SYLITTLE BEESTIER OWNPAG

blue. This is too bad, for they were all good stories. We must all remember, too, that the stories must all be marked "Original," for only the original stories can be used. One came in last week that was not an original story, but the editor hopes there will be no more mistakes of this kind.

Two weeks more remain in which the Busy Bees may select the subjects for their own stories. One boy has written asking that this privilege be open until the first of September, because "its lots easier to write about things you want to write about when it's hot." The editor thinks this is the very best sort of reason, and if enough of the boys and girls are willing we will extend the time. Won't you all say what you think about it next time you write?

Through a mistake last week the story entitled "Edith's Valentine," which won second prize, was credited to the wrong writer. It was written by Marjorie Pratt of Kearney, Neb., aged 11 years, and should have been credited

One of the girls sent two pen and ink sketches this week. They are very good. One of the boys writes that he is working for his father this summer, so cannot write any more stories until fall, but he assures the editor that he reads the Busy Bee page every Sunday.

The first prize this week was won by Alta Wilken, aged 12 years, of Waco, Neb., the second by Juanita Inges, aged 12 years, 2769 Fort street, Omaha, and honorable mention by Helen Miller, aged 12 years, Fairmount, Neb.

Those succeeding in solving last week's beheaded word puzzle were: Clara Lundberg and Agnes Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.; Howard Riffen, Gienville, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falis City, Neb.; Ruth Krueger, Fremont, Neb.; Kathryn Rose Clark, Elm Creek, Neb.; Ethel M. Ingram, Valley, Neb.; Eleanor McCarthy, 1714 Dorcas street; Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.; Mortimer Asher, 1617 Maple street; Lottie Fulcher, Bellevue; Marguerite Belknap, 2524 North Eighteenth street, Omaha.

The Fairies Visit Gracie

By Maud Walker.

times, never finding the story dull. As with her dear daughters, Sissy and Mabel. Gracie was on the point of speaking to "Oh, how can I ever thank you enough?" Princess Lain another page of the book she said, kneeling at the foot of the old flew open and out walked Hop-Over-My- fairy queen. Thumb, just as funny and as real as "All we ask is that you do not forget us." company. Gracie, now almost too much one to the other of her strange callers. is lovely, perfectly lovely, for you to come to us is the fact that you honestly believe to life and make me a visit. Will you all in us."

be seated? I am sorry I can only offer "Indeed I do believe in you," declared

Oh my dear Gracie," said the fairy queen, who was a white-haired, pretty pectedly. If one isn't invited, one must lieve in them." be grateful for a seat on the grass-or in

you a seat on the grass."

a tree's limb." Over-My-Thumb. And instantly the imp- and bone person." ish fellow-for he looked really impish in "Yes, the fairies all have stomachs, humming a merry tune. And soon many andof the other fairtes-the youngish ones-

e. "Well, why shouldn't we turn some of added laughingly. these little pebbles into chairs and divans?" of being a fairy if one doesn't use the give us a feast!"

"And I enjoy you in real life much more understand me," she added seeing that several of the fairles looked at Sissy and to children and fairles. Mabel, who were lying on the ground.

ing Gracie.

Slasy and Mabel on the queenly lap. The looked toward the big book of fairy tales. same."

Gracle sat on the ground beneath p big dear little old fairy touched the lips of the tree, playing with her dolls and picture dolls with the wee point of her tiny finger, books. Pretty soon, to her great astonish- and immediately Sissy and Mabel began to ment, one of the picture books opened-a sing the prettiest little song you ever heard. book of fairy tales-and out stepped one of Gracie's pleasure was great. She danced the daintiest fairies in all the book's pages, and laughed in glee, telling the old fairy She was the Princess Lala, and Gracie queen that she should never, never forget had read of her dozens and dozens of her and the great miracle she had wrought

Gracie had ever seen him in picture and said the dear little old dame. "It has bestory. Then, as fast as they could lift come the fashion for children to not read the book leaves and step forth upon the fairy stories. They now read tales of fiction soft grass, came all the fairies of the dealing with problems and questions much book, making a beautiful and entertaining today are about as old as their parents, and If you tell them about us they'll shake their surprised to believe her eyes, looked from heads and say: 'There are no such people saying in a fluttering voice of excitement: little girl. You delight in hearing and readas fairies.' Now you are not that sort of "Well, how did this ever happen?" But, it ling about us. And what is most gratifying

Gracie. "Should I ever come to disbelieve in fairles I should be quite unhappy. Why there'd be nothing then but real people little old fairy dame, "it is we who should that do things just as I do them. No, I apologize to you for coming so unex- love the fairies and I'll never cease to be-

"Now, shall we have a banquet?" called down Hop-Over-My-Thumb, "I'm getting "Sure, in a tree's limb," exclaimed Hop- awful hungry-even though I'm not a flesh

real life-gave a bound in the air and laughed a big fairy, a funny fellow, who seated himself on the limb of a tree. was always going about in the book dis-There he sat, dangling his legs to and fro, guised as a clown. "We've stomachs

"Tongues to clatter too much with," put followed Hop-Over-My-Thumb's example, in a pretty little fairy miss who was seated and the fine old tree swarmed with fairy beside the clown. "Now, will you remain

But just as Gracie lifted a plate of "Well, would you like to have your deliles sugared cookies to pass to her guests "There, you must be more ladylike when ago. But where were the fairles? And frightened them back inside the

NE of the Busy Bees forgot to give her age this week and two others forgot to gay on which side they wished to be counted, the red or the saw, say little boys and six little garls, and they wished to be counted, the red or the large first and soun last. They each one had a little flag pluned on the



BRINGING HOME THE HORSES.



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the Use pen and ink, not pencil 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words. 4. Original stories or letters only ill 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 con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT. Omaha Bee.

(First Prize.)

A Hurried Move

Neb. Red.

"A feast, a feast!" cried a chorus The squirrel family had settled for the asked Princess Lala. "What is the good of voices from the tree limbs. "Queen Mab, winter in Rotten Limb Row. The tene- sat there patiently till another hen came ment they had secured was large enough up and offered her an invitation, which she And as she spoke she The little old queen smiled indulgently for the whole family-father and mother declined, saying. "These eggs on which I too poor, we can't afford it this year." waved her wand about her and there rose on her band of fairies and waved her wand squirrel, big brother Plumey and little am sitting have not hatched yet and I from among the pebbles scattered about about in front of her. Immediately there sisters Squeaky and Chippy-and all their cannot leave them." "Will you please let asked Mr. Long. on the ground easy chairs and comfortable appeared-as if rising from the very earth winter supplies. The squirrels did not me look at those eggs," asked the other divans. Then the entire company-which -a table spread with all the good things know that Farmer Brown was going to hen. must have comprised fifty fairies in all- to cat that child or fairy could possibly cut down the tree, so they did not know ting hen and she flew off her nest with wish for. And in another minute Gracie, they had to move. The next day two men a "cluck, cluck." "We've come to tell you how much we having been invited by the queen to act as came to the tree and cut it down; there appreciate your love for us," said one of hostess at the banquet board, was doing was a great commotion in the squirrel fam. the other hen, as she carefully turned them if you may go." the fairies, smiling on Gracie. "We don't the honors of the table. About her gathered lly. They barely had time to escape by over. "I will wait for one week more," know of another child in the whole sur- fairles of every description, old, young, Ilt- running along Rotten Limb Row over into rounding country who enjoys us more than the, big and great. At her right hand sat Oak street, which was in the next tree, Sissy, pouring nectar from a golden pitcher when down went their old home with a into they glasses, and on her left was Mabel, crash. The squirrels were joyed by their than I do in that big book," declared who was serving strawberries rolled in friends and they all chattered angrily "And every day I read about you powdered sugar and swimming in yellow at the men. While big brother Plumey to my dolls, Sissy and Mabel. You see, cream held the center of the table and Affairs were not so bad as they seemed was piled about by fruits, candies and a at first, for Mrs. Squirrel found a vacant dozen other kinds of delacacles so appetizing hollow in Oak street, which they found would do very well for a new home. After

talk?" asked the old fairy queen, address- something bit her on the cheek. She half It was open at a page where she had been arose, looked about her in a dazed way, reading to her dollies just a little while "Oh, that would be perfectly levely." Then she rubbed her eyes and scratched ago. Ah, has she been-asleep? But, no. Gracie cried, running to Sissy and Mabel the smarting place on her cheek, where a the-the fairles-had surely been there. It and sitting them up against the tree, nasty mesquite had bitten her a moment was that herrid old mesquite that had company-and such distinguished company, where was the banquet table? Gracie covers and stolen away Sissy's and Mabel's too-is present," she said in a motherly, again rubbed her eyes and then bethought voices. Slowly Gracie got to her feet and her of the dolls. They were lying on the looked about her. Then with genuine feel- come?" Why this anxious question? Thurs-"Bring your dollies to me," said the old ground near her. She spoke to each in ing she said: "Well, I may have been day was the day of the Sunday school fairy queen. Gracie obeyed her, placing turn, but they made no reply. Then Gracie dreaming, but I believe in fairies just the picnic. This was only Mondoy. "Mamma.

the men had gone the squirrels hurried to their old home which lay on the ground. Although the men had shaken out some our tree, and they had a little robin. of the nuts they had not taken any away. The whole family set to work carrying tree and fed it a lot of fish worms and then gray jacket, with a reddish brown skirt. helr treasures to the new home in Oak street, whisps of hay and wool for the tree and we got down. beds and the store of nuts for winter.

(Second Prize.)

The Queer Chicken

By Juanita Innes. Aged 12 Years, 2769 Fort Street, Omaha, Neb. Red. Old mother hen had sat on her eggs for three long weeks, and, on hearing the other chickens in the farmyard talking about giving a party, she became impatient, for she was sure she would get an invitation quiet until called upon to speak, sir?" she By Alta Wilken, Aged 12 Years, Waco, and if her eggs had not hatched how could she go?

Nevertheless, she did not give up, but "With pleasure," answered the set-

"I am sure those eggs are no good," said answered the setting hen.

the setting hen the invitation to the party. called again and said, "Well, have any of those eggs hatched." "Yes," answereed the town and purchased a Christmas tree and a setting hen, "One. He is a very queer looking chicken," "Let me see it," the

Yes, to tell the truth it was a very queer very same toys he had wished for. This chicken. It had webbed feet and a very was a Christmas Tommy never forgot. queer looking bill. All the fowls in the farmyard noticed it, but they thought it was some new fashioned chicken. But, to tell the truth, the farmer had set the hen By Eva Hugenberg, Aged 10 Years, 25 D on a half a dozen duck eggs.

(Honorable Mention.) Jessie's Sacrifice book- By Helen Miller, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Red.

> "Thursday, Thursday! Will it never may I go and see Gwen?" said Jesste. "Yes, "Oh, Gwen, Tuesday, Wednesday, then Thursday." The girls took hold of hands and danced around. Wednesday morning Gwen said. "I'm so tired and hot." In the afternoon her face looked red and feverish. Her mother called the doctor and when he came he told her that Gwen had the measles. When Jessie heard of it she was very sorry for now she knew Gwen must miss the picnic. Jessie's mother had By Ruth Weller, Aged 16 Years, Nebraska asked her to clean a drawer. As she was cleaning it she came across her Sunday school quarterly.

would like it if she was sick and Gwen left her. Surely not. She went and told be selfish any more." her mother not to bake the cake she was to take to the picnic, as she was not going. Her mother said nothing. Next see Gwen. As Gwen was not very sick they had a good time.

there spent a happy day.

THE TWO ROBINS By Byron Humphrey, Aged 10 Years, 2344

Manderson Street, Omaha. Red. This spring two robins built their nest in One evening my cousin and I climbed the Her garments consist of a loosely fitting the two robins came fluttering about the Her moccasins are covered with designs

Chippy found her acorn all safe and killed the little robin, and that evening the shoulders in long wavy tresses. She had sound and Squeaky her big fat peanut. two robins flew away and that was the last lately been banished from the camp, which were tired of play, sat down under a tree By night the new home was ready to be I saw of them.

> Tommy's Christmas By Fern Carpenter, Aged 14 Years, 2008 L. By Clara Lundberg, Aged 11, Premont,

Street, South Omaha. Red. Mr. Long was going home from his work on Christmas eve and as he was passing the window of a great toy store he noticed then he went begging. He went from place a little boy standing there looking with to place carrying his wallet and begging voice. "How could it?"

eager eyes at the pretty toys. "What is your name?" asked Mr. Long. "Tommy," replied the little fellow.

'Are you going to have a Christmas tree at your house this year?" he asked of Mr. Long, but before he could answer the boy said, "We aren't, for mamma says we are "Aren't you afraid you will get lost?"

"Oh, no; I know the way," was the reply. "Wouldn't you like to spend Christmas

"I expect I would," said Tommy.

with me?" asked Mr. Long. "We will go home and ask your mamma

They soon reached Tommy's home. It wasn't a very nice one you may be sure. One week later the hen, who had offered His mother consented to his going and they were soon on their way to Mr. Long's. After leaving Tommy there he went to great many toys. And the first thing that greeted Tommy's eyes next morning was the lovely Christmas tree and on it the

The Stars and Stripes

Street, South Omaha. Blue. The small two-story house still standing at 239 Arch street, below Third street, Philadelphia, has an interesting history, In it the first flag, containing thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, was made by Mrs. John Ross. The design for the flag was from a drawing made by General Washington with pencil, and the flag thus decongress on June 14, 1777. A committee of came to the door and called her in. She woke up and found herself under the old congress, accompanied by General Wash- took Geraldine by the hand and led her apple tree. ington, afterwards called upon Mrs. Ross and engaged her to make a flag from this design. The flag then made is now known the world over as Old Glery, the Star Spangled Banner of the United States of

Customs in China

City, Neb. Blue We were telling stories about different countries one afternoon. One girl told She glanced at the page and saw the about China, which I will tell you about. golden text: "Do unto others as ye would In China they don't care for women or that they should do unto you." Jessie's girls. You can have a house built and furheart beat fast and she wondered if she nished for \$5. They use bamboo in 100

Illustrated Rebus



cents. They have an olive-colored skin, nice party. slanting eyes and a long one. If they would cut their cue off they think they wouldn't go to heaven. They think you need clothes in heaven, so they burn clothes on the grave and believe the smoke takes them Their sleeves are large, because they use them like pockets. When the girls are babies the mother wraps the feet up very tight and squeezes them in light shoes, which stops the blood, and the feet do not grow. You may see a woman with a foot no longer than four inches. The soles of their shoes are wooden and an inch thick. The Spoiled Daughter

By Wauneta Reed, Aged 12 Years, Shel- vite you and Nora,"

ton, Nob. Red. Bell was just about to enter the kitchen rupted Elicenwhen the sound of voices reached her. She paused at the door to listen. It was her to the reunion at minight

two brothers talking about her. "Of course, George, she's petted and was there at midnight and there stood spolled, but I can't see why we have to Nora. The two little girls stood and mind her; she's younger than we are,"

Frank was saying. "Father said we were to mind Bell, so

argue more." Bell covered her ears with her hands and rushed upstairs. She ran to her room and locked the door behind her. She flung herself upon her bed and began to sob, un. ceasingly. After a couple of hours someone knocked at the door and her mother's name of the fairy which you wish to be voice said: "Bell, darling, let me in. I've queen of all." The votes were collected been wondering where you had gone." and put away. Then dewdrops on toasted Bell arose and opened the door. Then the flower petals were passed. story of what she had heard was fold to her mother, who said: "Well, dearle, you musn't care, because they are only boys." Fairy Nebraska was the queen of all, A great change came over Bell after she had heard the boys' conversation. She no longer wished to have her own way, but did whatever her brothers said. They all wondered at the change except Mrs. Warren, who knew why Bell had changed. One evening Bell asked the boys to come to her room, for she had a surprise for them. She then told them what she had heard a week before. "And," she added, "I won't

A Word Picture

"Gwen," whispered Jessie, with her arm the tracks of wagons as they have moved drop some on his nice clean suit. around her friend, 'T'm glad I didn't go silently across. On one side of this endless Protty soon he heard a noise, and thent plain can be seen a white line. That is "Peddy, Teddy! Where are you? Teddy

wigwams are pitched. see an Indian girl sitting alone by the fire. jam again. One day a boy climbed up the tree and a band of beads. Her hair falls about her

The Dissatisfied Beggar

Neb. Red. Once there was a man who only had a

few cents left, soon that was gone, and for money, but no one would give him any. One day as he was on his way to town he with this and wanted it filled to the top, and now it's a little tree." more, until the wallet split and all the stories were told that afternoon. gold became dust. So the poor beggar was left poor as before just because he was never satisfied.

Geraldine's Party

Council Bluffs, In. Blue. to Mr. Baird's store after some little flags in the Moon?" long. Geraldine wondered what her fairy." signated was adopted by a resolution of the backyard, pretty soon her mamma down, down, down, and just then she

do everything backwards. They sat lots front of her dress. The children placed of rice. They live very cheaply. They do games and then they had a nice lunch, and not have horses. They have a kind of went home, saying they had a very nice chair which the men pull the women in. time, and that numb before theraldine went They will pull you all day for about 20 to bed abe thurked her mamma for the

The Reunion of the Fairies

By Ruth Ashby, Aged It Years, Fairment, Effect was a little frish girl who had just moved to America. She often thought of her old home and playmates and wished she could see them. One day as she lay under the tree she saw a little fairy in front of her. "Little gerl," said the fairy. "I can give you a privilege which I can give to no other girl but one whom you pick out. Today is the reunion of the

"Nora O'Shanaghan in Ireland," inter-

fairies. The American fairies are the

hostesses and their queen told me to in-

"Very well. Nora O'Shanaghan is to come

The fairy vanished. That night Eileen watched the fairies. First came the Irish fairies, who stopped and talked to the little we must," said George, "and I will not Persian, Arabian, Turkish and many more, Irish girls; then the Japanese, Chinese, After they all arrived they were scated around a large oak stump on which stood all the queens. The American queen came forward and said: "You were each given a green leaf, on which please write the

Then came a dance. After this the votes were counted and it was found that little

Teddy's Temptation

By Dorothy Lyle, Aged 11 Years, Holdrege, Neb. Red. Teddy was a little boy. He was often naughty. One day, his mother was going away and told him he must not touch the jam. Teddy liked Jam very much. He thought and then he said to his mother, "Can't I have one little bit?"

The mother said, "I have my gloves on now, but when I come home you may have

day she took her best doll and went to By Margaret Leake, Aged 14 Years, 408 Teddy watched her disappear. When she West Sixth Street, Frement, Neb. Blue was out of sight he slowly walked to the Imagine, if you can, a stretch of harren kitchen. Not knowing whether to take any When Gwen got well there was a sur- land in wild Arizona. As far as the eye or not he got a stool and spoon. When he prise for her and Jessie. Their motivers, can reach there is nothing but dry land, got there he could not reach the fam. fathers, and the two little girls went in Arizona was always noted for being barren. He jumped down and got his own high a sailboat to a little island in the lake and and the only way to get across this desert, chair. He at last got the jam. He comif you do not know the place, is to follow menced to eat. Every speenful he would

the Indian camps, where the numerous was so straid that he dropped the jar of jam on the floor. His mother now knew Farther off in the opposite direction may what Teddy was doing. Teddy's mother be seen at twilight a smoldering fire, the did not scold him. She took him upstairs, smoke and fire crawl up perpendicularly, a washed his face and hands and put anstray flame shows itself now and one can other clean suft on him. Teddy never stole

The Walnut Tree

of beads and across her forehead is tied Eunice Bode, Aged 10 Years, Falls City, Neb. Red. One summer day several little girls, who gave her eyes a dreamy, listless expression. to rest. "Lets tell stories," said one of them, at whose house the others were visiting. "I'll begin. Do you see that lit-

> tie walnut tree over there?" "Yes, we see it, why?" "You can't guess who planted it."

Who did? "A squirrel.

"A squirrel!" said the others in one

"Well, over in grandpa's yard there are some big, old cottonwood trees, and in one came by a nice shady tree where he sat of them lives some squirrels. One autumn down to rest, while sitting there thinking the squirrels came here to get walnuts off about that he had no money, a fairy of our trees. They would hide the nuts in stepped in front of him and said, "Hold holes in the ground until they had time to out your wallet and I will pour gold into put them in their storehouse. Now, either it, but remember, if you drop any of the the squirrels forgot one of the nuts or they gold it will turn to dust." The man held didn't have room for it in their storeout his wallet quickly and the fairy poured house, anyway they left a nut, and the gold into it, but the man was not satisfied following spring the nut started to grow,

Then the fairy gave him a little more and After the story was finished they went to told him it would split and turn into dust, see the squirrels' nest, and they stayed so The man still kept on saying, only a little long watching the squirrels, that no more

Edith's Trip to the Moon

By Nina Stiles, Aged 7 Years, Lyons, Nob. Blue. Edith was sitting under an apple tree, By Florence G. Murphy, Aged Il Years, reading. Suddenly she felt herself rising up, up, up, into the sky,

Geraldine was the only child of Mr. and When she got up there she looked Mrs. Gilman; they were very rich, so around and said: "How lovely! How did Geraldine had everything that he wanted. I get up here?" Just then she saw a School had let out and she had nothing small fairy, who said, "Don't you know to do but play. One afternoon about half- how you got up here? Why, I took you past 1, Mrs. Gilman sent Geraldine over up. Would you like to go and see the Man

made of paper, and just about two inches Edith said, "I believe I would, dear

mamma was waiting on the porch. Ger- "Very well." So the little fairy brought aldine gave the flags to her mother and a small hoat and they went off together started off the porch, but her mother to see the Man in the Moon. He told called her back and pinned one of the little them to take chairs and then he gave flags on her, then she told her to stay them some green cheese out of his green around in the backyard for a few minutes, cheese cupboard. Then Edith said she had Geraldine said alright, and ran around in better go home. And she felt herself going

Nonsense Verse



When We Go A-Riding



Or let us in a fine auto Through the parks so pretty go: Make the old horn toot-toot-tootf And like a cannon ball we shoot Down the street and o'er the hill, With ne'er a thought of standing still

Or in an airship let us go
Far above the world below;
Rhimg till enough we've had.
Then descend and go to bed.
FANNY PERM.

OUT STEPPED ONE OF THE DAINTIEST FAIRIES IN ALL THE BOOK'S PAGES.