

THEBEESTIBEROWNP

HE Busy Bees will find on their page today a letter written to them by their queen and captain of the blue side. Miss Augusta Kibler, of Kearney, Neb. It is a very interesting letter, and all of the boys and girls must be sure and read it. The editor is expecting a letter from Ernest Nellor of Beemer, Neb., who is king and captain. of the red side and will publish it shortly after receiving it.

The Busy Bees have been writing letters to the editor and they have been so well written that it was a pleasure to read them and this pleasure is to be extended to the Busy Bees, as from now on the best of these letters will be published under the head of "Busy Bees to the Editor."

One very good story was sent in last week and would have been considered as a prize winner if it had not been that two rules were forgotten. "Write on one side of the paper only." "Every story must be marked original." It was too had to let this good story find its way to the waste basket.

Can't more pictures be sent in for this department? Any one of the writers can have their pictures published if they will send them in, and after they appear in print they will be returned in good condition.

The first prize was won this week by Miss Harriet Knutzen, age 12 years, 318 West Thirtieth street, Kearney, Neb.; second prize was given to Miss Hulda Lundberg, 48 South I street, Fremont, Neb. Miss Norine Schulhof received honorary mention.

Miss Lulu Mac Coe, age 12 years, Florence, Neb., was the only one that succeeded in solving the illustrated rebus correctly. Answer to rebus: We all got on a horse and rode to the river to catch some fish for dinner. But a pig came along and chased us home.



AT A TEDDY BEAR AND DOLL PARTY.

rent was swift. The boy called on his dog and screamed. His dog rushed into the water and was soon near Harry.

The boy was still holding his stick. He held it out to his dog. Rollo grabbed it. Then he started to pull for shore. When they reached the shere the boy was nearly frozen. Rollo barked as loud as he could. but no one came. So Rollo took hold of Harry and dragged him a long distance. Then Rollo barked again. Then people came and helped them. Among them was Harry's father. He took Harry in his trembled like a leaf. arms and carried him home.

The boy was soon well again and told fairy made her smaller. The fairy told begun a faint little peep was heard again his parents how it happened. After this Carenot to sit down and then she sat' and again. "Some one in grade 5-A has a the dog was given more food and was down beside her. "Now, Carenol, you chicken. Whoever has it please come for-

then she will find out her surprise. "All or they will have to go to bed without right, mamma, I'll do it." anything to eat." Then Carenot said, "I don't care." Her foot went right to sleep

She put on her bonnet, picked up the basket and started for the berry patch. Oh, dear, it was awful hard work for Genevieve. For she scratched her hands and asleep." Her mother told her to rub it tore her dress and got so tired, but never and it would be all right pretty soon, but complained till her berries were picked: "What are you going to do with them now, mamma?" asked Genevieve.

"I am going to sell them, dear," said "I don't care," but it did cure her mamma after awhile, and her parents never knew She had hardly said that when an old who cured her or how she was cured. crooked man with a long white beard and

a cane came and took the berries away. When Cunning Went to School "Is that my surprise, mamma?" cried Genevieve. By Ruth Ashby, aged 12 years, Fairmont, "No, no, dear, your surprise will come in

the morning. So the next morning when Genevieve er's house in the country. Virginia was 10 came down stairs there sat five little girls years old and had lived all her short life around the candle-lighted table, loaded in the city, so it was a great treat for her down with cakes, nuts, candy and fruits. to be in the country. Little Genevieve did not uunderstand "Jinnie," called grandma, "come here." what it meant till her mamma said: "You "What is it, grandma," asked Virginia, are 5 years old today, dear, and this is running into the kitchen, book in hand. your surprise party."

Carenot's Lesson

By Gail E. Howard, 4722 Capitol Avenue, are hatched.

There was once a very naughty girl whose name was Carenot. The reason her parents gave her that name was because she always said, "I don't care," when anybody would correct her for anything.

One day Carenot was out in the forest looking for flowers, when, what to her surprise, she found a little door. It was too small for her to climb in, so she began to cry. She thought if she would cry for anything she could have I'll take this little black and yellow one, it, when suddenly the door opened. This and his name shall be Cunning." frightened her and she began to run, but a little fairy held her and said for her to come in to her house, so Carenot went. place to sleep was in Virginia's school bag. but she was so frightened that she

One day Virginia was in a hurry to get to school. She packed up her books with-When they got inside, of course the out looking into her bag. After school had ward," said the teacher.

Virginia told her that Cunning was in her bag and she packed her books in without seeing him.

as Carenot said the last word. Then Carenot said, "Oh, mamma, my foot is

it kept on hurting, and then she remem-

bered what the fairy said and apologized

to her mother and went out and fed that

chickens. That wasn't the last time she

Neb. Red

Virginia was visiting at her grandmoth-

Virginia Eleanor Porterfield, what have

I told you about reading so much? But

as soon as Speckle comes off with her

brood we'll go and see if any of the chicks

Virginia dropped her book, caught up her

Grandma carefully lifted up Speckle

and there were four little white and yellow

chicks, three little black ones and one little

"O, how cunning!" exclaimed Virginia.

"Now, Virginia, you may have one of these

chicks if you'll promise to only read two

chapters a day." "I promise, I promise.

Virginia carried Cunning back to the

house in her apron. Cunning's favorite

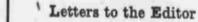
'Hurry up, grandma," she cried.

sunbonnet and started off.

chicken black and yellow.

Miss Graham let her take him home, and Cunning never again went to school.

So he waits-and his eyes fairly bulge from his L In the shallow end of a slimy pond head. When one morn he awakes in his green water bed There lived a frog mother wise and fond And finds a small tail that a tadpole has shed. Who reared a brood of tadpoles here In the glad, glad May-time of the year. v. Then he sees each tadpole attached to a weed II. When the tad-poles were yet too very small Give his tail a good shake and it leaves him with To know the manner of things at all speed. Thinks small brother fish, "That's easy in deed!" Except the sound of their mother's call; A wee baby fish bereft of its mother So he takes a firm hold on the root of a lily And he shakes till he almost shakes himself silly, Came into their home, for it had no other of. And was welcomed to be their adopted brother. But his tail is bound to stay on "willy-nilly."



Word from the Queen. KEARNEY, Neb., Aug. 27 -- Dear Busy Bees: 1 think it was a fine idea to have a children's page in the Bunday Bee. I wonder how many of you Busy Bees are as anxious to get the Sunday Bee as I am? I always get up early on Sunday morning so as to get The Bee as soon as it comes. I would rather have the Sunday Hee than any other Sunday paper I know

You Busy Bees write fine original stories. Once, I read a child's magazine, and the stories (which I suppose big people) were not as good as some of the original stories written by you I read every story on the Busy Bee page every Sunday. The stories have all been very good and if I was to choose out of the prize stories the one I thought was the best since I have been queen, I would not know which one to choose, as they have all been very good. The prizes that are given by The Bee for the best original stories, are good books. I think we have a splendid editor for the Busy Bees' page.



a week been planning on this ex- thought along the same lines." cursion and Fred was full of eager anticipa- And so they passed the time as they tion. His mother was astir also at a very trudged along the narrow, dusty country early hour, for she had much to do to as- road leading towards the darkly-looming sist her son in getting off before the sun forest which held-as they fancied-so many should make the day hot for traveling. strange adventures and dangerous exper-

"Now, son, you must not walk too far iences for them. And every little while without resting under some friendly shade Fred, remembering his mother's warning tree," warned the mother as she finished not to overdo themselves by walking too packing a good-sized lumcheon for Fred far without resting, would call the party to carry with him. "I've heard my old to a halt, ordering them to sit on the roadfather tell of how he used to be able to side and rest. walk his twenty miles a day without fatigue because he was very careful not to turers and explorers reached the forest. overdo himself by walking too rapidly and They followed a wagon road, dim from too long without stopping on the roadside to rest. So remember that caution must be want of frequent use and littered with dead leaves and fallen twigs and branches.

used by pedestrians on long tramps." "Oh, I'll be careful to not overdo myself." promised Fred. "But I must be off, But to their astonishment the trees were manuna, for the boys will be waiting for me so sparse in patches as to admit the sun. down by the mill. We are to round up And here and there were signs of recent there, you know. I'll be back tonight in human feet and hands, for the tracks of time for a late supper. I guess. But don't shees-adult size-and bits of whittlings wait for me. Something might turn up to made by a pon knife trimming down a bit detain us, you know. So if I'm not here of elder stick told the adventurers that detain us, you know. So if I'm not here other human beings from civilization were By Harriet Knutzen, aged 12 years. 315 by supper time-or even at bed time-don't other human beings from civilization were By Harriet Knutzen, aged 12 years. 315 worry mamma, dear. There's a big bunch there also. West Thirtieth Street, Kearney, Neb. Blue.

harm us." Then with a good-bye kiss to where about here," said Fred. "Maybe



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 ever 250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and ad-dress at the top of the first page. First and second prises of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee.

The Rescue

Louise Brown was a poor little girl and

Louise ran out and seized the child ju

ward there arrived at Louise's home a

A little note told that the giver was the

A happier little girl than Louise could

(Second Prize.)

A Brave Hero

(First Prize.)

had to work hard because her

THE TAIL THAT WON'T COME OFF By Bayoll No Trele

his mother Fred was off, his rain coat and lunch box swung over his shoulder in the form of a soldier's traveling pack. As Fred had expected, his party was from his shoulder.

waiting for him at the mill, each boy supplied with his pack on his back and some of them carrying rifles. "Guns will come in handy in the case of our meeting wild animals," said Shorty, a sturdy chap who was always on the outlook for danger. "Yep, I wouldn't wonder if we'll have

plenty of use of them guns before we've been in the woods an hour." agreed Peg. another sturdy little man of the party of adventurers.

Then they set off-five strong-down the "section road" towards a long line of greyblue in the distance. This line of greyblue was the edge of an extensive forest which had not known the woodman's ax and was still in a charmingly wild state, abounding with small game and birds of almost every kind, and whose winding creek was full of fish. Many hunters went deep into the great woods every year, hunters that were big, bold, and fearless. Of course these hunters were men, not boys like Fred and his party.

As the party of five sturdy little chaps made their rapidly increasing footprints in the deep white dust of the road many tracks were still to be traced in the soft He lived near the great ocean with his Shorty hinted that they might happen upon an old Indian fort where human bones would be stacked in piles, rotting in the est. damp shade of the dark forest. Peg rather hoped to come upon a treasure box filled with gold hidden in the bottom of the of food, and after finishing their repast creek. He expected to come upon this there were enough provisions left to serve rare discovery by stumping his toe against them as an afternoon collation, should the corner of the metal box while he should they feel the need of it before they made be in swimming. Fred, with a brave light their start for home. (And whoever in his eye, declared that he wouldn't be of boys not feeling in the need of victuals surprised if they should find themselves when there happened to be any left over?) within a jungle filled with tigers, panthers and lions. Not that anyone had ever heard Fred, who was the avowed leader of the of such beasts of prey roaming those expedition. "let's make some plans." ids; but Fred did not stand in need 'Yep, we want some plans to so by,' of hearsay. He had a wonderful imagina- seconded Shorty, tion from which he could draw at a mo-

ment's warning. Sim and Tom, the other Pog. "If we keep in a body we'll find two boys of the sturdy five, had an idea nothin' to speak of." that deep within that forbidding forest

they are out trapping lions and tigers." "Or hunting for Indian bones and an old a widow. She was a kindhearted and brave little

About 10 o'clock the party of adven-

till they had penetrated to some distance.

fort." suggested Shorty, resting his gun girl and would do all that she could for another. "Who can tell but what they're in search One day while she was delivering some of buried treasure?" said Peg, a look of washing for her mother and walking up mystery in his eye. "Always in the deep. Main street she saw a little child out in shady forest there's been robbers in hid-ing; and they always hide their booty in the street and a street car only about ten rods away. Its mother was about a block great iron chests or strong boxes, and up the street and did not notice the child

they're found many years afterward." on the track. "Yes, or maybe they're men what wants to study the life of a tribe of dwarfs," in time and brought it to its mother. The asserted Tom. "Yes, that's about it," de- grateful mother asked her what her name clared his twin brother. "They're after the was and where she lived. Two days after-

dwarfs. I'll bet my hat." Well, we'll follow their tracks till we package for Louise containing a coat, a tome to the men what made them," said dress, shoes and stockings, also \$25 in gold.

"So far as I'm concerned, I'm not Fred. afraid. Are you, boys?" child's mother. "Nope," answered Peg and Shorty. "Nixey," added Tom and Sim. "We are not be found that night in the town in here to discover and not to run from which she lived. tracks."

So saying the five sturdies wended their way through the timber, which grew heavier and denser at every turn. The

ond soon became so dim that they could By Hulda Lundberg, aged 12 years. 48 started out very happy. South I Street, Fremont, Neb. Blue. After they had walked hardly discern the wagon tracks. And at last they were lost altogether." But human soil wherever the fallen leaves were thin. father and mother. After about an hour's trudging through

He had no one to play with except his the woods the boys decided it was time to dog Rollo. This dog was very good. He They sat on the soft leaves and would not let anyone hurt Harry. opened their lunch boxes. Sharp appe-One day as Harry's father was away tites soon did duty to the plentiful supply

"We want to find something worth tellin" about when we get home tonight." So the "plan" decided upon was this: Shorty and Peg should go to the right, looking out for what they might find. Tom and Sim (who refused to be separated) "Now, as we're through eating." said

-a gun for his companion-and discover anything of consequence that might lay in that direction. They were all to return of counting. Every minute was recorded over their tracks at the expiration of an hour. As there were only two watches in

of the expedition, should go straight ahead coveries. "And we must divide forces," suggested "Sure, sure," acquissced Tom and the party, they were given to the "right



AND THERE THEY FOUND THE "RIGHT" AND THE "LEFT" DIVISIONS GROUPED ABOUT A SMALL, CAMPFIRE.

III.

He played and sported day in, day out: With the little tadpoles he scampered about. That they were his brothers he had not a doubt Till one dreadful day when the tadpoles all Developed their feet and began to crawl In the oozy mud, at their mother's call. Then little babe fish's trouble begins, And the poor little fellow's on needles and pins Because of their feet, where he has only fins.

IV. He goes to Dame Frog with his "whens" and his

"whys;" But she, in her prudence can only look wise

And she tells him to wait and make use of his eyes.

from home. Harry asked his mother if he more cared for, because he was a hero must be taught some time or other to could take a walk with his dog. His mother for saving the boy's life. said he could if he would not go near the ocean. Harry promised to obey; so they

in it when he lost his balance and fell.

and left divisions," and Fred, on his lonely rily, trying to assure himself that he was in his costacy of joy. He called out in a way, would "count as he traveled to keep on the right track. But after a while he voice which quavered: "Hello! Hello! I'm felt that he had already consumed more lost#' Then, marking with a stick stuck into time in going that he had consumed in

the ground, their place of perting, and coming. A little shiver of fear ran through agreeing to wait at that point for each him, but he quickly threw it off. "Oh, I'm should go to the left, looking out for what other on returning, the "three exploring not lost, even though the boys have gone they might find; Fred, being the leader divisions" set forth to make great dis- on and left me." he said aloud. So on and on he walked, and pretty soon,

When alone, and out of hearing of his companions' voices. Fred began his work by a notch cut into a small stick which he carried for the purpose. He kept his mind well on his work of time-keeping

tab on the time."

till his eyes and ears became too busy scription the geography of these woods. looking and listening to remember his and knew that this creek was much farther notch-stick with the minutes marked. The first half hour thus passed, Fred within the woods than he and his four peering through the bushes in the hope of comrades had intended to come What seeing-NOT a jungle! What he did want should he do to find his bearings? Clearly, to find was a camp with men sitting sbout he was lost. He decided to call out as telling stories and smoking. But, though loudly as his lungs would allow, and then he kept on hunting and hoping, no such listen for an answering shout from his goodly sight came into view. But the comrades. Several times he called "Hello! woods became very dark and the air damp Hello!" but received no response from his and chill, and somehow Fred wished he had gone with the "left" or the "right" long. long way from the place where he division, for seeking for adventures alone parted with the company of the "right" was a bit scarey

And after what seemed a long time to and the "left." him he suddenly recalled his counting and And with Fred, footsore and heart-heavy, the notch-stick. Surely, surely, he had let the day waned, getting dark very rapidly the hour slip by without keeping track of in the great woods. Fred was also very the flying minutes. And his comrades had much sfraid to be obliged to spend the doubtless returned to their meeting place. night there alone. He began to think of and were patiently walting for him. And all the animals of prey that might even he answered with all his might. what had they found? Perhaps they would now be scenting him and coming stealthmake him ashamed of his poor efforts, for ily on his trail. He decided to keep on his uncle's companion came into a little he had not even seen a squirrel, let alone walking, following the creek's course, for clearing; and there they found the "right a jungle full of wild beasts. He hoped that he knew would lead him out of the and the left divisions" grouped about a with all his heart that the "right" and woods to a point some eight miles from small campfire. They were near to the "left" had met with the same disappoint- his own home. But he did not stop to spot where Fred had agreed they should ment, and would have nothing out of the think of the time required in reaching the meet, and as Tom and Sim declared, "We they munched on as they traveled, the

ordinary to relate. But he could not find his own footprints, creek was a winding one indeed.

leaves lay too thickly over it. Strange he on a fallen log to rest a bit. And then should not have noticed this on coming, the almost miraculous happened. Voices, fellers of the right and left divisions are Fred almost forgot the terrible experience But Fred was brave-hearted and did not distinctly the voices of men, sounded in all right, all right, you are. But what did of being lost in a deep forest "filled with feel afraid. He went along, whistling mer- his car. Fred's heart leaged to his throat you find on your expedition? I didn't find jungie animals,"

The tadpoles look on with increasing dismay, And try hard to induce him to come out and play; For they love brother fish, in their pollywog way. From his hold on the root they gently release him, And each pollywog does his best to appease him, Though all are just longing to pitch in and tease

VI.

VII.

Then good Mother Frog, with a splash and a splatter

Comes bounding along to know what is the matter,

And the cause of all of this pollywog chatter. Then one little scamp, 'twixt a sneer and a scoff Explains, with a queer ungrammatical cough, "This here is a tail that won't come off."

> ing to see that you are cured Wednesday" Your friend, -this was Saturday. "Whenever you

say 'I don't cars' your foot will fall apologize to whoever you say it to. Then I do want to win first prize.

she must do, so her mamma said she must and the first thing her mother said was,

An answering shout came from a nearby

forms just visible as they came forward.

"Where'd you come from, bub?"

the questioner was his own Uncle John, who, with a companion, was out hunting squirrels. It did not take Fred long to. explain his dilemma, and as soon as he was through his uncle and his uncle's companion, told him they were on their way back to town and that he might join them. Alwhere he had intended to join his comuncle declared. "all the woods looked alike to him," and added that the boys had no doubt tired of waiting for their leader and had gone off homeward without him. This information made Fred wince, but he took fellows. Then Fred knew he must be a it as philosophically as he could and arose enough to write a story. I will send my of his uncle.

But they hadn't gone more than a mile when a faint cry caught their ears, and they paused to listen. Again came the call: "Hel-lo-o-o! Fred-d-d! Hel-lo-o-o!"

"That's Shorty's voice," cried Fred. And Well, pretty soon Fred and his uncle and

place where this small stream flowed into meant to stay here, too, till Fred turned party, under guide of Fred's uncle and his Fred turned about and began retracing a larger one, for had he done so he would up." And then they told how they had his steps, or that is, he went in the direc- have realised that he had more than an all been calling for two hours with all their ing town just as the clock struck a tion from which he thought he had come. night's journey ahead of him, for the lung power, and how they had built the

the ground was too solid and the fallen After a long, long tramp Fred sat down be too far away to hear their voices.

I thank all of you, who have written prize stories, or other stories for the blue side beginning the seventh of July.

How many of you Busy Busy Bees have been having a nice vacation? I have, but will be glad when school begins. The Kearney schools open the second of

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leptember Well, I will close hoping you will write stop saying 'I don't care,' and I am go- some more prize stories for the blue side. AUGUSTA KIBLER.

Some Good Suggestions.

Dear Editor: I am not discouraged yet

When you use pictures do you return are returned as they were when sent? If so, I can send a picture with five girls and a baby.

Editor, do you not think that it would be nice for the Busy Bees of the same age to correspond? Ruth Ashby and I are corresponding with each other.

I think it would be nice to write about anything we want to.

Has Ruth Ashby been queen yet? If spot. Then in an another minute two men she hasn't I would like to have her queen appeared in the growing darkness, their as soon as the others are through and if she has I vote for Helen Miller, age 19 "Well," cried out one. lighting a match, years, Fairmont, Neb.

Hardly any boys write so I do not know

Hoping that I may win first prize this time, I remain your constant reader. GAIL E. HOWARD,

4722 Capitol Ave., Omaha.

Pleased with Her Prize.

Dearest Editor: I want to write just a though Fred tried to describe the place few words this morning to thank you for that beautiful book I received for the rades he could not do so, for, as his jolly prize story. Words cannot express my gratitude to you. I show the book to my friends and tell them how I gained it by just one small effort, for I am, O so proud of it. They at once become interested in it, but have not courage and proceeded homeward in the company picture as soon as possible. Ever your faithful reader. ALICE GRASSMEYER.

> nothin', except some hunters to fetch me back."

"And we didn't find anything-not even an old Indian bone," confessed Shorty. But we did find our way back to our starting place.

"But the next time we'll find the old chest full of treasure," declared Peg. "There's one in this wood somewhere,

And with hands full of sandwiches, which companion, went merrily homeward, reach-

"Home for supper!" cried Fred, boundcampfire to attract Fred's eye should he ing into his own home where his indulgent mother had a nice "spread" on the table "Well," said Fred with feeling, "you awaiting him. And in the enjoyment of it

And then Fred laughed some more, for who to vote for King. to his astonishment, he came to a stream of water, clear and rippling over rocks and pebbles. Then Fred's heart quickened, for he realized he had been going farther and farther away from the place where he had left his companions. He knew by de-

Little Genevieve was soon to be 5 years the fairy touched Carenot with her wand old and her mamma said if she would do a and she found herself out in the forest them?. Are they just the same when they

mouth, Neb. Red.

(Honorary Mention.) Genevieve's Surprise

After they had walked a long distance By Norine Schulhor. Aged 10 Years. Platts- asleep and it will stay asleep until you they came near the ocean, so they sat

down to rest. Harry looked at the deep water and saw something pretty in it. He

wanted to get it, so he walked near the little work for her she would give her a all alone. shore and was going to throw something surprise. Genevieve wanted to know what She went home as soon as she could,

The water was very deep and the cur- pick ten quarts of berrics in three days, "Carenot, you must feed the chickens now