

HAVE our Busy Bees been so deeply engrossed in the decoration of their homes in flags and in learning patriotic songs and verses that they have forgotten it is time to be thinking of our royal family? Now is the time to send in your votes for then new king and queen. Choose the queen from the Blue side and the king from the Red. May 1, the election closes, so write us your choice at once, that you may be satisfied with the new rulers.

Perhaps some of our little writers are forming bandage circles and are learning how to be of service in the war, which seems to be drawing us further into its grasp every day. Canadian boys and girls, whom your editor saw when on a trip to their country, were much in evidence in their Red Cross service. One very popular manner of raising money for relief work which our American boys and girls might copy, was making and selling for 25 cents a piece little yarn soldiers.

On the coat lapels of every man, woman and child one could see these miniature soldier dolls, and it was all they could do to fill the demand for them. The Canadians made them in the khaki colored yarn and trimmed them with red and black. A more original idea for us to work out might be to make red, white and blue ones. The brighter colors can be seen at a greater distance.

If any one of you should decide to have a patriotic flower garden, planting only red, white and blue flower seeds, perhaps you could have a flower sale and make money for relief work from red, white and blue nosegays. At such, you could send them to the hospitals to cheer and comfort the soldier boys, so their courage would not fail. Start one now. Your efforts will be sore than rewarded.

The Camp Fire girls and the Boy Scouts are well trained for service and if any of you belong to these or similar organizations, write us and give us all the helpful hints you can as to how boys and girls can be of service to Uncle Sam. As so many mothers have volunteered for Red Cross work, it will be necessary in many homes for the children to help care for the home.

It might be well, too, for Busy Bees to begin to train their pet dogs to be of service. European dogs have rendered excellent service locating wounded men on the battlefields, carrying important messages and standing guard over valuables.

The prize book last week was won by Edna Green of the Red side. Grace Moore and Mary E. Grevson, both of the Blue side, won honorable mention.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story.) **Youthful Housekeeping.** By Edna Green, Aged 11 Years, St. Edward, Neb. Route 2, Red Side.

Last summer mamma helped papa plow the corn, as we had fifty acres. That left me to do the cooking and to care for the house. Mamma nearly always helped me wash and wipe the dishes at dinner time. But at night I did them alone.

I learned to bake cake and cook and clean a chicken. I don't like to clean a chicken very well. I like to bake a cake the best. Papa says I make very good cake for my size. I made one for Christmas and one for New Year's dinner. At Christmas my grandpa and grand-ma were here and at New Year's just our neighbors were here for dinner.

This winter mamma hasn't been feeling very well, so I have been doing all of the work myself. I get very tired sometimes. At night when I come home from school I always have the breakfast and dinner dishes to wash. Then I get supper and by that time it is 8:30 and I must go to bed.

Well, I must close. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me. I will answer their letters.

(Honorable Mention.) **Signs of Spring.** By Mary E. Grevson, West Point, Neb. Blue Side.

How many of you Busy Bees have noticed any signs of spring? Those of you who live in the country can see very much. The grass is getting green and the birds have returned from the sunny south and are now building their nests here.

Their sweet singing arouses us in the morning. The trees are opening their buds and it will not be long before they will be out.

The streams and creeks have thawed out and the water is babbling over wood and stone.

(Honorable Mention.) **Easter.** By Grace L. Moore, Silver Creek, Neb. Blue Side.

Easter is a festival of the resurrection of Christ, the principal feast of the Christian era.

In the very early times it was observed with great solemnity. In the church it was one of the special days for baptism. The faithful greeted each other with the kiss of peace and the salutation, "Christ is risen," to which the response was, "He is risen, indeed."

This custom is still observed in Russia. In the Roman Catholic church the festivities of Easter really begin on the preceding morning with the mass of holy Saturday, in which the first respires of Easter are included.

The use of eggs in this connection is of the highest antiquity, the egg

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 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.
- 6. A prize book will be given each week for the best contribution.

Address all communications to Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

having been considered a symbol of resurrection. The Easter fires were formerly celebrated for the triumph of spring over winter and the "blessing of new fire" from which is lit the paschal candle.

All these observances had a common purpose, the expression of joy in the resurrection.

The latest Easter in this century occurs in 1943, on April 25.

What the Fairies Tell.

By Evelyn Kuley, Aged 12 Years, Schuyler, Neb. Blue Side.

To me it seems that each little flower should have some pretty fairy legend and when Easter comes I always think of the proud lily as white as snow with a beautiful yellow pistil and with its face looking straight up to the clear, blue sky; too proud to bend its lovely head to look at its little sisters who grow around it.

The fairies tell us how the little pansy cried out one day: "Oh, dear lily, why are you so proud? You never even ask any of us how we are feeling. Won't you look down and see how beautiful my colors are this morning?"

But the proud lily never heeded the little pansy.

A butterfly came along and while resting its beautiful velvet wings on the lily it said, "Good morning, dear lily; you are so very proud and hold your head so high that I fear to come to visit you often. Why is it?"

"Indeed I am proud, I am beautiful. I would not think of bending my pretty head for anything. I wish always to grow tall and stately, looking right up to the sky. I hope I shall never have to bend my head like other flowers."

But the little butterfly said, "You are too proud," and flew away.

One day it grew dark and dreary, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the earth trembled and shook, and everything bowed its head in sorrow, even the proud lily slowly drooped its head, for it was filled with grief.

When Easter morning came and everything shone out bright and beautiful the lily stood with its head still bowed.

The Boy and the Butterfly.

By Helen Chadik, Aged 9 Years, Omaha, Blue Side.

I am sorry to say that I wrote one letter and did not see it in print. I am trying again for better luck.

Once upon a time there was a boy

whose name was Tom. One day he saw a butterfly, so he said, "I am going to get it." He tried, but failed, so he went away, saying, "I do not want it, for it is only a paper one with a string tied to it like a kite." He was very much disappointed.

Last Day of School.

By Lizzie L. Rath, St. Francis, Kan.; Route 3, Box 11. Blue Side. I haven't written to the Busy Bees for a long time, so I thought I would write and tell you about our last day of school, for we had a fine program. We sang five songs in all. I was in three songs and the names of them were "My Country 'Tis of Thee," "Vacation Day" and "Vacation Song." We had three dialogues. The name of the one I was in was "Sitting Up For Their Husbands Who Come Home Late."

Annie Rath, my sister, was Ruth; Gertrude Rath was Mammie; Esther Schmidt was Martha and I was Frieda. In this dialogue you had to sit around a little table and Esther had to go to the door and talk like somebody outside the door.

The name of my piece was "Vacation Days."

We had only nine visitors at our last day of school. When we were through with our program our teacher treated every one with candy and oranges.

I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me. I would be very glad to answer their letters.

Lost.

By Mary Killeen, Aged 12 Years, Burchard, Neb. Blue Side.

I, a little country girl, would like to interest some of the Busy Bees in the good times I had when I was a mere child. Near our home is a pile of timber in which I played with my favorite pet, a dog named Shep, which was my only companion.

My sister was a baby and I was past 4 years old. I could drive Shep all over. On one occasion as I was driving him he saw a rabbit, and he broke the string and ran away. I followed as fast as I could and soon found myself on a railroad track about two miles from home. I went west instead of east and I met two trains.

I crossed one bridge on my hands and knees which was full of holes. They found me at 9 o'clock at night. I had gone eight miles.

Her Tenth Birthday.

By Helen Crabb, Aged 10 Years, 4016 North Thirty-fourth Avenue, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

When the book came you may be sure I was pleased and surprised. Mamma and papa and sister and brother were very, very glad, too. The prize book was just fine. There are so many games in it to play and some we three can play ourselves.

If you won't tell I will tell you something. My mamma is just as big a "kid", my papa says, as we are, and always plays all our games with us.

She even skips rope, and when I

guards made ready to fight. They had already put out the car lights when a lantern crashed through a window of the observation car. A note was fastened to it and one of the men handed this to Melrose:

Your train has stopped over a mine. Turn on the lights and we shoot the charge. The conductor peered out of the window. Consultation followed, but resistance was plainly useless. The lights were flashed on and the party, hands up, climbed one after another down from the car. Leaving them under the guns of the gang, Arnold sprang aboard, hurriedly searched the staterooms and came back carrying, as he believed, the prized diamonds. In reality, he had only the spurious coronet and necklace that Burke had put in their place. Backing away from the angry and humiliated trainmen and their frightened guests, the gang scattered in the darkness.

Arnold was first to get back to the quarters. His followers joined him and all started pell-mell upstairs—Arnold leading, and all in high spirits. The ex-railroad man flung

Probably no party was ever more dumfounded than the raiders when, open the door and swaggered into the den, the others close at his heels, as they were congratulating themselves, a detail of police sprang from various hiding places and covered them with their guns. Helen, with the officers, carried away by her excitement as her eyes fell on Masters, the personator of her father, sprang at him, reckless of danger. In the very thick of the melee the girl struggled with the scoundrel. To kill her, Masters tried to get his revolver into play. Before he could use it, Helen smashed his head against the wall. The gun fell from his hand, but just as the plucky girl thought she had him subdued, he writhed from her clutches and dashed away. Helen grabbed the revolver from the floor to give chase. Masters made for the stairs, Helen after him.

In the room, a desperate fight went on. Arnold dropped the Melrose box out a window, and fighting his way through the mix-up, got to the stairs. Masters, too fleet for Helen, dashed from the house into the darkness, but not until the girl had fired a shot after him. Arnold, leaping down the stairs and dodging the gun-fire behind, ran round the house to pick up the box. Helen fired, and dropping the box, Arnold jumped away. Returning, he tried again to pick it up, but a second shot broke the dust close by, and Arnold took to his heels. The police, with two of the gang captured, came down, and Helen picked up the disputed box herself.

The special, unable to go ahead, had backed up until the track could be repaired. As it slowly approached the raiders' headquarters, Helen, lighting a piece of paper, ran forward. The engineer, seeing her signal, stopped. In the observation car, everyone expected another holdup, but the conductor peering through the darkness saw Helen, and the car party put up their guns. As the train stopped, Melrose stepped down. Helen handed him the jewels and Melrose thanked her. But his wife examined them and whispered to her husband. She had discovered the substitution. Melrose looked at them again and turned to Helen:

"These are excellent imitations," was all he said.

(End of Second Episode.)

Little Tot's Birthday Book

Six Years Old Tomorrow (April 16):

Name School
Chaddock, Myrtle E. Castelar
Hruben, Irene Dupont
Johnson, Beatrice Clifton Hill
Klips, John Lincoln
Philpott, Clella Mae Miller Park

Seven Years Old Tomorrow:
Diegrich, Eleanor Walnut Hill
Groth, Mamie Train
Jefferson, Jaynet Farnam

Eight Years Old Tomorrow:
Hildreth, Vivian Clifton Hill
Johnson, Clarice Walnut Hill
Williams, Claire Walnut Hill

Nine Years Old Tomorrow:
Bell, Anna Sherman
Fellman, Leon Cass
Goldberg, Bessie Kellom
Jones, Calvin Leslie Long
Davie, Kenneth Vinton
Nordquist, John Miller Park
Novak, Joe West Side

I had my birthday party, March 24, mamma and papa both played with all the children.

I was 10 years old then and the queen of the Busy Bees was one of the guests, besides several of the neighborhood girls.

We had a grand time, because the girls laughed so to see mamma playing "Drop the Handkerchief." "Farmer in the Dell" and skipping the rope. Thanking you again.

The Cherry Tree.

By Florence Seward, Aged 10 Years, 1634 Victoria Avenue, Omaha, Blue Side.

Last summer in our back yard we had two cherry trees. One day we thought we would go out and pick cherries, so we each took a pan and climbed the tree. The fruit was very large, ripe and juicy; so we all ate more than we put in the baskets. We picked all the cherries we could reach, but the best ones were farther out on the branches. I stretched my hand so far as it could go and reached some of them.

As I was reaching over Mr. Wind played a trick on me. He puffed his cheeks just full of wind and let it come out right on us without a moment's warning. The tree swayed to and fro, tipping our pans over and all our nice cherries we had taken so much pains at picking scattered all over the ground.

We were very angry at Mr. Wind for playing us such a trick, but nothing could be done, so we got down and stepped on most of them.

The next time we tried a new way. We put the pan on the ground and dropped the cherries in to it. But the wind was not through with us yet. He blew so hard that he blew our pans over, also rocking the branches we were on. It felt like we were on a ship on the stormy ocean. This time we crawled down.

Our last plan was this: I held the pan and my sister dropped the berries into it. This time we gathered enough berries for several cherry pies.

First Letter to Page.

By Mernie Gustafson, Aged 8 Years, Newman Grove, Neb., Red Side.

This is my first letter to the Busy Bees and I hope it will win a prize. My birthday was April 11 and my papa gave me a dollar.

We used to have a cat which I loved to play with. Whenever he wanted anything to eat he would

Terpsichorean Tots Who Are to Dance for Belgian Relief Fund



Helen Nygard, Jane Matthal, Virginia Upham, Virginia Holliday

come to our house, but one day he went away and we could not find him. One night when I was up town I saw a cat that looked like mine, so I picked him up and took him home. It wasn't our cat after all, as this cat was smaller than ours.

Rescues a Little Friend.

By Dorothy Collins, Aged 10 Years, Omaha, Blue Side.

It was a cold and bitter day, but the pond was full of merry skaters. The sky was a dull one which threatened snow. The skaters began to leave the pond. Little Ann began to ride on her sled at the farther end of the pond, where there was a break in the ice. It was getting dark and Ann did not see the hole and fell in. Ann called aloud for help.

Luckily a young boy was coming home from skating and heard her cries for help. Quick as a flash Tom took the straps which his skates were on and threw them to her. He slid back and Ann came up and was saved. Ann never forgot her lesson, for she was sick in bed for many weeks.

The Mystic Light.

By Leona Walter, Aged 11 Years, Wahloo, Neb. Blue Side.

I have not written to our page for some time, I have been too busy with our club. It is a very nice club and we have a lot of fun in it. We have a president, vice president, secretary, guards, and officers. We all signed a paper for twelve years.

This summer we are going on hikes out in the groves where we will carry our notebooks and copy down the things we see and show them to our teacher. We are also going to take drawing papers and draw pictures of plants and trees. This will be great sport.

I think our club, or the Mystic Light, as it is called, will be a great success. Now, I want to ask you all a question. Who takes the Every Child's magazine? If you don't I think you should, for really it is a very nice book and it has many interesting stories.

THE GREAT SECRET

Novelized From the Metro Wonderplay Serial of the Same Name, in Which Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are Co-Stars By J. M. LOUGHBOROUGH

Author of the Novelization of Clyde Fitch's play, "Her Sister," "His Luckdoor Romance," and other short stories.



STRONG HIDES THE SECURITIES

CHAPTER 10. The Woman and the Game. Although he is now a ruined man, Strong determines to begin all over again. He is an excellent portrait painter and he opens a studio. Detective Sears visits him. They see from a window a number of thugs

if his wealth to her, and that The Secret Seven, a brainy band of criminals, is plotting to get the fortune. Ackerton, a detective, who is trailing The Secret Seven, is murdered, and Rodman Sears, a noted sleuth, begins an investigation. Sears takes Charles's treasure from a safe in which Ackerton had been keeping it and visits Strong, who telephones Beverly to visit his home at once. While the detective and Strong are talking one of the Secret Seven taps the wire and hears of the treasure. Beverly arrives and is given her inheritance by the detective. She asks Strong to help part of it for her. The Secret Seven has accomplished the essential part of Strong in the meantime. Beverly learns of it and offers him money. He refuses and says he will start life anew.

CHAPTER 10. The Woman and the Game. Although he is now a ruined man, Strong determines to begin all over again. He is an excellent portrait painter and he opens a studio. Detective Sears visits him. They see from a window a number of thugs

In her new and palatial home Beverly is in deep thought and wondering how she can restore Strong's shattered fortune. She feels that in some measure she is to blame for much of his misfortune. She tries, with the aid of her mother, to concoct some scheme to overcome Strong's pride and re-establish him in business. Mother and daughter talk it over and decide to visit Strong in his studio and make a proposition to him.

They arrive at Strong's studio and find the outer room vacant. Beverly, her heart full of new found love, starts for his work room to find him. As she opens the door she sees Strong trying to revive Miss Loring from her pretended faint. She closes the door noiselessly and sadly departs, believing the man she loves is false.

End of Chapter X

THE RAILROAD RAIDERS

CUMULATIVE EVIDENCE Copyright, 1917. By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

The Western Picture Version Produced by Signal Film Corporation and Featuring Helen Holmes.

Second Episode.

"You are sending up an innocent man," declared David Holmes to Morton Webb, the chief special agent, when leaving to serve his sentence for the Deer's Head express robbery. "All that I ask of you, Webb, and this I have a right to ask, is that you provide a position for my daughter, Helen, where she can earn her living until my innocence is proved."

Webb, very doubtful himself of Holmes' guilt, but forced by circumstances to prosecute him, gave his promise to look after Holmes' daughter. He took Helen into his own office as his secretary, and here her frank, honest ways made friends for her on every hand. Capable man though he was, Webb's weakness for whisky at times fatally impaired his efficiency. On the very day that Helen took up her new duties her chief came back from luncheon tipsy. The office force seemed to take it as a joke. Helen, greatly shocked, was urging the unfortunate man to go home when the telegraph instrument sounded his call. Helen took the message. It was from headquarters, notifying Webb that Lord Melrose and party would cross the division that night on a special. Webb was asked to detail a good man to accompany them. The unsteady chief glanced at the pink message, and after some confused thinking asked Burke, his assistant, to go west to meet them. Webb, himself, went home.

While Holmes was being tried for a crime he had no knowledge of, Arnold had been heading his railroad raiders with continued success. From his camp he one day watched a train crew use an emergency telephone and saw how the device might be utilized for further depredations on his part. Camp was struck. The gang headed for the outskirts of Mountain Springs. They rented an old house adjoining the railroad track. Under Arnold's direction they ran a wire from the railroad telegraph and telephone lines into its second story and installed apparatus by which he could take every railroad message. Masters, Holmes' double, remained Arnold's chief confederate. It was in this way that the ex-railroad agent intercepted the Melrose message. "Melrose," he explained to Masters, "is governor of Cantu islands and he packs his jewelry over the road every year."

Preparations were speedily made to get possession of these valuables, and under Arnold's directions Masters proceeded in town chemicals for preparing explosives.

But a second plot was under way for the very same purpose. Burke, Webb's assistant, was, in fact, a former crook and only waited his opportunity to make a new stake. When alerted for the Melrose train he hurried to a pawnshop. With the pawnbroker he looked over a book of well-known family jewels. Reaching the Melrose collection, he spoke:

"Duplicate these. I want them to

night. I've a trick that will set us up for life."

The pawnbroker worked fast, and that night as Burke boarded the west-bound train, he smuggled the paste jewels into his hand. Helen, the same evening, walked into a Mountain Spring drug store for a magazine. A man, passing out, looked strangely familiar. In a moment she realized that this man was her father's double. The thought flashed over her that he might be connected with her father's tragedy. She followed him. He swung aboard a passing street car, but Helen stopped a motorcar and gave chase. She trailed him to the quarters of the railroad raiders.

Keen with suspicion, she climbed a tree and peering through an unguarded window saw within men mixing, as she believed, explosives. Hastening to police headquarters she enlisted a detail of officers to raid the place.

On board the special, Burke now was awaiting his chance. It came when the governor's party went in to dinner. Entering the washroom, Burke slipped, Indianlike, through the window and climbed the rods to the governor's stateroom. Here it was only the work of a moment to

steal the diamonds and leave the imitations—he was even able to re-enter the car undetected. As arranged, the pawnbroker was waiting on the platform at Mountain Springs for Burke's parcel. Burke saw him outside the car window, but was afraid to drop the diamonds; the governor's staff was pacing the platform.

He motioned his confederate to the other side of the car. All would then have gone well had not a car-tink pushing an ice cart passed the window just ahead of the pawnbroker. Where he sat Burke could see only the man's hat. It was, unluckily, a duplicate of the pawnbroker's, and Burke, unobserved by the ice man, incontinently dropped the box into the cart. The pawnbroker halted to turn under the window, but Burke had slipped back to his old seat. The perspiring confederate waited in vain for the falling parcel and the train pulled out, leaving the puzzled man at his post and with Burke satisfied that all was right.

But the Melrose troubles had only begun. Arnold and his raiders secreting themselves at a lonely spot outside Mountain Springs, were waiting to waylay the special train. They had planted under the track a charge of dynamite. The special left Mountain Springs twenty minutes late. The night, though dark, was clear and the train was running very fast, when, to the engineer's amazement, a tremendous explosion shook the track a mile ahead of him. A dull red glare lighted the sky, and jamming in the throttle he threw on the emergency air, and the shoes wrung a stream of fire from the burning wheels. The engineer then discerned men ahead flagging him down. The train stopped and the

BUCKLE SECURES THE DIAMONDS