

IE Busy Bees are forgetting the rules again and the editor had to throw five very good stories into the waste basket this week because of the carelessness of their writers in not following the rules of our page. Remember, unless the stories are original and are marked "Original;" unless the name, age and address of the writer is plainly written in ink at the head of the story, and unless it is stated upon which side, the Red or the Blue, the writer wishes the story to be counted, it can not be entered in the contest. The Busy Bee editor knows there are many things to remember, but all the boys and girls who have won prizes know, too, that they are worth working for and worth all the thought and care put upon the stories. This week a very dreadful thing happened. Someone sent in a story marked "Original" that had been copied, word for word, from a well-known story book. Of course it was found out, and the Busy Bee editor felt very badly that such a thing should happen. Perhaps some of our boys and girls do not understand the meaning of the word "Original." It is a big word for some of us, but won't each one who does not know what it means please ask someone who does before using it again?

The Blue team won both the prize stories and the honorable mention this week. Jean De Long, aged 13, of Ainsworth, Neb., got the first prize; Florence Walker, aged 10, of Omaha, the second, and Madge Daniels, aged 14, of Ord, honorable mention.

One little girl wishes to know the rules of the postcard exchange. There are no rules. The list of boys and girls wishing to exchange postcards is simply given, together with the addresses, and any of the Busy Bees may send cards to any of the other Busy Bees whose names appear in the list. It now includes: Earl Perkins, Deadwood, S. D.; Emma Marguardt, Fifth and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.; Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha; Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha; Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.; Emma Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha; Florence Pettijohn, Long Pine, Neb.; Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.; Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.; Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.; Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.; Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reebe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Marguerite Bartholomer, Gothenburg, Neb.; Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Oheney, Creighton, Neb.; Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle street, 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 Enis, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

## On the "Happy Hunting Ground" By William Wallace, Sr.

OHNNY Brown was very fond good gait, hoping to overtake his cousin of hunting. He lived in Ar- before he entered that part of the land kansas, where game was plenti- called by the farmers of the neighborhood ful, and big game at that. His "the happy hunting ground." But Johnny father had taught him the use must have outwalked Fred, for the latter of the shotgun and the rifle, crossed the branch and traversed the first and Johnny was as fine a shot as you could hill, to find himself still alone. "Pshaw," find in all the country around about his he ejaculated, when not evertaking Johnny home. While he had never yet bagged big as soon as he had hoped to, "I'm without a game, he had shown his marksmanship gun or a hite to eat. If I don't catch up with squirrels, rabbits, ducks, quail and with Johnny, I'll have to return home with edible game, Indeed, Johnny's empty hands and an empty stomach. Wonmother often declared that her table fared der why Johnny is in such a hurry, anybetter after Johnny had been a day in the way? He might have stopped to rest a woods with rifle or gun than following a hunting expedition by his father. "Son is

satisfied with small game when big game doesn't happen this way," she would say, "while Daddy must have a deer or a bear, ne home empty-handed.

bit beside the rock spring. Geel Guess I'll turn back, Fred was on the point of retracing his

stops when he heard a rifle shot from the depths of the woods. He felt guits sure had to been fired

One of the Littlest Busy Bees



"THE BEST OF FRIENDS."



"It must be because their wives are deaf," said he. She wondered whether this was really so, then asked: "And what do the woodpeckers tap-tap-

tap all day for?" "Oh, I guess they are just moving into a new house and are tacking the carpets down," said he Then Uncle Fred began to laugh. And

she snid: "I know what you are laughing at. It is because I ask so many questions."

"Not that," said he. He was carried Wyoming

By Ruby G. Denny, Casper, Wyo. Blue.

Oh! here's a song to Wyoming, With its sage brush and its hills; With its sheep scattered over the plains so wide, And its tiny trickling rills.

#### H

And its flowers that bloom in summer, And the wild sweet peas so sweet; And the plains that stretch to the mountains, And the sand that bakes in the heat.

#### IIL

And the wild horse breaks through the pasture, And the cows roam over the field; Oh! this is the land where the sun goes down-The land with the bright sun sealed

school was out that evening, Doris came he don't know it's a wig). That's right, skipping home. "Did you have a good time, dear," her

mother asked. "Oh, yes; I had a splendid time in school. When I found I could play truant, I didn't

want to, and I think Miss Carol knew it, for she said, 'Doris, four girls are absent, but I am glad you came.' And, mamma, all I could think about was what you said about my report card, and how glad I will be at the end of the term."

# The Little Hero

By Elsie Lewis, Aged 14 Years, Main Street, Norfolk, Neb. Blue.

In a little town lived Mrs. Earlston and her little son, Jack, who was 10 years old. She worked very hard for a living. Mr. Earlston was dead. Jack went to school, and there was not a brighter boy in school. One evening they were sitting in the kitchen, when they heard the firebell. If was Remington's the finest house in town. Jack and his mother went, but she soon missed Jack and wondered where he had gone.

It was reported that a child was upstairs in the burning building. Jack hearing it, knew it was Ruth, his little schoolmate. He darted into the house. The people

very proud of my little hero."

stands.

The Kind Boy

Alford's Great Deed

looked on in horror. The smoke stifled him; at last he reached the bedroom. He took the child in his arms and carried her down the steps. All of this time the building was ready to fall Poll got your wig and talked about antiany minute. He then groped his way fat, and your rouge, and inuitated you exthrough the burning building to the door, actly. But I smoothed it over and told Mr. and there he fell with the unconscious Ashton that you bought the wig for a theatrical." child in his arms.

"You're a good girl, Jennie. I don't kn and when conwhat I would do if I lost him, for he's sciousness returned, he was lying in his own bed. The next day a letter came from ful rich and the only beau I've got." Mr. Ashton got his hat and left, Poll Mr. Remington, stating what a little hero Jack was, and a little roll of bills for his swearing and bleasing him as he went. No sooner had he gone than out came Mrs Earlston did not want to take Evelyn in full dress, "Where's Mr. Ashbut Mr. Remington forced it upon her. ton? Oh, his hat's gone and he's gone, and "Now, mother, you can have a new dress he's my only beau. I'll either have Poll and I can have a new suit," said Jack. killed or given away. Oh, dear!' "Yes," said Mrs. Earlston, "and I am

Jennie, just a little bit more of the rouge here. I do think that it improves my com-

plexion so much! What! Haven't found that wig yet. It's in this drawer!" Polly flew over to a drawer and tried in vain to open it.

"Freddie, dear boy, open my drawer, Yes, honey, you will." Polly picked so vigorously at poor Mr. Ashton's bald head that at last he had to open the drawer to pacify her. She brought out the beautiful wig which Mr. Ashton had so often admired on Miss Evans' head. Polly flew back to her perch on the chandeller. Just then

Jennie came in. "Miss Evans says that she will be in in a moment, and-oh"-here Jennie broke off her sentence abruptly, for she caught sight of Poll with the wig.

"Poll, come here!" "Bring me that anti-fat." screamed Poll. "Box him on the ears, Jennie. Don't let him look in that drawer, because my other sets of toeth and my pads and rouge and paint are in there."

"Poll, Poll, you awful bird; come here." But Polly only called for some anti-fat and swore because she couldn't get it.

Jennie tried to smooth it over and said: "We had a theatrical here not long age and Miss Evans bought that wig for it. Poll heard the play and that's where she

learned about wigs, etc." Jennie went into the bedroom and Poll followed. Soon she flow back and began: "Please, Evelyn,

One fine day in early winter-while the weather was mild and bears still roaming the wooded hills-Johnny took his rifle and set out to find "big" game. But he would not let small game "go to waste," as he said to his mother. "If a squirrel or a nice fat 'possum is foolhardy enough to get in my path, 'Ill fetch him home for supper. But I'm out today for big fellows-deer or bear,"

other

With his rifle over his shoulder, a drink ing oup and a pisce of bread in his hunting wallet, which was slung over his back, Johnny set forth, whistling merrily as he trudged along through the woods that covever miles and miles of hill land.

Soon after Johnny had left his home his pousin Fred-who lived on an adjoining farm-came to visit him for the day. Johnny's mother explained to Fred that Johnny had gone to spend the day in the

woods, hoping to return with trophies of a great bag, for he had said that should he get anything too big to carry he would pring a piece of the victim home-a foot, a naw or a horn-to prove his success, and would take the horses and wagon and go after the "big" game left in the wood. "Well, Fill just go after him, aunt," said

"Which read did he take?" "The botton road leading across

"If you will said Mrs. Brown. nurry you may overtake him before he gets beyond the first hill. And now that would tell him the exact spot occupied by you are to assist him in the hunt, I'll look his cousin. Then, fingers in mouth, he for something big-a deer at least. And if gave a long loud whistle. It was immedi- fellow they all called Tommy. you go into the woods far enough you may ately answered by a whistle which was find a couple of bears," Mrs. Brown laughed, having spoken in jest. She was always interested in the boys' pisasures, Brown's whistle-signal. and was a most sympathetic companion to

caught the welcome call he was surprised Johnny. Fred set out on the road Johnny had to hear Johnn's voice crying out lustily. "Who comes there? I'm in danger. A great taken half an hour before. He went at a



ROUND AND ROUND VEBX

the sound told him that he was not far from the spot where the hunter was. So he decided to continue his way, whistling on his fingers to catch his cousin's ear. But evidently Johnny was too for away to hear his cousin's call, for Fred received no answering whistle.

Fred was well acquainted with "the happy hunting ground," and took a dim path that led through a deep and heavily timbered ravine, going in the direction whence came the sound of the rifle shot. He walked about a mile, getting deeper and deeper into a wood that was the home of the wild creature. Everywhere were tracks of deer, and Fred's heart beat with high hope, for he felt that his Cousin Johnny might at that very minute be proudly surveying the huge body of a dead deer or bear, the viotim of his true aim.

First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con-ributions to this page each week. Address all communications to Thus Fred's mind was occupied with hopes and plans regarding "big" game as he trudged through the almost impenetrabla forest, his progress greatly impeded by fallen trees, decaying bark and piles of wasts branches and dead leaves. But the rifle shot being repeated, he made all the haste pessible, for he could tell from the By Jean De Long, Age 13 Years, Ains- By Florence Walker, Age 10 Years, 25 sound that the sportsman was not very worth, Neb, Blue, North Nineteenth Street, Omaha, Blue, far away.

(First Prize.) Tommy Ant "Bow, wew," said Ring, "so you want a After another ten minutes of walking-

will be used.

"'Oh, dear,' he grumbled as he was boy in the county could imitate Johnny

But the very moment after Fred's ear into us?" " Here, sir, drop your stick and come

5. Write your name, age and ad-dress at the top of the first page.

CRILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Omaha Bee.

armed you best take to your heels and bring help." Fred stopped in his tracks. Treed by a great bear? Why didn't he shoot? Where was Johnn's nerve? Where were his true eye and hand? But he paid no heed to the warning; that if he were unarmed he would best "take to his heels and bring help," but went in the direction of the voice. And

pratty soon he saw a sight that made him stop to catch his breath and summon courage. There, directly in his path and only a few feet away, was a huge black bear The creature was walking slowly round and round a very slender tree, in whose top was perched a dark form. Upon closer inspection Fred saw that the dark form was Johnny.

Johnny, who was on the watch for the appearance of the owner of the whistle signal, saw Fred as soon as he came near to the spot of danger. "Go back, Fred," he cried out from his perch. "I'm safe here till you can fetch father to kill this beast that has the drop on me. And don't speak.

for I don't want you to have to go up a tree. Then we'd be in a dandy fix, we would. And so long as this old chap has me to hold his attention he'll stay right here. So, don't rouse him by the sound of your voice. Now, go away." But this was not enough for Fred, who my taste."

was wondering what Johnny had done with his gun. So, raising his hands as if to take aim, he asked the question by gesture, that I took two shots at him and-missed. When I first saw him he was coming at He very cautiously gathered a handful of underbrush,

Luuleioiks

over here?' said the ruler, who was **RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS** near by. "'Read this,' and the ruler showed him

scrap of paper on which Tommy read these words: 'Buny Been, Their Own Page.' 'See,' said the ruler, 'what deg-1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil radation you have brought upon us. Once 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words. we were held as examples. Now our rivals If you work hard perhaps this paper Are. will praise you. Go now, Tommy." 4. Original stories or letters only

"And he has worked hard." continued Ring, "but as yet he has received no praise. Perhaps you, my little mistress, can write and tall those Busy Bees how good and faithful those ants are and you can say for me that by the looks of those stories that even Tommy cannot equal them for industry. Will you?"

And I have and hope Tommy may see it.

### (Second Prize.) Florence's Questions

Florence was a little girl who was very story, little mistress? Well listen and I fond of asking questions. And one day or wading, as he mentally put it-Fred will tell you one that was told to me by when visiting her Uncle Fred in the counstopped to listen for some sound which an ant when I was over in Mr. Rising's try he hitched his horses to a big wagon pasture. All summer long the ants had and Florence, her twin sisters, Mildred been busy and happy, except one little and Gladys, and her two cousins all jumped

in and went to the woods with him. Florence asked her Uncle Fred why the peculiarly Johnny's own. In fact, no other dragging a stick along. "Why do we have squirrels kept running up and down the to work so hard and why are they always trees. He said it was because they were drumming that ant and grasshopper story putting nuts away for the winter. Then

she asked what the bluejays were making so much noise for.

bear has got me treed. If you are not minutes after I'd fired at him, he loomed matisfaction he took from his vest pocket up right in front of me. I let him have a match, struck it and applied the flame

It

big onel"

my aim again. But something had got the matter with it-my aim, I mean-for the bullet went wide of the mark again. was all up with me then, for I had to reload before I could take another pull at

him. He was pretty close to me, but this tree was closer, so I came up into its inviting limbs, where I decided to wait till someone chanced to come along, or till the old brute below should tire of walking about at the foot of my tower and looking up savagely at me. As for my gun, it's below there-on the ground. The old bear took a sniff of it a little bit ago." Fred had withdrawn from the path into a clump of shrubbery, where he was out

of the bear's line of vision. He kept one eye on old Mr. Bruin, however, fearing that his nose might tell him there was another enemy near. And he took pains to be pretty close to a fine, strong sapling with plenty of limbs close to the ground.

"Where's your ammunition?" he called out to Johnny, regardless of the latter's warning about his talking. "It's on the ground in my wallst,"

Johnny. Then he addeds "Don't do that again, I tell you. New, go as fast and as quietly as you can for home and fetch daddy here. I don't rest wall astride this limb. I'd find home and dinner more to

But Fred had been thinking over some plan whereby he might relieve his cousin's uncomfortable position more quickly than the game," declared Johnny. "Till Johnny understood his cousin's sign query by returning to the farm, some two or came he had me just where you got himand replied: "Well, I'll have to confess three miles away. And now he was about in a tight place." to act upon this quickly cancelved plan,

me with anything but a friendly expression, dry bark and dead aticks from the ground bean so I up and let fly a ball at his head. I at his fost, cut a long branch from a and you did the rest. But, it's about eating didn't do mywelf proud, for the old fellow growing bush nearby and on its smaller time. Let's go back to the house and rewagn't touched. Then I ran through the end tied the dried bark and sticks into a port for dinner. Then, with Uncle John, serbrush, getting out of his sight. I thick mass, using his handkerchief in liss we'll return here and get the 'trophy of anght I'd lost him, when, fully fifteen at a string. When this was fixed to his our skills' as they say in books."

those ugly scarecrows are for, and I won't ask another one."

"They are to show the crows where the corn is." This made Florence laugh very heroic deed. much.

"I won't stand it another moment," said she, jumping up. "I am going to tell Aunt Elizabeth you are making fun of me." "I won't stand it another moment," repeated her uncle. "I am going to tell Aunt Elizabéth you won't believe a word I say." Then the girls came running with their hands full of wild flowers and said it was

dinner time. So they all jumped in the wagon and rode home.

(Honorary Mention.)

How Doris Played Truant By Madge L. Daniels, Aged 14 Years, Ord, boy, but would always stop at the other

Neb. Blue. "Mamma, may I play truant and go skating today? Three or four of the girls are people's attention so began saying:

"Radishes five cents a bunch." going, and they are not even going to let theirs mothers know about it. But I to ask him how much they were. The boy said, "Five cents ma'am." "I guess I will thought I would ask you," said Doris. "Play truant, Dorls?"

Mrs. Lee looked up as she asked the handed her a bunch. Now he had only question, for something in her little girl's two more bunches left, one for his mother voice startled her. "Yes, you may play and if he could sell the other one he truant, if you think you will be happy in would. As he was walking down the street doing it, but remember how many nice towards his home a very poor old man holidays you have to enjoy yourself, and asked how much he sold the radishes for, remember, too, how your report card will he said, "Five cents sir." Harry (for that look at the end of the term."

"Well, I don't care for my report card, and I do care to go skating this bright winter afternoon, for they say the ice is bunches." lovely.

Mrs. Lee watched Doris as she walked down the street with her skates around her shoulders. At the corner of the block even she was joined by the other girls. When

"Harry have you the radishes?" "No mamma, I gave it to a very poor old man." to the broomlike end of the stick. It ignited

quickly, a blaze leaping upward. Like a flash of lightning Fred made a dash toward the bear, whirling the blazing stick

round and round, its tongue of fire form-ing a huge circle of flame in the revolu-Ravenna, Neb. Red. One evening as Alford was walking along tion. The old bear's eyes widened with fear as he beheld the awful sight, and he went the street selling papers (Alford was a off through the woods as fast as he could, poor boy, living with his mother and try-But in his excitement he did not select his ing to make a living) he heard a notse path and found himself entangled in a around the corner, so running up to see massive grapevine, through whose meahes what it was, he saw that a robber was he could not go. And as he feared to turn trying to rob a rich merchant. back and face that dreadful thing of fire Alford seeing what was going on, picked

he kept on trying to thrust his huge body up a club nearby and hit the robber on the head, which knocked him senseless, through the trap which held him fast. "Quick, your gun! Load and fire!" eried After doing this he called a policeman and "Hurry, the fire's most out!"

Johnny came down the tree at a leap, and never before in his life had he loaded his Redmond. Mr. Redmond offered to pay rifle so guickly as now. Then, taking Alford, but he refused it. Mr. Redm careful aim, he fired. And this time he said: "If you are ever in need of a friend The old bear or money just write to me, and I will aldid not miss his mark. plunged forward, lifted himself in the air ways help you, because you saved my and fell in the tangle of vine that had life. My address is Mr. J. C. Redmond, imprisoned him. Again the rifle was \$503 South Seventeenth street, New York." raised to Johnny's shoulder and aim taken. This was the bravest deed that Alford and again he hit his mark. The second ball had ever done. He was afterwards recaused the bear to lie quiet, for it had warded by a good position. entered his brain.

Uncle John to come and help us get our

"Yes, but you shall have all the glory of

you Jonny.

the same breath. Then she began: "Jennie, where is my wig? You dummy, you which his Ashton always admines (though afterward,

### Johnny and the Fatal Game

By Willie Cullen, Aged 10 Years, 3213 Webster Street, Omaha, Neb. Red.

By Eleanor Mellor, Aged 12 Years, Malvern, Ia, Blue. Johnny lived on a farm. He was 8 years old and very disobedient. On the farm was In many cities you can see men on cora large haystack, and on this he loved to ners selling fruits or candles. On one of romp about and play, but that was forbidthese corners a boy stood selling radishes. den by his father. His father told him to The people passing by did not notice the keep away from the haystack and all other dangerous places. One day he was playing hide and seek with his brothers and sisters

The boy thought that he could call the Johnny climbed on the haystack, and when he went to jump down over it he fell and broke his collarbone. He fainted from A lady passing by saw the boy so stopped the pain. His brothers and sisters ran into

the house, saying they could not find Johnny. take a bunch," said the lady, so the boy Johnny's father said for them to lool down by the haystack, he might be hiding

there. Johnny's brother, Dick, ran down to see, but at first he saw nothing. But when he looked at the other side of the haystack he saw poor Johnny lying there as if dead.

He ran back to the house and brought was the boy's name did not like to sell it his father and mother, who came running. to him because he was lots poorer than he was, so he said, "I will give you these They carried him up to the house and revived him. Then they sent one of the hired

The old man walked away very happy, help after Dr. Smith, who lived not far. but Harry had promised a bunch for his Presently they saw him returning with the mother, he thought he had disobeyed her doctor.

Johnny's collarbone was set, but it gave As he stepped in the door his mother said: him a lesson to keep away from the haystack. Johnny's father said that he would see that his children stayed away from it after that. He said there were enough

"That is very nice of you Harry, because places besides that to hide in. it shows your kindness to other people."

Agatha

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 13 Years, Fairmount, Neb. Blue.

In the hurrying, busy streets of the city stood a little girl. She was hungry and she was cold and ragged, but for it all she was clean and neat. An old gentleman hurried by. Seeing Agatha, he stopped and gave her a banana. She thanked him politely and followed him slowly. She

could not tell why she followed him, haps because he was kind to her. As they turned into a narrow street a man stopped out, and, holding up a revolver, said: "Money or your life." The old man was frightened, but not so with Agatha. She remembered that Jimmy Murphy, a policeman, who was often kind to her, was just around the corner. She slipped away unnoticed and running around the corner ran straight into Jimmy. "Why, hello Agatha, how are you up here?' he asked goodnaturedly. Agatha told him in a few words. He followed her, and they saw the man just ready to fire his pistol. When he saw the burly figure of Murphy appreaching he dropped his pistol and ran. Jimmy soon overtook him and marched him away to prison.

Mr. Black, the old gentleman, took Agatha home with him. Her tight little pigtails were let loose into long fluffy curls by her French nurse.

Agatha had a taste for drawing, and when Mr. Black found it out he gave her all the advantages he could, for he was very rich. Agatha now is a famous artist. Mr. Black is dead and she is in possession of his large fortune.

She married a young man named Fred Lanton, who was also an artist, and, as know which one. The one with the curls the fairy tales say, lived happily ever

Fred, still brandishing the blazing mass, the rebber was taken away in the pairol. The man proved to be a rich merchant from New York, and gave his name as Mr.

"Now, I guess we'll go home and get

squirvel home," laughed Frod. "Gee, he's a By Ruth Ashby, Aged 13 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue.

said the maid.

"No, I couldn't have got him alone."

said Fred, going over and examining the "I simply chased him into a trap

Only a Parrot

"Mr. Ashton to see you, Miss Evans,"

"Show him up to my private parior,"

Evelyn Evens wont into her and Mr. Ashton patiently awaited her. Poll, her parrot, entertained him for a while swearing at him and blessing him in