THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: DECEMBER 1, 1907.

1111

11/11/1

SYLUTTLEBEES THE ROWN

O MANY stories have come in the last two weeks that it has been impossible to use them all, and that all may have an equal chance in the present contest the editor has decided to extend the time one week. This will make it possible to use almost all of the best stories, and so fairly decide which side, the Red or the Blue, wins. The sides are even this week, each having won fifteen prize stories, and next week will decide the contest. The selection of the prize winners will be made from the stories that have been sent in during the last week.

Remember, everyone, that this week closes the reign of our present king and queen, Albert Goldberg and Gall Howard, and every boy and girl ought to send in a vote this week for our next king and queen. It is not necessary to send a story, but every single Busy Bee ought to send in a vote for the boy and girl desired for our next sovereigns.

As a number of the Busy Bees have noticed, one of our prize stories last Sunday was not original, so the prize will be given to Louise Raabe, who got honorary mention. It may be said, however, that the writer of the borrowed story was a new Busy Bee, never having written for our page before, and so did not understand. This will not be accepted as an excuse in future. Of course no prize was given for the borrowed story.

The prize winners for this week were Louise Stiles, aged 12 years, Lyons, Neb., and Ada Morris, aged 14 years, 8424 Franklin street, Omaha. Honorary mention was given to Nora Cullen, aged 13 years, 3212 Webster street, Omaha. Omaha.

One of the Busy Bees writes the editor that it is hard to compose a story when only 250 words are allowed, and wants to know if she can use more. This request is impossible, boys and girls, as that would allow so few stories to be published each week and, of course, each writer is anxious to see his or her particular story in print.

Those who have sent in their names as having postal cards to exchange are: Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.; 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.

Hidden Treasure of an Indian Grave By Mand Walker



HE Boy Explorers were very the hills. For an hour they hunted, beating busy making preparations to tangled grass; but not one spot did they visit a range of hills several find that suggested that there lay buried a miles distant from town, where decaying Indian skeleton and rich treasure were to be found a number of of arrow heads, beads and other ornaments old Indian graves. "The Boy Explorers" that had done service to adorn a fashionhad no doubt but that there were buried able Indian.

in these graves many wonderful treasures "Gee! The graves are hard to find," deto be got by said "Boy Explorers" should clared Doodles, resting on the handle of they resort to a certain peculiar method his spade and blawing his warm breath on of getting at them, said method having his benumbed fingers. "Let's go over beyond been duly explained by Doodles Pinkerton, that rocky point there. It looks like a spot leader and chief instigator of the little where Injuns might want to bury their band of boys known as "The Boy Ex- dead." plorers" of the town of Dashton. And so the band moved on round the

The day set for the expedition was a hill, trying every foot of ground as they "The Boy Explorers" were up went along, Saturday. stirring early, getting toget "Ab, here's loase dirt and stones!" oried camping outfit, for they were to spend Billy Davis, turning up some soil with his the night in the hills, doing their disging spade. "As sure as my name's Bill, I've for hidden treasure between the hours of discovered a stars" discovered a gravel" (First Prize.) sundown and sunup, in accordance with the certain rules laid down to them by round Billy, declaring that he had surely The other six members of the band rallied When Bernice Was Lost their captain, Doodles. turned the first spadeful of Indian-grave By Louise Stiles, Aged 12 Years, 1; ons. "You see it's this way," Doodles had ex- dirt. So picks, spades and shovels were put plained in an impressive voice. "If a feller to work with a vengeance. But just as Neb. Blue, wants to git any hidden treasure from an they were getting into the ground Tom old, who was always getting into mischlef Bernice was a little girl nearly 4 years An Unexpected Thanksgiving Travis cried out: "Ah, my spade hit some- of some kind. Today while her mother rules laid down by the great chief spirit. thing-". was dressing her she made up her mind The great chief spirit said to his folks that The great onler spirit said to his folks that. But Doodles had dropped his spade in a to be good. She did not mean to be sundown and sunup. And if there were hurry, and was looking with blazing eyes naughty, but, as she expressed it, "dus" sundown and sunup. And if there were sundown and sunup. And if there were stars they must chant a Injun hymn as they due. But if the picht was dark they he at last blurted out. "You've broken the She kept up to her standard pretty well must never speak a word. If they broke charm that's over this grave. Hain't you in the morning. Her mother was not well, the still silence of the night they any sense?" would meet with something dreadful- All the band of "explorers" were as angry so after dinner she told Bernice to run out and play while she want upstairs to something awful. Maybe the earth might with Tom as was their leader and chief take a nap. So Bernice took her doll, open up and swaller em-the diggers after instigator, Doodles. Yes, the charm was Betty, begged Nora, the cook, for a cooky, broken. And now they must look for an- and went out doors to play. hidden treasure." As soon as her cooky was gone, however, "And couldn't a feller even sneeze or other grave and recommence their work. cough?" asked Bert Day, one of the most But Tom was not to be turned down as the there seemed nothing to do. So she went enthusiastic "Boy Explorers." "Sposen he only offender. Looking up at the starry into the house, threw Betty down on the heavens above their heads, he said: "I floor and looked around to see if anyone had a cold ?" "Then he'd have to stay in camp and thought we were to sing an Injun chant was watching her. Finding they were not, not go with the diggers," said Doodles, unless it was cloudy. See the stars up she went to the staircase and softly started



The guail. The Kale.

The Galifornia Quail is said To have a tail upon his head, While contrary-wise we style the Kale, A cabbage head upon a tail. It is not hard to tell the two. The Quail commences with a queue.



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

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

First and socend prizes of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEFARTMENT,

sitting still, so she walked around the room to see what she could find. She found Nora's powder puff-for Nora was rather giddy for a cook-and began to

powder herself. Soon she thought she heard someo coming and she dropped the powder puff and crawled under the bed. The noise, whatever it evas, soon ceased, but Bernice remained under the bed, and soon fell asleep. Her mother soon woke up and went downstairs. Her first question was, "Where is Bernice?" And, of course, no one knew. Mamma telephoned her papa to come home and they all began to hunt. About 7 o'clock Bernice awoke, Downstairs she heard Nora' say, "Sure, an' the

morning and, dressing very quietly, he slipped out of the house. He took with him his traps and gun and went for the woods. He soon returned with two rabbits. These he immediately cleaned and put in the house. The next thing was to get the necessary food to go with the rabbits, but how could he do it with no money? Could he ask the grocer to trust him? No! His mother would not approve of it. What could he do? Now Walter had a coaster which he

treasured very much; this he could sell, but he did not like to part with it. However, he was not thinking of himself now, so he sold the sled and on going to the grocery purchased such food as he thought best and put it with the game. Walter kept what he had done a secret until Thankagiving morning, and when his mother arose she was very much pleased and surprised, and they had'a happy din-

But Walter's work was not all without reward, for his chum, to whom he sold the coaster, on learning why he sold it, returned it to him and Walter never forgot that Thanksgiving dinner.

(Honorary Mention.) Two Lessons

By Nora Cullen, Aged 13 Years, \$212 Web-ster Street. Blue,

It was a hot afternoon and Arthur and Tommie Moore were sitting on the back poarch. Arthur was 10 years old and Tommie 8, and they were the worst boys in the neighborhood.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Arthur. "You get your nickel and I'll get mine; and we'll each buy a pipe at the store." They bought their pipes, and on the way home Arthur told Tommle to steal into his father's room and fetch the tobacco sack and some matches. Tommie came out with them and they went into the barn.

pipe in his mouth.

thought they were going to die. Throwfor two weeks.

When they recovered, their disobedience taught them two lessons: First, never ate inasmuch as the bird feasts upon bees smoke; and, second, never disobey your whenever it gets a chance to do so, and in parents, because your parents know betthem never to smoke, and they were paid it hovers about the honey bees' hives, back for their disobedience. They never forgot that lesson, and they have never

tried to smoke since. Edward's Birthday

little higher the next year until now stones By Dorothy Bartholomaw, Aged 10 Years, Gothenburg, Neb. Blue.

Edward was very sorry that his mother could not be at home on his birthday. She told him not to be disappointed. On the morning of his birthday on his plate there was a note. Inside it read: "Look under the sofa in the parlor."-Under the sofa was a beautiful book

A BIRD OF BEAUTY

The beautiful bird known as the bee-eater is of gorgeous plumage, the predominating color of its feathers being a brilliant green, though a rich red-brown, buff and black also enter into its coloring, making an artistic combination most attractive to the

The female bee-eater makes for her nest a hole in a bank, or digs a narrow tunnel into level earth to the astonishing depth



"Now, fill your pipe with tobacco, and much ingenuity in construction. The num- ner were being made. Mrs. Rich was pra-T'll fill mine," said Arthur, "and than ber of the season's lay ranges from four to paring the turkey, the only one which we'll light 'em." Bo they filled their pipes six eggs, and these are deposited in the had not been sold at market. All at once and lit them. You ought to have seen bottom of the hole or tunnel which is used Mrs. Rich called: "Olive, come here. See them sitting on a woodpile, each with a for a nest. There is no straw, bark, leaves what I have found." "Oh, my ring, my or feathers to soften the nest, the eggs be- ring! Where did you find it?" "I found it Finally they grew so sick that they ing laid on the hard earth. The territory occupied by the bee-mater Rich. "Now, wasn't it lucky we saved

nouse, and their mother found them in tralia, the African region especially being giving dinner?" said Olive. bed so sick that they could not raise up plentifully supplied with them. The feet of their heads. She called the doctor and he the bes-eater are peculiarly formed, the ing that year. gave them medicine, but they were sick middle and outer toes being webbed to-

gether to almost their entire length. The name "bee-eater" is most appropri-Spain is a real pest to the bee-raisers, for bers.

> around all morning with long faces and saying, "Oh dear! Oh dear!" About 11 o'clock they saw their papa

coming up the street. What was that he had with him? As he came nearer the twins saw he was leading a small pony, not much larger than a large dog, and, what was better, the pony was drawing a

small sleigh behind him. The twins were so excited they did not know what to do. The twins were all bundled up in warm in a faw minutes and

mate, Eisle, was a poor little girl, whose father was a common laborer. Elsie was il' years of age.

One day Elsie met with a serious accident which threatened to make her a cripple for life, unless she was given the best medical aid. Alice was very much distressed on learning of her little friend's misfortune. Suddenly her face brightened and, dashing her tears away, she ran to her mother and asked if she might spend ner yearly allow-111 ance in whatever way she pleased my little daughter spends it wisely sha may." Then Alice told her mother of how she wanted to make a sacrifice for her little friend, Elsie, by using ner own allowance to pay the hospital bill instead of spending it for toys and amusements as she had done heretofore. Her mother, being a kind woman, readily consented and went with her to bear the joyful tidings to Elsie's parents. In a short time Elsie was restored to her former good health and the little girl felt glad she had made the sacrifice when she saw how happy it made

The Lost Ring

By Louise Raabe, Aged 11 Years, 2609 North Nineteenth Ave., Omaha. Blue. On a little farm near the suburbs of a large city lived Olive Rich, with her mother and father and sister.

others.

Olive's task was to feed the poultry each morning, noon and night.

Now, Olive's tenth birthday had just passed and she had received a coautiful ruby ring, of which she was very proud. One day she came in from the yard and cried: "Mother, I have lost my ring." Where did you have it last?" replied Mrs. Rich. "I remember I had it before feeding the poultry. I looked all over the yard, but I can't find it, mother," replied Olive, beginning to cry. They all searched

once more, but nothing was found. The days went by and Thanksgiving of eight or ten feet. This tunnel-nest shows drew near, and preparations for a big dinin the turkey's stomach," replied Mrs. ing away their pipes they wont into the ranges from the British Islands to Aus- that particular turkey for our Thanks-

And they had a very happy Thankagiv-

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Emilie Comes In.

Dear Editor: I would like to join the Busy Bees. I am 13 years old and in the sixth grade. I enclose a story. I would like to be on the Blue team.

EMILIE ROBERTSON. 1810 St. Mary's Avenue, Omaha,

Marie is a Blue.

Dear Editor: I would like to be a Busy Bee. My father has taken The Bee for two years and I read the page every Sunday. I would like to be on the Blue side. Blue is my favorite color. I am 10 years old. I will be it in January. I am in the sixth room. My teacher's name is Miss

Nora's Wish Gratified.

Dear Editor: I enclose another story,

hope I will see this one also. The Blue

side has won nearly as many prize stories

as the Red aide and I wish the Blues would

win the two prizes next Sunday, then both

sides would have the same number of

Ruth Loves to Read.

read more books than I cap count. Papa

calls me a bookworm and says I mustn't

read so much. Please tell me what the

age limit it. Of all the books I have ever

series best. I am crazy to read "Little

Jean Has Broken Arm.

Dear Editor: This is the first time T

have written and I wish to join your circle

if I am welcome. I am writing left-handed,

as I fell down last week and broke my

Eunice Still Interested.

Dear Editor: 1 have not written to you

Dear Editor: I received the book to-

3212 Webster Street, Omaha.

Colonel. Maid of Honor."

Fairmont, Neb.

prize stories.

MARIE TAMISIEA.

NORA A. CULLEN.

RUTH ASHBY.

"A feller musn't make a sound, even a yonder? Seems to me my talking wasn't to go up the carpeted steps. sneeze or cough. That would break the so much after all." charm.

hills, where the Indian graves were hid- for the others to see his confused blush. into her mother's room to see if she was den away under two generations of grass He, then, had been the first offender, for asleep. Yes, there she lay with her eyes and weeds, till late in the afternoon, as the leader, he should have instructed his closed. Their first thought was to build a camp men in what they should do before a spade fire, prepare some supper and refresh the was touched to earth.

inner boy, They were tired and ravenwere reated and stamachs filled. Then we've got 'er we've got to all under- mother should awake. She soon tired of they began to talk over their plan of work, stand just what to do. And not one They put up a little tent, fearing to sleep among us must break the rules of dig-

hidden treasure held by the sunken, grass- unmistakable marks of being a grave- them a bit.

Each "explorer" had with him a spade, cried out: "I believe I've got 'er, fel- that "Scotty had surely hit the grave of a voices. a shovel, or a pick, and as soon as the sun lers!"

"Perhaps," she thought, "I won't wake So she went softly upstairs and peeped

Bernice did not want to go downstairs

again, so she walked along the broad hall "Well, we'll find another grave," he until she came to Nora's room. The door ously hungry, and had no time to think said, apologetically, turning and walking was open and she walked in. She sat down of graves and hidden treasures till legs off over the rough ground. "And once on the edge of the bed to wait until her

the hoys-by name of Scotty Brown- most impossible for the hoys to see each are!"

Injug chief."

a cooky." Bernice immediately knew what the book there was a note that said, "Look had happened and she ran downstairs to in the dictionary." In the dictionary there find a very much frightened group of was a nice pecket knife, one that Edward grownups. That was the way Bernice was had been wanting ever since he had seen good.

(Second Prize.)

Ada Morris, Aged 14 Years. 3424 By Franklip Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue.

Mrs. Lawson was a widow. Her husband had been killed in a wreck and left her very poor, with four children. They with her his father, who had been away were all small but one-her 14-year-old son two years. Edward said it was the best Walter.

The widow found it very hard to get along with her family expenses and had it mother was not home on his birthday. not been for Walter it would have been worse.

It was within a few days of Thanksgiv-I must first say that although poor, Mrs. Lawson was a very kind mother, and it grieved her to think that Thankagiving

must come and go and her children not colebrate it. good time coasting." The family were seated in the small but

neat kitchen. "What is the matter, mother?" asked ing up from his evening paper.

Walter. "You look very sad tonight." "Yes, my son, it makes me sad to think that Thanksgiving must come and go part of the fun.

without my children realizing it." Mrs. Lawson said no more, but Walter they were very unhappy, for they had new how she feft and it set him to think- planned such a lovely time, "if it would party?" asked Ella, bursting into the paring. Could he not do something? This is only snow."

what he asked himself many times that night, and he went to bed a very thoughful when they looked out of the window? Yes, she was a little girl, and I knew it was boy

last I saw of her she came in an' wanted named "The Boy's Only Comfort." By Lunn, and I like her very having a very jolly snow ride. Missouri Valley, Ia.

Marjory's Surprise

By Hope Hutton, Aged 10 Years, 2610 South Thirty-second Street, Omaha. Blue. It in the show window. He found an-Marjory Peterson lived in the country. "Two Lessons." I was very much pleased other note that said, "Look in Bridget's She was afraid to go out in the dark, but to see my story in print last Sunday and

pocket." Bridget, the good-natured Irish she did not like to say so. girl, let him put his hand in her pocket, It happened one day that she was invited to a Hallowe'en party. It was to start at box of note paper. There were many sur- 8 o'clock and she forgot to ask her mother until about 7 o'clock. She said: "Mamma, may I go over to Bessie White's house? She is going to have a party." "Yes, if you are not afraid," said her mother. "Oh no, I'm not afraid," she answered. "Allright, go and change your dress." While

she was upstairs her mother took a jack- day. Thank you so much for it. I have o'lantern up the road and hung it on a

When Marjory was ready she started up By Sarah Gridley, Aged 13 Years, Diets, When Marjory was ready she started up Wyo. Red. When Marjory was ready she started up o'lantern she started back crying, "Oh read I believe I like the "Little Colonel" mamma, there is a bogabow up the road." "I knew you would be afraid." But hermother told her it was a jack-o'lantern.

"Have you children got your sleds ready if it should snow," said Mr. Brown, look- fear all the way, but she arrived safely

spoke, for they had not thought of that

By Mildred White. Aged 11 Years, 114 East Twelfth Street, Fremont, Neb. When the twins went to bed that night "Oh mamma, can I have a Hallowe'en lor.

Next morning what should they it had snowed, but they had no sleds. Oh, pecks of fun. She said the boys and siris

Walter was the first to rise the next how disappointed they were. They went dived for apples, reasted chestnuts before the fire-place and told ghost stories. Oh. for a very long time, but I have not forplease mamma." finished Ella all out of gotten you, for I read the Children's page every Sunday. I think the Busy Bees have

man-jack speaks, blows his nose, coughs, screamed sloud, throwing down his spade Hallows'en was in two days. The in-

vanced very far. Indeed, they thought the not so casy to accomplish, and it was of the work a few big raindrops fell. The club of explorers." task before them could be accomplished long past midnight when at 'ast one of clouds had thickened, too, till it was al-"Right!" "Good 'nought!" "Correct you But Billy and Tom each felt thankful in The next night Ells's papa made Jack-o-task before them could be accomplished long past midnight when at 'ast one of clouds had thickened, too, till it was al-

At last the long-hoped-for night came.

apples, roasted chestnuts, sailed nut shells with candles, naming them, and the first one that went out was the first

The sun was about an hour high when to be married, and last, but not least, re-They played until 10 o'clock, when Ella's

papa took them all home. 'Mamma. I have had such a nice time,"

said Ella as she tumbled into bed.

Kind Alice

Alice was a little girl aged 10. Her father

was a very rich man. She was not proud as most children are who are wealthy, but poor happy. Her little friend and play-

chum Louise has written lots of stories and has gotten many prizes. She was so interested in it that I thought I would try. If it was not for Ruth Ashby I do not know what the blue side would do, think the best story she has written was "How Elaine Was Kidnaped." I have By Opal Nuss, Aged 9 Years, Sutten, Neb. read some of the books that Alice Temple sent in. I have read "The Popper," "Little Men." "Little Women," "The Little Lamo Prince" and "Black Beauty." I do not know what one I like the best, for I like ESTELLA MCDONALD,

ging. If I break one of 'em-well, jest and shovel, every bey working with a pressive tones: "Look up, 'Explorers,' and point of throwing down their spades there breath. It being the first week of December. Inside the tent they arranged their blankets for badding, houlds, hould start above us and these here solemn, followed by so terrible a grash of lightning that blinded "Well, run upstairs and make out your a very nice king and queen. Ruth Ashby turn me down and send me back to will. Indeed, they were so cold that vig- you'll see that the clouds have gathered was a lurid flash of lightning that blinded "Well, run upstairs and make out your a very nice king and queen. Ruth Ashby turn me down and send me back to will. Indeed, they were so cold that vig- you'll see that the clouds have gathered was a burid flash of lightning that blinded back to will. Indeed, they were so cold that vig- you'll see that the clouds have gathered by so terrible a grash of light and mind you don't have more than orous work was welcome; it would start above us and these here solemn gathered the back to unconsciously, twelve on it." the tent they arranged their blankets for the down and send me back to whill indeed, they ware and these here solemn graves. them, followed by so that boodles, unconsciously, twelve on it." But finding another spot that bore the their blood to circulating freely and warm So, let us work in slience. If a single thunder that Doodles, unconsciously, twelve on it." But finding another spot that bore the their blood to circulating freely and warm So, let us work in slience. If a single thunder that Doodles, unconsciously, twelve on it."

grown graves before the night had ad-and a grave full of hidden treasure-was About ten minutes after the beginning sneezes or laughs, he'll be fired from this and starting wildly towards the tent. The vitations were written that night and dis-

came the responses in hearty his heart that he had not been the first ignterns. to show weakening. But they made quick

"Now, after I've counted three I'll say time as they followed their leader and Every child was there. They dived for had dropped from sight the band, seven And once more the band gathered to in. Then it was Doodles' place to hold up 'Dis'' And let every feller turn hisself chief instigator to the tent, where all strong, went forth to find graves among spect, and, after inspection, to declare a warning finger and to say in most im- loose with his spade or plok." Thus com- huddled among the warm blankets till manded Doodles. "One, iwo, three! morning.

Dig!" Into the soft earth went pick, spade "The Hoy Explorers" were awakened freshments were served. other. Only a faint light came to them from a deep sleep by a gruff voice over from the western horizon that was as yet their heads: "Waal, Fil be-jiggered! A whul pacel of youngsters campin' in clear of clouds.

With the first raindrops Boodles looked tent!" about questioningly in the faces of his ""The Boy Explorers" looked up at the fellow diggers; but each countenance was intruder, whose face was put in through as placif as a mask. Not a single "man- the opening of the tent. It was a jack" would show the least concern over whishered old face, grinning and jolly, the threatened downpour, but stooped it proved to be the farmer who owned "that pacel of land," and he explained over his work with renewed energy. Then a flash of formed lightning made to the "Explorers" that the holds they it as day for a moment, being immedi- had mistaken for Italian graves (full of

ately followed by low thunder. The rdlu- hidden treasure) were "old prospect holes drops became smaller and more numerous, whur he'd been lookin' for coal. causing more than on; of the "Explor- And "The Boy Explorers" of Dashton ers" to wish mentally that he were safe returned home that day, less enthusiasat home and in his own bed. A Decom- tic over Indian graves and hidden treasure her thunderstorm was not agreeable to than they had ever been before.

be out in. But not one of the diggers, "And to think of my breaking a charm was willing to give the signal to jult over an old prospect hole" said "rom, work and tettre to their tent. All waited with a meaning glance at Doodles. upon the order of Doodles. And Doodles "Well, it was an experience, all the knew their feelings, too, and felt his own samey.

responsibility. And for once in his life "And we don't give a rap," said Elliy. Doodles realized that to be a leader was "We had a fine supper and a good hour's not all that he had thought it to be. A skep to boot."

leader must bear all the responsibility of "Hurray, hurray, hurray for The Boy failure as well as all the glory of suc- Explorers of Dashton! Hurray for Doscess. Should he give the signal to stop dies, the main guy among them! And work he might call down condemnation with this jolly cry "The Boy Explorers" his own head. What was he to do, entered their home town in time to dress then? The rain was coming faster and for Sunday school, which was held in the faster. And a high wind had risen. It afternoon, And no one, except their sonseless-even foolhardy-to parents, were ever the wiser concerning seemed their Indian graves and hidden treasures keep the boys at work. But just as Tom and Billy were on the of the hills.

and he drew out a package containing a prises that day, but the best was when his mamma came home that evening, and

surprise of the day. And when he thought of it late that night, he was giad his

A Jolly Snow Ride

"Oh, I wish it would snow." said the Brown twins for the third or fourth time that evening. "We could have such a

She started again and she trembled with

and had a good time. The faces of the twins fell as papa

Ella's Hallowe'en Party

arm. If any of the Bees care to I would like to exchange postal cards with them. I think that idea very good. Please count "Miss Gay has just been telling us my story on the Blue side. Ainsworth, Neb. JEAN DE LONG.

see about a Hallows'en party she had when

a very nice king and queen. Ruth Ashby

dren's page. I want my name added to the list of postal card exchangers. This letter is not much of a masterplace.

because I cannot use my left hand to steady the page and the writing is rather wiggly. I broke the index finger of my EUNICE BODE, left hand. Falls City, Neb.

Estelle Admires Ruth.

Dear Editor: This is the first story I have written to the Children's page. My

was trying to do good and to make the them all. Lyons, Neb. Evolution of a Pear



"AS SURE AS MY NAME'S BILL, I'VE DISCOVERED & GRAVEF

Doodles felt the warm blood mount to mamma if I be very, very still." "The Boy Explorers" did not reach the his cheeks, and was glad it was too dark