THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: NOVEMBER 10, 1907.

TTLEBEESATHEROWN

ILL every Busy Bee please read Rule 4 of the "Rules for Young Writers." The editor has commenced to wonder if all our boys and girls know the meaning of the word "original." Are you each one sure that you do? If you are not perfectly sure won't you go right now to father or mother and ask them

Over and over again the editor has said that none but original stories were to be sent in, and also, that every story must be marked "original." but must also be original. In spite of this, copied stories, "stolen stories" some of our Busy Bees are beginning to call them, keep coming in, and as it is quite impossible for the editor to always tell whether or not they are original, some of them have been awarded prizes. One of our prize stories last Sunday was not an original story and this week, ever so many of our Busy Bees have written calling the editor's attention to the fact. The editor very much appreciates these letters, and hopes the boys and girls will write her every time they find a story on our page that is copied or stolen. The Busy Bees ought to remember that in addition to violating the rules of our page, every time they send in a copied story that is awarded a prize, they cheat some other Busy Bee who is honestly entitled to it. So much has been said about original short stories that hereafter no story will be considered unless it is plainly "original" and so marked at the top of the first page. Please do not forget this, Busy Bees.

Several have asked why their letters have not been printed. We have had so many good letters of late that there has not been room for them all, so we are using those that came in first. Just watch our page, boys and girls, and if your story complies with all the rules it will be printed when its turn comes.

Gail Howard, our Queen Bee and captain of the Blue side, has written us such a good letter this week! The editor hopes every one, especially members of the Blue team, will read it. Gail also won first prize this week.

A note from Alice Grassmeyer says she has moved from Riverdale to Lincoln. Her new address is given in the postal card exchange list.

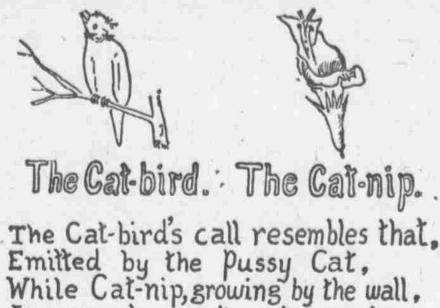
The prize winners this week are: Gail Howard, age 12 years, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Queen of the Busy Bees and captain of the Blue team, and Frances Waterman, age 11 years, 546 South Twenty-fourth avenue, Omaha. Honorary mention was given to Miss Ruth Ashby.

The postal card exchange is rapidly enlarging. Several new names have been added this week. The list now includes: Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Eda Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Marguerite Bartholomer, Gothenburg, Neb.; 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.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

Those who solved the illustrated rebus correctly were: Delta Tillman, age 12 years, David City, Neb.; Sarah Gridley, Dietz, Wyo.; Pauline Edwards, Fremont, Neb.; Grace King, Fremont, Neb., and Marie Latenser, 3217 Poppleton avenue. The answer was sent in as follows: "Fred came home from school so hungry that he could not bear to wait for dinner, so he got a piece of bread and jam and ate it all up."

Polly and the Magic Goose By Helena Davis.

OLLY was the name of a little was polishing the brass of the grate fender. orpnan gir



Is never known to caterwaul: . Its odor though attracts the Kils, And throws them in Catniption fils.





land.

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

4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and dress at the top of the first page. and ad

Just then Nelly's mamma came into the the prize, which was a pretty book. That She walked slowly to an old shed, where room and saw the white collarcite tumbling night John said: "I feel like a coward, she lay down without any supperand rolling around. Just then she saw a Ruth. You know I cheated."

A Generous Convict

By Marie Noone, Aged 14 Years, 3513 Frank-lin Street, Omaha, Red.

that moment a cannon was heard.

Justice

By Edith Martin, Aged 13 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Red.

Helen and Glenn were inseparable chums.

Helen, aged 2, was tall and dark, with

large dark eyes and curly hatr. Glenn was

nearly 2. He had large blue eyes and yel-

One day last summer they were playing

So the search was begun and they were

low hair, which had been "bobbed."

little cars slickout out the other end. She quietly answered Ruth. "You may have girl she had seen the night before, but went over to it and unwound it. There the book for the judge said your writing she was het in the big building she was was the little dog. She didn't say any- was the best." thing but called Nelly upstairs. "See," she "I'm sorry I cheated you out of it," said in her arms. She let the dog down and he

on the bed and tore it." "Oh, you naughty dog," she said, raising where you can see it." her hand to slap him. But her mother John hung it up in his room and every track by the poor little barefoot gtrl. blame. I think some careless little girl it and never has he been such a mean

left it on the bed. That little puppy didn't boy again. know any better. Whose fault do you think It. 1070

"Mine," answered Nelly, shamefully, hanging her head. "I'll try to be more careful next time.

And so she was, and always hung her was a hard-working young man named collarette up when she took it off. And Louis. He had been in the army, but she kept it a long time. Her mamma mended the pretty blue, silk lining-until It was good as ever. mix years.

(Honorary Mention.)

Result of Disobedience

By Ruth Asbby, Aged 11 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue. find food and shelter. Dr. and Mrs. Evans and their two children, Marjory and Gerald, were visiting at the home of Mrs. Evans' brother, Mr. Tom Howard, who owned a large raneff. On the very day of their arrival Uncle Tom had warned the children to be careful and not go near the pen of Fury, a large and said: "Unless I pay my rent this morning my wife and children will be turned out." very cross steer. The children promised and immediately they begged to go outdoors.

Mamma put on their little red roats and with many cautions to 4-year-old Gerald let them go.

They scampered about in the bright sun. liver me up and claim the reward." shine. Then they came to a pen in which was a large black animal.

"See, Marjory," said Gerald, "see the dreat big bear, like what is in the park at what I proposed I will deliver myself up." home. Perhaps by this time you have guessed estly that at last the man bound Louis.

that instead of being a bear that this was The prisoner was taken back to prison. Fury. The children did not know it or

they never would have gone near him. "Let's do in an' put our hands on de

pitty bear,' said Marjory. Gerald consented and in they went. Fury was on the other side of the field quietly

grazing. "Come, pitty bear," said Marjory, and they both began to shout.

Fury turned and saw them. He started toward them.

Just then Mrs. Evans, who had started at Helen's home and they noticed that the By Milton Selzer, Aged 14 Years, Ne use of the shildren arms on cellar door was open. They immediately braska City, Neb. Red. cellar door was open. They immediately out in search of the children, came up. When she saw them she began screaming. disappeared through it and silence reigned. But their silence was noticed and Helen's But she was not the only one who saw them, for a boy rushed by her and into sister said: "I wonder what those children the pen. She recognized him as a boy are up to. They are too quiet."

possible for us to get home tonight, so she had seen when she was hunting for we might as well lie down and go to sleep, finally found. They had thrown several Marjory and Gerald. but I know pa and mn will worry about The boy placed himself in front of the two-quart jars of jam down onto the floor us." Thus saying, Teddy B and Teddy G children and it was he whom the steer and Helen was sitting on the floor cating lay down and were on their way to dream-

torsed high into the air. The children, with both hands out of a broken far and who had crawled under the fence as soon Glenn was standing on the table shouting, Teddy B dreamt that their father had as possible, began to cry. "High dife (dive)! High dife!" found them and was taking them home Mrs. Edwards bent over the boy, who

The Ink Blot

They were taken upstairs and Glenn's on his back when suddenly he woke up smiled up into her face. By this time a mother came over to take him home. Helen I would let the camera alone. with a start to find his father bending crowd of men who had seen the accident received payment in the shape of a spankarrived. One of them went for Dr. Evans, ing, but instead of crying, as she was ex-

prize, but as it is, the prize goes to John and the little girl outside turned her Maynard." John blushed and went up for away crying.

The next morning she stood by the same little tail sticking out one end and two "Yes, I know you did, for I saw you," big building; there stood the same little outside on the walk with her little wee dog said, "The little dog found your collarette John. Then Ruth said: "If you are sorry, ran right into the road. A street car came I want you to hang it up in your room rushing down the track, when a red shawl waved and the dog was taken from the caught her hand, saying: "He is not to time he goes to bed he always looks at The mother had seen this from the hotel window and the poor little girl was given. by the rich lady, \$50 and she spent it usefully on clothing and shoes and stookings and also a hume.

Ruth and Nature

Among a number of convicts in a prison By Louisa Hahn, Aged 12 Years, David as a hard-working young man named . City, Neb. Blue. Once upon a time there was a little gitl one day wandered from his regiment. He named Ruth. Little Ruth was a great was arrested and condemned to prison for lover of nature. She loved flowers, birds,

the wood and everything beautiful under the blue sky. Louis believed his sentence too severe As she wandered around the meadow and one day escaped from prison. After and woods she would talk to flowers and wandering about the country for some birds, trying to make them understand hours he went into a cottage, hoping to how beautifully they were dressed and how dearly she loved them all.

On entering the cottage he saw the She always was wishing to be able to children seated in a corner on the floor make friends with the dear little birdles, and the mother crying as if her heart but no matter how she tried the little would break, while the father paced the birds would have nothing to do with her. floor, despair written on his face. Louis Still she had hope. She wandered about asked what the matter was. The father every nice day, trying to make up with some pretty bird. One day while running about in the woods she found a dear little Louis listened to the sad story and then robin, which had one of its little feet said: "Courage, my friends. I have just tangled up with some dead grass, so that escaped from prison and my guards will it could not fly away. The little be looking for me. There is a reward of birdle looked up to Buth so pitifully that to take good care of his little sister, sho \$50 for an escaped convict. The a rope it nearly brought tears to her eyes, She around me and when the guards come destopped and said; "Pretty little birdie, I feel so sorry for you having been here "Never, my friend," cried the man. At without water or food for-Oh, dear, 1 don't know how long-and trying to get

"Make haste! If you do not intend to do away. You must be very tired." So Ruth loosened the birdie and pressed The generous convict pleaded so earnit to her heart, then kissed the robin goodbye and let it fly to its nest. Ruth was happy. It was the first bird she ever had in her hands.

Day after day after that she went to the same spot where she found the roban and this same little bird would come to her and cat crumbs from her hand. There was joy in little Ruthle's heart. Sho loved nature more and more. Wouldn't you7

My First Photograph

One day I thought I would like to take a picture. So I took my brother a camera out into a field and set it up on a tripod. I told my chum to get his mother and I would take her picture. She got ready in about forty-five minutes. She was in her Sunday best. I made her pose the best way I knew how and snapped the camera. In the night I dissolved my chemicals poured them in the trays. I got the camera and pulled out the plate holder and fingered for the plates, but the holder was empty. So after all that trouble I thought

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Queen Bee Writes.

We want to thank Ruth Ashley very

won both the first and second prizes, and

even went so far as to get honorable men-

tion. Let's see if we can't do that again.

We can do that lots of times more if we

Dorothy is Welcome.

Dear Editor: I would like to join the

GAIL E. HOWARD.

only try hard.

very wicked old couple in the upon in the person of my granddaughter, country near to a great city. Margery. She's a hard one to please, too, In this great city lived the mar- so you'll have to look lively while acting as ried daughter of the wicked her maid." couple, and she was the mother of a little Polly sighed under her breath. If there

But her life was full of plenty, and her parents and grandparents (all wicked, selfish people who cared only for their own) humored their every wish. Not so was it with Polly. Her life was one of want and drudgery. For every crumb she ate and for every rag she wore she paid doubly dear in work, being made a veritable slave-child by the wicked old man and woman who had taken her at her mother's the tears back, they pained her so.

death with a promise to protect and educate her as though she were a child of their own. But this promise had never been kept sacred for one day, for the very a scowl always on her forehead and a pout day that Polly accompanied the old folks on her lips. Her eyes were ugly and small, to their home they set severe tasks for a most unsightly squint in one of them. Her her to perform. And when once Poliy had features were as ill to look upon as were complained that she was hungry all the her eyes. In general makeup she was a time-never having half enough food dur- child that no one could like, for her face ing the day to be called one meal-and and manner told of her ugly nature. that she was cold in the damp basement mother-who had signed herself "Stella"room where she slept, and very weary was a second edition of the wicked old from the heavy tasks set for her to per- woman who held little Polly in abject form, the old woman fell upon her and slavery. In fact, three generations of febeat her unmercifully, saying: "Now, little males could not be more alike than were beggar, complain of your home again, will these three-mother, daughter and grandyou? Do you relish beatings more than daughter.

plaints of your food, bed and work. slaving, freezing and starving till there this and that and to be constantly on the seemed little life left in her body. One day there came a letter to the old ing:

within a few days. Margery took it into Polly's duties were legton. loving daughter, Stella."

daughter just the age of the orphan Polly. was harder work to be imposed upon her she felt that she would sink beneath IL. How ill and weak she felt from the long strain! And today she suffered more than usual, for the cold outside was intense and she was obliged to run to the village a mile away, several times on errands. And her clothing was not sufficient to keep the chill of the winter's blast from cutting to the bone. At times her fingers and toes were so numb that she could scarcely keep

> The next day the daughter and granddaughter arrived from the city. Margery was a solfish, ill-tempered little girl, with time

And so Polly went on from day to day upon Polly to bring this and that, to take surprise party to be given that same night ugly, cheap triffe."

First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con tributions to this page such week. Address all communications to OHILDBEN'S DEPARTMENT,

Omaha Bee.

(First Prize.) The Mischievous Cubs

By Gall E. Howard, Aged 12 Years, Cap-tain of Blue Side, 4722 Capitol Avenue, Omaha.

speaking to her two mischievous cubs.

find in a long day's walk.

would do when the first snow came. They dressed, ate and grabbing their

that they could not move for quite awhile. who came immediately. It was found that pected to do, she said: "Who's goin' to When they got home they said they would Fred's (for that was his name) leg was 'pank G'enny?" never, never go so far away again. broken and that he was badly bruised.

(Second Prize.) Nellie's Collarette

By Frances Waterman, Aged 11 Years, 546 By Frances Waterman, Aged 11 Years, 546 South Twenty-Fourth Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red. Dear Busy Bees, I think the Busy Bees are working very faithfully, but the Blue well-to-do. His most treasured possession Nelly got her pretty collarette for a is a gold watch in the back of which in Christmas present from her grandma.

Grandma had come to spend the holiin memory of June 23, 1882. days with them. After the holidays were "Wake up children," came from mother over she went back to her own home and, bear, "It is time to get up." She was upon her leaving. Nelly promised her she

are so far from home that it will be im-

over them. They were so cold and stiff

By Deita Tillma, Aged 12 Years, David City, Neb. Blue. would take real good care of her collarctic. It had been snowing all night long and One day she was sent by her mother to the forest ground was deeply covered with take a lady some flowers. Nelly's mother snow. You can imagine this is just what let her wear her collarctic. Nellie came on Christmas and the girls and boys of squeak, she looked behind and there was when, Sunday before last I took up the they wanted, for they were as playful and back in a little while. When she got home the town were to write compositions.

mischievous a pair of cubs as you could she went upstairs to put her collarette away. She had just taken it off when in the same house, and they were looking They jumped up out of bed just as soon Mary Brown called her to come out and forward to Christmas night. Their com-They jumped up out of bed just as soon Mary Brown called her to come out and nor positions were finished, and Ruth had left By Dorothy Helps, Aged 10 Years, Platts-as mother bear called them, for they had play tag. Nelly threw her collarcite down positions were finished, and Ruth had left By Dorothy Helps, Aged 10 Years, Platts-mouth, Neb, Red. to play.

Pretty soon her little dog came into the drawer. sleds, kissed their mother goodbye and went room and saw the collarctic on the bed. John was jealous of Ruth because she Outside this hotel stood a poor little girl. Your faithful captain, out into the forest to have a jolly good but didn't know what it was. He went up could write better than he, so when he . It was a cold night and she was bare- . Omaha, Neb.

They were having so much fun sliding a pretty kitten that is scared of me and looking he thought of a plan. He made on and a shawl thrown over her. She was and playing "lide-and-go-seek" that they won't move. Bow, wow," he went again, a few blots on the paper. did not notice what time it was getting to but it did not move. "I'll give it a scare." At last the night came and the judge she saw another little girl dressed much Busy Bees. I like to read the page very

be, when, suddenly Teddy B, the oldest he thought. He pulled it off the bed onto held up the papers and said: "These are nicer than she,

stalled in their rooms they began calling has set and it is getting very dark. We the floor of that room so that he got it a few blots on it, or else it would get the play, but a little red tongue was stuck out the Blue side. I always go downtown on

jump at their bock and call. Poor Polly dow, I wouldn't think of letting Margery hid it on the window ledge behind a smilling at her. "On good little fairy," she ran to the mantel and jerked down the Your friend and reader. had nothing to do but obey. And as the see It; she'd feel simply insulted that any potted plant, returning for it at the first said, her voice full of emotion, "you have magic bird, "Ah, now, little beggar, go back woman from her daughter in the city, say-preparations were going on for the great one would dare to present her with such an opportunity she found to go to her base- come and done all this. How can I thank in your rags again, for this will be mine ment room. Then she took the little goose You?" from now on. Magic, you say? Very well,

"Dear Mother: I shall pay you a visit in honor of the young guest, Margery. Polly took the toy goose, scarce larger under her apron and ran down the dark The fairy pointed to the toy goose that I'll take it upstairs with me and we-my than a dove, and went to the open win- back stairs and shut herself in her room sal perched over the grate. "It is that daughter, my husband and my grandher head today that she wants to -> to At dusk the presents from friends of dow with it. But as she was about to for a few minutes. Flacing the little little bird you have to thank," she said, daughter-will be made richer and more her head today that she wants to => to At dusk the presents from triends of dow with it. But as she was about to for a low induces. Flating the neighborhood-friends who were in- toss it out on the snow-covered ground goose on a shelf against the wall she stood "That toy goose is a magic one, and by beautiful than any other persons in the thank you very much for them. I have rewish must be obeyed. Have everything vited to the party-began to arrive. Among she felt the poor little thing quiver in looking at it with tenderness in her blue chance was lost by one of our band of whole world. So, go back into your rags in readiness to give her a little surprise them was a stronge-looking little toy goase, her hand. It may have been but her im- eyes. "Poor little goosie," se murmured. fairies the other day. Some one not under- But even an she spoke the old woman party on the night of our arrival. It will a gift from one of the poor children of the agination, but however that may be, Polly "You and I are of little consequence in standing how precious it is found it and in began to shrivel up and to become cold. so please and amuse her to have such village who doubtless could not afford to could not throw the little thing out of dos this world. I am an erphan and you are a turn disposed of it. It fell into your Her rich gown turned into thin rags. But Blue side will win. With love to the Busy a function given in her honor. Spare no send anything else. As soon as Mrs. Stella into the snow. As Mrs. Stella was so busy cheap toy. But we both can feel. Yes, I'm worthy hands and through it I was called she did not know of the change in her ap- Bees, pains to make the party one of a unique saw the inexpensive little toy her nose went fixing presents on a table at the farthest sure that you can feel just as I do, for here to give you comfort and love. That pearance, and ran laughing and gloating nature and I will settle all the bills. Your into the air and she sneered at it. "The end of the room Polly said nothing to her when I was about to toss you into the cold little magic goose can bring luck to a good upstairs to her daughter and guests with Idea of any one sending such a thing as about what disposition she made of the snow you shilvered. But you shall remain person possessing it and ill luck to a the cherished goose in her arms. "Take

"Ab, now, my little beggar, you'll really that to my daughter!" she said indig- rejected toy; but feeling that since it was here and be covered up to keep warm. I wicked person possessing it. And what is it, take it and make a wish." she cried to Dear Editor: A friend told me about exgrinning wickedly at poor little Polly, who take this thing and throw it out the win- objection to her-Polly-keeping it. So she be shared with you. Yau are my only com- person, but will perish through the negli- arms. He held it but a moment and be- so I thought I would send in my name, alpanion, and we'll become great friends, gence and ignorance of a good person. So, came a shriveled-up old man, crippled in though I have written no story. I am 13 I'm' sure." So saying Polly took from her by falling into your careful hands it was limbs and almost speechless. He turned years old and am in the Eighth grade. We

cot a bit of comforter and gently wrapped preserved through your good sense and instinctively to his daughter and throat it haven't had school for two days, because about the little toy. Then she ran off to kind heart. Had the wicked woman, who into her hands. The same terrible thing the teachers went to Lincoln to visit the told you to destroy it, have tried to do it happened to her and she fell to the floor schools there. Your reader, perform her evening duties. After the last guest had arrived, and herself she would have met with an awful in a fit. Her petied Margery was near to

the party was in full swing in the great fate." her and bent down and took the toy goose white and gold drawing room, Polly was Just as the fairy ceased speaking a from her writhing mother's arms. Insent to her busement room by her mis- quick step was heard on the steps, and stantly she doubled up into a lideous tress, being toki to rise before the sun in another minute the old mistress of the hunchback and her face was so ugiy and in the morning and see that bright fires house appeared, her face livid with anger, so full of her true character that other were burning in the grates all over the "You beggar!" she was trying out to children there ran away from her.

house, for the wicked old couple whe Polly, "why don't you come when I call The guests departed in confusion. The owned the place layed comforts and good you? I've been calling from the top of walls of the elegant house changed into cheer for themselves, and never denied the stairs for fully a minute. Who are the wails of a hut, and the rooms became themselves nor their daughter and grand, you talking to, anyway? Who dares to-" small and mean. The money-which the Fur by this time the old woman had wicked old people had stolen from the daughter anything. When Polly opened the door to her room reached the doorway, thrown the door wide poor-was turned to dust before their eyes

and stepped in she stopped short in the and stood with eyes rivetted on the scene They were ruined, ruined, physically and middle of the room, for just as she was in front of her. There stood Polly in the financially. They had always been ruined about to scratch a match to light a bit most beautiful dress, shoes, jacket and morally. So now they were reaping the of candle that stood on the shelf a bright hat; for the fairy had changed her rags harvest for their own sowing. light as of a hundred candles flushed for line attive with a wave of a wand. And Polly passed long enough to look on the

about her. The room was warm and she had put upon her a warm jacket and a awful acene before her; then taking the beautifully furnished. Where the rude cut hat, for she meant to lead her from this magic goose into her arms she joined the had been stood a dainty bed with warm place within an hour. But the fairy had good fairy in the yard and together they down coveriets. A bright fire sparkled in disappeared upon the old woman's entrance, rode away in a great automobile to a lovely a grate which had miraculously appeared hiding outside the house in a tree top. home in the country far, far away, where in one side of the room. Polly could not "What does all this mean?" gasped the Polly spent her life and the magic of the speak for a minute, then she cried in a old woman, finding her tongue. toy gooso in bringing happiness and plonty "It means that the little toy goose which to the deserving poor and retribution and low voice: "Oh, am I dreaming ""

Answering her cry a sweet voice from your daughter would not have and which punishment to the wicked and arrogant the doorway behind her: she ordered me to throw away was-and is rich.

ing. 'All you see is real."

Mrs. Evans went to see him every day.

Teddy Bear Fight He told her that his chief desire was He told her that his chief desire was by Richard Losch, Aged 9 Years, West to go to school, but his folks were too By Richard Losch, Aged 9 Years, West Point, Neb. Blue.

squeak. Teddy had a ribbon around his if our Blue side would just make up their neck. Mamma was cleaning and moved minds to win, we would, no matter written: From your friends, Marjory and Gerald, the plano. Then she called to Jack to if the Red team has got thirteen points come and get some wood. He lay Teddy and the Blue only seven points. Bear on the floor. The next day Jack

could not find his bear and he looked all much because she has helped us to get over the house for him without success. quite a few more points than we would About a week after that mamma was have gotten. The Maynards were to have a large party moving the plano again and she heard a I cannot express my happiness in words

The Rescue

where he would take it and lock it in a There was one large building nine The Red team won last time and we're

stories high. This building was a hotel, not going to let them win again are we?

to it. "Bow wow," he said, "It must be saw Ruth's on a table and she was not footed and only had an old ragged dress looking into the hotel window and there

much. I am 10 years old, and I am in the work? If so, let us hear some more com- As soon as the two visitors had got in- bear, said to Teddy G, "Look, the sun the floor. He tumbled and rolled all over the best ones of them all. This paper has She motioned to her to come out and Sixth grade at school I would like to be on Sunday afternoon, to see if the mull has

come, so I can get the Busy Bees' page. DOROTHY BARTHOLOMEW,

Gothenburg, Neb.

Working for the Blues.

Dear Editor: I received my prize book last Saturday, and thank you very much for it. I have now four prize books, and ceived pretty postal cards from some of the Busy Rees. I hope girls who are on the Blue side will write stories, so that the HULDA LUNDBERG. Fremont, Neb.

York, Nell.

Post Card Exchange.

EDA BEHLING.

Limerick

"No, my dear child, you are not dream-mg. 'All you see is real." Polly turned to behold a fairy standing 'Ob, a magic gener." And the old woman good in the world There was a bad boy who did try to smoke a clear, Mercy-my! There was a bad boy who did try to smoke a clear, Mercy-my! And the old woman good in the world The stomach did ache. And he really thought he would the stomach did ache.

Moore

THERE STOOD FOLLY IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL DRESS. SHORS, JACKET AND HAT.

