

BUSY LITTLE BEES AT THEIR OWN PAGE.

SOME of the very best stories the Busy Bees have ever written have come in this month, written on subjects the boys and girls have chosen for themselves. There seems to be a few, however, who do not understand that stories of trips they have taken are the only ones barred from this contest, and several good stories of trips have come in. This is too bad, but try again, Busy Bees, and write on some other subject.

One of the girls writes that her father promises her \$1 for every story she has published. She has a story in print today, and it came very near getting one of the prizes, too. Try again, little girl.

The question has been asked whether a Busy Bee who has served once as king or queen can be elected again. Yes, indeed. It rests entirely with the boys and girls to decide who shall be king and queen, and any one they may elect may serve.

The Fourth of July has come and gone and the editor wonders if all the Busy Bees escaped without burned fingers or more serious accident. Ever so many boys and girls write that they went to picnics on the Fourth, and several have asked how the editor spent the day. She went to a picnic, too, and spent the whole long, delightful day out of doors, with luncheon under the trees at noon.

Boys always do so many things on the Fourth of July that girls are not privileged to do; the editor thinks some of these would make good stories. Won't some of the boys give us some of their experiences next week?

The prize winners for writing the best original stories last week were Miss Florence Pettibohn, aged 14 years, Long Pine, Neb., and Miss Augusta Kibler, aged 11 years, Kearney, Neb. Honorary mention was given to Miss Ruth Ashby, aged 12 years, Fairmont, Neb.

For the month of July, including this week, three prize stories have been won by the blue side and one by the red. Chester Hart, as King Bee, has nine subjects and Augusta Kibler, as Queen Bee, has also nine subjects. This gives both sides an even chance for prize stories next week. A few forgot to mark their stories either red or blue and others did not mark their stories original. Be more careful, Busy Bees, about this next week.

Those who succeeded in solving the beheaded word puzzle in last Sunday's paper were Faye Scofield, aged 13 years, Columbus, Neb.; Mary Kavanaugh, aged 11 years, Columbus, Neb.; Gretchen Esterling, aged 10 years, Kearney, Neb.; Ethel M. Ingram, aged 12 years, Valley, Neb.; Marguerite Belknap, aged 13 years, 3524 North Eighteenth street, Omaha; Lulu Mae Coe, aged 12 years, Florence, Neb.; Hulda Lundberg, aged 13 years, Fremont, Neb.; Frances Sutter, aged 10 years, 2808 A street, South Omaha; William Nielson, aged 10 years, 3306 Vinton street, Omaha, and William M. Sloan, aged 8 years, Geneva, Neb.

Bragging Tom and His Undoing

By William Wallace, Jr.

Tom Collins lives in the town of Greenville, a pretty little place that is located in a western state not so very far from the Rocky mountains. He was a big chap for his 14 years and prided himself mightily on his strength and bravery. Indeed, so much did Tom boast that his friends had begun to call him "bragging Tom," much to the young fellow's displeasure. However, he was not displeased enough to quit his ugly habit of bragging.

At school Tom would boast that he could "whip any boy of his size in the county," but once free of the playground and on territory where there was no rule against displaying his prowess, should some victim come forward to help him, Tom never felt inclined to prove his powerful words. And many had been the boys—fearless little men in their wild, western way—who had stood up to Tom and declared that they were willing to "lapped" in good old fashion if Tom was capable of doing it—to let him prove to his friends and admirers that he "was the best man for his age in the county." But Tom would toss his head and say: "Gee whiz, boys, I could thrash any two of you at the same time with one hand! It wouldn't be fair, you see, for one of my muscles to tackle three of your make. Now—oo, just you wait till one of the herd-boys from the divide comes down to own on his bucking broncho. Then I'll hit him—if he's man enough to take a dare 'n' let me."

And it was this boastful threat against some possible innocent herd-boy who might be induced to crouch fists with Tom that brought about the bragging fellow's undoing. Two of Tom's comrades at school had a "country cousin" of the herd-boy type. His name was Hank Snell, and while he was shy on height and weight as compared with Tom Collins, he was a very fellow and as agile as a two-legged animal possible be. This fact was proven by his friends about the ranch nicknaming him "Wildcat" Snell.

One day while Hank was busy at work on his father's ranch his two town cousins, Frank and Walt Turner, came out to pay him a visit. It was the day following the closing of the town and county schools, so the boys were free to have a jolly good time together, feeling that the long summer days were theirs for play and freedom from books. As the three wandered over the hills and through the ravines their talk turned upon the boys of their acquaintance and their characteristics in general. Then it was that Frank and Walt told their cousin that they wished Hank—would challenge Tom to a fair fist contest. "It's this way," said Frank, "that cowardly bragger would find some excuse to get out of the contest, and it would completely cure him of that detestable bragging. He'd bully up at first and say that he'd meet

Three More Little Busy Bees



ALICE CLARA TEMPLE AND HER SISTER MARY.



MARGUERITE MASON.

LITTLE STORIES BY Little Folks

1. 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 be given preference. Do not use over 500 words.
4. Original stories or letters will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA, NEB.

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

Why Father Turkey Went Gobble Gobble
By Florence Pettibohn, Aged 14 Years, Long Pine, Neb., Red.

A week before Thanksgiving the turkeys were busily eating, when Father Turkey said, "Seems to me they're over-feeding us."

Edith's Valentine
By Augusta Kibler, Aged 11 Years, Kearney, Neb., Blue.

Edith was going past a book store she saw a beautiful valentine and she said to herself, "Oh, if I could only get that valentine for mamma and Dora, how happy I would be."

A Fairy Story
By Hanna Kopsid, Aged 11 Years, 2313 California Street, Omaha, Blue.

When she answered yes she felt herself growing smaller till at last she was as small as the brownies, who then led her to a cave nearby.

Edith's Dream
By Nina Dawson, Aged 11 Years, 135 North Irving Avenue, Fremont, Neb., Red.

Edith was sitting in the pasture, under a tree, looking for four-leaf clovers. Very soon her pretty voice floated across the air, for she had found one.

When Bobby Went to the Circus
By Louise Stiles, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb., Blue.

The Circus had come to town, with all its splendor. Anyhow, Ed looked splendid to the many pairs of small eyes that gazed admiringly. The owners of the eyes were small, although the eyes themselves grew large as they looked—especially little Bobby Walters, a small newboy.

When Bobby Went to the Circus
By Louise Stiles, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb., Blue.

Edith's Dream
By Nina Dawson, Aged 11 Years, 135 North Irving Avenue, Fremont, Neb., Red.

Three More Little Busy Bees

Valentine day was approaching fast. The valentines were on sale already. Edith was a poor girl and had to study and work hard. Her mother had to earn the living for Edith and her little sister, Dora.

Edith was going past a book store she saw a beautiful valentine and she said to herself, "Oh, if I could only get that valentine for mamma and Dora, how happy I would be."

A Fairy Story
By Hanna Kopsid, Aged 11 Years, 2313 California Street, Omaha, Blue.

When she answered yes she felt herself growing smaller till at last she was as small as the brownies, who then led her to a cave nearby.

Edith's Dream
By Nina Dawson, Aged 11 Years, 135 North Irving Avenue, Fremont, Neb., Red.

When Bobby Went to the Circus
By Louise Stiles, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb., Blue.

The Circus had come to town, with all its splendor. Anyhow, Ed looked splendid to the many pairs of small eyes that gazed admiringly. The owners of the eyes were small, although the eyes themselves grew large as they looked—especially little Bobby Walters, a small newboy.

When Bobby Went to the Circus
By Louise Stiles, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb., Blue.

Three More Little Busy Bees

Valentine day was approaching fast. The valentines were on sale already. Edith was a poor girl and had to study and work hard. Her mother had to earn the living for Edith and her little sister, Dora.

Edith was going past a book store she saw a beautiful valentine and she said to herself, "Oh, if I could only get that valentine for mamma and Dora, how happy I would be."

A Fairy Story
By Hanna Kopsid, Aged 11 Years, 2313 California Street, Omaha, Blue.

When she answered yes she felt herself growing smaller till at last she was as small as the brownies, who then led her to a cave nearby.

Edith's Dream
By Nina Dawson, Aged 11 Years, 135 North Irving Avenue, Fremont, Neb., Red.

When Bobby Went to the Circus
By Louise Stiles, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb., Blue.

The Circus had come to town, with all its splendor. Anyhow, Ed looked splendid to the many pairs of small eyes that gazed admiringly. The owners of the eyes were small, although the eyes themselves grew large as they looked—especially little Bobby Walters, a small newboy.

When Bobby Went to the Circus
By Louise Stiles, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb., Blue.

Three More Little Busy Bees

Valentine day was approaching fast. The valentines were on sale already. Edith was a poor girl and had to study and work hard. Her mother had to earn the living for Edith and her little sister, Dora.

Edith was going past a book store she saw a beautiful valentine and she said to herself, "Oh, if I could only get that valentine for mamma and Dora, how happy I would be."

A Fairy Story
By Hanna Kopsid, Aged 11 Years, 2313 California Street, Omaha, Blue.

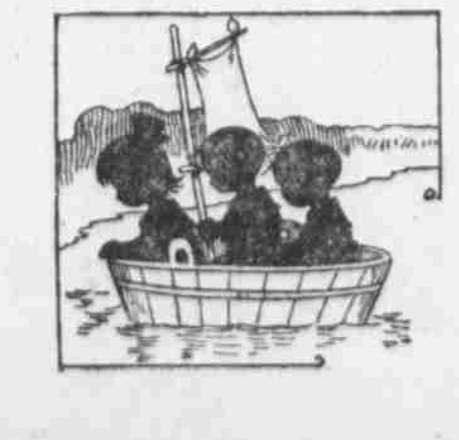
When she answered yes she felt herself growing smaller till at last she was as small as the brownies, who then led her to a cave nearby.

Edith's Dream
By Nina Dawson, Aged 11 Years, 135 North Irving Avenue, Fremont, Neb., Red.

When Bobby Went to the Circus
By Louise Stiles, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb., Blue.

The Circus had come to town, with all its splendor. Anyhow, Ed looked splendid to the many pairs of small eyes that gazed admiringly. The owners of the eyes were small, although the eyes themselves grew large as they looked—especially little Bobby Walters, a small newboy.

When Bobby Went to the Circus
By Louise Stiles, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb., Blue.



Their Journey
They started out at dawn to ride to London town, so far away; They crossed the bridge in haste, and got in port at close of day.



They supposed that night in palace fair; Then homeward went the following day. And when their names asked them why, They said they'd come back home to stay. MAUD WALKER.

Beheaded Word Puzzle

Picture No. 1 shows what the boy is taking. Behold it and where he is going. Behold it again and you have in No. 3 what he pulled. Answer to last week's puzzle: Wheel, heel, kel.

7 CAN'T RIDE THAT BRUTE, I CAN'T. I CONFESS I'M DEFEATED.