EVERAL children have written the editor inquiring how they may join the Busy Bees. Any child under 15 years of age may write for the Children's page. They may write stories on any subject they choose and send them to the Children's page of The Omaha Bee. The little writers may write for either the Red side or the Blue side, whichever they prefer. Helen Verrill is queen of the Blue side and Milton Rogers is king of (Appropriate for the last day of school entertainment.) the Red side. Each side tries to have its writers win the most prizes.

The illustrated rebus, "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe, she had so many children she did not know what to do," which was on the Children's page May 1, was answered correctly by a number of the children, including C. Arild Olsen of Omaha, Nora Livingston of Plattsmouth and William Polack of Omaha.

Prizes were awarded this week to Clarence Siekkotter of Gretna, Neb., on the Red side, and to Elsa McFarland of Omaha, also on the Red side. Honorable mention was given to Fred Sorry of Wyoming, ex-king of the Red side.

Some changes of address have been made this week in the Postal Card exchange, several of the Busy Bees having moved recently. Any of the Busy and stretches his arms as if tired of Hees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard exchange, study.) which now includes:

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

Jean De Long, Answorth, Neb. Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb. Lillian Mervin, Beaver City, Neb. Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb. Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Agnes Dampke, Benson, Neb.
Marie Galiagher, Benkeiman, Neb. (Boz 12).
Ida May, Central City, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Louis Hain, David City, Neb.
Rhea Freidell, Doronester, Neb.
Aleda Bennett, Eigin, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Marion Capps, Gibson, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Anna Voss, 67 West Charles Street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Ella Voss, 407 West Koenig street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 406 West Charles street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Fauline Schuite, Deadwood, S. D.
Marza, Muznhy

Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schulte, Deadwood, S. D.
Martha Murphy, 923 East Ninth street,
Grand Island, Neb.
Bugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Bugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Bush Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Muth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C St. Lincoln, Neb.
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Lisie Hamilton, 2029 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
Islaie Hamilton, 2029 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
Irene Dinher, 2020 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hughle Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Charlotte Hoggs, 727 South Fifteenth street, Hughle Disher, 2039 L. street, Lincoln, Neb. Charlotte Boggs, 227 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.

Mildred Jensen, 706 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
Helen Johnson, 334 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Aithea Myers, 224 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln, Neb. Lincoln, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Milton Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Larkin, So. Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madi-

Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madi-son avenue, Norfolk, Neb. Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb. William Davis, 221 West Third street, North Platte, Neb. Louise Raabe, 269 North Nineteenth ave-nue, t maha. Frances Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha. Marguerite Johnson, 933 North Twenty-

fifth avenue, Omaha.
Emile Brown, 2522 Boulevard, Omaha.
Helen Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas St., Omaha.
Mary Brown, 2323 Boulevard, Omaha.
Eva Hendee, 4402 Louge street, Omaha.
Lillian Wirt, 416 Cass street, Omaha.
Lewis Poff, 5115 Franklin street, Omaha.
Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha.
Bassett Ruf, 1814 Binney street, Omaha.
Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
Helen F. Douglas, 1981 G Street, Lincoln.

mother was absent from the cave.

all ding of which I write you would have thought step.

garis away you must stay close indoors, or

Babe sat pouting and bemoaning the fact

is that the sun was warm and bright and

the wind blowing freshly over the moun-

tain side, while he, poor little cub, sat in

the dark, cold cave, awaiting his mother's

possible danger in his doing that. All he

wanted was a touch of a sunbeam and a

breath of the breeze he coveted so much.

So he got both; and then the desire for

"I'll go into the yard-where the sun

pours down so warmly," he said, "And

I'll stay close to the cave door. There can

be no harm in my getting outside a few

So, into the yard he went and pretty soon

he was tumbling about in the warm sun-

shine, playing ball with a round stone he

After a while Babe decided to go to the

and cave door and look out. There could be no

And with this warning still in his ears,

some evil might befall you."

more took possession of him.

that is not very naughty."

" return.

Ada Morris, 324 Franklin street, Omaha.
Myrtle Jensen, 2909 Izard street, Omaha.
Orrin Flaher, 1210 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.
Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha.
Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha.
Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Helen Houck, 1628 Lothrop street, Omaha.
Emerson Goodrick, 6019 Nicholas, Omaha.
Maurice Johnson, 1027 Locust St., Omaha.
Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth, Omaha.
Wilma Howard, 4722 Cipitol avenue, Omaha.
Hilah Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh, Omaha.
Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth, Omaha.
Adiabel Sheifelt, 2914 North Twenty-fifth alabel Sheifelt, 4914 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. Walter Johnson, 2406 North Twentieth atreet, Omaha. Smma Carruthers, 2211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. street, Omaha.
Leonora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and
Facific streets, Omaha.
Mae Hammond, O'Nelli, Neb.
Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb.

Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb. Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb. Lotta Woods, Pawnes City, Neb. Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.

Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.

Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.

Lena Peterson, 2211 Locust St., E. Omaha.

Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Nebraska.

Chara Milier, Utica, Neb.

Mildred F. Jones, North Long, Neb.

Mildred F. Jones, North Long, Neb.

Mae Grunke, Waco, Neb.

Leo Beckord, Waro, Neb.

Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.

Elsie Stasny, Wilber, Neb.

Frederick Ware, Winside, Neb.

Pauline Parks, York, Neb.

Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.

Irene Reynolds, Little Sloux, Ia.

Ethel Mulholiand, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.

Ethel Mulholiand, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.

Katherine Mellor, Malvern, Ia.

Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.

Midred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.

Margaret B. Witherow, Thurman, Ia.

Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 3, Box 25, Missouri Valley, Ia.

Henry L. Workinger, 2062 W. Huron Street,

souri Valley, Ia.

Henry L. Workinger, 2062 W. Huron Street,
Chicago.
Adlena Sorry, Monarch, Wyo. Box St.
Fred Sorry, Monarch, Wyo.
Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
Pauline Squire, Grand, Okl.
Fred Shelley, 250 Troup street, Kansas
City, Mo.
Mary McIntosh, Sidney, Neb.

on, 933 North Twenty-fifth Eunice Wright, 532 North Logan street, pson, 933 North Treast Control of the Control Carol Simpson, Wilber, Neb.
Phyllis Haag, 632 West Seventeenth street,
York, Neb. York, Neb. Macile Moore, Silver City, Ia. Mabel Houston, 3018 Sherman avenue,

Omaha. Dorothy Telleson, 4346 North Thirty-eighth borothy Teleson, 456 North Intry-eighth atreet, Omaha. Mabel Baker, Lander, Wyo. Corinne Allison Robertson, Wilber, Neb. Elizabeth Wright, 1322 South Thirty-fifth avenue, Omaha.

Bear Story of Babe the Runaway

By Maud Walker,

salaim very cunning. His body was as round The great tall man who had frightened

hair as soft as silk. His eyes sparkled with a gun over his shoulder. He tried re-

ABE sat in the cave, all alone, tainside, making a loud noise. "Ha, ha,

His mother had gone out to get ha.." he cried, gaily, tossing the ball

some food for him, and he was about. Just as he was thinking it time to

impatiently awaiting her re- return to the cave, a soft footfall was

#### That Chink; A Dialogue for Boys

(Scene in a boy's den. A boy sitting reading beside a table. Books and papers scattered about carclessly.)

ERT (boy reading)-Well, I like the promptness of Jack. He told me he'd be here at 7 o'clock. And now it's a quarter to 8. (Looks at his watch). I'll tell him that promptness is one f- (Tap at door; then door opens and in walks Jack).

Jack-Hello, Bert! Guess I'm a bit late, but I stopped down the street to see some fun. (Sha down astride a chair.)

Bert-What was the fun that could prevent you from keeping an engagement promptly, eh? (Tosses book aside and rises

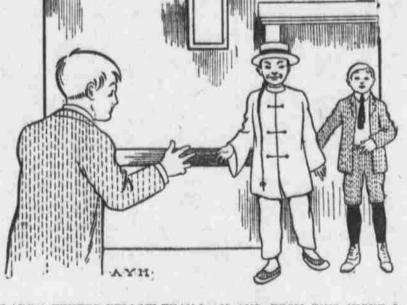
Jack (laughing)-Well, a crowd of boys had got that chink laundryman on a rail and was riding him about town. Gee! You should have seen the fun! Chink was holding on for dear life, and he was so frightened that his cue stood up straight. Honest injun. It was great! (Laughs loudly at remembrances.)

Bert (outraged)-Do you mean to tell me that the boys of this town have been using a fellow creature in that horrible manner Why, it's worse than heathenish-lt's downright criminal. And-I haven't seen you since a certain thing happened yesterday. But (becomes excited) that very Chinaman, whom you call "that Chink," saved the life of a little#girl, Mary Sommers. If I am right, Mary is related in some way to you. (Looks straight at Jack, who winces.)

Jack-Why, that's news to me. I haven't heard a word about my little cousin's accident. Come, tell me about it.

Bert-Why, yesterday afternoon, just as your little cousin Mary was about to cross the street an automobile came down upon her. The machine was going at top speedhave been run down, crushed to least he can do. transpired so quickly, the bystander had to the window and look down.) himself and the little girl to safety. They tion there-a crowd of boysrolled over in the dust, but rolled suf- Jack-'Pon my honor! It's that gang Jack? could the Chinaman have saved both him- your gate. Let's go to the resecue. self and your Cousin Mary.

little girl crossing in its path, all unaware fellow! (Extends his hands to the China-



OU ARE A WHITER FELLOW THAN I AM AND FROM THIS NIGHT I AM YOUR STAUNCH FRIEND."

today to view the remains of-

utes ago I watched with amusement a staunch friend. rough crowd of wild boys misusing that Bert-That's the thing to do, Jack, old toward him.

which is in violation of the law, of course- that he did anything except to inform the The Chinaman-Thankee, thankee muchee; chair there came into the room an old and Mary did not seem to have heard or police of the chauffeur's driving his ma- velly nice young genmen. I-I-I talkee no witch who ask him for something to eat. seen it. And the chauffeur could not stop chine above the speed limit. But it is to muches Amelican. But-(looks his grati- She was very ugly. She had a glass eye, the auto, try as he might. In be hoped that he'll at least give the China- tude at both Bert and Jack). Velly nice another moment Mary Sommers would man his laundry to do. That will be the genmen.

Mary in his arms and bodfly threw both Bert-There seems some sort of commo-

ficiently far enough away from the rush- again after the Chinaman. There he is- Jack-Bet your boots I do, old chap, I ing auto to be unharmed. In no other way coming down the street-almost even with want to make amends for my heartlessness winter came the ugly snake died and that

Bert-He certainly did. And what is more Jack (during Bert's absence)-Well, I've presence again, and I'll- (Doubles up his Marie was a little orphan girl who sold beheld it with my own eyes. I was half been a brute. (Looks from window). Ah, fist and shakes his head threateningly as papers for a living, for her mother and a block away from the corner, but saw the there. Bert has him, and is bringing him in. he follows Bert and the Chinaman out of father were dead.

of the danger that, like a cannon ball, was man). I have much to thank you for; also coming upon her. But for the timely action your pardon to beg for having watched that of that Chink you would have been called gang of ruffics handling you so cruelly toto your uncle's, Mr. Jack Sommers' home, night without raising a hand to help you. But-you are a whiter fellow than I am, Jack (excitedly, putting out his hands and-I have been a coward while you have imploringly)-Stop, Bert. Stop, Oh, it's hor- proven yourself a hero. Let me tell you rible. And to think that only a few min- now, that from this night I am your

poor Chinaman and did not raise a hand to fellow. I knew you were only thoughtless. help him. And-what did my uncle do not really heartless. We hear so much when he learned of the noble yellow man's against our yellow brother that we go out bravery? I hope he behaved handsomely of our way to heap outrages on his back. I say, we're all God's creatures, no matter Bert (ironically)-Oh, I haven't heard what country we are born in.

death by the great touring car, had Jack-Honestly, old man, I feel doubly shoulder)-You may not talk much Ameri- to her. "Why should a handsome prince not a most noble soul been standing on the ashamed of myself for having looked on can, my good fellow, but you can teach like me give any food to an ugly thing corner at the time, and who rushed wildly at the rude, cruel treatment of the China- many of us how to act the hero. Come, I like you; all my food is of the very best." to the child's rescue. Before anyone knew man tonight. I- (interrupted by a loud shall accompany you to your laundry, and The old witch said to him in an angry what was going on, for the whole thing noise in the street below. Both boys rush I shall also report that gang's treatment of tone: "As you think you are so beautiful you to the police. I guess we can do some- and cannot give me a single bite of your thing with them for their ruffian manner fine food you shall be changed to a snake

a little while ago. A human creature is a was the last of him. Bert-You stay here. I'll run down and human creature, be he one color or an-Jack (jumping to his feet)-Did that bring the fellow in. (Rushes out and im- other; and I mean to see that he has a Jack (jumping to his feet)—Did that bring the fellow in. (Rushes out and im-CURTAIN.

# Tittle Stories by fittle stolk.

(First Prize.) The Fir Tree By Clarence Siekkotter, Aged 13 Years,

turn. He did not like being left heard behind him, and, turning about,, Gretna, Neb. Red Side. alone, but since his big brother Babe beheld a great tall man-a creature Once there was a fir tree who was very 15 had gone into the woods for himself, Babe that was strange to him, and who frightunhappy. It said, "Of what use am I in the and had no one to stay with him when his ened him terribly. With a little wall of very heart of a forest where nobody can is all I wanted to do." fear the cub ran down the mountainside see me. All of my friends have been of Babe was a fine cub bear, and if you as fast as he could go, getting farther some use, but I never have been any and could have looked in on him on the morn- and farther away from the cave at every peyer will be." But one day a man came and chopped down the tree and wrapped it up. When it was again unwrapped it saw By has a butter-ball, and his cout of fine dark Babe so much followed after him, carrying it was in a beautiful room. There were men and women and they hung ornaments all youth and mischief, and his impatience was peatedly to get a good aim at the fleeing due to his wanting to get out to play. But little hear, so that he might bring him

last there came a whole crowd of men women and children. Then it knew it was a Christman tree. It was then glad and said, me, as they danced on their bright green "I would rather be a fir tree than any other stems, as I had not yet opened thoroughly tree." And when it was thrown out in the and was almost hidden away. The other yard it said to itself, "I have made many leaves had thrown off their winter jackets, people glad and I am glad myself for that but I had not slipped out of mine yet. But

(Second Prize.)

The Story of a Leaf

Elsa McFarland, Aged 11 Years, 2501 Farnam Street, Omaha. Blue Side. Oh, how happy I am today, when but last over the tree until it was covered with week I felt ashamed and too bashful to them. It stood there and waited and at come out, for the other leaves laughed at

she had explained to Babe. "Danger, the hunter could not get a good chance at him. sort we fear, is always on the lookout for After running till almost out of breath, once more before he died, he would ask seized me when I saw that awful hunter such creatures as we are. So, while mamma Babe stole a glance behind him, and, to for nothing more! Indeed, Babe really with his gun pointed at me. Oh, it was so thought he must die that night.

gotten him into their own dry, cozy cave good care of yourself."

cubs-how could you ever have explained warnings given them by their experienced rightly punished for his running away. parents are of the greatest value, they would be more obedient. Every little while we learn of a lost cub on the mountain- dient cubs would come off as easily as side, and, of course, the poor little creature you did! But most of them never return has fallen a prey to some wicked hunter, to tell the tale. It is to be hoped that you or been so fatally wounded that he has will take the trouble to relate your expercrept off into some hole and died in his lences to the other wild young cubs in the If you will look at one real closely you agony, without a mother's loving care, neighborhood, that they may profit from

as put my head from the cave when you for he hoped sincerely that no other cub are away," declared Babe. "I was really would act as he had acted that day, and very naughty to go out to play in the sun- that no other cub would run so close to a shine, since the woods are so full of dan- gun as he had run, for in nine cases out of ger, and I so young and inexperienced, ten the runaway cubs would fare worse thin paper like plaster. If a cell isn't But I suffered the penalty of my wrong- than he had fared. He had been spared in large enough the wasp cuts it up, masti- to make another man, so he took some clay

see his dear mother and his happy home cold wet rocks, nor the feeling of fear that terrible. And I thought I would never see It was about 8 o'clock when Babe's ears you again, my good forgiving mother." caught a familiar voice calling him. It And Babe fell to crying softly. But

was his own dear mother's voice, and it his dear old mother put a loving paw came from a little way above the place about his neck and said: "Come, dearest where he was hiding. He quickly crept child, and have some supper. Here is some from his dark corner and ran up the fresh honey-the sweetest you ever ate. mountainside, answering the dear call: And I have forgiven you for your disob-"Here I am, mamma. Come down the edience, and know that you are sincerely path and meet me. I'm so cold and sorry for having been naughty during my absence. And more than that, my son, I When his mother met him a few mo- feel somewhat responsible for your conduct ments later, Babe almost fainted of joy. today, for I should not have left you alone. The agony of his two or three hours in After this I shall have you accompany me hiding had made him hysterical, just like a on my journeys after food, for it will afreal child. And when he felt his mother's ford you pleasure, myself good company. big, warm, loving paws about his neck he and I shall be teaching you how to be cried and cried, unable to speak for quite self-supporing; and then if anything should

again, he was able to speak, and to tell of And then the two sat down to supper, his disobedience, and of his punishment on and they enjoyed the meal so much, for it was very sweet to be together in their "Ah, my sen," said Mamma Bear, "you snug cave again, and to feel so safe there. past the tree. He was coming closer and see what disobedience costs one, don't you? And after their supper some neighbors Suppose the hunter had wounded or killed came in-a dear old bear and his wife and you-as is often the case with disobedient young daughter-and they spent a very few magic words and the hunter was turned enjoyable evening. And Babe told with to stone. The deer and the gun he held in your conduct to me and asked my forgive- much feeling his larrow escape from being his hands were also turned to stone. If you ness? Ah, if only cubs knew that the shot dead, and admitted that he had been ever visit the Big Horn mountains you can

> "Ah, my son," said old Mr. Bear, shaking his head knowingly, "if all disobe-

#### **RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS**

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. il. Use pen and ink, not pencil 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. 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-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

one night a dreadful storm arose and the wind howled and whistled around the corners of the houses. And Jack Frost crept stealthily around and kissed each little leaf and they crawled up and withered, but, as I was so small, he passed by me and I was saved, and remained alive during the storm. Oh, how glad I was, not to have thrown off my winter cloak. And now, while spring is here again I have thrown off my winter jacket and I am a beautiful, bright, green leaf. I have learned a lesson that many people have to learn yet, and that is patience.

The Last Witch

Carneyville, Wyo. Red Side. About 800 years ago there lived in the Big Horn mountains a witch named "Sel-Like all witches she was very wicked. If any animal, bird or person got in her way it would be turned into some image on the spot.

It happened one day while she was very cross that a band of hunters camped near her den. There were six in all. The following morning the hunters set off to hunt for deer. The wicked witch had not noticed their camp till the happy hunters were away. She wandered around the camp all day waiting for the hunters to return to the camp. Night began to float over the land, and finally she saw in the By Dorothy A. Darlow, Aged 10 Years, 208 dusk one of the hunters return- South Thirty-sixth Street, Omaha. Blue Side. ing from the hunting grounds with a deer on his back. She hid behind a big pine tree and waited for him to come closer until he was about three feet from her. She held out her arms and uttered a see the image to this day.

A Paper Making Wasp Bee, The Strehlow No. 19. Omaha,

The paper making wasp is very pretty. will see it has a very tiny waist. It looks as if it had been pinched, and it has a

the eggs hatch the grubs must be fed. They then turn to a pupae and spin themselves up in the cells and when they have slept long enough they bite or eat their way out. When they come out they are full grown wasps.

The wasps cat files, so you see they do some good. So I think they ought to be protected. They eat the fruits but not enough to bother us. I hope you will all like this story. I wish I knew more about

#### Farewell Letter from an Ex-Queen of the Busy Bees

Mount Carroll, Ill., April 12, 1916; My Dear Editor and Busy Beest This is a farewell letter, for I have passed the age limit and never again will have the chance of looking forward and wondering what the prize book will be and eagerly watching to see if "my story is in this week." I am awfully corry, for I fell quite strange to think I can no longer write and am not a Busy Bee any longer. It is very lovely here just now. Our campus is very pretty, especially near the golf links. The girls have been after flowers almost every night and such pretty ones as they bring back. The violets are very pretty just naw.

I spent my spring vacation in Chicago with my cousin and had a very nice time. Go to play each day Our school is out June 8, but I expect to get home about June 15, as I want to visit a few days in Chicago. I am taking music and oratory as specials and soon our oratory play, "The Rivals" comes off. I am Mrs. Malaprop.

Well, I must close now and study geomatry, the burden of my life. Believe me, I'm a Busy Bee still in spirit. RUTH ASHLEY

R. F. D., Mount Carroll, Ill.

Prince George

By Margaret Kelly, Aged 13 years, Exeter, Neb., Red Side. One time, long ago, there lived a prince named George. As the people told him he was a handsome prince it made him very,

One day as he was sitting in his satin a crooked nose, a large mouth, that when she laughed it stretched almost back to Bert (laying his hand on the Chinaman's her big ears. The handsome prince said toward you. Do you want to come, too, and get your food the best you can." Having said this she waved her magic wand and he became an ugly snake. When

Marie's Visit to Fairyland

where she would sleep, when a Snow Fairy came to her and asked if she wanted to go to Falryland. Marie was so surprised to have anyone ask a question like that that she hardly knew what to do. She finally said yes, and the fairy called her 'snow birds" and she helped Marie into her charlot and they started. They rode through great white clouds, until they came to a large star. "This is fairyland," said the fairy. Marie did not answer, she was so interested that I don't believe she heard what the fairy said. At last they reached the palace and stopped. The fairy took Marie to the queen and told her whom she was. The queen told the fairy to take Marie out in the garden to look around. Marie saw her father and By Helen Stourtes, Sidney, Ne BoGrhN La mother, who had died when she was 3 years old and she stayed with them ever after, for she was seen no more on earth. Her cold, stiff body was found where she day." had first met the fairy.

Helen's Surprise Party

Goldie Truesdell, Aged 10 Years, Fre-mont, Neb. Blue Side. Helen was sitting on the porch reading, when she looked up and saw several of her playmates passing. She was just thinking about them when her mamma came to the door and said: "Helen, I am going to go over to Auntie's.

Do you want to go, too? If you do, put on your new pink dress and you may go, if you hurry." Helen was soon putting on her pink dress

and was starting. When they reached Aunt Ella's house there were all those same children Helen had seen before.

She was so shocked to see and hear so many children shout: "Hurrah, for Helen's birthday," that she fainted. For a while she lay unconscious, but she One day I made a trip to school, soon recovered and was able to join the

other children in their play. By and by luncheon was served. In the center of the table was a large cake with "Helen" in brown sugar frosting. Around

the sides were eleven candles. After luncheon they told stories and Into the teacher's deak it went, played games. Then another small uncheon was served and all went home with happy hearts.

"Mother," said Helen, "I had a very pleasant time and I wish to thank you and Aunt Ella for all the work it has made

Conundrums.

What flowers are there between a lady's nose and chin? Two lips. What contains more feet in winter than in summer? A skating rink.

If you bite a man's nose off what are ou bound to do? Keep the piece. Why are clouds like coachmen? Because they hold the rains. What is that which never asks questions, yet requires many answers? The door-

What relation is the doormat to the doorstep? A step-farther. What is the very best and cheapest light,

especially for painters? Daylight. What sort of tune do we all enjoy the most? For-tune, made up of bank-notes. Where should you feel for the poor? In your pocket, to be sure.

How the First Colored Man Was

Made By Edna Rohrs, Agod II Years, 2112 Locust Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side. This is the story as told by an old colored The Big Back Yard



N THE big back yard, 'Neath a spreading tree, Ned, Polly and May-Dear, sweet, happy three!

In a huge pile of sand They dig ponds and rivers, And build mountains grand.

And when evening falls They level it o'er. So when morning comes It is ready once more

For digging and building, 'Neath the spreading tree. Ned, Polly and May Are a most happy three!

gate post in the sun to dry. Then he wen, away and forgot all about him.

And the sun scorched down hotter and hotter on the man. He knew he was burning, but could not do anything. By and by he went to sleep. When he woke up it was dark. Then the Lord came back and found his man was burnt black all over. And that was the way the first colored man was made.

Two Bills

By Howard Ohman, Aged 10 years, 1042 South 28th St., Omaha, Neb., Red Side. One day Johnny saw his mother pay some bills, and he thought, why can't I send in a bill too? and get some money. So he wrote out a bill like this:-For carrying in wood

Carrying water Taking care of the baby Going to the store And being a good boy

Then he gave it to his mother. The next morning his mother gave him \$1.85 and Johnny put it in his pocket. But his mother also gave him one which read like this; For taking care of Johnny 10 years

For board and room For mending his clothes For staying up at night with him when nick

For being a good mother to him

When Johnny read this he took the money out of his pocket and gave it to his mother and threw his arms around her neck and cried and asked her to forgive him for being so thoughtless, and

mother forgave him.

Kitty's Reward

By Helen Stourtes, Aged 12 years. Sidney, Neb., Red Side. "I want my kitty to be very good to-

"Yes, mamma, I shall try." "You know papa wants to have our portraits painted, and our friend Mr. Layton is ready to begin painting this morning. If you sit very, very still, I shall give you a new doll."

"Oh, I love dolls! I wont move one bit, and I shall have another doll to keep old Maggie company."

Look mamma! She sits on the sofa as if she was listening. Mr. Layton told Kitty such funny storid that she quite enjoyed having her portrait painted as soon as he had finished,

her mamma took her to buy a doll. Kitty named her "Aileen" and was very proud of her, but "Maggie' still remained to Kitty "the prettiest doll in the world."

Tricks at School

By Venice Sue Churchill, Villisca, In-Red Side. Simply for fun-Not break the rule, (No law was there against a trick.) With tricks my head was filled up thick.

Out in the bushes by the lake, My heart, now, with suspense was rents For soon I knew she'd need a book,

One day I found a little snake,

And lo! she did, then, what a look! Twas no surprise to us at all, Until we saw her start and fall,

Soon some one took the snake away And not a word had I to say Alas me! I was sent away, On the very, very next day,

Rebus





### found close to the cave door. He tossed BABE BEHELD A CREATURE THAT the ball into the and, he would roll the his great relief, the horrible hunter was

ball down the side of the mountain for a nowhere in sight. Evidently Babe had outrun him, and now he was somewhere on before it had time to get far away. But as the mountainside, still looking for Babe, he played with the round stone-about the alse of an ordinary rubber ball that boys trembling in every limb, crept behind a cave entrance, and ence, when the ball great mass of rocks and lay close to the play with-he forgot to keep close to the rolled farther away than had been his damp ground. He was afraid to return intention to let it go, he ran after it and home. But the longer he lay there the failed to get it, for it tumbled over a little more uneasy he became. What would his precipitous bank on the steep mountain dear mother say? What was she doing side. For a moment Babe watched the ball now? For surely she had returned home at the bottom of the mountain crevice, ere this.

Then saying to himself, "Oh, what does it And so the hours were away and darkmatter if I run round by the path and go ness began to fall on the mountainside. down the mountain side to reach the spot And still the runaway Babe lay in hidwhere my plaything has rolled? I may be ing. And still he shook with fear and disobeying mamma-but a little thing like longed to be once more in his anug cave house, warm and happy, listening to his Once so far away from the cave, Babe mother's tales of her early cubhood.

decided it was great sport to go out by After a little while a slow rain began himself, and knowing that it would be to fall. Then Babe's agony increased. sometime yet before his mother would With fear and loneliness came discomfort. passes home he ran about on the moun- Oh, how foolish he had been! Oh, the

a bis watchful mother had forbidden his down with a bullet; but Babe darted from leaving the cave while she was away, one boulder to another, then behind clumps There is danger lurking in the woods," of bushes and trees, so rapidly that the penalty of disobedience! Could be but of that time spent in hiding behind those

afraid!"

account of it.

Now, my son, I hope you'll never forget your experience." doing, and never will I forget the agony a most miraculous way.

some time. At last, when his mother had happen to me, you will know how to take

"I certainly shall," promised Babe ear-'Oh, mamma, I shall never so much nestly. And he spoke from his very heart,

## (Honorable Mention.)

By Fred Sorry, ex-king, aged 13 years,

By Helen Verrill, Aged 13 years, Queen

Neh., Blue Side. very long tail.

The paper making wasp lives in the garden and builds its nest in a tall bush. The wasp then makes its nest and when all the cells are done it puts an egg in each cell, and covers them over with a cates it and makes a bigger one. When and made him and set him up against a