HE Little Busy Bees have taken such delightful trips and told them find it so hard to really select the two best ones each week that I am going to continue to give two prizes for the best stories and the two next best I will give honorary mention. Next week will begin the original stories. Many have already been sent in, so each little Busy Bee must hurry and think of a subject to write about and have it in 'The Busy Bee Department" by Wednesday, otherwise your story cannot go in for another week. Many of you may find it hard to think of anything to write about at first, so I will suggest a few subjects which you may use or they may aid you in thinking of some better subject: A Broken Doll, Santa Claus, A Red Top, Our Pet Dog, A Kind Fairy, Winter, Mud Pies, The New Play House, A Lucky Day, John's New Horn, My First Party and Coasting.

Some of the Busy Bees have sent in poetry, and it is splendid. There have not been enough of these verses, however, to use separately, so the editor has decided to use them as they come in and award a prize every month. Now let's see how many of us can write poetry.

And now here is something to do: Let every Busy Bee close his eyes right now, and, without looking, see if he or she can repeat the "Rules for Young Writers." How many could do it the first time? Tell me next time you write whether you can repeat every single rule without making a mistake and which one is hardest to remember.

The prize winners for this week are Alice Temple, age 8 years, Lexington Neb., and Albert Sibbernsen, age 11 years, 140 North Thirty-first avenue, On aha

Those receiving honorary mention are Chester E. Hart, age 9 years, 305 East Seventh street, Grand Island, and Lulu Pritchard, age 12 years, 2731 Charles street, Omaha.

Those who sent in correct answers to Sunday's rebus of January 20 were Wilson D. Bryans, age 9 years, 2125 Spencer street, and Miss Eva M. Allen,

Answer to Sunday's Rebus of January 20. Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet Eating her curds and whey. When a great big spider sat down beside her And frightened Miss Muffet away.

## Little Fritz and the Sea Fairies

upon the child and allowing him only half enough to eat and a pallet of straw in an

Fritz became very heavy and sad and he friend?" began to plan on some mode of escape. He knew that to run away meant to be overtaken and beaten by his master, so he must make his escape in a different manner, a manner in which there could be no possibility of his again falling into the hands of the cruel sailmaker and his ugly

One day a skipper came to the little shop craft. After bargaining for it he told the old sailmaker that he would return with several of his sailors that evening and get the sail, which should be duly wrapped and tled in shape to be carried on board the

All day long Fritz planned and planned, going about his work in such an abstracted way that the old frau fell upon him and beat him several times. But the child did not murmur against the bad treatment on this day, bowing without begging for mercy and taking the punishment, whispering to himself all the while: "I'll soon be away from this, so must do nothing today to cause the old woman to have any suspicion of my intention."

That evening as soon as Fritz had finished his supper-some crusts of black bread and a scrap of cheese-he crept from the kitchen corner while the sailmaker and his wife were gay over their plentiful supper of meat, sauerkraut, potatoes, cheese and beer, which was spread on a wide deal table near the cheerful fireplace. In the enjoyment of the meal the wicked pair did not notice the little came at the shop door. Then the eailmaker turned towards the dark corner

harshly: "Go to the shop, thou young fool, and don't be all night about moving your lazy

benes!" But scarcely had he given the order when his eyes, searching the darkness of out to the mighty captain. the corner, discovered it empty. "Where's declaring that the "beggarly brat" was not

"You go to the shop and I'll attend to the young fool as soon as I lay hands on filled his lungs with good sea air, and re-

By Maud Walker

RITZ was a little German boy, an ous, denoting the impatience of those on orphan without friends. After the the outside. death of his parents he went to The sallmaker went into the shop and unlive with an old sailmaker in a boited the door, to find the skipper and his city by the sea. Both the old men there, the former in no gentle humor, sallmaker and his old wife ill-treated and seeing that he had been kept standing sevbeat little Fritz, imposing heavy tasks eral minutes. Waiting on a common sailmaker was not in his line

"Got in Himmel!" roared the skipper, entering the shop. "Do you think to grow As the days were on the heart of little rich treating customers in this way, my

The sailmaker forgot Fritz for the time and hustled about, bowing and apologizing for his delay in opening the shop. The sail-a huge thing, all bundled up and wound round with rope-was dragged from the corner by the three sailors and carried out at the order of the skipper, who stopped to pay the bill.

"The heaviest sail of our size I ever helped to lift," said one of the sailors. "The old dog must have given us an extra weight in canvas."

"Well, if he did he got the full price," into a cart that stood there for the purpose. Then the last speaker sprang into the cart beside the driver and away they rattled over the cobbles towards the pier, the other two sailors waiting outside the shop for their master.

After the skipper had departed the old the neighborhood for their poor little glave, the orphan Fritz. Their tempers grew and waxed flerce as they searched in vain at this public house and that. "I'll flog him till be can't speak when I get him again in my hands," vowed the old wife in angry tones.

"I'll skin him alive," declared the furious sailmaker. And so it was that little Fritz had much

to be thankful for that the old sinners never set eyes on him again.

That night the sailors on board the "Conquerer" began to unroll the new sail preorphan's absence till a heavy knocking paratory to hoisting it in place of an old one, To their astonishment a little boy. half dead from suffocation, rolled from the where Fritz always sat on the floor to par- folds of canvas. He tried to stagger to his take of his scanty fare and called out feet, but was too weak from want of breath to do so at once.

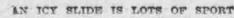
Many oaths of surprise went round among the sailors. Then the skipper was called, and Fritz, breathing deeply and smiling at those round him, was pointed

"Ho, ho, ho! What sort of joke has the that fool?" he roared, leaping from the old hound played on us now?" the skipper table and hurrying to the outhouse where cried merrily, liking the sweet face of Prits slept. But he came back immediately, Fritz, with its blue baby eyes and soft, clinging flaxen curts. "Where came you from, lad?"

Fritz was now feeling stronger, having said the old woman; for the knock- plied: "I came in the sail, sir. Oh, please ing at the shop door was becoming strenu- take me away with you, for I saw you

## the Little Busy Bees have taken such delightful trips and told them such an interesting manner that I am very proud of them, and Snow and Sleet and Ice Abound Yet Joy for Boys and Girls is Found







MERRY SMILES ON A WINTER MORNING



**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 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.

Original stories or letters only 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

(First Prize.)

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

Trip to Kearney, Neb.

Harold and 1 to come to visit them, drive, which was not very far from my go at first, but at last consented. I was always boys and girls and sometimes men brother stayed in town. sailmaker and his frau began a search of very glad to go. When we started we had and women fishing. We drove into Linto run, for we heard a train, but when coln park one day and there they had all where they live, and had a real nice house. we got to the depot we found it was only kinds of animals, such as the monkey. It took us about two hours to go from the a freight train. On the way I got a cinder seals, elephants, bears, and so on. My town out to the farm, which is twelve miles

wraps off when the girls came up with the buggy. They said they had been to the depot, but were too late. When they had hunted for us a while a man said he had seen us go toward their house, so they drove home as fast as they could. That afternoon there was a base ball on the side of the fence to get bread and game. It was Kearney against Omaha; crackers from people. When they didn't Kearney beat. The next day we had a get anything they would jump into the picnic. The buggy was so crowded that the boys had to take turns riding a bicycle. Kancas City two weeks, then we went to We were almost there when we had to Eureka Springs. I rode a horse down there turn back because of a coming storm. The out to a big rock called Pivot rock. It is next day we came home.

(Second Prize.)

A Trip to Chicago

bbernsen, age 11, 140 North back. I don't like Eureka Spi By Albert Sibbernsen, age il, 140 Thirty-first avenue, Omaha. We started about 7:30 at night and we burros to ride, rode all night, arriving in Chicago about 8 a'clock in the morning. I was with my two declared another, helping to lift the sail By Miss Alice Temple, age 8 years, Lex-brothers and my mother. We were met by into a cart that stood there for the purington, Neb. our relations at the depot and we were Last summer some of my friends in taken to one of my uncle's. We got there

have to go clear around down by Missouri in such a clumsy fashion. and then up home to Omaha. Eureka Springs and Kansas City By Chester E. Hart, Age 9 Years, 325 East By Allan Robb, age 11 years, Lexington, home. We had an awful nice time. Seventh Street, Grand Island, Neb.

Thank you very much for printing my story. I will write a short one this time I'm going to tell you about last summer, when mamma and I went to Kansas City and Eureka Springs, Ark. My grandpa lives in Kansas City, and he took us to the Electric park, where there are so many aligators. They look very fierce. There is ne big one called Aligator Joe. He does tricks. A man gave them meat for their suppers and two alligators got to fighting over a big piece of meat. They tore it all to pieces. Mamma said that is the way they would do with me if I fell off the fence. Then I went to see the otters. They are real tame. Some of them climbed up water as quick as a rat. We stayed in about two miles from town. We stopped at then went to the hotel to papa, as he was a hill overlooking the river. There were

A Visit to Red Oak, Iowa

By Lulu Pritchard, Age 17 Years, 2731 Charles Street, Omaha. Kearney, named Pratts, invited my cousins, about noon and we had our dinner. In the Oak, Is., a small town in southwestern Paul and Ruth Temple, and my brother afternoon we went driving on Lakeshore lows, with mother and brother. A friend came after me and I went into the country hope to visit there next summer, so I can polar bears, but I must not tell any more Mamma and papa did not like to let us uncle's house. Along the lake there were for about five days while mother and my

Her father has eighty acres of land.

talking helped to get it out.

a: noon; then we took a buggy and drove water came was small, but very clear, so
When we got to Kearney we looked out there, for it was about two miles. We we gave it the name of Crystal spring. around a little to see if Pratts were there got at the place about half past 3. 1. Most every evening we went for the cows to meet us. We could not find them, so we played around all afternoon. The next day and took them back in the morning. We I got there I was very tired and hungry before, started to go up to their house, as Harold I went fishing. We stayed out there two had lots of fun throwing water at each live in the children was very glad to knew the way. We had just taken our weeks and then we went home. On the other. We had lots of fun helping with the live in Chicago, too, and I was very glad to

but you will know them."

the soft hand wiping away my tears. But this time, so I will say goodbye. my face was dry, and I knew someonemaybe an angel-had been there. It was no dream, sir. Well, the very next day you came. I was in the shop scrubbing the By Frances Seltz, Age 9 Years, DeSoto, nose? through my heart and I listened to your This is the first time I have ever written talk with the old sallmaker. You came to you, but I am going to join the club from the sea-the sea! You looked like an and am going to write you a story of a ordinary man, but the sea fairles were to trip I made to Omaha last summer. I come disguised. I made up my mind that had a very nice time. I went down with I was to be taken away from here by you, my uncle. We get down to Omaha at 9 but I also knew that you did not under- o'clock at night and had a mile to walk. stand snything about it. So I had to figure "I was going down to Omnha" had alout a way in which I might put myself ways been my word, and at last my knowing it till I was put on your ship." Fritz paused, stilling into the storm- not. beaten face of the old skipper.

hand that was hardened and tar-stained, she knew my uncle was coming so it took "You are a real sea fairy, whether you her by surprise. When we go: there I went look it or not, sir."

The skipper rubbed his hand across his came up to her and said: "Hollow faded blue eyes, but never spoke a word. I told her who I was. She was much sur-Then, bending close to the child, he pressed and didn't even believe me then, his lips to his fair, curly hair, rising well, then she laughed and Uncle Fred quickly to see that no one was watchies came up and told her all about it.

And they smiled at each other, for a defriend, whose nature had softened wonder- licious secret may in their hearts, a secret

no one clse might share.

Letter Enigma

My 12th is in horse, but not in stack. My lith is in earth, but not in sun.

For all who do live And if practiced by all

way home there had been a washout; the housework, too. bridge had gone down, and if we had My friend's mother had over forty ducks wanted to get home that day we would Ducks are very cute. They paddle around

I also had all the apples I could eat,

The Picnic

Last summer the Sunday school had a picnic at Buffalo creek. We went out in a hay rack. It was a very nice-day. We Ruth Zittle, Age 12 Years, 3015 Leavenwent afishing in the creek. We caught about eight fish. There were lambs out I like the Buster Brown page best of all. at Allans. We had to go over a board to get across the creek. We played base ball I went east to visit my aunt and uncle. aout at the plcnic. The big boys ate our chicken and the small one had none. Alice climbed up into the tree. She stepped train and while we were there we saw a on a rotten branch and fell down from drowned man taken out of the Chicago the tree and hurt her wrist and then we river.

Ruth Among the Mormons.

By Ruth Thompson, age 8 years, 2924 North Sixteenth street, Omaha, Neb. ings as well I would go hunt the eggs and pick the and every as Colorado Springs, because there are no wild flowers. One day we took our lunch. There were four big seals, which swam mountain to hunt flowers.

One day my cousin and I went down to There were about two dozen large alliget the mail by a beautiful creek that came gators and several small ones about fiffrom the mountains. We saw a chicken teen inches long that laid on the big ones' sitting on about twenty-five eggs. My backs. The snakes would size at me if 1 aunt had missed these eggs. We gathered threw my handkerchief at their cages. them in our sprons and surprised her. I There were several immense lions and write for the busy Bees.

Hazel on a High Building

and I went on an elevated rallway and saw to thy Father in heaven to hurry the sea a building twenty-two stories high. I was fairles to you. They will come in disguise, on the roof and there was a beautiful garden on too. It was all posies. I was "Then I waked up, but the beautiful very dizzy while I was on top, but soon got voice was gone and I did not again feel over it. Well, this is all I have to say for

From De Soto to Omaha

into your hands without you or anyone mamma said I could go if I would not get homesick. Well, of course, I said I would So I went down with my uncle. My Then he bent over and touched the rough grandma did not know I was coming, but ahead. She was sitting on the lawn. I

turned around and asked who I was, Then

A Day in the Country few moments later, "But never tell any- By William Dewey, Age 8 Years, Omahu.

Bensen car to the end of the route and "And you're my sea-fairy father," whise then we got out and walked about two pered Fritz. "No, I would not tell any miles

We went over and found them making hay in a field. We made hay until noon, and then we went over to the house and ate dinner. After dinner I saw them milk a cow. Then we went out to make hay again, When we came home we went out into the tomatoe patch, and then we picked some beans. Then it was 5 o'clock and we went

A Trip to Mount Vernon

I want to belong to the Busy Little Bees, When I was 9 years old my mamma and who live in Washington.

We stopped in Chicago to wait for our

the public buildings. The top of the library of congress is of hammered gold. From Washington to Mount Vernon we rode on a large steamer on the Potomac river. We walked to the top of the hill We started about five weeks after school where the tomb stands with an iron bar was out. It took us from Tuesday night door. The large house where Martha and till Thursday morning to get there. We George Washington had lived stands on all the springs to get a drink. One day we travelling out there. We stayed at the many things in the house that had been rode on a street car up to the Crescent hotel about two weeks. We then went to used by the family. In the National zoo hotel. The road is very crooked and we my aunt's. She lives out in the country, there was everything to amuse childrenpassed lots of springs and people on horse- I had more fun jumping off the hay stacks. monkeys, bears, deer, fishes, alligators

and climbed to the top of a great big around, turning over on their backs. There

were seven little ones. or my letter will be too long.

Helen's First Matinee

By Hazel Belding, Age 10 years, South By Helen Coleage, Age 9 Years, 2855 Par-Omaha, Neb. in my eye; it hurt very much. A man to uncle had a summer house, which was on from Red Oak. There was a creck in the whom my brother Harold and Paul were the Fox river. We got there at McHenry pasture and the spring from which the have read many of the letters and thought and a friend of ours came to visit us. On the way I got a cinder seals, very much. A man to uncle had a summer house, which was on from Red Oak. There was a creck in the whom my brother Harold and Paul were the Fox river. We got there at McHenry pasture and the spring from which the them very nice, so I think I will write one, I contoured it was much. I have been with too. I will tell you of when I was in Chi- I enjoyed it very much. I have been with cago. It takes one day and a haif. When my parents to hear Innes' band at the Audi-I got there I was very tired and hungry torium, but had never been to a matinee

Conundrums

Why is a dentist like a man swimming in a river? He is always on the outlook for sungs. When is a man's heart like a cat's slumber? When light.

What is it that is black and white, and still is rend (red) all over? A newspaper.

When is a stream of water like a man's When bridged.

The Forest By Miss Eunice Bode, age 10 years, Falls City, Neb.

In the forest green and cool, Where the limpled rippling pool, Dances in the sun's gold rays, There on drowsy summer days. I sit and listen and look, Reading nature like a book, Listering to the wild bird's call, To the breezes rise and fall,

There in grasses green and soft. Flowers hold their heads aloft, Violets, purple and hive, Pink and wild roses, too,

Graceful by twines the trees, Peather ferns wave in the breeze. Luseicus strawberries red and sweet, Lie in the grass at our feet. Up in the oak tree so tall Is a pretty nest so small, Twined together with grass and hair. Twas made by a cunning pair.

But soon will come a sad day, The dear birds will fly away. The flowers will fade and die, Winter winds will sadly sigh. Winter snows will saftly fall, Shrouding the pine trees so tall, Est after whiter comes spring, That flowers and birds will bring.

An Illustrated Rebus



## Transformation of Carrie Lou When the Man Left the Moon Last week I was a little child,

My dresses to my knees,
They had to teach me mainers,
"Thank you," and "If you please;"
I had to say, "Excuse me"
If I got in the way,
I now say, "Beg your pardon."
For I'm just fourteen today.

Good bye to dolls and playthings, They interest me no more,
I'm busy training my front hair
To stay in pompadour:
No more shall I go slidin
With little sister May. She's only ten, you see, and I-

My mother's just as busy.
She sews and never stops.
A-fixin' over dresses.
That'il reach to my shoe tops:
And I've grown out of all my waists
And in mamma's am seen—
My friends now scarcely know me
Since I've become four

But with the added dignity
That comes with altered dresses,
There's something out of harmony
And much it me distresses;
My name you see is Carrie LouFil change that if you please,
In keepins with my fourteen years,
To Carolyn Louise.

Mave I seen the funny papers?
Well I should say I've not.
I don't fool my precious time away
A-icckin' at such rot;
The social whirl attracts me
And the gossip of the stage,
The affairs of grown-up people,
For I've reached a grown-up age,

No fairy tales to charm me,
I've outgrown all that kind,
The tragedles of Shakespeare
More suit my grown, up mind—
What's that 'bout grown-up duties!
Now mother, dear, don't scold.
When it comes to things of that kind,
I don't feel quite so old.

BAYOLL NE TRELLE.

A little balloon
Went up in the sky;
Salling and sailing
Ever so high.
The man in the moon
Reached down his long arm;
Seized hold of balloon,
But did it no harm.



Then away through the air The old man did fly: Leaving the moon Alone in the aky.

Alone in the sky.
The moon grew so lonely,
She wept and she cried;
Her heart broke at last,
And then she just died,
And so you may hear
The earth's people say.
"The moon is quite dead,"
But how many know, pray.
That her poor heart did break
When her nan went away
In that little balloon
On that far agone day. —M.W.

HE TRIED TO STAGGER TO HIS FEET, BUT WAS TOO WEAK FROM WANT OF BREATH TO DO SO. And his wife beat me, too." "But how did you get inside that sail?"

asked the skipper, becoming interested. crawl inside," explained Fritz. "They were called Fritz. at their supper and merry with their mugs. One day as Fritz sat on deck talking to of beer, so I was not afraid they'd see me. They always sit at the tuble so long. But came. Oh, but it was close in there. 1 thought I must die for want of air, sir.'

"Say, this omens well for us," said the skipper. "Here's a new sail to be neisted from which rolls as pretty a little lad as my old eyes ever beheld. We'll take him with us and he'll be our mascot. Good luck and fair weather will attend the Conquerer after this." Then the jolly old skipper ordered that

some meat and drink be served to his "mascot" in the mate's cabin. A tiny stateroom was arranged for Fritz, with a from the old wife. I fell asleep while cryclean little bed and pleasant surroundings, ing in my pillow of straw, out in the cold At high tide that night they set sail and ahed house, where barrels and odds and were soon on the bosom of the mighty ends were kept. Pretty soon a soft hand ocean. Each day the skipper had Fritz wiped the tears from my eyes and a very with him, chatting and telling "fish stories" gentle voice whispered to me: 'You'll soon to amuse the little fellow, who was at first have the opportunity to meet the sea quite seastck, but who soon got "on his sea fairies. They'll take you into their caves legs," to quote the old skipper. Then life in the water of blue and love and feed you. of both case and employment began for No more beatings nor starvings will you Fritz. He was allowed to learn all about suffer, and no more will you have to do the management of the vessel, but never the heavy work that is now killing you. permitted to do any of the sallor's Come, wake up and be of good cheer. Pray

this morning and I knew that you would be drudgery. The skipper said he should some kind in the heart. You are no bad man day become his mate, then in thru should his body of course exterior. like the old sailmaker, who beat me so, own the Conqueror, for by and by he-the skipper-would be the old to attend to his "I leasened the ropes so that I might waif of the sail." as the sallors sometimes mascut."

the shipper his face was full of happiness. other person about about the vision I had When we got there they were not there. "Do you know why I rolled myself up in had just got inside the sail when you the sail that night and allowed your sailors to carry me off?" he asked his good old fully under the influence of his little maacot

> "It's this way," began the little fellow. "One night, after I'd had a terrible beating gentle vaice whispered to me: "You'll soon

"Well, well, my son, you have never told me wby, so how should I know? Come, let's have the story now." And the skipper lighted his pipe and settled binnelf for Fritz'n story.

"We're pards-if not fairles," he said a present business, and it should then fall one else your story. They'd laugh at it. Howard and I started out to go to Simpinto the hands of his "mascot," or "the maybe. But I-I-well, you're my little son's, on a farm in Bensen. We took the

> in my sleep for the world. It might break \_\_\_\_ your luck and our friendship."

My lat is in little, but not in big-My 3d is in hog, but not in pig. My 3d is in live, but not in die. My 4th is in laughter, but not in cry, My 5th is in oven, but not in bread. My 6th is in brains, but not in head. My 7th is in eat, but not in food. My 8th is in anger, but not in mood My 9th is in marrow, but not in tall. My 10th is in onen, but not in stall My 11th is in time, but not in clock.

My 14th is in vine, but not in gun.

My whole is a motto, 'Twould much happiness give.