SY. LITTLEBEES THEROWNP

HE BUSY BEE editor's mail was very heavy last week, and many of the letters brought questions or inquiry. One little girl wishes to know why her picture that was sent in a little while ago has not been used or returned to her. The editor is very glad to answer this inquiry because the boys and girls frequently become impatient that their pictures are not used as soon as they arrive. Perhaps you will remember that we have used these picture of the Busy Bees in groups of three or four or five. Sometimes it takes a week or two for the pictures to come in, and then we have a little delay. Several of the boys and girls have promised pictures that have not yet arrived, but as soon as they do they will be used and returned. Can't we have some right soon?

Several letters have been received this week calling attention to the fact. that one of last week's prize stories was not an original story. The editor supposed that all the Busy Bees understood that the stories must be originalthat is, must be made up by the boy or girl sending them in. That there might be no mistake, we have repeatedly requested that the stories be marked "original." The editor is sure that none of the Busy Bees mean to do anything wrong, but of course when they are careless in this way or of any of the other rules they cannot win a prize. As it is impossible for the editor to always know whether the stories*are original, she will be very glad to have the Busy Bees let her:know at onceswhen copied stories are used.

A number of letters have had to be discarded lately because their writers have been careless of the rules. One boy from Chicago wrote on both sides of the paper and used lend pencil. One of the girls wrote a splendid story, but forgot to give her age, and state which side she wished to be counted on. Another little girl wrote on both sides of the page and forgot to sign her last name. Several boys and girls have neglected to mark their stories "original." Remember, Busy Bees, unless you comply with the rules your stories cannot compete for the prizes.

Those succeeding in answering the illustrated rebus were: Miss Ethel Girard, age 12 years, Fremont, Neb.; Miss Norine Schulhof, age 10 years, Plattsmouth, Neb.; Miss Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Miss Rosebud Anderson, Gothenburg, Neb.

Why Bingo Became a Tramp

pression on Joey's father's face was very

strange, and Bingo whined softly to him-

Then the carriage was drawn up at

went to the bed where Josy had slept

long, black-covered wagon that stood in

the yard. There the scent was stronger,

Then went a long procession of wagons,

mile away, a hillside where reared strange

white, glistening stones very close together.

Bingo had been there once with Joey, and

Joey had scolded him gently for running

about over little grassy mounds, and had

taken him away from the piace very

quickly. And now, unobserved, he went

there again today, following in the rear

of the last vehicle to avoid being seen

and driven home again. He knew that

his Joey was in that black wagon which

led the procession, and he was determined

to know what they-all those men and

Arrived within the Penced hillside four

men lifted a black box from the long.

and sniffed at it. The men told him to go

away and one threatened him with a big

then it was Joey's mother who saw Bingo

there, and holding out her hand to him.

in a trembling voice, and as Bingo went

felt something like raindrops on his up-

turned face. Somehow, his heart was al-

he knew that Joey would never be theirs

her side she knelt beside him and he

lack wagon. Bingo ran right up to it

women-meant to do with him.

door stood wide and

By Mand Walker.

Bingo was a dog. Anyone looking at him prehension over this sudden change in their would have said he was a common one. But daily routine, had you asked his little master, Joey Travis. But into the barn came Joey's father and about Bingo you would have been told in several of the neighboring men. The exthe most emphatic manner that Bingo was the greatest, most wonderful and most self on noting it. Silently the horses in heroic dog on earth. The truth was, Bingo the barn were hitched to the two-seated and Joey were almost of an age, Joey being carriage that stood in the shed. Joey's 10 years old and Bingo 7. Now, ten years father took his place in the rear seat are but a few when measuring the length while two of the farmers occupied the of a boy's life, but seven years mark the driver's seat. This, too, was strange to fast-approaching old age of a dog. So, Bingo. He had been accustomed to seeing you will readly see that, while Joey was Joey and his father occupy the front seat young at 10 years of age, his chum and and Joey's mother and baby sister in the constant companion, Bingo, was old at 7, back seat. But to Joey, Hingo was ever young.

Together Joey and Bingo went about the the front door and Joey's mother was woods in the summer time, hunting. Now, assisted by several women friends to her I do not mean that they were hunting place beside her husband in the back seat. beasts and birds, for they were not. They She were a black veil closely wrapped were hunting a jolly good time, and they about her head and face, and Bingo saw always found it. Perhaps that was be- that she walked with an uncertain step By Norine cause their pleasure did not depend on the and drooping head. Her dejected aspect wanton taking of innocent life. Joey en- went straight to the heart of Bingo Leapjoyed living; so did Bingo. And Joey know ing through the open window of the barn that life was as sweet to the wild things he went quickly to the back door of the as it was to him and Bingo. Therefore, house, entered and passed through to ey respected the rights of the wood's Joey's room. creatures as he respected the rights of his Bingo entered. But no Joey was there. He own family at home

found in their wanderings about the hills master was there. A peculiar scent led and valleys surrounding their home were Bingo through the rooms to the parlor. many. For hours they would lie in the thence out through the hall door to a shade of some fine old tree and watch the birds filtting about from bough to bough. Again they would take a dip in the clear, the familiar scent which had always told you." cool water of the fast-running creek, where him he was near to his master. But in bles were to be found. And it was Bingo there was no mistaking the fact that it

who taught Joey to swim, was Joey in that black wagon-inside the shade and stream, they would ramble see with their noses more than with their newly-made hole. And then the dirt and through the deep meadow, where the cows eyes." And so it was true in Bingo's case. and pretty calves stood knee-deep in the His nose told him where his young massweetest of clover. And at evening, on re- ter was. Also something made him know himself. Joey was there-in that box. His turning home. Joey would have most won- there had taken place a great change nose had told him so. derful tales of adventure to relate to his with his beloved Joey, and that never, mother and father, while Bingo would never again would the old life, so dear, stand nearby, watching with keen interest so sweet, be theirs-Joey's and Bingo's. his young master, and seconding everything he said by wagging his tall and carriages and buggies towards a hillside

blinking his eye.

But one cold winter day Joey fell ill after having been out in the snow coasting with Binge. That night he tossed with a burning fever, and the next day Bingo missed his young comrade's cheery "Good mornold Bing!" And all day long Bings stayed near to the door of his beloved master's room, holding his nose close to the crack beneath it to scent for any danger. And all day long, at frequent intervals, Bingo was thrust away from the door to allow Joey's parents and the doctor to pass in and out. But immediately the door was closed Bingo would take up his posttion at the door, his nose at the crack and his quick car strained to catch his master's voice.

And so passed three days and nights. Then on a certain morning Bingo was led from the house to his place in the big warm barn, one of the neighbor men leading him. But from the window of the barn Bingo could watch the house, and to his wonder he saw many people coming. some remaining in their vehicles in the yard while others alighted and went into the house. There was a great but silent gathering which roused Bingo's curiosity And all the time Bingo wondered and wondered what it was all about, and also most as heavy as the poor mother's, for wondered why Joey remained so long in his room. Although Bingo could not count again. the time by days and nights he knew a Joey, and his poor heart was full of ap- tance off.



"THE LONE FISHERMAN."



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil Short and pointed articles will e given preference. Do not use over 50 words. 4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

First and second prizes of books vill be given for the best two con-ributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

(First Prize.)

A Tragedy. ne Schulhof, Aged 16 Plattsmouth, Neb. Red. 10 Years, Little Dorothy Grey is very fond of kittens. When she was about 4 years old she owned two little beauties, and she almost always carried them about the house with her. She used to call her children. If they were good she since he could remember, but no young petted them, but if they were naughty she punished them. One day they jumped Post," cried a little newsboy. they knocked over a beautiful vase. "You naughty children!" cried their cold. mother, Dorothy, "Now I shall punish

There was a large churn in the back house in Hanston street.

and dropped them into the churn. Then she put the cover on and went off and left them. At first the kittens mewed very unhappily, then they both settled down and went sound asleep. When Dorothy went upstairs she found her grandpa had come to take her out for an automobile ride. Off she went and forgot about the children she had left in the churn. While she was gone an old woman came to see her mother. When the old woman saw the churn she yelled, "Oh, if that isn't just like the churn I used to make butter with in the old country! I should like to try it."

The churn dasher was standing by. The kitchen was not very light, and the woman had not very good sight. She took off the cover of the churn and did not see the kittens asleep in the bottom sad to tell, but Dorothy never saw her two little kitten children again.

(Second Prize.) Reunited.

herself their mother and play they were By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, her children. If they were good she Neb. Red.

Jim Peppercorn was 10 years old

He lived with his mother in a little most wonderful shells and brilliant reb- a way it was different-very different. Yet kitchen. Dorothy took both the kittens 'It took nearly all of his scanty earnings her father's life.

Then, after exhausting the novelty of close cover. As someone has said, "Dogs men place the long black box into a deep, to wandering farther away snow were shoveled into the hole, covering up the box. Bingo whined softly to

And then the billside was left alone, the vehicles with their loads of humanity going off down the road in the cold afternoon. But Bingo, still hiding behind the tail white stone, kept his place till the last wagon was out of sight. Then he came forth and went straight to the newlymade mound, lying down across it. Turning his eyes towards the sky he whined softly, his great eyes, so full of mortal suffering, becoming dim with moisture. Who dares to say that an animal-a dognever sheds tears while suffering grief knows little of what he is talking about. In that cold afternoon, lying prone across the grave of his dear master, Bingo really wept like a child. His very heart shed tears, and his plaintive whine was in reality

But as the night came down Bingo returned to his home, creeping into the barn to sleep. Joey's father came in to attend to the horses, but Bingo did not rise as had been his wont in former days. Still heavily-shod foot when he disobeyed. And he lay in the hay of an unused manger. his grief too deep to allow of his thinking of food and drink. she said: "Come, dear old Bingo, Joey

And so the winter wore away, Bingo reloved you so." Her words were spoken maining unhappy and silent. He never As the spring came and the early blossoms long time had elapsed since he had seen and lay behind a tall stone a little dig. tions. And sometimes he forgot to return gone. From there he watched the to the house at night. And then he got All that day and night Bingo journeyed

from the home which now held no tender tle for him. True, Joey parents were kind to him, but Joey was not there. And ever since he could remember Joey had been his companion, for they had grown up to-

this new-found friend, following him sev- her purse, so she hurried up and gave it to ings with a new and most gentle master.

But there came a day when memories of Joey and the dear old home surged over him. Then he left his new home to return the roadside, and going without food. But on the third day he began to suffer from hunger. So he halted at a farm house voices. He was warmly received by both the grown-ups and the children. Food was given him and the family of good-hearted folk did everything to induce the "tramp dog," as they called Bingo, to remain with Rising from his place under the phacton, man who passed by chased the dog Away

on, resting only when so overcome by roundings. Then that old memory which us a lemon. And her name is Puss. tore his heart would drive him on and on. And so a year rolled round and Joey's

folks thought that Bingo was lost to them By Eunice Bode, Aged 19 Years, Falls City, forever. They had made inquiry for him Neb. Blue. as soon as they missed him, but to no through the night. But on the following morning-when no one was watching him -he stole away, going towards the hillside his wanderings to die, and to lie with the old woman told it: young master whom he had loved with

there any left to buy clothes. As Jim was standing on a corner, a kind-looking old gentleman came along. "Little boy, what's your name?" he "Jim Peppercorn."

and get you some shoes. "Can't sir," said Jim, "mother's tuen

for a dress. I'm saving my money to get fully reared—too carefully in some respects. "Well, suppose we get mother one, too."

"Oh, sir, do you really mean it?" Mr. Beaumont took Jim into a store and got him a new suit, shoes and stockings, eckties and many other things; also some nice things for mother, Jim and the gentleman walked along together.

"Jim, how many papers have you left?" "About 52 cents' worth. "All right, here is a five dollar bill. Keep the change."

"Oh, thank you," eried Jim. "Jim, I might walk along home with you and see your mother. It might be possible that she is my daughter." "Sure, I'll be glad to have you," said

Beaumont saw Mrs. Peppercorn. "Oh, my dear daughter Inez," he cried. "Father! Did you at last come to me?" Soon Mrs. Peppercorn turned to Jim. "Jim, dear, this is your grandpe. When I was young I ran away from my father

of me, but here he is, all ready to forgive and forget." Jim and his mother and baby sister Inex went to live with Mr. Beaumont and Jim never knew what it was to be hungry after that.

(Honorable Mention.) Finding a Daughter.

Augusta Kibler, Aged 14 Years, Kearney, Neb. Blue.

Augusta Kibler, aged 14, Kearney, Neb. States was still settled with Indians, a party of white men started to California to find gold. After many weeks of weary traveling they reached their destination. Having good luck, in three months they started for home.

One day just at dark, as they came in sight of an Indian camp, they heard cries as of someone in pain. Drawing nearer they saw an Indian girl tied to a post and an Indian man with a club in his hand beating her. Mr. Brown rode up and told him to stop or he would shoot. Then get- house, which was built near the city of ting off his horse he cut the cords that Sun Domingo in the year 1496. This was bound the girl. The men then rode on and the first house built in America by Eurocamped about a mile away.

The Indians held a council that night and decided to kill the white men for stopping which the treaty between William Penn their chief from beating the girl

of it. The next moment she had brought that the Indians were planning revenge, rivers and creeks ran and while the sun, the dasher down hard several times on crept up to the tent where they were, the poor little kittens. The rest is too When she found out the plans her heart stopped beating, then running as fast as she could to the white men's camp, she liam Penn. told them of their danger, and they got ready to leave the place as fast as they the seat of a chair once owned by Wilcould, as they could never fight the whole liam Penn. tribe of Indians.

When they were ready to go the girl begged them to take her with them, and "Papers, papers! Omaha Bee, Denver said that she was not an Indian, but had been stolen by the Indians when she was onto a table and whisked about until Every now and then he would stop and five years old, and her name was Jane huddle his fingers in his pocket, for it was Brown. Mr. Brown clasped her in his arms and told her that she was his own daughter. They all got safely away from the Indians. In trying to do something for the kindness someone had shown her, Jane saved

How Flora Helped.

By Gertrude Hodgson, Aged 10 Years, 2701, Woodworth Avenue, Omaha, Red. Mrs. Johnson was a poor widow and had good, bright little girl named Flora. One day as Mrs. Johnson was going to work she said to Flora; "Now, dear, you clean up the house and darn your stockings, and you may go out and play." So when she One day Bingo was attracted by a boy was gone Flora hurried about and got -a gay-hearted fellow-who was passing everything tidy and nice, and darned her through the meadow and who whistled stockings, and went out to play, but on her to Bingo to follow him. Bingo went with way to her friend's she saw a lady drop eral miles to another farm. There he re- the lady. Now the purse contained \$50, and mained a week or more, trying to forget the lady not only thanked her, but gave her Joey and the old life in his new surround- 45. Flora hurried home and put the money away, and when her mamma came home Flora gave it to her, and her mother said: "I can stay home two days now and, besides, I can buy a pair of stockings and a she was telling it Alice was almost sound no more. He traveled for two days, find. shawl for us." Flora did not go to see her ing water in the springs and creeks along friend, for she stayed home with her

Our Kitty.

where he herd the sound of children's By John Wootan, Aged 5 Years, 4230 Far-One day when we fived at Forty-second and Igard streets I was out in our front asked her about fairyland, but soon Alice across the street, and two little kittles been dreaming about a fairy coming up and came and stood at the corner of our house, talking to her, and she was the queen of them. And he really had some pleasant and I picked them up and played with them the fairies, too. days there, going to the river with the that evening and fed them. Mamma and I boys and following the girls' phaeton to put them in a basket where they could town. But one day while in town the sleep. The next day I was playing with longing to fravel again came over him, them in the yard and some dogs came frisked about as in the days when he had He had been thinking of Joey, and that along and one dog got one kitty. He took Joey to play with. He ate barely enough dear recollection always made him seek it up in his mouth and shook it till it to keep life within his emaciated body, change in order to forget his living grief, was dead. I held the other kitty till a began to appear in the meadow Bingo Bingo trotted down the street, and when and I took that kitty in the house and it sought out the old haunts, living, no doubt, a little later the girls came from a store was so frightened. This kitty grew up to Then Bingo crept away from the crowd over the old life in memory and associa- to get into their phacton they found him be a big cat and when we moved we took it with us in a box that papa made for it The box had slats on it and the kitty ten grew to be as great a pet as Bill. Bill looked so lunny peoping out through the sists. After we got to our new home she fatigue that he was forced to do so. In found three little kittens somewhere, and Maltese and the other black and white. the morning he found himself at the back after awhile they died and then the mamma door of a big farm house where a generous kitty died, too. We think she was poisoned. work-hand fed him a hearty meal. Being Now we have another kitty. She has little test them, but he will have nothing more made welcome wherever he stopped Bingo brown spots on her. Some of the neigh- than that to do with them. If Bill had would remain days at a place, becoming bors call her "Lemon," because when the a bit attached to his new friends and sur- lady gave her to us papa said she handed

The Old Woman's Story.

May was standing before the bookcase avail. One day in the dead of winter a searching for a book. At last she found low whine was heard at the kitchen door it. "Here it is," said she, and she took of Joey's old home and when it was opened down a volume of fairy tales. "Th there stood Bingo, a mere shadow of his so out in the erchard to read, it's so cool." former self. He was gathered into the So to the orchard she went, found a nice arms of Joey's mother, patted affectionately shady spot and sat down to read. Pretty by Joey's father and fed and nursed gently soon she looked up and saw a little old woman coming towards her, who said "Good afternoon, my dear." "Good afternoon," said May. The little old woman sat down beside May and said: "What where Joey slept. A few days later he book are you reading, my dear." "Fairy was found there, lying prone across Joey's Tules," said May. "I can tell you a nicer grave. He had grown old in the eight story than those," said the little old years of his life and had come home from woman. And here is the story as the little

"In a country called China, the people more than human devotion during his life. raise certain kind of worms which eat

Queens of England

M

As a child Mary Beatrice was most care- thought of her heart,



cipline, her mother refusing her such little table delicacies as cakes and sweetmeats, living at the time of her death-the young through fear that the child might become prince of Wales, whose career was as When the western part of the United gluttonous. In after years Mary Beatrice, checkered as her own.

ARY BEATRICE, queen consert of in speaking of her own childhood, said that James II. king of Great Britain she did not approve of keeping children and Ireland, and last of the ill- on such formal footing with their parents. fated Stuart kings, was born Oc- in regard to her own little ones, she "liked tober 5, 1858, at Modena, Italy, not to hold them at such awful distance "That was my son-in-law's name," said When a little child her father, prince of from her as she had been held by her own the gentleman. "My name is Mr. Heaut Modena, died, leaving her and her young mother, for she wished her daughter to nont. Come, Jim, let us go into this store brother in the care of their mother, Laura regard her as a friend and companion-Martinezzi, a Roman lady of noble family, one to whom she could confide every

It was at the tender age of 15 that Mary Beatrice became the bride of the duke of York, afterwards king of Great Britain as James II. She gave her consent most reluctantly, for she shuddered at the thought of giving herself to a widower of 40, who was the father of grown children. Also, the parting from her mother, brother and dear friends, the leaving her own sunny Italy for the cold and gloomy fele of England, caused her great arony of heart, and for months she fourht with all her strength against the marriage, which she thought could bring her only unhappiness. Never till after she had been married to James by proxy did Mary Beatrice behold him.

The path of the Ill-fated James was a winding one, fate smiling and frowning upon him by turns. At the death of his brother. Charles II of Great Britain, he succeeded to the throne. This occurred in 1685. But his reign was a short and stormy one, for, owing to the religious conflict then raging in Britain, he was overthrown during the third year of his power. With his queen he fied to France, and Parliament settled the crown jointly on the Prince of Orange and his wife, Mary, the daughter of James II by his first wife. Heartbroken and a victim of disease, James died in extle in 1701.

In the year 1718 Mary Beatrice, after a life of disappointments attended in her last years by poverty-died, after a long illness. She passed away in France, her for she was subjected to the strictest dis- maladies being cancer and rheumatic gout Of her several children only one was

A Unique Historical Chair

A most unique, historical chair is in the Independence hall at Philadelphia, Pa. It was manufactured in 1838 by William Snider by order of the commissioners of Kensington. The chair is composed of the following rare relies:

1. A portion of Christopher Columbus' pean hands.

2. A portion of the great elm tree under and the Indians was formed. The Penn In the meantime the Indian girl, thinking treaty was to continue unbroken "while the moon and stars endured."

3. A portion of oak joists taken from a house which was once the home of Wil-

4. A portion of the cane taken from glass cover.

the old state house. The last of these launched in 1837. trees was cut down in 1818.

of Chief Justice Marshall, placed in the made from the above listed relics. center of the chair and protected by a

7. A portion of the United States frigate Constitution.

walnut trees which graced the yard about vania, which was built in Philadelphia and

9. The thirteen stars on the chair repre-6. A lock of hair taken from the head sent the thirteen original states and are MARY GRAHAM

mulberry leaves. After the worms have his way he would not let any one pet the eaten all they want of the leaves they cat or kittens. spin themselves a cocoon of silky threads them in warm water, to loosen the gummy time, with at mouse in her mouth, mewthreads so that they can unwind them and ing for the kittens. Another time she put them through the various processes, brought a chipmunk in the house on the until ready for weaving. Then the threads sofa where her kittens were. are put upon the loom and woven into

May awoke herself (for she had been asleep) by hearing her own voice say, "Oh, By Thelma S. Jones, Aged 10 Years, Madi-how wonderful." son, Neb. Blue. how wonderful,"

Alice and the Fairy.

By Esther Stabibut, Aged 10 Years, Nebraska City, Neb. Blue. story about a fairy who was called the he died in about an hour. queen of fairles. When the story was ended Alice wanted to hear another story.

So she told her one about a little girl. As arleep, so her mother laid her on the lounge and went into the other room. Alice wished that she could talk to a fairy and find out all about fairyland. As soon as she said fairyland she saw a fairy standing before her. She asked her if she was the queen of fairles, and she said that she was, and soon they were talking together. Alica yard playing with Marguarite, who lives awoke and told her mother that she had

My Pets.

By Ruby Denny, Aged 11 Years, Casper, Wyo. Red.
I have a dog whose name is Bill. He is 16 years old. Bill is a great pet. He likes anyone who will pet him. One day, quite awhile ago, when I went

down to the meatshop, they gave me a tiny kitten, It was grey and white, I took it home and gave it some milk and the kit was very jealous of the kitten. The cat has kittens now. One is part

The mother fights every cat or dog that comes around. Bill helps her. He will pro-

The cat catches ground squirrels and taken from their own body. When the mice for the kittens. She never eats them cocoons are finished, people come and put herself. I found her at the door one

A Poisoned Kitten.

Last year I had a little kitten named Togo. He slept in the house every night and he would run and play around the house and yard. One Saturday he ran away and we found him in the morn-One day Alice's mother was telling her a ing. Somebody had given him poison and



One I jump; two I jump; Three I jump, I say; Pour I jump with all my might From on top a stack of hay.

Five I jump; six I jump; Seven I jump and run. Eight I jump right home to tea, And find it is great fun.

Nine I jump up in my chair, For supper's on the table; Ten I jump away again When I've eaten all I'm able.

Illustrated Rebus





THEY WOULD TAKE A DIP IN THE CLEAR, COOL WATER OF THE FAST BUNNING CREEK.