HE BUSY BEES have been sending in some interesting pictures, but not as many stories as usual. Consequently the same Busy Bees are winning the prizes, as they are sending in good storis every week. The first prize is awarded this week to a little girl who wrote a good Indian story. Now the boys should be able to write better adventure stories than the girls. The editor would like to receive some camping stories, for a number of the Busy Bees have written that they were camping this summer and had a splendid time, and this would be a good subject for the boys to write about, too. When writing stories, the Busy Bees must read the rules, and remember to write only on side of the page.

Some of the Busy Bees are writing so many postal cards that they do not have time to write as many stories as formerly, but they like to read the stories the other Busy Bees write. Now, these are the Drone Bees instead of the Busy Bees. Some of our prize winnners have written that they are getting some of their little friends to join the Busy Bees and write for us. These little workers are the real Busy Bees.

Prizes were awarded this week to Alta Wilken of Waco, Neb., on the Red side, and Orian Mayers of Lusk, Wyo., on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Rena N. Mead of Blair, Neb., on the Blue side.

The answer to last week's illustrated rebus was: "Last week the girls and boys started to school with their books under their arms." Correct answers were sent in by Willie Nielsen and Hollis Pauline Seward, both of Omaha.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

Little Marie's First Day at School

By Melena Davis.

as you can. This is to be your make Marie's acquaintance.

It was little Marie's mamma, who was very good frens, indeed." (Although

the day just begun was to be one full of easily. And friends was one of them).

OME, dearle, jump up as quickly the alsle to greet Marle's mamma and

first day at school, and it's "What a little dear!" exclaimed teacher,

almost 8 o'clock now. Come, stooping to put her arms about the little

open your blue eyes wide and stranger. "And we'll become the greatest

don't let that old monster, friends, won't we, dear?" And Marie, so

happy, smiled and said: "Yes's, we'll be

"And I can sing lots of songs," declared

Mabel Sheifelt, 4914 North Twenty-fifth

street, Omaha. Wilma Howard, 4722 Capitol avenus, Omaha. Emerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street,

Omaha. Helen Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street,

Omaha. Hilah Fisher, 1219 South Eleventh street,

Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street,

Postcard Exchange, which now include
Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.
Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.
Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
Agnes Dahmke, Benson, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg,
Neb.

Jesuie Crawford, 405 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Lydia Roth, 606 West Koenig street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand
Island, Neb.

sland, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln,

Elsie Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln, Neb. Irene Disher, 2039 L street, Lincoln, Neb. Hughle Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln, Neb. Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb. Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb. Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb. Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norlalk, Neb.

Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.

Emma M.: Guardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Hester E. Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Lillian Wirt, 4128 Cass street, Omaha.
Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha.
Myrtle Jensen, 2909 Izard street, Omaha.
Myrtle Jensen, 2909 Izard street, Omaha.
Helen Heuck, 1625 Lothrop street, Omaha.
Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth street,
Omaha.

Leaniness, get a nip at you."

where she'd grown strong and healthy.

years, and as there were no other children

And so they had moved from the coun-

the advantages of schooling due a little

pencil. Oh, Marie, had gone into ecstacy

the Saturday before, when her mamma

had brought to her the fine book and

slate satchel so filled with all necessary

school things. There was a sponge, too,

with which to wash her slate. And a

dear little box which held her siate pen-

cil and lead pencil, and another to hold

her two writing pens. Marie was to be-

come a great scholar, so papa declared.

And Marie was determined not to disap-

mamma took her to the school house,

As soon as breakfast was over Marie's she liked.

which was several blocks away. And sing very well," said teacher.

so glad to see it was filled with little Saint Nick,' I'll do so."

not one was so small, so Marie was to us if you like."

when mamma ied her into the room where "And I can sing lots of songs," declared the "primary grade" was kept Mario was Marie. "If you'd like for me to sing 'Old

bit taller and a bit older, perhaps, and have our lessons now. But some Friday

some were even younger than Marie. But afternoon you may sing 'Old Saint Nick' for

be the "baby" of the grade. So said the "Then I'll sing 'Little Bo-Peep' this morn-

point him.

baby and her papa's only pet.

Ex-Queen on Her Vacation



RUTH ASHBY AND HER BROTHER AT ESTES PARK.

washed away by the red water. The noise and the wheels and the belts scared me and I almost cried. This is all I remember.

Our Trip to the Country

Mabel Neumayer, Aged, 11 Years, 322 North Wheler St., Grand Island, Neb. Blue. In the month of August, on a Thursday, Mamma and my two brothers and I got ready to go to my uncle's farm. We were to stay until Sunday night.

Te first night we went to bed early and got up early, ate our breakfast and went to the granary to swing, and then Henry and George, and my two brothers and I went out to the orchard. When we came back we ate dinner. In the afternoon, my cousin, mamma and smallest brother went to town.

After supper they milked the cows and strained and separated the milk. Then we went to bed. Next morning we

went to the pond for pond lilies. Next day we rode horseback and had lots of fun. The next evening we went home. Papa was as glad to see us as if we had been gone a month.

Johnnie's Band By Helen Reynolds, Aged 10 Years. Nor-folk, Neb. Red.

Johnnie had no father and his mother was very poor. They lived in the slums of Chicago. The only plaything Johnnie had was an old horn, which a little boy had given him, and he would stand on the where he was sitting on the porch.

The lady asked him what the matter was that was her name, too. and he told her his mother was sick. The When Mrs. Mark got well they found out lady went in and gave Johnnnie's mother that the lady was Johnnie's aunt, and she some money and went for a doctor, and he took them to live with her.

One of the Prize Winners



OREAN MAYES, Lusk, Wyo.

strest corner blowing it. One day Johnnie's said she would not be well for a long time. mother became very sick and a kind lady They went to stay with the lady until with a little boy passed Johnnie's house his mother was well. The lady asked him his name and he told her Mark. She said

Prattle of the Youngsters

words:

"How do you like your new teacher, Tommy ?" dreaming. Oh, how glad she was it was "Aw, fine. She dresses swell and she

knows a lot o' slang and I guess she'll a white board. Printed on it in irregular get along with me all right." "Dear papa," wrote the little girl at the "Here He our robins; one a week old,

summer resort, "I have gained six ounces one only an egg" in weight since we came here. Mamma sends her love. Please write to us tomorrow. Send your love and all the tendent of a certain Maryland town is money you can spare."

By Marie Shook, Aged 11 Years, Omahs, ing and now it is dirty again."

Neb. Blue. 'No'm, it ain't."

"No'm, it ain't dirty again; it's dirty yet." of the day, and at the conclusion he

"What are you going to be when you couragingly: are a man, Tommy? "I'am going to be an aeronaut, like Mr.

"I never need to. They are always good," Wright." "Why do you choose that profession, my boy?"

"I wish I could always be good," sighed "Because it is the quickest way to get " up in the world."

> The two little granddaughters of Dr. S. burst, she put the question: Weir Mitchell were showing a new gov-

buried," said one of the children. At the head of a tiny grave was placed characters with a lead pencil were these

"This is the place where our birds are

The worthy Sunday school superinalso the village dry goods merchant. He is as energetic and efficient in his re-"Johnny, your face was dirty this morn- ligious as in his secular capacity. An amusing incident is told of his attempt to enlarge the scriptural knowledge of a "Why, Johnny, it is! Look at it in the class of little girls.

He had told most elequently the lesson looked about the room and inquired en-"Now, has anyone a question to ask?"

Slowly and timidly one little girl raised her hand. "What is the question, Sally?" Don't be

afraid. Speak out." The little girl fidgeted in her seat,

twisted her fingers nervously, cast her eyes down; finally, in a desperate out-

"Mr. Ward, how much are those gloves his foot badly, which meant they must go if you don't know whether it's right or erness their treasures of house and gar- for girls in your window?"-Lappincott's

Real Babes in the Woods

By Annie James.

HEY had not lived in the coun- Sissy held tighter to Bulger's hand, not try long; the Browns had not fearing even bears while safely guarded They had just moved into the by him. "But no bears will bover us, for pretty farm house a few days I won't let 'em," went on Bulger. before the things told of in And then they reached a few of the outthis story happened. There side, straggling trees. "Oh, it isn't so were Papa Brown, Mamma Brown, Bulger very big an' dark, is it?" asked Bulger. still she clung tightly to Bulger's hand.

Brown (a little boy) and Sissy Brown (a "No, it's just bufl-ful," said Sissy. But Now, before I go any further, I must And so they walked about and about, knew that if he did not stop the water it tell you that Bulger's real sure-enough going a little deeper and a little deeper mother was worried and went to look for enough name was not Sissy, but was Stella about them, and Bulger decided they would him. She saw him coming and asked him, May. But as Papa and Mamma Brown al- better return to their home. "I dess we'd

be known in this story-which is a very "Yes, it's mos' dinner time," said Bulshort one—as Bulger and Slssy. Well, on the third day after the Browns was getting a bit afraid of the lone'y had moved into their new country home woods. By George Netherly. Aged, 6 years. Lead, Bulger and Sissy went out into the big. And so they started out to go home, but, yard to play. And after they had explored having forgotten just which way they had every inch of the yard they decided to come, they went in the wrong direction. investigate the barnyard. And it was such And so they walked and walked, growing We live close to the White rocks. Some- loads of fun to chase the big rooster about so tired at last that Bulger said they "Why, Mildred, don't let it go," said times my paps and mamma and I go up to the barnyard, and to hear the hens cackle would have to sit down and rest a bit. Helen as Mildred showed signs of leaving, them. Then we can see all the town like as if they were quarreling with them for And all the while they had been walking "I did try it," said Mildred, and I just little toy houses and toy trains and toy their mischief. Then they visited the pig- both Bulger and Sissy had been afraid, but pen. And, such a funny lot of little piggies neither owned it to the other.

feeling very miserable because sister Helen over to the creek and just let the creek run

Then there was nothing new for Bulger And there is no knowing how long the
had reproached her.

Then there was nothing new for Bulger And there is no knowing how long the
had reproached her. "I just wish there were no such things got full of water and the fire was put out, yard. And they stood looking at each woods or whether or not they might have

in hand, toward the dark woods.

there were in it, too, trotting about-tails. While they sat on the messy bank of a there on the trolley. The Homestake is twisted into knots over their backs-after little brooklet, Slsay fell asleep, her head a very fat mother who grunted, grunted, in Bulger's lap. Then Bulger's blue eyes "I don't care if she does." said Mildred. He went to dinner and when he got back grunted every minute, and who looked to- grew heavy, and he, too, fell into slumber. wards Bulger and Sissy with a distrustful forgetting where he was and that there might be bears in the woods. Then there was nothing new for Bulger And there is no knowing how long the

ger, not wishing Sissy to know that he

be the "baby" of the grade. So said the "Then I'll sing 'Little Bo-Peep' this morn- when Harold said, "I'm getting tired of as school," said Mildred to herself as she Then they dipped out all the water with other, wondering where they should go, come to harm, or have been forever lost, pretty fair-haired teacher who came down ing if you'd rather have it than 'Old Saint school,' said Mildred to herself as she Then they dipped out all the water with other, wondering where they should go, come to harm, or have been forever lost, pretty fair-haired teacher who came down ing if you'd rather have it than 'Old Saint school,' said Mildred to herself as she Then they dipped out all the water with other, wondering where they should go, come to harm, or have been forever lost, but was the school, "and be pointed folly with for them and response to the pretty said Frank "I'll said Frank "I'll and Frank "I'll said Frank "I'll and Frank "I'll Presently Mildred began to dream. She engines. Papa and mamma took me to "Let's go down yonder." And he pointed felt pity for them and covered them with to a line of timber about a quarter of a leaves, but about half an hour after they had fallen asleep their own dear mother tend you are going to school, and instead, go to. She had one room in a tenement man at the door let us in. The gold ore Sissy, being 4 years old, trusted to her found them, and, lifting Sissy in her arms run down to the big gate in the meadow, house. In one corner was a pile of straw fell down in the water right under the big blg brother's judgment and said: "All and calling gently to Bulger to wake, she kissed each and said: "Thank God, I Then away the two tottlings went, hand found my dear little babes safe in the woods." And Bulger and Sissy were thank-Nick," said Marie, anxious to show what looking him over and winked mischievously her him eyes looking up into teacher's, but "It's very big an' daug'rous," explained ful to be found, too, and promised never mamma's consent.



AT LAST THEY SAT DOWN TO REST.



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not penoil
3. Short and pointed articles will be given praference. Do not use over 250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. Pirst and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con-

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT. Omaha Bee.

(First Prize.) Jack's Adventure

calling her from her morning's sleep. And Marie was 6 years old there were a few Neb. Red. Years, Waco, Neb. Red. Jack Robbin's father and mother had By Rena N. Mead, Aged 12 Years, Blair, Marie, rubbing her eyes, remembered that words she could not pronounce very moved west when he was but a little boy. interest for her, for she was to start to Then the teacher and the mamma had so that he had never known anything but blems?" school that morning. And Marie had a little private talk while Marie arnever been in any sort of school before, ranged her books and slate and pencils this home out on the prairie. He leved the Her parents had thought it best to keep and sponge and writing pens in the dear- free life and when he had finished his my Latin to get." her out of the kindergarten, as she was est little desk that had been assigned her work he would mount his horse and go flynot very rugged, and they wished her to by teacher. Oh, what a joy to have a desk ing over the country, just as happy as a was going to a classical school in the city. One day his mother sent him to town be out of doors as much as possible, for her very own-to remain hers till she boy could be. His father had taught him She was finding her problems in reduction with some butter and told him to come should learn so much that she would be to use a gun when he was but a little fel- and propertion very hard. Mildred was back before dak, so Harry took the butter But during the summer Marie had had promoted to another room, where the desks low and now it is one of his greatest treas- hard to suit and when mamma or Helen and started. a birthday, and she was now 6 years old. were bigger! Marie was very proud that ures. One evening Jack and his father had tried to help they never did them quite. On his way he saw a stream of water. But she was a very little miss for her morning, too, and extremely happy. gone out to shoot some game for breakfast. right. Miss Stone didn't do them that which was coming from the river and he Then mamma kissed Marie good-bye and They hoped that some deer might come way. in her home she was still her mamma's went home, telling Marie that she must across their way, and they had climbed up On this particular evening Mildred was would flood the neighborhood. When the name was not Bulger; it was Franklyn into the woods. And then it became a litfor the noon hour, but to hurry home for in a tree to wait for it. Soon they heard sister had her Latin to get. try into town, where Marie might have her luncheon. And again Marie felt very the gallop of horses and their hearts nearly "I wish mamma would not make me proud to think that her mamma was going stood still. When they saw a dozen or go to school," said Sissy, seeing miss of 6. And such levely books she to allow her to go to and from the big more Indians riding towards them Jack's do not like it. I can't get the work and and Henry's mother called him a fittle better for me to do the same. So, let them the uncertainty in her brother's face. had, too, and a slate and a long, sharp school house alone. She was, indeed, be- father motioned for him to be quiet and I just don't see any good in it." coming a big girl to be allowed so much they laid there and watched. Both thought After a bit Mildred rose to leave the room Then the school was called to order and mounted not far from them and they teacher talked so sweetly to the little ones learned that they had come to attack the assembled about her. And what a lovely settlers. Something must be done quickly lot of girls and boys they were. Marie and quietly. As carefully as possible they portion. thought as she looked all about the room, climbed down. Jack must go one way and When teacher said they'd sing a song Marie his father another. Jack was a brave boy, was glad, for she loved to sing, and her so on he sped from house to house, warning clear voice rang out louder than any of the men. Soon a body of men gathered the others when a song was sung that together and the Indians were attacked and killed. Oh, how proud of their boy "Well, Marie, you have a fine voice and Jack's father and mether were.

Playing Hookey

boys and girls'like herself. Some were a "Not now, dear," smiled teacher, "We'll By Orean Mayes, Aged 12 Years, Lusk, Wyo. Blue.

> It was Tuesday night and Harold and Frank were walking home from school, tomorrow?" "All right," said Frank, "I'll take some pancakes and meat from the dreamed she was a poor girl with no father sec. breakfast table for lunch for us. Just pre- or mother, no cozy hed and good school to. Then we saw the large stamp mill. The mile from the house.

go down by the stream under the trees and have lots of fun."

Next morning when Harold went down tobreakfast he put several pieces of toast in his pocket and started off. He got down she visited the home of the Busy Bees. as far as the bakery when he happened While she was there she asked the Queen to think of a quarter he had in his pocket. Bee if she ever put the busy bees to bed So he went in and bought some doughnuts without their supper. and buns and went on down to the meadow, where he found Frank waiting for him.

said the Queen Bee. They were in wading and splashing in the water and having a merry time, when Hilda. Harold cried, "Ouch! Help! My foot!" "You Frank turned around and found that Harold "How?" ad stepped on a piece of glass and cut and confess to mother where they had wrong ask your mother. That is the way den. Behind a box hedge they paused. Magazine. been. They decided that playing hookey the Busy Bees do." was not as much fun as they thought it "Oh, is it? Thank you. I will always try

(Honorable Mention.) Mildred's Problems

"Helen can't you help me get my pro-

"No, Mildred, I can't help you, I have Mildred was only twelve years old and whose name was Harry Stanley.

not stop to play when school was dismissed on a platform that Jack's father had built left to herself because mamma was out and little boy did not get back before dark his James. And Sissy Brown's real sure tie darker and they could not see so far

of mother at home. The Indians dis- when Helen asked if she got her problems.

"I got two," replied Mildred. "How many did you have?" "We had two in reduction and one in pro-

"Which didn't you get?" Kearney, where we used to live.

"I didn't get the proportion.

couldn't get it." "Try it again, Mildred, perhaps you can Now, I will tell you about Lead. We go "No I'm going to bed."

"Very well, Miss Stone will scold you." slamming the door behind her.

had reproached her.

people.

A Visit to the Mine

S. D. Blue.

This is a very hilly country not like

wished she had a mother and father.

Where was her nice bed and her good

She woke up crying about these things.

My! Was she a poor, homeless, parentless,

schooless child? No! She had only been

Next morning she reported her problems

You may be sure Mildred did not again

think her teacher unreasonable, or wish

that there was no such things as school

and that her mother would not make her

Hilda's Dream

Hilda had been a naughty girl and her

She soon dropped off to sleep and dreamed

Just then she awoke and told her mother

about her dream, and she has never had

to be put to bed without her supper since

The Little Hero

By Ronald Wyckoff. Aged, 9 Years. Wil-ber, Neb. Blue.

Once upon a time there was a little boy

"You can," said the Queen Bee.

mamma had sent her to bed without her

perfect. She likes her work now.

school gone?

only a dream.

supper.

HAIWANN AC

to do right."

hero.

man was blasting and set the mine afire. the smoke was so strong they could not Mildred ascended the stairs to her room get to the fire; so they put a pipe away glance.

I'll be there waiting for you. Then we'll and one quilt for a bed. Oh! How she stamps and was crushed into dust and wight, buver."

on the plane." "Not this morning, dear," said teacher, funny-looking. What dreadful big-"

quiet. It's study hour now, my dear, and teacher, who came quickly to her side, say- school, dear, and then you'll not mind you mustn't move about in your seat nor ing: "Oh, my dear little girl, you must not studying and keeping quiet," said teacher, whisper to any of the pupils. After awhile talk in time of books. No, turn around in And that noon, when Marie went home, we'll have recess; then you may run out your seat and write the words I gave you" she ran to her mamma with: "Oh mamma. and play for fifteen minutes and have fine "Oh, please, teacher, I'm tired and would I was very noisy and disobedient this morn-sport." rather play." said Marie, not thinking for ing, though I didn't mean to be. I just

But as the day wore on Marie became rather play for a walle." very tired of the quiet of the achoelroom. By this time all the pupils were laughing as funny as the clown on the circus."

taught her all her letters and to read was smiling in spite of herself, although you get acquainted with the little boy you'll through the first reader, and to write ever she tried to prevent the children seeing her not think him so comical." so many words. Marie was put into a class amusement. She led Marie into an empty "Oh, yes. I shall, for he winks at me. of boys and girls that formed the "A class." classroom across the hall and explained the And it makes his face go all into a bunch At first Marie enjoyed reading, spelling rules of the school to her. When she had like this." And Marie winked one pretty and writing. Then her mind grew tired of finished one asked: "Now, my dear little blue eye and screwed her face all up as books and she began looking about at her Marie, don't you think you can sit quietly funny as could be, and her mamma laughed, little schoolmates. First her eye caught a in your desk for just seven minutes? It caressing her dear little girl who had had red, curly head sitting back of her. The will then be recreation time and you may such a new experience that morning at head belonged to a very funny little chap, go out of doors and play." school-her first day at school, though she Johnny Rogers by name. He saw Marie "Oh, I'll try ever so hard," smiled Marie, was 6 years old,

she could do with a little song all by her- at her. This show of friendliness so pleased there was not a gleam of mischlef in them. Bulger, pointing to the line of timber, to go away from home again without their self. "And when I'm home I can play it Marle that she called out to him: "Say, Marie was but a baby-a happy, dear, good- "Maybe bears are there." boy, what's your name? You're awfully natured little baby, if she was 6 years "And now you know we all must be very But Marie's remarks were cut short by "Well, you'll soon get accustomed to

Then teacher called a class and began a moment that it was anything out of the forgot. And feacher say I'll learn how to giving them their lesson, marking off a way for her to do just as she liked any- behave after a while. Won't that he nice? whole page to be learned, much to Marie's where and at any time. "You see. I'm But? mamms, I'm sure I'll always laugh sleepy when I look at by books, and I'd whenever I look back of me and see that

and of the monotony of the little ones, at Marie, for every one there save herself. "Then you mustn't look behind you,"

boy with the red head and freckles. He's

voices in recitation. As her mamma had had been in school before. And teacher explained the mamma. "And perhaps after

OH, PLEASE, TEACHER, I'M SO TIRED AND WOULD RATHER PLAY.