HE Busy Bees have sent in some splendid stories this week and the editor is sorry that they may not all receive prizes. But if the little writers continue to send in such good stories they will certainly receive prizes. A number of letters have been received from the Busy Bees saying how much they enjoy stories written by certain Busy Bees who have been contributing to the children's page for some time, so, although these little writers may not receive prizes for all of their stories, the children who read these stories appreciate the work of the most interesting writers. Remember that practice makes perfect and it is usually the children who send in the greatest number of stories who receive the highest award for their work.

Prizes were awarded this week to Eunice Wright of Fremont on the Red side and to Myrtle Jensen, ex-Queen on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Frances Johnson, Queen Bee of the Blue side.

Special mention should also be made of the following excellent stories sent in this week: "More About the Green Worm," by Sadie Finch of the Blue side; "The Fairles in the Woods," by ex-King William Davis of the Red side; "The Mouse Wedding," by Mary McIntosh on the Blue side; "The Golden Rule," by Helen Henck on the Blue side; "Lillian's Lesson," by Phyllis Corbett on the Red side, and "The Magic Rock," by Helen Verrill on the Blue side.

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

Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb. Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb. Litian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb. Mabei Witt, Bennington, Neb. Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Agnes Damnie, Benson, Neb.
Marie Gaitagher, Benseiman, Neb. (box 12).
Ida May, Central City, Neb.
Vors Cheney, Gasteries Ida May, Central City, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb,
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
Rhea Freidell, Dorchester, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.
Marion Capps, Gibson, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Lydia Roth, 605 West Koenig street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Ella Voss, 607 West Charles street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street Island, Neb.
Elia Vosa, 407 West Charles street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 406 West Charles street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 222 East Ninth street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 222 East Ninth street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Nelison, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Elsie Hamilton, 2029 L. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Elsie Hamilton, 2029 L. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Irene Disher, 2030 L. street, Lincoln, Neb.
Charlotte Boggs, 227 South Fifteenth street,
Lincoln, Neb.
Helen Johnson, 334 South Seventeenth
street, Lincoln, Neb.
Eatelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Eatelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Elsie Harilton, Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Eatelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Eatelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Elsie Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
Ethel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia. Charlotte Boggs, 227 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb. Helen Johnson, 134 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb. Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb. Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. Milton, Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb. Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. Lucile Hasen, Norfolk, Neb. Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb. Leths Larkin, So. Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb. Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb. Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb. Orrin Fisher, 1219 S. Eleventh St., Omaha. Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha. Oscar Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha. Louise Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha. Milton, Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucile Hasen, Norfolk, Neb.
Lucile Hasen, Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Larkin, So. Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Orrin Fisher, 1210 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.
Orrin Fisher, 1210 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.
Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha.
Louise Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
Frances Johnson, 233 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Marguerite Johnson, 232 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Marguerite Johnson, 232 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Marguerite Johnson, 233 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Marguerite Johnson, 232 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.

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

Marguerite Johnson, 234 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.

Marguerite Johnson, 235 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.

Marie was most proficient. She was what

ing there was a lady who was herself only

what knowledge she had of art to Marie

One day while looking out over the great

blue ocean Marie wished she might try

her hand at painting a bit in water colors.

"I'll just give you my 'Artists' Material

Angeles. I am so glad you think of getting

colors for Marie. She sees the color every-

where and it hurts her to be obliged to

dealer in Los Angeles, and Mario's name

was signed to the order. And for two

days Marie lived in the skies of hope,

waiting patiently for the colors to come

third day, the box of water colors and

brushes, and a pad of water-color paper,

Marie declined to est any luncheon that

day, and with colors and pad in hand,

burried down to the seashore. Ah. now

drawing. The sea and sky would look

So intent on her work was Marie that

she did not observe several ladies and

gentlemen approaching the spot where she

sat in the shadow of some huge rocks.

She did not know of their presence till

one of the ladies spoke: "What are you

Then Marie looked up and beheld the

"It's my first attempt with colors," she

explained. Then she held up for inspec-

tion the quick sketch she had made. It

was so true in color and drawing that the

party of ladies and gentlemen were aston-

tional inlent," declared one of the gentle-

work. Marie, stated at their encourage-

ished to hear it was Marie's first color

"Why, the little girl has excep-

Then all fell to praising Marie's

mus would get the desired effect in

from her paper as it looked in nature.

painting, little girl?"

strangers grouped about her.

arrived by express to Miss Mario Adams.

her. At last, on the morning of the

where they might be procured.

amateur, but who gladly imparted

in that line.

her mother called a "born artist." And to me?"

anyone looking over Marie's folio of draw- Marie was never so surprised in her life.

ings would agree with her teacher and Sell one of her poor efforts. Why, it

parents that the child was unusually gifted seemed absurd. But the gentleman had

where the best training was to be had, yellow sandy shore, and above was a

a box of water colors. And mother like, and gentlemen praising her fittle daugh-

Mrs. Adams called upon the drawing ter's work was most encouraging. She of-

Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha.
Jack Coad, 3718 Farnam street, Omaha.
Lillian Wirt, 4158 Cass street, Omaha.
Lillian Wirt, 4158 Cass street, Omaha.
Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
Myrtie Jensen, 2008 Izard street, Omaha.
Myrtie Jensen, 2008 Izard street, Omaha.
Gall Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Helen Houck, 1625 Lothrop street, Omaha.
Emerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas, Omaha.
Matrice Johnson, 1027 Locust, 8t., Omaha.
Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth, Omana.
Gretchen Eastman, 136 South Thirtyeighth street, Omaha.
Pauline Coad, 3718 Farnam street, Omaha.
Wilma Howard, 4723 Capitol avenue, Omaha. Wilma Howard, 4723 Capitol avenus, Omaha. Hilah Pisher, 1210 South Eleventh, Omaha. Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth, Omaha. Edna Heden, 2789 Chicago street, Omaha. Shelfelt, 4914 North Twenty-little old King Winter.

Charles street, Grand
Walter Johnson, 2405 North Twentieth
West Eighth street, Omaha.
West Eighth street, Omaha.
Emma Carruthers, 2211 North Twenty-fifth birds, of course, will be gone to the south, aroused her mother and was off to give be here. They can give King Winter our heartiest congratulations and greetings. I the ranchmen had been careless and no think it will be best to sing a song in his guard had been stationed there for weeks. honor. I will now sit down to my desk In a few minutes it was guarded and people and write It."

company, Attica, Ind.
Aleda Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
William Davis, 221 West Third street,
North Platte, Neb. Emile Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha. Helen Goodrich, 4019 Nicholas St., Omaha. Mary Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha. Eva Hendee, 4402 Dodge street, Omaha.

this is the song the fairles sang to him. I cannot write the music here, so I will just write the words to it:

picked up a drawing of the lonely ocean,

Marie's hands for her sketches. You can 'did to think about?"

paint great pictures."

outfit of water colors might cost and they refused to accept them as 'gifts and down her cheeks,

We give you our heartiest greetings, And hope you will stay a long time; In your honor the canary wrote this music, And the owl has written this rhyme. Marie, the Little Artist We give you their congratulations-

can sing it."

beautifully.

They wished they could see you, too, But they couldn't; and instead, dear Win-AND MRs. ADAMS had ment, showed a pile of drawings she had always been very proud of their made in pencil and which she intended They send this song to you. one child, Marie. She was an coloring. "Why, the child is a real arexceptionally bright little girl, tist," declared the gentleman who had And, to the fairies' delight, old King Winter answered them with a song, too:

**RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS** 

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.

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

4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con ributions to this page each week address all communications to

dress all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

(First Prize.)

King Winter

By Eunice Wright, Aged II Years, 532 North L gan Street, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

They were planning how they would greet

The fairles all set to work to make

The fairles could work and be visible,

as there were no human beings allowed in

"Now I am through," said the owl, as

soon as he had finished his poetry. And

the canary bird answered: "Yes, I am through, too; let's see how well the fairies

So the fairles set to work and sang it

Then the birds all bade the fairles fare-

well and left for the south, not to return

So the next day King Winter came, and

until the summer suns called them back

but the fairies and the animals will still the alarm.

midst of the largest forest in fairyland.

best singer in fairyland.

thick, warm blanket of snow,

2. Use pen and ink, not pencil

trouble.

All the birds, animals and fairles were her heart had been in her mouth, for if the

So the owl wrote the words to the song When the Indians arrived, they found

and chose the canary bird to write the the white men fully prepared to fight. See-

music to it, as he was supposed to be the ing this they waved the pipe of peace and

departed.

ga hered about a tail old elm tree in the red men saw her, her life would surely pay

attack Goldville tonight."

P--- that very night.

soon had all their plans.

were rushing inside.

"Nonsense, child, Yellow Wolf won't

and rode to the spring. There she left her

The Indians were still there! Yes, they

All the while she had been watching them,

Now her main object was to get back to

her horse. "If --- But she would not

I need hardly add that Ferris became the

(Honorable Mention.)

Parade

glorious night parade, but for those who

When the imposing grandeur of the pa-

rade was approaching it was announced by

was succeeded by the title float, "The

down the beautifully lighted streets.

gemmed it.

mood at times.

tracted much attention.

the penalty or she would be a prisoner.

always standing at the head of spoken. "One sees poorer stuff than this Thank you, thank you, dear fairles; I wish the birds could stay, too, her class in school, and calling exhibited at the galleries at home, and But you were anxious to have me come, lighest braise from her drawing from the hards of artists too. Say, little So I send this to you. form the highest praise from her drawing from the hands of artists, too. Say, little maid, will you sell one of those drawings So saying old Winter sent the north wind

> (Second Prise.) A Girl Heroine

But Marie's parents were too poor to blue and peaceful, with one long, white. By Myrtie Jensen, exqueen. Aged 12 Years, give her the advantage of study in a city capped wave attentions across it near the 2509 Izard Street, Omaha. Blue Side. give her the advantage of study in a city capped wave stretching across it near the Their home was in a small town on the gray-blue sky without a speck of cloud to west. She lived in a small settlement on did for once forget his mischief." Indeed, and Beetles came down. The Bees began Pacific coast and the one teacher of draw- mar its serenity. "Here's a masterful comthe wide prairies where her father owned a great ranch. She was just in keeping the boys and girls of the King's Highway water in nutshells. All at once the lights position," he said, holding the sketch up to his companions for inspection. "I want had as kind and gentle a disposition as any person to be found.

It comes from a hand that will some day She was just going to a spring some three miles distant to get a fresh supply of water. Marie could not sell one of her sketches She jumped into the saddle on her long The tint of sea and sky appealed to her without first consulting her mother, so she maned pony and in a moment was gaiartistic eye and she could not satisfy her- invited the strangers, who proved to be loping away. "Such a picture!" thought self with charcoal or crayes on white tourists from an eastern city, to accom- her mother, glancing through the window that our very heart's best with rapture, "It seems like leaving out the pany her to her home. After she had ex- and indeed she was, with her wealth of but no sooner had that fairy spectacle disout of the picture to leave out the color," plained to her mother the object-of the golden-brown hair streaming over her appeared than we beheld, in glory and re-Maris said to herself. When she went strangers' call the joy and surprise of the shoulders and her broad-brimmed hat nown, H. M., King Ak-Sar-Ben XV, arhome with her sketches that afternoon good parent was most touching. To have drooping far over her forehead-

riving amid enthusiastic shouts of "Long she told her mother of her longing for such able critics as these cultured ladies. Ferris was soon back again. Just as she live the king." Aye! Long may be live, tourists' season has just opened I have the

Then Shakespeare's alluring "Midsum-

mer's Night Dream" was so entrancing

Marie and her mother sat down to count coive for them I will soon be able to go "Frisco to study," over the money that they had put into to 'Frisco to study. Oh, isn't that splen- And it happened that Marie's fundent hopes were realised the very next year, confine herself to black and white. I well imagine how happy they were when tes, daring, agreed the money she received for her will gladly assist her all that I can with they counted over \$35. Oh, what a for- I think you will have better success selling frayed by the money she received for her will gladly assist her all that I can with they counted over \$35. Oh, what a for- I think you will have better success selling frayed by the money she received for her was your work on the coast—as you did today, pictures sold to tourists who bought from That very evening an order for water in the wildest of spirits and her good for many will buy just because the her on the beach, often giving the order

teacher to inquire what the price of an fered to give sketches to the callers, but tist's first success that tears of joy ran and hopeful an artist. And now that the ended by buying half a dozen of Marie's "Mamma, I shall paint and paint, and greatest hopes that you will not only make best drawings and one water color sketch after this I shall put my pictures on ex-rapid advancement in your art, but will Catalogue," said drawing teacher. "You of the ocean. And, after they were gone, hibition some place in town and sell them sell enough of it to enable you to do the will see by it that you can procure the of the ocean. And, after they were gone, mortion some place it that you can procure the carrying away the little artist's work, to tourists, and with the money I re-

reigning the monarch of Quivers, and the proud boast of his loyal subjects.

The Magic Rock

By Helen Verrill, Aged 13 Years, The Strehlow (No. 19), Omaha. Blue Side. One day when Ellen was out walking on the seashore she came to a very large rock that had a handle. She was so surprised to see a rock with a handle that she sat down to think about it.

When suddenly she got up and tried to ift the rock it opened its surface and she saw a pair of stairs. She went down and there was a door. She opened it and there stood a sea fairy dressed in a gown of beautiful ong. green seaweed, hung with pearls and bright colored shells. Around her neck she had a coral necklace. Her entered the cabin she heard father say, "I head was crowned with beautiful pink, intend to go to P-- tonight and will stay green, yellow, blue, red and violet sea about a week to help settle this mail anemones. The fairy took Eilen's hand and led her to the door and said, "You shall "Oh, father," exclaimed Ferris, "Please" see my palace under the sea and all the don't go tonight. When I was at the spring wonderful things in it." Then they walked I came unobserved by Chief Yellow Wolf through a beautiful park. There were sea and his warriors whe were holding a conhorses and sea lions, mermaids, sharks, sultation. They seemed to be planning to whales and many kinds of beautiful fish, such as gold fish, sliver fish and blue fish.

They walked on and finally came to the come on us in a time like this," answered fairy's palace, made of white marble, with am I?" Just then two children ran by, and her father, and to show that he did not in diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds set in the marble. There were summer the least think so, Mr. Harding went to walked through the gardens, where many Ferris could not fall asleep. Suddenly she sea howers grew, and there were four went softly out of doors, untied her horse fountains made of marble set with many precious stones. The water went twenty horse and crept slowly over to the rocks. fest in the air. It was colored just like the were planning to attack the town. Ferris rainbow by some magic art.

We will have to leave Ellen in the garden with the fairy until next week.

Lillian's Lesson

By Phyllis Corbett, Aged 13 Years, Sidney, Lillian Martin was a child 12 years of age. She was a good, sensible little girl, but her one fault was her fondness for reading. She would sit all day, and all night, too, if her parents would let her, with a book in her hand. The settlement contained a rude fort, but

One morning she was sitting as usual before the library fire with a new book in may still be seen. her hands. She was in the most interesting part of the story when she heard her mother calling, "Lillian, have you practiced your music lesson yet?"

'No, mother, I haven't," answered

"Well, you must put your book away and

practice for an hour," said her mother. things pleasant for King Winter; such as heroine of the village for many a month "Oh, dear! my scales are so hard and, taking the leaves off the trees for him, afterwards. What might have happened if anyhow, I'd rather not; I'd rather read,' for King Winter, being very kind, had she had not been on the watch? The people said Lillian. always thought it wrong to have to freeze shudder when they think of it, but are

Mrs. Martin said no more and Lillian read off the delicate little leaves that Mother thankful when they remember how Ferris on and on until dinner time. After dinner she settled herself for an-

Nature had made. Whenever he came he prevented the dreadful plans of the Inalways covered them over with a very dians from being carried out in real life. other hour's reading, when the doorbell rang. It was Lillian's Sunday school class, who were going on a picnic. "Why, of course I can go," said Lillian, as she ran Impressions of the Grand Float to get her hat.

"But you cannot go," put in her mother, "You haven't practiced yet today and you

By Frances Johnson, Queen Bee. Aged 14 Years. 933 North Twenty-fifth Avenue, Omaha. Blue Side. remember papa said you could not go anywhere unless you practiced." "But I can practice when I come home," It seems but a few short hours ago when pleaded Lillian. King Ak-Sar-Ben XV arrived in the royal city, accompanied by all his royal attend-

"I'm afraid you can't go this time, Lillian, and it will be, a lesson for you to remember, that you must not shirk duty for pleasure," said her mother.

ants and in all his pagentry, but in reality it has been days. Perhaps more than a few out-of-town Busy Bees had the pleasof King Ak-Sar-Ben's visit, namely, the put duty before pleasure.

The Fairies in the Woods

didn't get to enjoy the delightful opportunity of being present at this Gate City
pride, I am going to give them a brief deStreet, North Platte, Neb. Red Side.

The Fairles in the woods
By Milliam Davis, Ex-King, 221 West Third By Adelaide Howes, Aged 14 Years,
Pride, I am going to give them a brief deStreet, North Platte, Neb. Red Side.

Neb. Red Side. scription of what one little Busy Bee saw The fairles were to have a party in the in the grand spectacle as it moved proudly woods. Queen Lily was writing the invi-

tations. This was the guest list: King Beetle, King Bee, Miss Rose, Mas Volet a bright red light which illuminated the a bright red light which illuminated the J nny Wren, whole street. Then a band seemed to ap-Mr. Lurk, pear out of this red illumination. This Mrs Lily, Mr. Grasshopper. Mr. Crickes, Mr. Robin Redbreast,

"There!" she said as she finished. At Drama." On each side was inscribed, "The last the night for the party arrived. There world's a stage," while on either side elec- on the throne was the queen of fairles. and a hower of snow down upon the leaves tric lights of red, green and yellow King Beetle came and received shouts of joy. Next King Bee and his wife. Then Alice in Wonderland, accompanied by Jenny Wren and Robin Redbreast, and so the March Hare and her usual companions, on till the grasshopper. He was dressed also impressed the young people, while loud in bright green and also received praisa. shouts and exclamations filled the air when They played games for awhile and then the Buster Brown appeared. One little girl in- queen said: "We will eat." They came Ferris Harding was a girl of the golden telligently remarked that "Buster certainly to a table and all sat down. Then the Bees he positively tried earnestly to convince to pass honey around. The Beetles passed that he could also appear in good, sensible went out, so they all went home.

> "The Isle of Spice," Prince of India." More About the Green Worm And this was the letter: "King of Zulu," and "The Mikado" at- By Sadie B. Finch, Aged II Years, Twenty- "Dear God: The baby first Street, Avenue 4, Kearney, Neb. Blue Side.

Little Green Worm, wrapped in his pretty

white blanket, slept and dreamed through all the long, cold winter days and nights. Old North Wind saw him and said, "Now, I'll have some fun with that little fellow. I'll shake little Green Worm out of his cosy house." So he laughed and laughed. He By Eleanor Melior, ex-queen Bee. Aged 14 shock the tree and tossed the thry house Years. Malvern, Ia. Blue Side. shook the tree and tossed the tiny house about, but it did not frighten the little Green Worm. It did not loosen the threads of silk that were so carefully fastened to the twig. Then a dismal fellow, called Cold Rain, came out of a dark cloud, and brought his daughters, Sleet and Haff, with him. They beat on the little house and tried to pull it to pieces, but it was very strong and they could not hurt it. One night, when the wind and the rain were sleeping, and the stars shope very brightly in the sky, Giant Cold came from his home near the North Pole. He drove strong, white horses, that came very swiftly. Now poor little Green Worm will surely die! Nothing can resist Giant Cold-the flowers wither and div, leaves curl up, brooks grow which road to take a lady from the level more "mothery" things and they came out, still, and the birds fly away when they and shady road came up to Judy and told hear him coming. But the little Green him that down in Pleasantville everybody for Marion. . Worm is safe and happy in his house. He was happy and didn't have to work. had one friend. Miss White Snow, who While this lady was talking another lady spread a downy cover all over him, and from the hilly and sandy road came up to promised to keep him safely. At last the Judy and told him that down in Laborville By Clara Hensilk, Aged 12 Years, Woon-socket, S. D. Red Side. sun grew warm and the birds and blossoms everybody was healthy and worked for called that it was time to wake up. The what they got and that everybody was violets whispered, "It is May!" The birds strong and very kind and mannerly. whistled, "Lazy Fellow, Wake Up; Wake The lady asked Judy what his name Up." Green Worm could sleep no longer, was and Judy said, "Jud White, but they so he opened the door to his house and call me Judy because I am poor." came out of it. Something very strange "My name is Labor and if you go this had happened. He did not feel like him- road down to Laborville nobody will call self. Instead of five pairs of short legs you Judy," said the lady from Laborville. he had three pairs of long, slender ones. How sweet everything was that lovely the other lady. May morning. Something whispered to him, "You have wings! You can fly." Sure enough: Oh, how happy was Green Worm! He fluttered down into the garden, lighting on one flower after another. They all nodded and seemed glad to see him. He wondered why he was not hungry, for he remembered he used to be always hun- choose? gry. Then he noticed that his strong jaws, that could bite so well and so fast, had disappeared, and a long, thread-like tube, prettily coiled, had taken their place. A

NEW QUEEN'S LETTER.

Dear Little Busy Bee Voters: I wish to most heartly thank each and every one who helped to elect me queen of the Blue Side for the next three months. It was indeed a surprise to me, as I had most enthusiastically east my vote for Ruth Ashby, and had even asked three certain Busy Bee writers to vote for her, also. At present my music and school lessons occupy much of my time, but I shall contribute as much as possible. Hoping that the future three months will be as interesting and just as successful as the last three months, and that the Red Side, under their new king, will work earnestly for the laurels, thus making a close contest, I remain your faithful Busy Bee,

FRANCES V. O. JOHNSON. 923 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha Aged 14.

beautiful wings and exclaimed, "Why, I'm not green, and I'm not a worm! one cried, "Oh, do see that lovely butterfly!" "No," said the other, "that's a moth! houses of pink and white coral. They Isn't he a beauty?" They tried to catch him, but Mr. Moth flew into the apple tree, and sucked a little dew and honey from the pink blossems. "This is grand! What a miserable fellow I used to be, crawling on the ground and eating such coarse food. How Gay Marigold laughed at me when I tried to climb the tree. Where is he? I must find him and tell him it is my turn to laugh." Marigold could not be found; he had died when Glant Cold came. Day after day Mr. Moth fluttered about, and though very happy, he grew tired and weak. He no longer cared for honey and dew. His work was done, and it was time to go. So, one day Mr. Moth ceased to breathe, and the children found him lying in a bed of violets and brought him in for their cabinet, where he

The Quarrel

By Mabel Stafford, Aged 18 Years, North Platte, Neb. Red Side. There were once two girls, Helen and Hazel, who were playmates. Helen's mother called her for supper and she went in the house and left Hazel standing at the door outside. Then Hazel went home and told her mother, who got up a party for Hazel and invited twelve girls to come to her party, but she did not invite Helen to come to the party.

That very day Helen went over to ask Hazel to come over and play. Hazel went parlor but the minister and his wife and to the door to see who was there. She soon they made their appearance. saw Helen, who said: "Won't you come and Helen said: "Why not?" Hazel said: Mouse any more for she was Mrs. Gray. "I have a party and all my girl friends with you the other evening?" Helen said: the table they were well filled. "I did not think of it." and Hazel replied: The guests stayed another hour and chat-"Neither did I think of it to invite you to ted and then went home saying they had my party. So do unto others as you wish never enjoyed themselves more. them to do unto you." Then Hazel want Lillian was very disappointed, but she in the house and Helen went home. Neither ant privilege of witnessing the great event made the resolution that she would always one of the girls spoke to each other after that day.

Flo's Letter

There was a little girl named Flo, who had been the only child for eight years, when a little baby brother came to visit her home. She wanted it brought to the me." "But why hasn't he any teeth grandma?" asked Flo in great surprise, "Oh my, but isn't it funny, no teeth, but nose and eyes," after thinking gravely, "they must have forgotten. Can't we buy him some like grandpa? I would like to know why not." That afternoon to the corner with paper, pen and ink went Flo, saying: my think. I am writing a letter, grandma, to send away tonight, and because its very important, I want to get it right."

to see directed to God in Heaven. "Please

"Dear God: The baby you brought us was awfully sweet, but because you forgot his toothles the poor little thing can't eat; that's why I am writing this letter. By Helen Hauck, Aged 18 Years, 1625 Loth-to let you know to come and finish the rop Street. Omaha. Blue Side. baby. That's all. From Little Flo."

The Two Roads

Judy White, as he was called was sent on an errand by his stepmother, who was very cross. Although Judy was tired and this remark. Stifling a sigh she put down hungry he couldn't say that he was 100 her dolls and ran upstairs for Fred's tired.

He trudged along the hot and dusty road. The next morning as they were preparing where two roads met. Each went in dif- to go to school Marion asked Fred to hand ferent directions. One road was very hilly, her a book she could not reach. Fred, withand sandy and there were no trees to keep out turning, said, "Oh, don't bother methe sun from beating down on him if he I'm in a hurry." Then he slammed the wanted to rest. At the end of this was the door and went out. Marion had to drag a town of Laborville.

The other road was level and wound then run to school. around through groves and woods. At the Their mother had noticed these two inend of this road was the town of Pleas- stances and that night she called Fred antville.

"And what is your name," said Judy to

"My name is Pleasure." Both ladies then departed and left Judy

He now knew which to take, the road to Laborville, because he wanted to be strong and manly. Labor is the road to health and good luck, while pleasure is the road to wealth and idleness. Which will you

The Doll

pan of water stood in the garden, which Once there was a little girl who was mind his mamma and papa. But he never he used for a mirror. There he saw his playing by the house with a doll and a big would go near the river again.

dog came in the yard, and this It got scared and ran out of the yard ran a little ways off and then she go When she was young she was to that when she got lost she must gi the policeman and tell him her name where she lived. But when the time rea came she was afraid of him she did now

notice his club before and was afraid. She began to cry. Just then a woman spoke to her kindly. The little girl said she was lost and a big dog ate her dolly up, that now she wouldn't have any. The lady said she would give her one to keep. So she gave her a package and the little girl nearly fell with its weight. Just then she saw her papa and they went home. When they got home her mother cried for joy over her lost child. When they opened the package there laid a beautiful large doll.

The Mouse Wedding By Mary McIntosh, Aged 10 Years, Sidney,

Neb. Blue Side. Down in Ball's cellar there was a great scurrying, for was there not to be a great wedding? It was to take place in a large corner on one of the shalves. Mr. and Mrs. Mouse and their daughter and son, Bells and Fred lived in this corner, Belle was the bride, while a very courtly little mouse by the name of Mr. Gray was the groom. The morning before the day set for the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Mouse were up very early and set out to find food for the wedding.

Soon after they left Belle and Fred awoke and at once commenced to decorate the rooms. This house only had four rooms, but it took quite awhile in getting it decorated to their taste.

Fred fixed an altar in the parlor, while Belle daintily decorated the dining room. When Mr. and Mrs. Mouse came home at noon they were well stored and announced that they had nearly enough to make a grand feast.

"There's only one thing more that would make it nice," said Mrs. Mouse, "and that is to get some ice for I found several bits. of peach this morning and I think I will try my luck on some peach sherbet if I only had the ice."

"I'll try and find you some, mother." spoke up Fred.

"All right, my son," answered Mrs. Mouse, "after dinner you may start out to try your luck." They ate dinner in the kitchen today for they did not want to spoil the looks of the dining room. Fred set out and had very good luck

that afternoon for he found enough toe to make some fine sherbet. The next day at 2 o'clock the guests began to arrive. All were scated in the

The ceremony passed off very nicely, over and play?" Hazel said: "No, I can't," indeed, and then Belle was not Belle Soon they adjourned to the dining room are here." Helen said: "Why didn't you where a large block of wood neatly covered invite me to your party?" and Hazel said: with a white cloth served as the table. "Why didn't you invite me to eat supper They had a fine feast and when they left

Not Invited.

By Helen Stowitta, Aged II Years, Sidney, Neb. Red Side. One day a little girl named Dorothy was

to have a party and invite every little child she knew. It was to be a birthday party. The day came, and every child was dressed in her best. All but one little beggar, who was sitting on the sidewalk, and Dorothy called her in and asked her what her name was, when she said, "Nancy table so that he might eat and grow. "He Ferris." "Come with me, dear," said Doro must wait for a while," said grandma in thy. Mrs. Dainty had some clothing and answer to her plea, "for the little fellow gave it to her-a little white dress, pink has no teeth and can't eat like you and hair ribbons, new shoes and stockings. "Now you may go with Dorothy and make yourself at home.

After the games were played the lunch was served. Nancy's eyes were as big as saucers as she looked at the big turkey with steaming hot gravy and many other good things. The next coarse served was cake, sherbet and ice eream. "If you wish, "Oh, don't talk to me or else you will stop dear, you may stay all night." "Oh, mother will beat me if I don't sell my matches." "Oh, I will give you some money! And anyway, I want you to stay At last it was finished, a wonderful thing here and be my little Dorothy's friend, Your mother may work for me for \$29 a read it over to me," said little Flo to her month." From that time on Nancy and grandma, "to see if its right, you know," Dorothy were good playmates and Nancy did not have to sell any more matches, and had a very happy life.

The Golden Rule

"Say, Sis, will you do me a favor?" So spoke a nice-looking boy about 15 years of

age. His small sister, Marion, was about five years his junior and she almost idolized Fred, as he was named. Just now Marion had just gotten comfortably settled when Fred burst in with

watch.

chair so she could reach the book and

into a room and asked him if he remem-While Judy was standing there deciding bered the Golden Rule. Then adding a few Fred never again refused to do anything

A True Story

Once my uncle told me the following

story: Once there was a little boy whose name was Willet. He was the only son and was 5 years old. His parents tried to make him obey, but he would not always do so. One Sunday his mamma washed and dressed him in his new shoes and Sunday suit. Then she said to Willet, as she gave him a good-bye kiss, "Come right home from Sunday school. Do not stop on the way to look at anything, for you will make mamma very uneasy."

Willet said he would not, but when he was going home he forgot and was looking at some fishermen draw in a large fish, As he was leaning over to see, his feet slipped and he fell in the water. Some the fishermen went out quickly in a box and drew him in. He was ill for many days and all through his fever cried that he was

By Annie Hensilk, Woonsocket, S. D. After he was well he thanked God for Aged 16 Years. Blue Side. saving his life. And after that he tried to saving his life. And after that he tried to

