked "Would you like to go to fairy land?" "Very much," said Adetha, "but I am too not. Edward never thought how soon big to go with you. Then the fairies slipped behind Adetha and touched her, then gave lost his position and after that the family her a mirror and told her to look in it. became poorer and poorer. They finally She looked and saw a little child standing had to sell their fine mansion and move under a lily leaf. She danced about for into a little cottage outside the city. Ed- joy. Then, in a little time they said they ward had no such luxuries as he had be- had to go. They picked Adetha up and fore and now he thought with sorrow of they traveled one day and one night. Then his beautiful home. He was contented they came to fairy land. Adotha thought now with a suit of rough homespun clothes, it was a beautiful place. At night they Edward learned the great leason of con- led her to a bed of very pretty green grass; tentment, and he is always contented with the pillow was the pod of a milk weed. everything he has. He also says that all of She woke up and went and bathed in a his wealth he lost does not equal the hap- wash basin, but the fairles called it a bath tub. She heard her mamma calling Adethal Adethal She opened her eyes and, to

the porch.

The Little Fairy Junius

By Margaret Matthews, Aged 7, 2828 Callfornia Street. Red. One day a little girl who went out for a

walk met a little fairy named Junius. She was a kind little fairy and Junius was running a race with the other little fairles. covered with mud and filth. In some of One of them was not kind like the rest; the residence districts the sidewalks are she was always being mean to them. the worst I ever saw. One man will have Junius saw the little girl and said, What his sidewalk built next to the curb line is your wish? Molly was the little girl's and his neighbor will have his two feet name. Molly was quits frightened, but in. Another will have his below or above said my wish is that I'll be good. "Very grade, and some have no walk at all. The well," said the fairy. "What is your secwalks are not all the same width, many of ond?" "I really do not know," said Mosly, them have telephone poles or trees in The little fairy smiled and said: "My dear, their center. Where the parking should you shall be a little fairy, too, but you be, weeds are allowed to grow. There are must go home now." So she went home more weeds in Omaha than in any place and said, "I must go to bed now." Ena I've been. There are vacant lots in every went to sleep and dreamed she was a fairy part of the city and they are covered with and was dancing about on the maple leaves.



So they took the blocks again And began to build up faster.

Then came uncle through the door With his ugiy, grown-up places. They made an earthquake on the floos And broke the palace all to pisces.



with his widowed mother. One day as he was walking down the street the snow was failing fast and made the little fellow shiver, for he was poorly clad. He saw

a man drop a purse. He thought now I can have a good fire and rent a more pleasant room for mother. Then he thought what his mother had so often told him, "Honsety is the best policy." He went over where rang over the house, reaching even to the in the best pointy." He wont over where haunted storeroom where the ciofhestine purse," The man said, "This is your haunted storeroom where the ciofhestine purse," The man said him his name, had conned to tap, sosing that dam had After he had told him his name was James slosed the window. And then passe and the man said, "You resemble my sister, for whom I have been searching for a long

though they're all of a pattern."