TILEBEES THEROW!

EARLY every week brings some of the boys or girls to call on the Busy Bee editor, and you all may be assured she is glad to meet them. Last week one of our prize-winners, Eisle Chastny of Wilber, came in with her mother. Elsie's papa is ill in one of the hospitals in Omaha, and they had come to see him. Elsle is very much interested in our page, and says she and her brother look for it the first thing when the Sunday paper comes.

The editor is very sorry to have to tell it, but a number of stories went into the waste basket this week, and the worst of it was that some of them were good stories, but they were written with lead pencil and some of them on both sides of the paper, and as so much has been said about observing the rules there is nothing left to do but put the stories in the basket when the Busy Bees are so careless.

The prize winners for this week are Louisa Hahn, aged 11 years, David City, Neb., and Hulda Lundberg, aged 13 years, Fremont, Neb. Honorary mention was given to Ruth Ashby, aged 12 years, Fairmont, Neb. The Blue team won both prize stories this week, but still the Red team, with Albert Goldberg of Shenandoah as captain, is ahead two prize stories.

Several new writers have joined the Busy Bees this week, and all are interested in the post card exchange, asking that the plan be explained to them. It is very simple. Any boy or girl who wishes to exchang post cards with the other Busy Bees has only to send his or her name and address to the Busy Bee editor, and it will be included on the list, so that the others may know who are willing to exchange cards. The following is the list of names and addresses of the Busy Bees who are exchanging cards: Louise Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Faye Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.; Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.; Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha; Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.; Miss Pauline Parks, York. Neb.; Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enos. Stanton, Neb., and Alice Grassmeyer, Lincoln, Neb.

Those who solved the illustrated rebus correctly were: Miss Hulda Lundberg, aged 13 years, Fremont, Neb.; Miss Lucile Rasmussen, Oakland, Neb. Miss Marguerite Bremers, aged 13 years, Fremont, Neb.; Miss Hermine Ollermann, Blair, Neb. The answer is as follows: "A brown jug was on the table when along came a pair of flies. They saw that it held something good to eat and dropped in."

Victims to a Witch and a Wizard

By William Wallace, Jr.

HE story I am about to relate and the witch in the second bed chamber deals with a time long, long when they stealthily arose and crept into ago, a time when fairies really the living room where lay the four Arrows. lived both on land and sea. "We don't want to bother with the old And the country in which the ones," whispered the wizard to the witch. scenes took place does not now "We will charm the boys and take them exist, for earthquakes and tidal waves de- with us into the mountain where we will stroyed it before this beautiful continent train them to become thieves to rob and of ours was ever dreamed of. Indeed, the steal for us. We need assistance, for the time was so long ago that there remains flocks are so well protected now that it only traditions of it, for no books of his- is almost impossible to get an ewe lamb

back thousands of years. And here is the story: it is about two us." brothers and their very narrow escape "Right you are," whispered the witch. from death at the hands of an old witch "Here, take some of this charmed adder and an old wisard.

Away up the mountain side dwelt the boy while I anoint the eyelids of the other old witch called Horror, and with her was one." her old husband, the wizard, called Poison. A few minutes after the charmed liquid They roamed the country round in quest had been spread upon their syelids Archer of whom they might destroy. And they and Higgard moved uneasily in their sleep, that good folk meeting theem on the high- about them in surprise. Then, smiling way knew them not, and took them to be happily, they allowed themselves to be led right good and honest people. Old Horror quietly from the house into the street, would change herself into the form of a Poison leading one while Horror led the delicate young woman with a pleasant other. The charmed liquid had put them voice and manner. Old Polson would walk in a sort of waking dream, but deprived beside her as a poor blind man-pretending them of speech for the time. A vision of to be the aged and maimed father of the beautiful mountains and gay waterfalls young woman, who was in truth the mean appeared before their pleased eyes, and old witch.

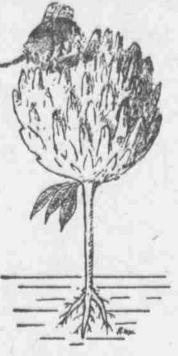
One night just as a family by the name of on they went, following their guides, and Arrow were about to retire to their beds feeling a strange ecstacy in what they saw they heard a gentle tap, tap at the lattice and heard. But after they had gone many that protected their front door. Going to miles from home the charm of the adder the lattice good Master Arrow saw stand- liquid wore off leaving a most horrible ing without his door a bent and aged form sensation of pain and sickness. Both boys of a blind man, beside him a beautiful, sank upon the ground in their agony, weepsad-faced young woman with pleading in ing and calling for their parents to come her voice as she begged for a night's lodg- to their assistance. And then it was that ing for herself and father.

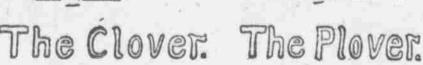
Of course, good Master Arrow opened dition. They realized that they were no and hear like herself. the lattice and invited the benighted wan- longer in their own home, but far away on that was built in the side of the living such stories of danger. They knew that room. He asked if they were a-hunger, to witches and wizards and evil spirits dwelt what she was saying to them. She had very proud of. which the witch replied in her softest there, and although fairies were known read many fairy stories, and she was al- Myrtle was a very poor girl. She lived so she said, "Willie, you had better run "Yes, good man, and we shall to flit about in the mountains at times both thank and bless you if you will bring us Archer and Higgard feared they would bread and fish and wine. We are all but not have the good luck to fall in the way always been so happy. We have never search everywhere for us, and falling to briars. Good Fairy Queen," replied

Dame Arrow, who from her sleeping old wizard had both assumed their natural chamber had overheard the words of their forms the little boys knew that their parstrange visitors, quickly went to the cup- ents had been deceived by them, and that board and brought forth a wheaten loaf, the young woman and aged man who had cold baked fish, a piece of roasted fowl come to their house early in the night and a flagon of wine. This food she placed were the same forbidding couple that now upon the stone table and asked the trav- sat on a rock near them and made horrible elers to come and refresh themselves, grimaces at them as they rolled in their which they very readily consented to do, pain. And they ate every morsel of food and "All in good time the charm and its drank every drop of wine, then they asked following pain will wear away, my good to be allowed to recline upon the floor to sons," cackled the old wizard. "Just bear rest and sleep.

But the Arrows were a good and hos- you'll be in good trim to be turned into pitable couple and gave up their own bed wizards. Ah, ha! How will you enjoy to the wizard and their little sons' bed to becoming wizards, eh? And you may learn the witch. Then, spreading some skins to use the charm on others, too, just as upon the floor the good man and wife we used it on you." with their sons, Archer and Higgard, "Oh, oh, please, Master Wizard, let us threw themselves down to sleep the sound go home to our parents," cried Higgard and pain. sleep of the good and just.

Scarcely had their deep breathing Dame Witch," walled little Archer, "allow Higgard. "They'll grieve their hearts out reached the wizard in one bed chamber us to return to our home where we have when they awake and find us gone. They'll





The Plover and the Clover can be told apart with ease, By paying close attention to the For ento-molo-gists aver, the Bee can be in Clover, While ety-molo-sists concur, there is no B in Plover.



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. Use pen and ink, not pencu Short and pointed articles will e given preference. Do not use over 50 words.

4. Original stories or letters only 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 Boe.

(First Prize.) Madge and the Fairies

City, Neb. Blue would sit and talk to her doll for hours, they became fully awake to their true conas though it were a baby, and could see

In vain did Archer and Higgard weep

and plead. The witch and the wizard only

mocked them and laughed at their grief

"Oh. our dear mother and father," cried

you shall become uglier and meaner. We turn to our parents."

my sons."

gard and Archer between them.

herd and a young trumpeter. And hardly

around them. "If you tell who we are,"

was whispered to Archer by the wizard.

"Ah, Fairy Queen, the lad is my own."

asked the Fairy Queen of old Horror.

Fairy Queen, this lad is my own."

"And where got thee such a fine boy?"

in the midst of safety.

coming close to old Poison.

us thus?"

things."

corners in the hope that she might catch to Sunday school with her. the fairies at play. And whenever she came to a smooth plat of grass in the woods, she would say to herself: ""This is where the fairles c me to dance at right."

in the woods alone. She sat down to rest at the foot of a big tree. Just before her was some smooth grass, and she fell asleep. And soon she heard faint music, than her thumb.

upon a toadstool. Then they began to tum- said, "tause I've dot a girl at home." hie about and make faces at her until she was frightened. In her fright, she sprang up to run away, and found that she had been fast asleep and dreaming.

(Second Prize.) What Alice Got for her Cruel By Louisa Hahn, Aged 11 Years, David Deed

Whenever she went into the woods, and selfish and unkind.

that the beetles and the butterflies knew in long curls below her walst; this she was wants to and not disturb us."

doctor had to be summoned. Alice was noise. very much afraid now and hurried home. Myrtle could not go to school for some

all hid behind a bush. When Myrtis came

She had to work very hard.

time. When Myrtic was able to walk again, she went to school. As Alice was passing the same sidewalk, she did not notice the wire, so she stumbled and fell on it herself. She was hurt worse than Myrtle, so she was sick about two years as a result. Her pretty curls were all so tangled that they had to be cut off. Myrtle is now a grade higher in school than Aftee, and I think that Alice will not again treat a person like that. I wonder what she thinks of her cruel deed.

(Honorary Mention.) Roberts

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue. Sanford Roberts Covington was his name. He was 3 years old and the only child of very rich parents.

So it happened that one morning Mr. Covingten said to his wife: "Alicia, I don't think Roberts looks as well as he might. Suppose you take him to some quiet country town where there is a good hotel and stay till he gets rosy and fat."

"Oh, Charles, do you think he is really ill? Oh, please don't say so." "Now, Alicia, I didn't say that he was ill. I said that he might look better," said

Mr. Covington, putting on his collar. "I might go and see Sister Ethel, I haven't seen her since we were married." "We'll talk about that this evening when

I come home." Just then Roberts was heard from the

adjoining room: "Do away, bad old fing, I want mamma.' So it was settled and a week later found Mrs. Covington and Roberts aboard a train bound for Cranston, a little town in California. Roberts was very tired when they arrived, but he woke up feeling very well. He proceeded down stairs and out into the dewy garden in his nightgown,

nowhere to be seen. In vain she called. She quickly dressed and went downstairs. Sister Ethel had seen nothing of him. His cousins were just starting out to hunt for Suddenly a howl arose from the chicken By Askel Nielsen, Aged 13 Years, 752 East Sixth Street, Fremont, Neb. Blue.

house. His mother, aunt and cousins all ran to it and there was Roberts on the hen roost. "Oh, mamma, I can't curl feets around this board like the chickens do. Please make 'em let me do it."

Roberts was taken into the house and kissed and cud-fled by his cousins, who had not seen him the night before, for they had been budled off to bed.

Roberts took a fancy to his elder cousin, Frances, who was 16 years old. He liked goody!" Edna, his younger cousin, too. The next ways looking about in the quiet nooks and day was Sunday and Edna asked him to go "Aunt Alicia, may Roberts go to Sunday

school with me?" she asked. "Oh, if he wants to," answered her aunt. When Roberts was questioned he pre-

ferred to go with Frances. At Sunday school the big girls thought luncheon time came she passed the pretty Roberts was the "cutest little thing" and paper napkins, and spoons and sugar, while "a darling little fellow."

a troop of little creatures, not much bigger when one of the girls began to smile at like little Belle. him Roberts turned upon her. "You As they came, each little fairy sprang needn't fink you'se goln' to catch me," he "A Fireman Saves a Child" postal cards. Yours truly,

A Little Boy of Eight

Frances Waterman, Aged II Years, 546 South T enty-fourth Avenue, Cmal a. Red. There was once a little boy of 8, whose name was Willie, and who was a very noisy little boy.

He was in the sitting room one day play-Madge was a very imaginative girl. She By Hulda Lundberg. Aged 15 Years, 348 Ing Indian and making a terrible radiation of the such a hold for hours, south I Street, Fremont, Neb. Blue when his Aunt Sallie exclaimed, "My, my, such a noise, Willie," Then turning to his at though it were a baby, and could see things that she wanted, but she was very mother said, "Why don't you let him go up were safe there was a small child looking in the attic. He could play Indian or derers in, seating them before a fire-place the mountains of which they had heard she went whenever she could, she imagined. She had long beautiful hair, which hung soldier and make as much noise as he His mother thought this was a good idea,

wronged you in any way; why do you use find us they will die of broken hearts. So Horror. well do our dear parents love us; and so The Fairy Queen seemed satisfied with "We need bright boys to turn into wig- well do we love them that to be held away this excuse for tears and was about to ards," said old Horror, grinning till her from them will make us die. Please, if order her band to accompany her on her snags of teeth glistened in the moonlight. You know what mercy is, allow us to re- way when Higgard, who knew that there You are to be our dear little sons. Ah, turn to our home. We will do you no would never be another chance to gain Won't that be fine? You shall live harm for the way you have this night liberty should be let this one slip, boldly a thousand years with us and each year treated us. All we ask is liberty to re- rose to his feet and cried out in an excited voice: "Fairy Queen, we are but know the secret charm that will make you Ha, ha, ha!" cackled the old witch, lads from the village, and this pair are become thieves. Ah, my dear little good- "But, come, bestir your legs. It is al- a wisard and a witch. They will kill us men, just you wait another year and then most dawn, and we must be getting on if you do not succor us!" It was a brave go home and see if your parents would towards our cave. Never do we appear and during thing to do, for Higgard feared know you. No, indeed, they would set the in the day time. Sunlight would kill a that the next instant he might be killed dog on you and drive you forth as evil witch or a wizard. Come, bestir your logs, by the witch beside him; but he preferred death for himself and little brother to "Slowly and with much pain Higgard captivity and an evil life.

and Archer arose to their feet and stag- As Higgard cried out this both old Poison gered on. Presently they came to a very and old Horror took from their breasts steep path where they were obliged to small phials and hurrledly made as if to walk-or climb, rather-single file. Old throw their contents over the children; Horror went in advance and old Polson but the Fairy Queen, seeing the movement, followed in the rear, thus keeping Hig- and now understanding that the shepherd and young trumpeter were winard and But they had not gone far when a witch, intercepted their hands and quickly strange noise was heard overhead. Old possessed herself of the phials, the con-Horror and old Poison dropped to the tents of which she threw upon the heads ground in awe. "It's the fairles," whise of the witch and the wizard. Almost inpered Horror. "It's the fairies. If they stantly the two wicked creatures shriveled see us they'll turn us into stone. Quick, up, dying painful deaths. Then, leaving Polson, change thyself into a shepherd, their hogrible bodies there in the road the and keep a firm hand on your boy. I'll Fairy Queen listened to the story of Higchange myself into a trumpeter, and you gard and Archer. After they had finished may be sure I shall not let my boy escape she appointed two fairles to accompany ne." the boys down the mountain side and see So saying, the old witch and old wizard that they were on the road leading to the immediately assumed the forms of a shep- village.

"And here is a charm for each of you." had they done so when there was the said the Fa'ry Queen, banding a small be towards the little ones we got in the David City, Neb. LOUISA FAHN. sound of nearby wings whizzing through amulet to Higgard and one to his brother. the air and the fairies began alighting all "When a stranger comes to your home simply wave this about in his face, and whispered the witch to Higgard. "Fil pour if he is in disguise his true shape will a poison charm upon you and turn you quickly appear. One can never deceive into a serpent." And the same warning you so long as you keep this amulat." Thanking the Fairy Queen with all their And so the poor children trembled, there hearts, Higgard and Archer returned to their home, and as they entered the door "Ah, ha, good shepherd, where got then their parents were calling out to them, such a fine boy?" asked the Fairy Queen, much worried over their disappearance. And when the boys told their story the fond parents fell upon their necks and wept. saying: "Oh, how near to losing our dear sons we were. Bless the good fatries! For-"By my word and all the stars of luck, ever and forever shall their name be

praised." Well, they are a sad and sorry pair of And for hundreds of years the amuleis youths to belong to such a happy, goodly of Higgard and Archer remained in their pair." said the Pairy Queen. "Why do family, descending from generation to gonthey have tear-stains upon their cheeks?" eration, and protection their owners from "They tore their feet on the stones and all evil persons and witches and wizards.

Saltie no."

As Alice was going home from school with "Oh, why," said Willie, "Isn't any fun other girls, she took a wire and festened up there," "Oh, you must. You make too it to the edge of the sidewalk; then they much noise down here," "I'd make just as much noise up there," pleaded Willie. by, she did not notice the wire, so she "Now run along like a good boy," said his stumbled and fell, spraining her ankle so mother

badly that she could hardly walk. When So off he started. When he reached the she came hame she was so sick that it attic he played Indian and made a lot of Then he suddenly stopped, and, "What fun is it to make such a noise." A few weeks after this it was said that he said, "and always disturbing somebody. I'm going right down in the sitting room and see if I can't keep still for at least five minutes." So off he started down to the sitting room with his "new plans." But, "Oh! There goes Jonnie Brown with his drum. I'll get mine and we will have Oh, see the boy! What has he done? a drumming match in the garden." So he grabbed up his hat and went out to meet

And so they had a drumming match and It is too had that he, so small, Willie forgot all about his "new plan."

The Frog Chorus

By Cecile Howard, Aged 10 Years, 213 Saunders Avenue, Hastings, Neb. Red. Greenback was a young frog, who was going to join the frog chorus. He was, of course, very excited, for that meant that he could mingle with the grown folks, being almost grown himself. He had been practicing ever since he was old enough to understand about the chorus.

They always gave prizes to two of them The best instrument player was to have first choice in a mate, and the best singer was to have second choice. The grown frogs all give presents to the winner of the first prize, and Greenback gets it.

At last the eventful night came! He goes with the rest to join and they walk to the front followed by proud parents. Greenback, while practicing, tried both charge them to grandpa. She went to town kinds of music and decided on instru- but she never brought any oranges when mental. But I must tell you about it, she came home. We all laugh now when-Tonight Madame Dragon Fly comes to ever we think of it. witness the jolly frog chorus. She always comes to give the signal to start and de-cides who get the prizes. Before the new ones contest, the old ones do, to see who will be leader of the members and who will be teacher of the young ones. The concerts of the members may be heard almost any night and the practicing of the young frogs as well. Greenback always was lucky and persevering, things which seldom go together. All his child-When Mrs. Covington woke up Roberts was hood he had gotten the highest point of honor and now, when grown, so that It counts, he sticks to his childhood standard.

Mother's Helper

Little Belle was 4 years old and dearly loved to help her mother, so that when she found that the Ladies' Aid society was going to meet at her home, she said: "Mother, how can I help you this afternoon? May I wait on the door?" And her mother answered: "Yes, and you may help All the puptls look around, me serve the luncheon, too." At that Belle hopped up and down, crying "Goody,

She was very polite when she opened the door for her mother's guests, and they were all pleased to see her; but when they began sewing she could not be content, and whispered to her mother that she wanted some thing to do.

Her mother brought her a needle and her mother passed the cocoa and wafers.

By Marguerite Bremers, Aged 13, Second and Clarkson Sts., Fremont, Neb. Red.

One time in Chicago a ten-story building caught fire, but before the firemen got to the scene the whole building was nearly ablaze. They tried very hard to put it out, as there were many other large buildings adjoining. The firemen quickly spread nets for the people to jump into. Every window was open and hundreds of people were anxious to get out and jump to be saved. After nearly all the people out of the window crying for help, as he was afraid to jump on account of being in the tenth story, and it would be awful to jump from there.

The fire was raging, many other buildings were now catching, the people were crowding around to get close to see the fire, policemen were rushing to and fro trying to stop the angry crowds, while the wind was blowing very hard fanning the flames. There being hardly any way or means of saving the child, extension ladders were used, but were of no use; it was probably a hopeless case. The firemen put the tallest ladders up, but they only reached to the sixth story. They could not get him that way. Suddenly up spoke one brave fireman. He said, "I will save him." So he ran quickly up the ladder, goes inside, runs up the many flights of stairs, fighting the smoke and flames, reaches the room where the child is, grabs him up and jumps into the net which is held by the firemen below and saves the child. The crowds cheered him. Two days later he received a check for \$500 from the child's father and a gold medal from Carnegle.

The Orange from California By Elsie Stastney, Aged 10 Years, Wilber, Neb. Blue,

I am going to tell you how we received a box of oranges from California. Last summer my grandma and grandpa took a trip to California. They saw many beautiful sights. I got many postal cards and they were very pretty.

One day my aunt and mama each got a postal card saying that they were sending a box of eranges to us. One Saturday my uncle said he thought the oranges would come that day. Mama and I did our work ing with the other Busy Bees. I would like as fast as we could, thinking that no mat- to be on the Red side. I am in the fifth ter how tired we would be we would re- grade at school and am in the second fresh ourselves very much with the grade in music. I do not understand about

Appearances Deceive



Cannot you tell me, pray? He must have very naughty been,

To be led off this way! Should with a p'liceman go Why didn't he behave himself? Does anybody know? I wonder what his ma will do?

Why, what is that you're telling me?

I wonder if he'll run?

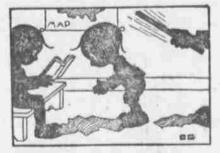
He's the policeman's son!

town. At last the work was done. Just as we had finished my uncle came over and said the oranges had come

Mama and I hurried over to grandma's, across the street, and when we got into the house what did we see there but a little box with a half a dozen of little dwarf oranges, about as big as grapes, in

Then we all laughed and mama said she was going to town that very afternoon and buy a dozen of the best oranges and

Johnny's Surprise



Johnny in the schoolroom, Having heaps of fun! Lots of lessons for him; But he learns not one. Teacher sees him playing; Sitps behind his back. As something goes "whack, whack!"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Ruth Likes Her Prize.

Dear Editor: I received your letter this thread and a dish of beads to string. When morning and the book this evening. I was ever so much. I will send you one of my pictures. I have some stamp ones with my Finally after Roberts had had enough When the ladies were going to go they two friends, but I will mark the one that like the tinkling of tiny bells, and out came kissing and petting, so he thought, and said that they wished they had a helper is me. I have some other pictures of me and my friend, and we are dressed like Indlans and look like Indians. They are on Little Sloux, Ia. RUTH ROBINSON.

Frances Likes the Page.

Dear Editor: I am sending in a story entitled, "A Little Boy of Eight," and hope I may win a prize, as I have never yet. I am also sending in my picture on a postal. I read the children's page in The Bee and think it the finest paper printed. Well, goodbye for this time. Your constant FRANCES WATERMAN. reader. Omaha, Neb.

Estella Has Her Likes.

Dear Editor: I have never written to you before, so I thought I would do so now. I wish that you would put my name down as one who wishes to exchange postal cards. My chum's name is Louise Stiles. She has won many prizes on the children's page. I think that Hulda Lundberg has written a good many stories to the children's page and I think that she is one of the best writers. I am 12 years old and I am in the seventh grade. Miss O'Connor is my teacher. We have a nice new school house here and it makes it more pleasant to go to school. We have fine times in the winter skating. We skute on the Logan creek and the Fish pond. The Fish pond is the best to skate on because it freezes the best. The first skating is always on Thanksgiving day. It will not be long until we can skate. We have three pet pigeons that will eat out of our hand and will fly in the window every morning. Well, I guess that I will have to close this time. Your reader, Lyons, Neb. ESTELLA M'DONALD.

Cecile is Welcome.

Dear Editor: I have been reading the Busy Bee page of The Omaha Bee and thought that I would like to be a Busy Bee. I saw a picture of some frogs by the water and wrote the story that I send in this letter. I wrote it without help. I would like to be on the Red side. I hope that my story about the frog chorus will be in print. Your friend. Hastings, Neb. CECILE HOWARD.

Louise Makes a Start.

Dear Editor: I would like to begin writ-We were talking about the exchanging postal cards. I will write a

What the Figures Stand For



stands for winding up the long day; 9 stands for whomas out, when we scampe 10 stands for school-out, when we scampe J. JUGLETS.





it for another hour, my brave lads and then

piteously. "Oh, yes, Master Wizard and

half arose and opened their eyes, looking

songs of birds filled their cars. On and

OLD HORROR WENT IN ADVANCE AND FOISON FOLLOWED IN THE REAR.