OME of the Busy Bees have sent in word that the first prize story last week was not original. It was written by a new Busy Bee, so it may be possible that the little writer did not understand the rules. The Busy Bees did not say from which book it was taken.

Only a few votes have been sent in for the next king and queen. The queen bee, Rena N. Mead, has sent in her votes, and a few others. So far Eunice Bode of Falls City has the most for queen of the Blue side and William Davis of North Platte and Leon Carson of Omaha have the same number for king of the Red side. The votes should be sent in within the next ten days.

Two of the Busy Bees forgot to write their ages on their stories. These were not thrown in the waste basket, but they were not awarded prizes.

Fred Sorry, king bee, of Monarch, Wyo., has been writing more stories than all of the other boys. Some of the other boys have written the editor that they enjoy the page and that they will send in some stories soon.

Two Busy Bees from out in the state have been visiting in Omaha recently, Madge Daniels of Ord and Hulda Lundberg of Fremont.

Prizes were awarded this week to Frances Johnson, on the Blue side, and to Ruth Ashby, ex-queen, who is now helping the Red side. Honorable mention was given to Gail Howard, ex-queen, on the Blue side.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the

Jack Coad, 2718 Farnam street, Omaha,

Lillian Wirt, 458 Cass street, Omaha. Emile Brown, 2222 Boulevard, Omaha. Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha. Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha

Postcard Exchange, which now includes: Jean De Long, Alpsworth, Neb. Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb. Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb. Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb. Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. Mancel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Agnes Dannike, Henson, Neb.
Marie Gallagher, Benkelman, Neb. (box lb),
ida May, Central City, Neb.
Vers Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
Rhea Freidell, Dorchester, Neb.
Emices Bode, Falls City, Neb.
lithel Reed, Fismont, Neb.
Midda Lündburg, Fremont, Neb.
Marjon Capps, Gibson, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Lydis Roth, 605 West Koenig street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Ellis Voss, 607 West Charles street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street,
Grand Leight, Neb. Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha.
Myrtie Jensen, 2809 Izard street, Omaha.
Myrtie Jensen, 2809 Izard street, Omaha.
Gall Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Helen Houck, 1625 Lothrop street, Omaha.
Enerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas, Omaha.
Maurice Johnson, 1027 Locust St., Omaha.
Leon Carson, 1124 North Fertieth, Omaha.
Leon Carson, 1124 North Fertieth, Omaha.
Paulline Coad, 3713 Farnam street, Omaha.
Wilma Howard, 4723 Capitol Ave., Omaha.
Hilah Fisher, 1219 South Eleventh, Omaha.
Hilah Fisher, 1219 South Eleventh, Omaha.
Edna Heden, 2782 Chicago street, Omaha.
Mabel Sheifelt, 4914 North Twenty-fifth
street, Omaha.
Waiter Johnson, 2406 North Twenty-fifth
street, Omaha.
Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth Emma Carruthers, 321 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Leoners Denison, The Albion, Tenth and Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 406 West Charles street,
Urand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schulte, 413 West Fourth street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 923 East Ninth street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Nellson, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 15t5 C St., Lincoln, Neb.
Marian Hamilton, 2029 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
Elsie Hamilton, 2029 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
Irene Disner, 2030 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hughls Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Larkin, So. Sixin St., Norfolk, Neb.
Esma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Hielen Godrich, \$16 Nicholas street, Omaha
Orrin Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street,
Omaha.
Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard street, Grand Island, Neb.

Lecnora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.

Mae Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.

Mscge L. Daniels, Ord. Neb.
Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb.
Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
Marie Fleming, Ozceola, Neb.
Lotta Woods, Pawnes City, Neb.
Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.
Emma Kostal, 1518 O street, South Omaha.
Edra Enis, Stanton, Neb.
Ethel Enis, Stanton, Neb.
Lena Petersen, 2211 Locust street, East
Omaha.
Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb. Omana.
Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.
Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.
Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb. Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
Elise Stastny, Wilber, Neb.
Frederick Ware, Winside, Neb.
Frederick Ware, Winside, Neb.
Pauline Parks, Tork, Neb.
Edna Behling, Tork, Neb.
Edna Behling, Tork, Neb.
Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
Irene Reynolds, Little Bloux, Ia.
Ethel Muiholland, Box I., Maivern, Ia.
Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Kathryne Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Kathryne Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Kuth Robertson, Manilia, Ia.
Margaret B. Witherow, Thurman, Ia.
Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 3, Box E, Missouri Valley, Ia.
Adlena Sorry, Monarch, Wyo.
Fred Sorry, Monarch, Wyo.
John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
Fauline Squire, Grand, Okl. Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard street, Omaha. Oscar Brickson, 2709 Howard street, Comains.

Louis Raabe, 2009 North Nineteenth John Barron, nue. Omaha.

Frances Johnson, 223 North Twenty-fifth Edith Amend. Sheridan, Wyo. Pauline Squire, Grand, Okl. Pauline Squire, Grand, Okl. Pauline Squire, Grand, Okl. Pred Shelley, 220 Troup street, Kansas City, Kan.

Marguerite Johnson, 233 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.

City, Kan.

Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Attica, Ind. Omaha, Louis Ranbe, 1909 North Nineteenth ave-

An Exciting Boat Ride

By William Wallace, Jr.

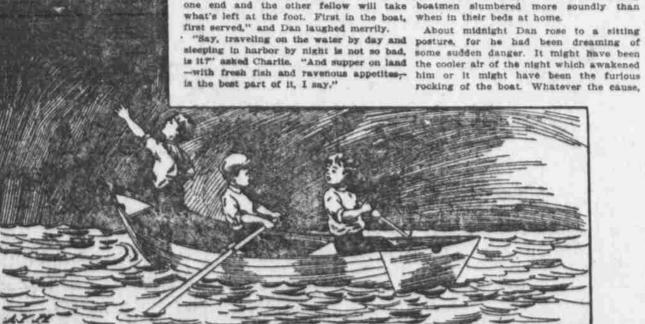
joy themselves in all innocent and health- table." of the boys' possession of the boat was life was evident on the bank of the river, usual. one they would never forget, or the first Smoke curied to the sky from a fine campNhen at last their destination was By Ruth Ashby, Ex-Queen, Aged 14 Years,
night, rather, for it was during the night fire over which coffee sent out a fragrence reached the three children sat down, each 822 Foster Street, Evanston, Ill. Red Side. about to write, happened. It all came of frying fish. The boys had brought with as little doves. fishing lines into the water where they A frying-pan full of fish cooked to a turn knew the catch was good, and after haul- was the principal delicacy of the table and amusement and instead invited themselves. When the pain in her back was unusually ing in several fine fish for their supper was much relished by the three hungry

handling the oars more dextrously. "Let's make our stop tonight at the point rights, which meant washing three tin campfire at night telling ghost and Indian looked wonderingly about him. After the rowed along under protection for some where Sand creek emptles into the river," plates, three camp knives and forks and stories, I say," smiled Jack. "But it all suggested Jack. "The river gets pretty-spoons, a badly-amoked frying pan and sets together just right to make a perfect wide and deep at that point, and the far- coffee-pot in the river and wiping them whole. I say, let's turn in early, for I'm ther we go down stream the more inter- dry on the tablecloth. Then they were as tired after a day's rowing and fishing esting it will become. I'me river five miles put inside the "grub-box" and the box as though I had been cutting hay in the below here is a quarter of a mile wide, placed under some bushes.

they spent the remainder of the time is boys.

"Oh, that's just half a mile above An- from their home for two or three days I should say," said Dan. derson's mill, ian't it?" asked Charlie, they had provided themselves with blan- So an hour passed in pleasant story-"I've been down there with Dad. The kets and an old piece of olicioth, the lat- telling, after which the boys decided to river is fine above the dams. We'll find ter to be used as a boat cover in case of "turn in," and covered their fire with

it aplended rowing there." So the three bent on their cars and went and as soon as their evening chores on would find a bed of coals in the morning gliding down the river, going with the shore were completed they set about fixing for cooking breakfast. Then they saw current, which made their rowing very their beds for the night before settling that the boat was securely moored in its Late in the evening they reached down beside their campfire to "swap place in a snug little cove, one end drawn their destination, a spot about a quarter tales" for an hour or so while their hearty close against the bank which at this point of a mile above the great milldams. "Say, supper digested. pals, I'm getting mighty hungry," declared "Well, everything is as snug as a bug log which had been carried on the bank Dan, resting on his cars. "And it's about in a rug-or will be when we turn in," said during the high water served to tie the time we went into camp and had some- Dan, who had busied himself with bed boat to. Everything ready the boys wrapthing to cheer up the inner kid."



THEN LOOKING UP THE BOYS BEHE LD THE PAINT GLIMMER OF A LANTERN.

To the Queen

By Frances Johnson, Aged 18 Years, 983 North Twenty-fifth Avenue, Omaha. Blue Side.

June, thou art the month of the sweet wild rose, Thou resteth against Mother Earth's bosom in dreamy

repose; voice is the loitering wind that blows; Thy face is brighter than the sunset that glows At eventide, just e'er the world to slumber goes.

11. Thou, of all the year, reign sovereign queen, Thy crown is made of night's candles that shine serene. The reluctant butterflies that float thy messengers are, While thine eyes are more beautiful than the evining star!

III. Thy courtyard is graced with flowers of every gorgeous

The American Beauty and clover alike do kneel to you, Miss Sweet Pea, and the spicy pinks, which cluster Grandma's door around, Have given sweetest odors to the robe which you gowned.

Ah, June, thou art the queenliest month of all the year. But, alas! away art thou ebbing, much grieve we that thy end is near. And that thy noisy sister will soon be here,

Before we are aware of it, I fear.

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
3. Short and pointed articles will be given pasterence. He not use over \$250 words.
4. Original stanton on the contract of 4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 6. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. First and second prises of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CRILDREM'S DEPARTMENT,

By Frances Johnson, Aged 13 Years, 933 exclaimed: "Let's play circus!"

North Twenty-fifth Avenue, Omaha. Blue Side. one from 2-year-old Helen to dear and labeled, "Found in the dense African grandma was rejoicing, for on the next jungles, the most wonderful monkey in day they were all going out in the country existence."

to Aunt Mary's. HARLIE, Dan and Jack had got "Yes, let's pull for the shore right yonder But what seemed most remarkable and having been supplied with a newly painted hold of a big rewboat for the at that little curve," said Charlie. "There astonishing of all was that grandma, with bright red rattle. summer and anticipated many the bank is easy of access, while below it her abundance of dainty caps all ribboned. But the rattle didn't taste as good as it pleasant trips up and down the becomes too steep to climb. There're fine and frilled in layender and old lace sud- locked and Helen's screams of provocation anyway, was not feeling well when she river near to their home. The trees there, too, where we can find a place dealy declared she could not be seen in soon summoned Uncle John, who put an started, and when we were on the car boat belonged to an old gentle- for our campfires. I'll dress the fish while such a mussy, untrimly looking affair as end to the "circus" in his own private man who was only too glad to lend it to you boys gather driftwood for the fire, her old bonnet. So she resolved to im- way, of which Tommy isn't very fond of Monday morning she was able to go to put them in a new hive and they begin the boys, for he loved to see the youths en- and get the grub-box out and set the mediately go down to the milliner's and relating. obtain a new one. Of course Tommy, Helen

ful amusement and sport. The first day This plan was adopted and soon camp and Virginia must accompany her, as

about this way: The boys had been rowing them plenty of camp provisions and their However, the moment grandma was out she lived with, was out working. up and down the river most of the day, table, a big coarse towel spread on the of sight, the tots began walking about Many people would pity her, but Edna

was sandy and dry. An old, water-soaked

August fields."

As the boys had planned on being gone "One story round; then to bed-to boat,

rain. They intended sleeping in the boat, ashes and some damp logs so that they

making. I've got one of the blankets on ped themselves in their blankets and were

the bottom of the boat-over the straw we soon fast asleep, dreaming of perils on

so wisely put in-while the other two are the great ocean. The slow rocking of the

left for covering. Two of us will lie in boat was as a cradle and the three young

to the grand feast of picking off of the hats every tempting looking cherry and luscious bunch of grapes.

But their zenith of mischief was not yet reached. They began eating them with such a relish that the hungriest little street waif placed before a Thanksgiving dinner could not have displayed a more extraordinary appetite.

When grandma beheld the children eatdemand the cost of the fruits.

very first thing the children did was to was put. explore the large grounds. The first place Just before supper we were up looking

"Yes," was the enthusiastic reply.

Baby endured it for a short time only,

(Second Prize.)

The Dream Lady.

that their experience, of which I am which mingled deliciously with the smell on a chair, as quiet and contented looking Little Edna was a cripple. All day long she sat alone while Mrs. Grant, the lady

rousing his comrades, he explained the

down this river," cried Jack, seizing an

to sleep in our saug little cove!"

tance inland-not on the bank."

wonder and fear.

further down stream.

OBT.

bad, the beautiful Dream Lady would comand take her away to the land of dreams. There she would see her dear little baby sister, who died so many years ago. The dear mother, whom she could remember distinctly, was not there.

"O, dear Dream Lady!" Edna would cry. "Show me your face." But the sweet lady in gray always shook

her head. Once a beautiful lady came to the tenement where Edna lived. She was interested in the poor little girl and came again and again.

'I see no reason why we should not get should take place. The great doctors said

"Miss Barbara," said Edna, on the morning of her operation, "do not feel badly at what I am going to tell you. I have known all along that I shall never awaken from the sleep that the doctors will put me into. My beautiful Dream Lady promised me that she would show me her face and take me to live with Baby Alice."

And in spite of everything Edna kept saying these words. The operation took place in Miss Barbara's house. She at first had only thought Edna's words were merely those of a child, but in spite of herself she was impressed by them. A nurse entered the library, where Miss Barbara sat with bowed head. "She died of heart failure before she had fully regained consciousness, but her last words were; 'My beautiful Dream Lady-my mother.' "

> (Honorable Mention.) A Day of Adventure.

By Gall E. Howard, ex-Queen, Aged 14 Years, 4722 Capitol Avenue, Omaha. Blue Side. On the bright morning of June 5, 1909, the

graduating class of Saunders school set out for a picnic at Fairmount park, Council Bluffs. When we ran for a car at Formisfortune to lose her pocketbook, but

well, so when she had drank all she wanted in my body. I was really made quite iil a doll, after all. she did not know where to put the rest. ing the imported Paris dainties she was Oh! An idea! She would use her dress turned out well and the manager, a kind do. She poured it on her skirt! She then brothers and sisters work with me and brought from home. man, thought it too much of a joke to thought that she would take some water, some of them stay in the hive all day. After dinner the children went out boat-

they went was the barn. There in the hay- at the bear when one of the boys took an-Grandma's Mischievous Pets.

a weather-beaten suit which had clothed feed it to the bear. The owner of the cap and sleep a while as worms and then bethe boat, but she was very much fright-come little bees. Our house is called a ened. the boy held the cap just a little ways hive. It is a small place for so many from the bear. At first he pretended he bees but we have plenty of room. Another moment's adventure brought didn't see it and then all of a sudden he. In the evening we go to bed early and There was great commotion in the Harris back an old, discarded, rusty parrot's cage. gave a jump. That was all of that cap, sleep all night. We get up with the sun family, for vacation had come, and every In this Baby Helen was proudly placed and the owner of the cap had to go home and go to work early. We work all day hatless.

cause he didn't want anything left uneaten on his account. While he was climbing rip went something. He now has a pair

of pants down at the tailor's. Another girl, who is not very strong, park and when we were coming home we homes for themselves. gave all our yells. Two of them are:

Ripety, rapety, ripety, rine, Saunders, Saunders, nineteen, nine. Blue and white, blue and white, We're from Saunders, we're all right. Are we in it? Well, I guess, Saunders, Saunders, yes, yes, yes!

to and down the river most of the day, table, a big coarse towel spread on the stopping only occasionally to east their ground, soon looked very inviting, indeed. They soon became tired of this mode of the Dream Lady?

They soon became tired of this mode of the Dream Lady? A Busy Little Bee.

I am a little bee which flys among the

cidents of the previous day and evening, they could. But their voices made little and also the position of the boat. But noise when compared with the roar of the now he could not distinguish any land elements and the onrush of water. close at hand and the boat seemed drifting. But just as they were about to give down stream very rapidly and the water in despair, for all were losing strength, a was more turbulent than when they had cry from overhead caught their ears. Then, fear seized Dan, for he realized that the mer of a lantern.

was adrift on the river a short distance struggling against the wind.

above the first great milldam. And the The boys cried out their dilemma, falling on Dan's upturned face. Quickly much longer!" called out Dan. "Row about ten yards up stream." cried The next day it was rainy and the girls

situation to them. Then three young fel. out the voice above them. "There is a little had to stay in the tent all day. "Say, it's a regular hurricane blowing here is thirty feet or more deep." be the end of you, for the water along saying they had had a good time. The boys followed the instructions which

"Get to work, there, pals, or we'll came from some person on the bank above be carried over the dam. We can't be far from it, and the river is rough and swift. the water and on the steep and crumbling them, and after a hard struggle both on Gee, what a sudden change since we went bank, succeeded in reaching the level The three boys bent on their oars, got the farmer, who was out hunting along the ground above. There they found an old boat turned around against the current, bank for a strayed calf, fearing it had but work as they might with all their combined strength and determination, they And he told the boys that the high water gone over the bank into the river below. could not make any headway against the was due to heavy rains a short distance wind and water. But they did manage to "up river" and that the tributary streams At 11 o'clock you could see them three prevent their boat from being carried had poured their overflow into the river, up to the lake. Haroid jumped out, but the prevent their boat from being carried had poured their overflow into the river, up to the lake. Haroid jumped out, but causing it to swell to unusual proportions, waited until the rest came before he went teaches me a good lesson, and I will al-After two or more hours of this terrible And accompanying the rising waters was work, Jack, his face and hands dripping a furious wind and rain storm, and the with perspiration, called out above the boys had been the victims of it. They roar of the wind: "I see a light on the hurried to the farmer's house, a short left bank. Shall we try to pull for it? I distance away, where they were put into can't hold out much longer at this sort of dry beds to finish the hour or so that remained of the night. And, lying there, "But the bank all along there is like a talking over their exciting and dangerous high wall-absolutely insurmountable," cried experience. The boys bemoaned the loss Dan "Don't you remember how it looked of their old friend's boat and gave thanks yesterday from where we camped? I see for their own rescue at the hands of the the light, too, but I think it's a long dis- old farmer, but for whose timely appearance, they might have gone down stream "Well I'm in the same condition as Jack," and over the great dams with the fruil

declared Charlis. "I'm about done for, pals. boat. "Well, pals, we'll not weep over spilt We'll have to pull for shore-steep bank or no. We'll find some spot where we can milk," philosophized Dan. "We'll have to climb to the top. We'll have to let the go to work this summer and save our earnings till we have enough money to The three put renewed energy on their pay for the boat that through us was lost." oars and after what seemed a very long. And, in the first stages of tired slumber, time, they succeeded in reaching the bank fatigued Jack and Charile mumbled: "Sure, which rose in front of them perpendicularly, Kid."

Miss Ruth Doll's Lament

By Rolena Davis.



medical aid and see if you cannot be Dimple, is very thoughtless sometimes, but she ought to return love for love. helped. I have plenty of money and no She will throw me aside on the least. Well, a few days ago Dalsy Dimple's

tieth and Dodge streets one girl had the "UP YOU GO AND DOWN YOU COME." that didn't matter much because she was best frook and take you for a walk in the I make her uncomfortable. I'd just use treated to nearly everything she wished park." Well, this made me very happy, her as she now uses me, and make her by her friends. We got out there about 1 for I love nothing more than riding in my know how it feels to be an abused doll. o'clock and at 2 o'clock dinner was served. little wicker go-cart with Daisy Dimple But-I must stop talking, for there comes

AM just a doll, but a very by it. That evening, just before dinner, pretty one at that. I came to Dalsy Dimple came rushing to me and live in the house where I am without an apology for her treatment of now last Christmas eve. Since me that afternoon, hurriedly prepared me then my life has not been very for bed. There I lay, very miserable in happy. The cause of my un- mind and body. I love Dalsy Dimple very happiness is this: My little mistress, Dalsy dearly, for Santa Claus gave me to hea,

one to spend it on," said Miss Barbara. provocation and forget me for hours to- friends, Paul and Marie Thomas, came to So it was arranged that an operation gether. The other day she came into the call on Daisy Dimple. They were brought nursery and said to me: "My dear Ruth, to the nursery, and the first thing that there was every hope for her recovery. I am going to dress you up in your very Paul-the great rough-and-tumble boydid, was to grab me up and toss me about as though I was a ball. He tossed me to the ceiling and said: "Up you go and down you come!" And down I did come, too, right on the hard floor, cracking one of my ears and striking my elbow so hard that the funnybone tingled for half an hour. Dainy Dimple just laughed and laughed, crying out: "Oh, you rude Paul! You'll tumble my doll's hair and frock. Don't play so roughly." But not a word did she say about her doll's body, nor the hurts she sustained during rough Paul's play. Well, I had to grin and bear it, as people say when enduring hard luck.

Another time Daisy Dimple was thoughtless of me. She was having a party and she gave me to an ugly, stupid little girl to play with. The ugly, stupid little girl carried me about under her arm, my head down and my feet in the air. Occasionally she pulled at my hair to see whether it was real. Twice she pulled some out. And she got the sash I wore about my waist all smeared with ice cream, and then she threw me on a sofa in the parlor, where I lay the remainder of the day. Oh, I was so miserable! Why won't children play with dolls in a well-behaved manner? Sometimes I wish I might turn into Daisy Dimple, and she turn into me. Wouldn't

After dinner the prophecy was read by pushing it. So, Daisy began to undress Daisy Dimple, pushing in front of her my Miss Hazel Underhill and after that the me preparatory to putting my best frock wicker go-cart. Evidently she's going to history was read by Mr. Solon Alback, on me. She had got my dress and petti- take me to the park for an outing. Oh I Soon after dinner there were a few of the coat off when someone called up the stairs shall be so glad, for I do love to go out girls drinking pop when one girl tipped her to her, telling her that her Auntie May into the park. From the smile on Dalsy bottle too high and the result was the con- was at the door in her auto, and wanted Dimple's face I should judge she loves me tents of the bottle were spilled on her Daisy Dimple to go for a spin with her, very much, and it may be that she does skirt and waist. Later there were some On hearing this, Daisy Dimple just threw not wilfully neglect me. You know there boys and girls who were going up Lovers' me on a hard chair, I in my little short are so many, many children who do not Lane, when one girl fell and cut her hand, skirt and underwaist, and went off down think that dolls feel. Well, if Dalsy She did not know that her hand was cut the stairs as fast as she could, forgetting Dimple is of that opinion I suppose I must and neither did anyone else until they re- that I would have to lie there in that un- forgive her. But I do wish she'd learn comfortable position and suffer till she more about dolls. And now I must stop, About 7 o'clock we all sat down to enjoy should return to me. Well, one of the for here she is, getting out my best frock our last meal at that picnic. There was windows was open, and the cold breeze and hat. I am to go into the park in one girl who didn't like her lemonade very blew on me and almost froze the sawdust style, you see. Well, it isn't so bad being

gather bee bread.

while the drones lay around in the hive. One boy, who is quite an athlete, thought Some people do not like us because we he would take a stroll before supper be- sting them but we never sting unless disturbed.

In a few days we die and new ones come to work in our places. After a while there comes a new queen. Then the younger queen takes some of the bees and swarms. They settle on the branches of some tree coming home she got quite sick, but by and if the owner can catch them he will school. When we were going to Fairmount their work over again. Thus they make

A Fishing Party.

Saturday.

After supper the campers put things to "Nothing better than sitting round the Dan sat roll upright, rubbed his eyes and to a height of twelve or fifteen feet. They hats on. The girls got out several times honey for The Omaha Bea. along the way to pick flowers. When they first waking moment he recalled the in- rods, calling out, "Help!" as loudly as reached the river, the first thing they did was to get their dinner. Then they went out in a boat and fished.

When Dorothy and Margaret got tired of the water they found a shallow place in the river and got permission to wade, mother called again, but there was no angone to sleep on its bosom. A feeling of looking up, the boys beheld the faint glim. They were sitting on the bank with their feet hanging over, and paddling their had broken from its mooring and "Hello! Who's there?" called out a voice, hands in the water, when Dorothy caught something in her hand. She was astonished to find that it was a tiny fish. She night was windy and drops of rain were ging for assistance. "We can't hold out ran and showed it to the rest of the party and then put it back into the river

lows sat up in the boat, eyes wide with break in the bank up which you may climb. But it was bright all the rest of the But be cautious, for if you slip back it will week, and they went home Saturday, all

A Day at The Lake.

By Clarice Haggart, Aged 9 Years, St. Paul, Neb., Blue Side. It was a bright June day. Helen, Harold, Pauline and Mr. and Mrs. Smith were going out to camp by the lake. The children had made plans what to do. There was a boat in which they could row themselves. They all planned not to tip the mother said, "Your friends came for you boat over, and get wet.

down to the boat.

both vexed and amazed. At length all on about the same order as the Japanese flowers to get my food. Some of my and some tea and bread, which they had

lemand the cost of the fruits.

After she had drank all of the water she Then I have to help get honey for them.

Upon their arrival at Aunt Mary's the wanted the rest went where the lemonade and for the baby bees. I have to help less than ten minutes they were across.

They went back to the middle of the lake After she had drank all of the water she Then I have to help get honey for them, ing. The lake was not very wide, and in The bees are little eggs at first, then Helen, who was on the edge of the boat, but they returned a sharp corner and

home to get some dry clothes for Helen.

The Bee Hive.

By Jessie Schwingel, Aged 11 Years, 1024 East Avenue, Holdrege, Neb. Blue Side. There once was a very large bee, who lived in Omaha. His name was Omaha Bee. Being a very wise bee, he resolved to form a bee hive, only he thought he would have the young bees and teach them how to work, which was very kind of him. He was such a good bee that all the young bees wanted to join, and the old bees wanted them to join, because they all liked The Omaha Bee se much. The Omaha Bee then made some rules, which were very easy to follow, but some of the bees forgot to follow them. Then The Omaha Bee reminded them of the rules, By Helen Haggart, Aged II Years, St. Paul, and they willingly tried again, because The Omaha Bee was so nice over it. Every Dorothy and Margaret were going camp- three months the bees elected a new king ing down by the river with their mamma and queen. But, of course, there were and papa and their brothers and sisters, some drones who had to get to work or They were going Monday and coming back they could not stay in the hive, and sometimes the drones would steal the other They started out Monday morning look- bees' honey. Then they would have a trial ing like they intended to stay a month, before the king and queen. The Omaha Dorothy and Margaret sat among the pro- Bee named the hive the Busy Little Bees, visions in a big wagon, with big straw and the little bees were proud to gather

Helen's Lesson.

By Elizabeth Mines, Aged 10 Years, Mayne, Neb. Blue Side.

"Mary! Mary!" No answer. Mary's Mary was lying on the grass, under a When she heard her mother call,

she thought, "I am not going to come, because she only wants me to practice my music lesson or do the dishes." Mary went on reading. After a while she grew tired of reading

and went over to play with her playmate

When she came to Helen's home, Helen's mother said, "Why, Mary, I thought you had gone to the Sunday school picnic." Mary said, "I did not know it was today, and I did not know anything about it." Mary hurried home and her mother said, "Where have you been? Why didn't you come when I called?" Mary told her story.

After she finished she said, "Mamma, what did Helen's mother mean?" Mary's to go with them, but as you did not an-At Il o'clock you could see them drive swer, I told them to go on without you." Mary hung her head and said, "This ways come when you call." And Mary They had dinner at 1 o'clock, from flah kept her promise.

