IE Busy Bees must not get impatient if they do not see their stories in print immediately after they are sent in, as the postman has brought so many letters for the Children's page of late that it is impossible to print them all on receipt. So just watch the page carefully and they will appear in time,

The approach of Thanksgiving and Christmas has been an inspiration to many of the boys and girls in composing and naming their stories, and such good stories they are, too. Santa Claus and his Christmas toys is still far enough in the future that there is plenty of time to weave all kinds of interesting stories about this mysterious and wonderful "toy distributer" so dearly peloved by all of the boys and girls.

Well! Well! Writers of the Red team and subjects of Albert Goldberg of Shenandoah, king and captain of the Red team, are you going to let the Blue team gradually but surely gain most of the prize stories with a big chance of coming out victorious, when at one time you were five or six prize stories in the lead? Now is the time to make a special effort, as the three months' reign of Gail E. Howard as queen and Albert Goldberg as king close with this month. If any of the Busy Bees have already decided who they want as their rulers for the next three months send in their names, as it is not too early to vote now.

August Raabe called on the aditor one day during the week. August is carrying his arm in a sling, having it broken playing foot ball three weeks ago. He has promised that as soon as it is strong enough to enable him to write he will send in another story. August is a brother of our former Queen Bes, Louise Raabe.

Those who have sent in their names for the postal exchange are Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; 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.

The prizes for this week were won by Hazel Thompson, age 15, Blair, Neb., and Nora Cullen, age 13, 3212 Webster street, Omaha. Honorary mention was given to Miss Louise Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth street, Omaha.

The Red team is still two prize stories ahead, having won fourteen, while the Blue team has only won twelve. Don't lose a prize by forgetting to mark every story original.

# How Jimmy Got His Way

"Never mind, James," said teacher se-

head as easily as you seem to get an elec-

At table his father asked him what he

"Nothing of any size-except a scheme,"

to step on," promised Jimmy. 'So trust wire.

me-for I know electricity from long hand-

plan, and went to make a prolonged call

And that evening when Jimmy's parents

control of the house again.

learn that day.

afraid.

had been inventing lately.

proudly at his precious little son.

that I had said anything about it."



MMY FRANKLYN was a born lowing it to "fly about the world on an electrician, devoting all his electric wire."
spare time to the study. His "Why, teacher," corrected Jimmy innofather and mother laughed at cently, "a person's mind could not go about Jimmy's enthusiasm; but Jimmy on an electric wire! It's only signals-" declared that some day he would

become a second Edison. His room-away verely. "We do not have time today for a upstairs, and separated by a hall from the lecture on the subject of electricity. You hold. Wires and little worktables and remain in after school and see if you can tools were everywhere. A small telegraph get that arithmetic problem through your instrument occupied a preminent place near one window of the room, and this tric current." could be heard to click, click, by the hour And that afternoon poor Jimmy, wishing at a time. Jimmy had a telephone wire of so much to be at home-in his dear old his own "contraption" (to use his boyish workshop, among his wires and his toolshis room and the room of his chum, Ted Jones, who lived of our country, George Washington. several blocks away. Jimmy had also con- But there is an end to all things, even to trived a wireless telegraphic instrument, a long school day. And at last, just as the which was his pet for a long time, and shadows of night began to gather, Jimmy which had been in a measure surprisingly bounded into his own home, just in time successful. But all the time that Jimmy for a good hot supper which he declared worked, his parents-though indulgentlaughed at him:

One morning at the breakfast table, Mr. Franklyn, while looking over the paper, said suddenly: "Well, what do you think? The house right down at the corner, where replied Jimmy. "But if my scheme is

"Oh, and right in our block!" cried Mrs. Franklyn, excited and apprehensive. "The next thing we'll be awakened in the night with a gun in our faces and an order from a masked ruffian to hold up our hands! Oh, how mortally afraid I am of housebreakers! I'd rather meet a wild bull on a country road, without a chance to get away, than to have a burgiar get into our house. He'd scare me to death, even though he did not touch me."

Mr. Franklyn laughed at his wife's fears, recently visited by a burgiar, they need not look for another attack in the immediate neighborhood for some time.

Jimmy sat silent, thinking. That day at school his mind wandered many times from his lessons, and when, during his history recitation, the teacher asked him to name the commander-in-chief of the American forces during the revolutionary war, he quickly spoke up, saying: "Edison, ma'am."

"What are you thinking about?" asked the teacher, trying to hide a smile. She had heard of Jimmy's devotion to electricity and had heard his school comrades reto him as Edison, jr. "What has Edison to do with the revolutionary war, ling of it." James?" she inquired dryly.

Jimmy's face crimsoned and he muttered some sort of excuse for having made such a mistake in names. Then, giving the correct answer to the question, he felt like shaking himself for being so absent-minded. or rather for being so preoccupied with his pet scheme. But, nevertheless, he came home for supper they found a very mother asked, glancing a bit uneasily tofound it just as difficult to keep his mind excited and happy boy. He was radiant. on other regitations that day, and during laughing and chatting. His leng task-both room, the arithmetic lesson he made such inex- of mind and body-was completed, and he cusable blunders that the teacher lost all came out of his meditative mood, finding head," said Jimmy with mock gravity. patience with him, and, with a sharp rep- tengue to talk about anything and everyrimand, bade him to remain in after school thing. hours that evening, when he might be able e get his mind on his books instead of al- pen," jested his mother, walking about on father had a good laugh at her expense.





The Bird and the Burdock.

Who is there who has never heard, About the Burdock and the Bird? And yet how very very few, Discriminate between the two, While even Mr. Burbank can't Transform a Bird into a Plant!





# RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

 Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
 Use pen and ink, not pencil 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over

poring over cube root and the father First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to made amends for all he had been obliged to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

> (First Prize.) Thank You

Omaha Boo.

"And do you mind sharing the secret of your scheme?" his father asked, smiling Several winters ago a woman was coming out from some public building when the find it. "I'd rather not, sir," replied Jimmy. heavy door swung back and made ogress One day Elsie was looking for her ball. "You see, it's this way, papa. Suppose the somewhat difficult. A little street urchin She couldn't find it anywhere. She looked scheme should fall through with-well, then sprang to the rescue, and as he held open on the shelf for it. Something caught her I'd be embarrassed, you see. I'd feel sorry the door she said:

"Thank you," and passed on. "All right, go ahead with your scheme "Dive hear that?" said the boy to a com- was marked "Do not open."

in secret," smiled his father. "When you panion. are ready to tell your mother and me about "No. What?" it we shall be very glad to hear."

So the week wore away. Jimmy put in likes o' me." every waking moment-when not in school in his workshop.

could not help overhearing, the lady turned Such a noise it made, as if there were A little chap who sneaks about
Then followed a strenuous Saturday for around and said to the boy: "It always china in it. It brought her mother from Who treats them in a manner cool,
its mother, who was asked to absent here."

Could not help overhearing, the lady turned Such a noise it made, as if there were A little chap who sneaks about
Pinching children's toes-es.

Who treats them in a manner cool,
the mother, who was asked to absent here. -in his workshop. his mother, who was asked to absent her- pays to be polite, my boy, remember that," the next room. Elsie told her mother what self from the house for a few hours. She willingly complied, giving Jimmy the place when doing her Christmas shopping, this there Elsie saw a beautiful doll, with to himself all the forenoon. But when she same lady received an exceptional courtesy flaxes hair, but she was broken into a Who comes when least externed in the afternoon she was not at returned in the afternoon she was met at from a clerk in Boston, whom she thanked, hundred pieces. the door by Jimmy, who begged her to remain away a few hours longer.

upon some friend, leaving Jimmy in full Jimmy, laughing at his mother's ignorance

"Well, I wonder what is going to hap- in horror; whereupon Jimmy and his

of things electrical.

'My dear son," remonstrated Mrs. Frank- ago." lyn, "I cannot stay out all day. And what are you doing?-wiring the house, I'm

"I'm almost afraid to step or to breathe.

"Yes, or burn off a-a-well, a person's

"Oh, child don't jest so ruthlessly,"

cried his mother, throwing up her hands of

"A short circuit, mamma," suggested the development of his great "scheme."

"And would that burn out a fuse?" his his lessons for Monday, and said good

wards the electric light Mixtures in the could not sleep for a very long time after

cident, and told her that simple "thank head, no mittens, her shoes and stockings other familiar ones; then more candy. you" awakened his first ambition to be were torn and her face and hands were something in the world. He told her how very cold. he went the next morning and applied for a position as office boy in the establish- the door. Helen opened the door and said, ment where he was now an honored and "Hallo, little girl, are you very cold? Come trusted clerk. Only two words, dropped in and get warminto the treasury of a street conversation, more satisfactory than investments, stocks Just then Helen's mother came into the

#### (Second Prize.) Disobedient Elsie

By Nora Cullen. Aged 13 Years, 3212 Web-ster Street, Omaha. Blue. It was two weeks before Christmas and Elsie's mother was going shopping that morning. She bought many presents for her friends, and also a doll for Elsie. the doctor lives, was burglarized last O. K. I'll have no complaints to make, sir." By Hazel Thompson, Aged 15 Years, Blair, When she came home she fastened on a night!"

"And do you mind sharing the secret of Neb. Blue. little slip of paper to the box, and put it little slip of paper to the box, and put it upon a high shelf where Elsie could not

eye. It was a long, narrow box. She went to look in it, but on a little slip of paper

She wondered what was in the box and she resolved to open it and look in. She Why, that lady said 'thank you' to the lifted the box from the shelf and was about to climb down from the chair she Amused at the conversation, which she was standing on when down fell the box. Years passed away, and last December, she did. Her mother opened the box and Who strikes the flowers in fall quite dead,

"Pardon me, madam, but you gave me Her mother told her that the doll was He comes around just once a year; my first lesson in politeness a few years to be given to her Christmas, but now she And ne'er does he get lost!

And ne'er does he get lost!

He's sometimes early sometimes interested but we're sure to have Jack Frost and the doll was to be given to her and she must go with the sometimes early sometimes early as a sure to have Jack Frost and the doll was to be given to her and she must go with the sometimes early sometimes early sometimes early sometimes are well as the doll was the comes around just once a year; and the doll was the comes around just once a year; and the doll was the comes around just once a year; and the doll was the comes around just once a year; and the doll was the comes around just once a year; and the doll was the comes around just once a year; and the comes around just once a year. The lady looked at him in amazement out the doll. Elsie was very sorry over

At 2 o'cleck Jimmy put away his books,

for he had been endeavoring to study

night to his father and mother. But he

going to bed, he was so full of his

his dream turned into a sort of night-

ing with a burgiar who had crept into

"Come, Jimmy, wake up, son!" It

was Jimmy's father's voice; and Jimmy

was aroused from his nightmare by it.

Also, his father was shaking him by the

shoulder, and repeating: "Come, sonny,

eyes: Just at the moment his mind was

a blank "Yes, yans." he said, thinking it was morning "I'll get up in a few

minutes. What time is it, anyway? Why,

to rouse a neighborhood, so it did."

obey her mother.

(Honorary Mention.) Lost in a Fog

By Louise Ranbe, Age II Years, 2909 North Nineteenth Avenue, Omaha. Blue. one as a present two days before Thanksgiving.

"Isn't it a beauty," cried to year out the state of the s alone," put in Fanny, who was 12 years gold ring for Helen. A large Christmas

Then mamma said: "How would it be to the dining room for them. invite Aunt Phoebe and the children over

over in the morning with their aunt. The and I know they won't forget it. children had often gone back and forth and knew the road well. There were evergreens and pine trees of which they gathered the prettiest branches.

Then a chipmunk hopped along and they left the road to chase it. They had not friendly miner, who lived there all alone, around his back, opened the door and bade the children to They went farther into the woods when and in the merning took them to Aunt, going any farther,

All insisted for him to go home with them and help to eat the turkey, which he

### A Happy Christmas

By Hulda Lundberg, Aged 13 Years, 348 South I Street, Fremont, Neb. Blue. lay deep on the ground. It was the day becarrying Xmas toys and candy.

Helen French was waiting for Santa Claus to come and as she was looking out of the window she saw a man which she By Ruby Denny, Aged 11 Years, Casper, the Busy Bees' page on the Red side. I thought was Santa Claus, so she ran to Wyo. Blue. am in the sixth grade. I go to the Clifton her mother and said, "Oh, here comes over his ears.

all the presents he had bought for her, that we took off our things and had some Helen opened them and began playing with candy. a doll, a story book and many other things, stories. I told two. Then came lunch. After she had put them away she went to We had cocoa, two kinds of cake, cookies see if Santa Claus was coming, but instead made like jack-o-lanterns and many of seeing what she expected, she saw a other things. After lunch we played little girl with an old jacket, no cap on her games, "Hunt the whistle" and many

She came up the steps and knocked at

"I am very cold," walked in and seated herself by the stove. room and asked the girl who she was. "My sure I did. name is Ruth Mormeden," replied the girl, "my mother and father are both dead, and

WHO IS HE?



And paints quite red their noses.

"There'll be no live wires about for you tip-toe, lest she tread upon some conscaled. And then supper was announced, and my revolver and ran into the hall just in the three forgot for the time being the time to cover a housebreaker. He was subject of electricity. That is to may, standing at the glass much in the door, try-Jimmy is so full of anticipation that I'm Mr. and Mrs. Franklyn had other things ing to open the lock. He had gotten in There was such pride in Jimmy's voice expectant, and a bit-yes, I'll admit it-a in their mind; but even as he ate a through a side window-where you had not and importance in his manner that his bit apprehensive lest his wires should be- hearty meal Jimmy's mind kept wander- placed a wire-and had filled a bag with fond mother was forced to submit to his come entangled about us and cause a -a -" ing from the subjects of conversation to the silver and other valuables and was making off by the back door in the basement when he, unawares, set off the alarm. As it did not sound in the basement-but that when he answered this way she alwent off touder than a cannon beneath my ways felt he was in mischief. bed-I had the advantage of the fellow. I held him with my revolver till your mother could recover strength enough from the ping with her. "What if it wouldn't work" he asked shock to 'phone for the police. They have himself. "I would be the laughing stock just taken the fellow off, and I came to disappeared. Where was he? His mother reason that I did not write mine sooner the house. But it worked all right notify the great electrician that his work is looked through the rooms, but her boy was that I did not think of it. I should when I tested it from the basement and perfectly satisfactory, and I'm ready to was not there. Looking out the door she not be so careless I know, for I want to

> asks for." succumbed, and Jimmy fell into a deep new wholly wide awake. So his work had well. The hole was full of water from the every Sunday and have written one story slumber. As he slept he dreamed that been successful? A great pride overcame shower, and in it, in all the mud and water before.
>
> RUBY DENNY. But towards midnight exhausted nature. Jimmy sat up and drank in the news. a terrible ringing of bells, followed by him and for a moment he could not speak -was Johnnie, working as fast as he medley of excited volces, was disturb- for his emotion. Then he asked in a calm could. ing the usual quiet of the night. Then voice:

"When you heard the noise beneath your mare, for he dreamed that he was fight- bed. Dad, what did you think it was?" "ht first I was dazed; then I remembered afraid it wouldn't rain again and I wants his room to stent a bandsome gold watch how busy you had been in the house all a big well." which his father had presented to him day, working at your 'contraption,' and instantly I knew the noise must be an alarm mother that afternoon. set off by a housebreaker. I told your mother my supposition, and she ran to the head of the stairs to receive orders from me should my surmise be correct. And it was true. There, in the basement, I got my burglar." "Well, all I ask, Dad, is to be allowed to

it's still dark!" Jimmy had just realized bed again that night.

"And you shall have your way, my son," "Well, Jimmy, you'd better get awake be 'Edison, Jr.,' mark my words."

waiting to congratulate you on having so the matter over with Jimmy's mother, who got over to the hole, put his hand in it successfully wired the house with burgtar was waiting for them, feeling in her nerv- and caught it by the tail. He drew it out alarms. What do you think? A burglar at- ous way that Jimmy had really saved their and tied the feet of the squirrel, then tempted the basement door and the alarm lives that night through the successful dropped it to Pearl. went off under my bed. I jumped up, got workings of his clever "contraption."

French, but I haven't found her yet." called out to his mama, "Mama! Mama!

shall live with us forever. Mr. Jones brought home a turkey. All asleep Mrs. French and Ned filled their box and made a door. Fred put the squirthe employes of the Jewel mine received stockings with nuts and candy, but this rel in and shut the door. They fed it ings and shoes, a cap and mittens for could be. "Isn't it a beauty," cried 10-year-old Ruth, and a new fur, mittens and a

When they got up and were dressed they were so happy with their things that they Next afternoon Ella, Fanny and Tom, a did not get sleepy the next night. But beneighbor boy, started out to invite Aunt fore they went to bed they lighted the Phoebe, who lived a few miles distant over candles. After this Mrs. French never saw happier children than Ruth and Helen.

Gooseberrying

By Ansel Briggs Robertson, Aged 7 Years,

Washti, Ia. Red. One day two little boys, Harold and Ausnoticed that a fog was coming up and it tin, went out into the woods to gather a cabin with a light inside not far from his coat with him, but Austin thought he the ditch and several passengers were them. He took courage and knocked. A would not take his coat, so he put a sack severely injured. Mr. Brown, the engineer,

come in. They told him where they came Austin lost the sack and they thought caught by an officer, who took him to jail. from and where they wanted to go, and they had better turn back. On their way he said they were about eight miles from back they came to a big tree, where they either place. He gave them some supper thought they would rest awhile before

When they got farther out of the woods they came to a barn and went in and sat down to eat dinner, when a man came out to shut the door. The boys yelled at him and he said he would not shut the door the worst of it last.

tight. When they had finished their dinner, they played in the hay mow a little while, until It was a cold winter day, and the snow it stopped raining, then they started home. When they reached home they were very fore Xmas and people were going about tired and muddy and not a gooseberry with them.

Hallowe'en

Hallowe'en we giris gave a party. We Santa Claus," but it was not, only a man invited some girls and then dressed up with a heavy coat and boots, and his cap as ghosts and went in where they were, in the dark. We grouned as hollowly as Then her mother said Santa Claus only we could. The girls all screamed. Then comes in the night. Just then her brother we were given numbers, and the invited Ned came into the room. He showed Helen girls were to guess who we were. After

There was a little pony and cart. Then we all sat down and told ghost Some of the girls took paper napkins and had the other girls write their names on them. Then nearly all of the girls took home one of the jack-o-lantern cookies as a remembrance of the first

party of the S. C., for that was the club that gave the party. All of the girls who were invited said they enjoyed themselves greatly. I am

Margie's Kitchen

By Gladys Lindskogh, Aged 10 Y was dressed up in her best clothes, for would also like to join in sending postal she and her mother were going to a Sun- cards and also to receive them, as I am day school picnic. The buggy was ready and they rode off to the woods.

Her mother joined the women and she joined the children. They played lively, but she soon got tired and fell asieep by the stump of a tree. She slept for quite awhile and then she heard a voice should like to become a Busy Bee, and I calling, "Follow me."

There before her stood a small figure dressed in a brilliant robe. She followed at school. My teacher's name is Miss her by the side of brooks and paths. Tooker. I like her very much. Soon she came to a small house fitted up very neat.

Margie followed her into the house. first. It was very neat, indeed; then in stories to the Busy Bees' page. I think it the pretty bedrooms; then in the dining room, which was lighted up nicely, and 17th of October I was 11 years old and I then in the kitchen, and, to her delight, am in the Sixth grade at school. there was a stove and other kitchen

The fairy asked her what room she good stories. I am sure that not one of us wanted, and she said, "Why, I like the would want the children's page of some kitchen the best." Just then she heard other paper to be better than ours her mother calling her. She woke up Omaha. and found herself in her own home. Her mother had taken her home while she was sleeping.

Where Johnnie Went By Alpha Field, Aged II Years, Omaha, Neb. Red.

No answer. "Tohnnie!" Still stience. "Johnnie!"

What." Mrs. Portore knew her little boy so well Omaha.

"Oh Johnnie!" screamed his mother "what a naughty boy you are!" "Weil, mamma," said Johnnie, " I was

Johnnie did not go shopping with his

Our Squirrel

By Howard Samuel Hiner, Aged 10, 207 East Fifth Street, Hastings, Neb. Blue. Pearl and Fred always wanted to have a good time.

Their mother said one day that they study electricity," said Jimmy, drawing on could go to the park and stay until 11 his clothes, for he was too excited and o'clock. So Pearl and her brother started proud of his success to think of going to They had gone about three blocks when they were stopped by a noise which they heard in a tree. Fred climbed the tree answered his proud father. "You shall yet to see what it was. There was a squirrel sitting on a branch by a hole.

and come down stairs. Your mother is And the two hurried downstairs to talk. The squirrel jumped in the hole. Fred

Fred got down out of the tree and took

"This is your cousin," said Mrs. French, Look here what I have caught." It is a as she kissed the girl on her cheek. You squirrel, mama," replied Pearl. "All right, here is a box for it, Fred. Now I will Helen played with Ruth until dark and get some screen and a hammer and natis. then they were put to bed. When they were Fred nalled the screen over the top of the was not all. There was a new coat, stock- and the squirrel was as comfortable as

tree trimmed with pretty things stood in By Hulda Lundberg, Aged 13 Years, 248 the dining room for them. South I Street, Frement, Neb. Blue. Robert Millar was a boy about 14 years of age. He was cery cruel. He often killed birds.

> He had a little brother, but would never let him go with him, and often slapped

They intended to stay all night and come They never had a happier Xmas than this track, when he thought to himself, "Oh, One day he was crossing the railroad how I would like to see a train get wrecked." So he took a shovel and tied it to the track. Then he hid behind a tree. He waited there about ten minutes and then he heard the train whistle. It was coming very fast. He was going to take the shovel off, but it was too late. When grew dark. They did not know where they gooseberries. They got nearly out to the fireman saw the shovel he jumped out were. On and on they walked till they woods when it began to thunder and light. of the engine and was saved. The engineer could go no farther, and then Tom noticed ning and then began to rain. Harold had could not jump out. The train fell into

was killed. Robert tried to escape, but he was When he was asked why he did this, he said: "I had never seen a wreck in my life before and I wanted to see one. I

am satisfied now that I have seen it." He was taken to prison and was kept there for thirty years. I think that when he caused the death of Mr. Brown he should receive severe punishment, and so it is. The one that does wrong first gets

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Gladys is Enlisted. Dear Editor: Will you please enlist me in Hill school. Yours truly,

GLADYS LINDSKOG Bennie Enjoys the Page.

Dear Editor: I would like to join the Blue side, and I hope we will win the contest. I like the Busy Bees' page very much. I can hardly wait till it comes BENNIE BRISBANE.

Omaha, Neb.

Sarah Likes the Page. Dear Editor: I like the Busy Bee page

very much and I think there are a good many good stories published every week. SARAH GRIDLEY. Dietz, Wyo. Ethel Admires the Queen. Dear Editor: I enjoy the children's part

of The Bee so much. I look forward every Sunday to it. I think Gail Howard is a fine queen. I am in the seventh grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Tracy. Valley, Neb. ETHEL M. INGRAM.

Dear Editor: Will you kindly enlist me Years, in the Busy Bees on the Blue side. I am One day a little girl named Margie 13 years old and am in the eighth grade. I

keeping a collection. Manilla, Ia. MILDRED ROBERTSON.

Opal Likes Her Teacher, Dear Editor: Every Sunday I read the Busy Bees' page. I like it very much. I should like to be on the Blue side. I am 9 years of age and am in the fourth grade

OPAL NUSS.

Sutton, Neb.

Edna is in Earnest. The fairy brought her in the parior Dear Editor: I have written several grows more interesting every week. The Now, Busy Bees, it is nearing Thanks giving and I think we ought to have some

Nora Wins a Prize. Dear Editor: I would like very much to be a Busy Bee and join the Blue team. read the children's page every Sunday and like it very much.

I am in the eighh grade at St. Cecilia's new school, Thirty-ninth and Webster ,

I enclose a story, "Disobedient Elsie," and hope to win a prize. The answers to the rebus are: First, Jupiter; and, second, Milwaukee. Your constant reader, NORA A. CULLEN.

Ruby's Story in Walting. An hour before she had dressed Johnnie Dear Editor: Did you receive the story in a white dress and kid shoes to go shop- I sent in last week? Do you put the stories in the waste basket if they are out But the last few minutes Johnnie had of date? I hope you don't, because the kitchen windows. It made enough racket sign a check for any reasonable amount he saw some little tracks, which she followed. help the Blue side. My story was entitled At the rear of the house was a hole "My Hallowe'en," I would like very much which Johnnie had dug and called it his to join the Busy Bees. I read their page

WINTER FUN



Just wrap yourself up comfy, And let the cold wind blow: You'll never feel the weather While you're tumbling in the snow.



"COME JIMMY; WAKE UP, SON!"