All week long, men and women, boys and girls, have been seen carrying home young trees and various kinds of bushes to plant on Arbor day. It only proves that deep in men's nature there is a love for the green-growing things and that they respect the beneficient service of the trees.

Everywhere your eye falls it sees the value of trees to the community, as, for example, the baby's cradle, the house in which you live, the furniture, fuel, bark, cork, indigo, rubber and Uncle Sam's big ships.

Young saplings resemble boys and girls in that they require intelligent training and the utmost care so that they may become beautiful and vigorous. You will discover that they are as dependent on human care as are your pet dogs, rabbits, cats and squirrels.

You will discover that they are as dependent on human care as are your pet dogs, rabbits, cats and squirrels.

The Aztec Indians had a custom of planting a tree when a new babe was born and giving it the child's name. Tomorrow, when you plant your little trees, try naming them after someone you admire. They will acquire a new charm for you when they are associated with persons. Watching to see how Abraham Lincoln sprouts, whether Martha Washington is budding, if George Washington needs a drink of water or Betsy Ross is flowering, will prove as interesting as the birds and squirrels in the trees and more so than amusing yourselves with inanimate objects.

Every Busy Bee who contributes to making his yard at home or the school grounds more beautiful, will be helping to make his community a friendlier place in which to live, And now, when the president is saying so much about conservation, we may draw a lesson of unselfish foresight and economy from the Arbor day custom.

The prize this week is awarded to Ruby Craft of the Blue side. Helen Stowell of the Blue side and Grace Hindley of the Red side won honorable morition. Lack of space prevents the publication of a poem by Arline Walker of Council Bluffs and a letter from Della Claus of Plattsmouth, Neb.

## Little Stories By Little Folks

Rules for Young Writers

1. Write plainty on one side of the

2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
2. Short and pointed articles will iven preference. Do not use over

Bothersome Chickens. By Vance Willard, Aged 9 Years, Grand Island, Neb., Blue Side.

(Prize Story). Day Spent on the River.

By Ruby Craft, Aged 13 Years, David City, Neb. Blue Side.

"Well, dinner is almost ready," an-nounced mother when a car drove in

mounced mother when a car drove in our yard.

"Come to the river with us and bring your dinner along if it is cooking," said Mr. Chase.

We then helped pack the dinner and jumped in our car and were gone for the rest of the day. At first we passed big, green corn fields, barking dogs, cackling chickens, and then we rode along in the shade of the gigantic maples, dressed in their emerald dresses. A little brook rippled by the side of the road and the flowers danced gayiy in the breeze. Then we came in sight of the gliding river, shining like a sliver mirror in the sun.

It was I o'clock when we arrived, It was I o'clock when we arrived, so we spread our dinner in the shade of the maples. Luckily for the girls, we had no dishes to wash.

"Mother, may we wade in the river?" I asked.

river?" I asked.
"Yes! yes! run along, but don't
wade too far," she called as we scam-

pered away.
"I am tired of wading and splashing in the water, What can we do?"
Toda
Toda asked.
"I know," replied Della, "let's play

we are an exploring party and see who can count the most kinds of birds and flowers."
"That is first-rate," we echoed, and

we began our tramp.

When we were entering a patch of smart weeds we forgot about the birds and flowers, but thought only of our faces. My, how they did sting and burn!

When the red sun was setting in the west we all went home tired, but declaring we had had a good time.

(Honorable, Mention). Tale of the War Horse.

Grace Hindley, Aged 12, Blair, Neb. Red Side.

Neb. Red Side.

One hot day as I lay on the grass beside the brook, I observed old Polly, our old crippled horse, coming toward me. As I had finished reading my story, I thought it would be nice to have a chat with old Polly.

Polly seemed in a good humor and was glad to talk to me. As she was an old wa. horse, I asked her to tell me of her adventures. She said she would and lay down on the grass beside me.

would and lay down on the grass side me.

"When I was very young I was broken in as a war horse and was taken over the ocean. I was very glad to get off of the rocking old ship on solid ground. My comrades told me it was very dangerous to go to war, but, I would not believe them and thought it would be fun.

"The first day or two all went fine. The fifth day was a day I will always the day my

remember, because it was the day my dear master was killed. A cannon ball hit him in the head and he fell instantly from the saddle. I wanted to atay by him, but I was crowded on by the rush of horses. After the battle I was put on a ship and sailed tle I was put on a ship and sailed back to this country. I will never forget my dear master."

(Honorable Mention). Trip to the Moon.

By Helen Stowell, Aged 11, Ord. Neb Blue Side.

Sometimes people get tired of living on the earth, just as we did.

One day we got an airship and started, taking a lunch along with us.

When we got about ten miles up in the air we became so cold that we came down again to get some more.

Then we started again, this time Then we started again, this time going south. Since it was warmer, everything went fine for two or three days. The third day, when the moon came up, we went directly for it, but the oil stove exploded and burned un the ship. We jumped out before it burned us and lit on a stack of hay, where two men were working.

We asked them where we were and they said we were twenty miles from Ord.

We asked them if they would take

We asked them if they would take

We asked them if they would take us there and they said yes, so they got their car and took us to Ord.

There we bought another airship and started again. This time everything went fine. We traveled three or four days, and nothing very unusual happened, but on the fifth we hit against something with an awful thump. It was the moon. When the moon man heard the noise he came to see what was the matter. When he peeked out we saw he was made of green cheese, so we all came down in a hurry.

There Punished. By Helen Chadek, Aged 9, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

woodcutter once went into the Soon the man had made a new

# The Growing Busy Bee Family 1 can spend the rest of my days.

Gladys, age 4, is one of the youngest members of the Busy Bee family. Her daddy is The Bee's photographer and Gladys' greatest delight is to watch him taking pictures.

He takes a lot of pictures of her too. That pleases her more than ever.

Gladys has a "sweet tooth," just like all the rest of the Busy Bees, I wenter. But she likes "ire cream"

venture. But she likes "ice cream" best of all. She stays up every night until her father comes home with the

The other night Gladys was so tired from playing all day she fell asleep before daddy arrived with the cream. When he came home he took cream. When he came home he took a spoonful of the confection and held it to the sleeping childs' mouth. Wide awake she was in a minute,

ready for her nightly treat.

scramble out of the buggy. We were so frightened that we let James drive on home and we walked the rest of the way. We all had a good scare.

A School Picnic.

By Edna E. Green, St. Edwards, Neb. R. F. D. No. 2. Red Side. About two years ago when I lived south of St. Edwards, Neb., there were two schools which let out at the same time. There was the school I was going to, and just two and one-half miles northeast was the other

half miles northeast was the other one.

Both schools were to let out at the same time in the spring so we were going to have a picnic together in Mr. Doile's yard and orchard. They had a nice big orchard and many grape vines. I was to walk down as far as one of our neighbors and ride with them. They were all ready when I got there, but fixing the things fin the basket.

When we arrived it was 11 o'clock so we played. I think there were about 100 there. We first played drop the handkerchief and then by that time the men had put up three swings so we swung a while.

About 12.30 they called us to dinner and the table was nearly 100 feet long.

After dinner we played games and

long.
After dinner we played games and played in the swing. About 3 o'clock we went home as it looked like it

By Hazel Ryan, Aged 10 Years, Herman, Neb. Red Side. might rain any time.

I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me. I will answer

Bothersome Chickens.

by Vance Willard, Aged 9 Years, Grand Island, Neb., Blue Side.

Last fall mamma had a man plant come tulip bulbs. They came up a little too early this spring, so she covered them up so they would not treeze.

Today she looke! out of the wind the budgs. There are all kinds of chickens in Grand Island, but these are the worst I ever saw.

A Runaway Experience.

By Dagmar Olsen, Aged 12 Years, Weeping Water, Neb. R. F. D. 2.

Blue Side.

One night last week coming home from school, I was riding with our neighbor's children, when all of a sudden they pony became frightened at some object and started to turn around.

As there was a small bank there, he could not turn around very easily, so he stood upon his hind legs and turned the budgsy over and started to run for town.

James, the oldest boy, stopped him after he had ran a little ways. It did not take the rest of us long to the store and as well and ran a little ways. It did not take the rest of us long to the rest of us long to take the rest of us long



GLADYS SCHONFIELD

course I went over to see what sort of an animal she was. She grunted and then she ran after me. After that I left her alone. Now you know the history of the little black calf.

I shall probably go to the great ocean. There I shall, no doubt, have a great many companions with whom

The Result of Ida's Pride.

y Luella Gibson, Aged 13 Years, Dodge, Neb. I received my book. The title of it "The Middle Pasture." It is very It is very

is "The Middle Pasture." It is very good and I wish to thank you very much for it. I am now going to tell you about a girl who failed.

Once there was a girl named Ida Brown. She was always teasing a smaller girl, whose name was Mayble Smith.

Mayble and Ida were both in the

same grade at school.

Ida always answered every question the teacher asked her, but Mayble did not know the answers to some of the questions. She studied very hard and listened closely when the others were reciting, but Ida always laughed and made remarks to the girl who sat next to her about the one who was reciting.

recting.

Ida always told Mayble that she would fail, but Mayble never paid any attention to her remarks and got her lessons better than she had ever had

them before,
At the end of the term, when they got their report cards, Ida was very eager to get her card so she could boast about getting the highest grades and passing. When she opened her card she was very much aston-ished, for she had failed. Mayble passed with a good average. Ida said that this would teach her a lesson never to boast about being the smartest one in the class again.

Allen and His Pony.

By Dores Thompson, Aged 10 Years.
Route 2, Genoa, Neb. Blue Side.
I am sending you a story of "Allen
and His Pony." I hope to see it in
write.

Little Tots' Birthday Book

Name.

Seven Years Old Tomorrow:

Byers, Margarite ..... Clifton Hill Donaly, Raymond... Saratoga Dostal, Fred.... South Lincoln Fullen, Norman... Lothrop Holmstedt, Earl F South Lincoln Miller, George. Howard Kennedy Riedmann, Margaret. St. Joseph's

Tam sending you a story of "Allen and His Pony." I hope to see it in print.

When Allen Smith was 10 years old his father gave him a pony named Spot. Snot was not broken to ride yet, so Allen said he would break him to ride the next day.

When Allen put the bridle on Spot. He did not like the bit and tried to spit it out, but it was fastened on. Allen led Spot to a plowed field and got on his back. Spot was very gentle on Spot the second time, Spot most were yended for not want the saddle on and when Allen got on his back. Spot was very gentle on Spot the second time, Spot most were yended for not want the saddle on and when Allen got on his back he began to buck.

Allen led Spot to a plowed field and got on his back he began to buck.

Allen led spot on a gain. Spot far second time, Spot may leave year the far time was a fairled of ghosts. One and one of them is about eleven feet would make him some pancakes if he would have some fan he would have some fan he would have some fan. He fressed up in a darlied of phosts. One do them, Johnny Jones knew that Sammy was afraid of ghosts. One of our tress.

When Sammy and the Ghost.

Halet Bella, Aged 12 Years, Genos, Reb. Bellus Side one a little to me and I will answer their there was a little bride my he would make him some pancakes if he would have some fan he would have some fan

himself and saying nothing about he himself and saying nothing about her part in the transaction. Webb, though leeling pretty blue, was too much of a man to take credit to himself for Helen's accidental good fortune. But Helen would not listen to his protestations. She told him he must do as she said, if for no other reason than for his wife's sake.

It was this plea that at last over-came Webb's reluctance. Helen like-wise declared she would bring him the wire-tapping apparatus. Unluck-ily, just as she put the stolen coronet into Webb's hands, Burke passing along the platform caught sight of the two and saw what was going on. Consident these jewels were the originals for which he had taken so desperate a chance, he hastened to telephone and called up the pawnbroker:

"I've found the jewels. Get some roughnecks down to the station quick. We may get them back." along the platform caught sight of the

The pawnbroker rushed out for a losse. Among others he picked up luck Masters, and the party left for posse. Among others he picked up Buck Masters, and the party left for the station. Webb, waiting for Helen to return with the wire apparatus, was nervously pacing the freight platform. The pawnbroker's worthies were already trailing him. They waited until he neared the open door of a boxcar and climbing inside waited until be neared the open door of a boxcar and climbing inside through the opposite door they flung a rope around Webb's neck and before he could free himself dragged him into the car. Pressed for time, they had not succeeded in finding the package on him when a truck drove up to unload the very car they were in. The thugs dropped Webb into a big empty box and disanneared. The truckmen soon reached Webb, in the box, upended him and deposited him on the truck. Gagged and bound, he box, upended him and debosted him on the truck. Gaged and bound, he could not attract their attention, but to the amazement of the teamsters. Masters and his companions jumped up to the driver's seat, while the oth-ers of the gang manned the running boards and prepared to steal the truck.

Their Own Page

well, I think this is long enough.

I will write a longer letter next time.

A Blizzard.

By Edith-Bucy, Aged 10 Years, De-catur, Neb., R. F. D. No. 1, Blue Side.

When we started home it seemed

to the school.

My birthday was the first of April and I fooled my sisters. I have four sisters but no brothers. My sisters' names are Mamie, aged fifteen; Viola, aged eleven; Helen, aged five, and the sweetest little blue-eyed baby, Bernice, aged two months. Bomat, Alva W......Farnam Smith, Elmer A......Highland

up well.
I could barely see, but I didn't get very cold. There were six children in my room and two in the primary. We all got our studies and went home

When we started home it seemed to be warmer than it was in the morning, and all of the children who went north rode in a buggy. Both teachers, my chum and I walked home. I had three-quarters of a mile to go and my teacher had just a little farther. My chum and her teacher had one-half of a mile to go, but we got home all right. on the ice or dashes after one in the water. Sometimes he dives for fish and catches them, swift as they are.

A dead whale affords him food enough to last for many days, and if animal food becomes scarce he finds some mountainside from which the snow is melted and there he feasts on berries, or, if he gets very hungry, he manages to make a meal of scaweed.

He can swim in the water as fast as he can walk on the land, now floating on the surface like a duck, and now diving under like a fish.

I am a new Busy Bee and wish to join your merry circle. I have been a reader of the Busy Bees' page for quite a while. I must now close and leave room for the others, hoping to receive a prize book.

When we started nome it was in the morning, and all of the children who went morth rode in a buggy. Both teaching, and all of the children who went morth rode in a buggy. Both teaching, and all of the children who went morth rode in a buggy. Both teaching, and all of the children who went morth rode in a buggy. Both teaching, and all of the children who went morth rode in a buggy. Both teaching, and all of the children who went morth rode in a buggy. Both teaching, and all of the children who went morth rode in a buggy. Both teaching, and all of the children who went morth rode in a buggy. Both teachiers, my hum and her teacher had just a little farther. My chum and her teacher had just a little farther. My chum and her teacher had just a little farther. My chum and her teacher had just a little farther. My chum and her teacher had just a little farther. My chum and her teacher had just a little farther. My chum and her teacher had just a little farther. My chum and her teacher had just a little farther. My chum and her teacher had just a little farther. My chum and her teacher had just a little farther. My chum and her teacher had just a little farther. My chum and her teacher had just a little farther. My chum and her teacher had just a little farther. My chum and her teacher had just a little farther. My chum and her teache

By Rhea Warren, Aged 10 Years,
Red Cloud, Neb. Red Side.
This is the first time I have written
to the Busy Bees. I want them to
write to me and I will answer their
letters.
I have some squireels piggons pigg. receive a prize book.

My Kittens.

By Artemis Timberlake, Aged 1st Years. 2723 Meredith Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

I have two kittens whose names are Bub and Kitty Gray. Some mornings Bub comes out to the sink and meows until mother takes the wash basin, puts some water in it and By Lillian Beirle, Aged 14 Years, David City, Neb., Route 4, Red Side. The White Bear.

By Mildred Henriksen, Aged 13
Years, Route No. 1, Thurman,
Ia. Red Side.

Away in the cold north, where the ground is never free from snow, and where, even in summer, mountains of ice float about in the sea, lives the polar bear. His coat is of the thickest of fur and there is no cold severe enough to hurt him.

Sometimes he catches a seal asleep

vid City, Neb., Route 4, Red Side.

This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bee page. I think these stories are very nice and I think everybody ought to appreciate them, especially the children. Larger folks ought to think they are nice, because some very small children write them.

I go to school every day and am in the eighth grade. I took the county examinations and passed in every one of them the first time. I go to

basin, puts some water in it and washes his face. Then he goes away and is quiet. He is gray and white and my other cat is pure gray. I would be glad to hear from some of the Busy Bees. Tabby and Sonny.

James P. Johnson, Aged 7 Years,
2215 South Ninth Street. Council
Bluffs, Ia. Red Side.

I have a big black cat which I call
Sonny. We call his mother Tabby.
Tabby and Sonny catch mice and rats.
I go to school, and my teacher's
name is Miss Barrett.

My brother is writing a letter, too.
This is the first story I ever wrote.
I hope to read it in the paper next
Sunday.

A Dutiful Writer.

Evelyn Mauck, Aged 11 Years, Touhy, Neb., Red Side. I like to read your stories and I would like to have some of you write

We must obey our parents, we must help our mother wash and dry the dishes, and "do unto others as you want them to do unto you."

Helpful Busy Bee.

By Joe C. Johnson, Council Bluffs,
Ia., Red Side.
I go to school and I like my teacher. I like to work, and I help my
papa saw wood. I carry out the ashes
and help mamma with the dishes, and

I am going to help her make a garden and then sell the vegetables. Spring.

By Pearl Hubbard, Aged 10 Years,
Grafton, Neb. Red Side,
The birds were singing
And the bells were ringing:

The red-breasted robin in the tree. Sat looking at you and me. the cows chew their cuds, the little lass Said that cattle were eating green

The flowers are pretty And Mary loves them dearly; She picked them all From branch and wall.

That had many curls. Said she didn't like spring If the bells didn't ring.

The First Easter Eggs.
Aged 9 Years, By Alice Bondesson, Aged 9 Y 2565 Evans Street, Omaha, Red Side.

How the first Easter eggs came I am sure you all know; They were supposed to have come From a bunny as white as snow.

The children all see him When away he gors For he is white all over Except the tip of his nose.

The eggs came from a chicken Then they were cooked and dyed In their oretty colors just on the outside.

### THE RAILROAD RAIDERS CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Copyright, 1917. By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Adopted from the Western Picture Version Produced by Signal Film Corporation and Featuring Helen Holmes.

THIRD EPISODE. The keenest disappointment to Helen of that eventful night was that Buck Masters and Arnold, after their struggle with the police in the quarters of the gang should in the end escape. To be told by Melrose that the jewels she had recovered were spurious was a minor trial. But she now returned to the deserted house of the raiders, where she dismantled and rereturned to the deserted house of the raiders, where she dismantled and removed the whole wire-tapping apparatus they had feloniously installed. When she came downstairs with this in her handbag the special had gone and she started for a street car. It was already, however, 3 o'clock in the

morning and she was obliged to wait for one a long time. Webb, all night, had been carous-ing. With a boisterous party he left a midnight cafe for a gambling house came down again to get some more clothing and an oil stove to keep us lette, when, taking hold accidentally warm. ance he discovered underneath badge of an officer. Realizing that to be caught in such company would cost him his position, he called for his overcoat and was about to leave, when a raiding squad surrounded the place. The plain clothes men in the room drew guns. Webb, hands up, backed to the wall. His hand backed to the wall. His hand turned off the lights and in the con-fusion jumped from the nearest win-

went to bed. Helen returned to the

At the station the iceman was sweeping out his cart when he discovered the package of jewelry that Burke had unwittingly dropped into it the night before. He was about to throw the gems away, believing the glittering baubles worthless, when he determined to give them to his children, and putting them in his pocket went on with his work.

Earlier in the night Frost, general superintendent, had been called from his bed by the dispatcher who first reported the Melrose robbery. This was bad enough, but he then complained he could not locate Morton Webb. Frost himself, very angry, hastened to the dispatchers' office, only to meet Melrose, whom he found in a furious temper over the night's happenings. To have his train held up with the threat of his party's being blown up with dynamite was enough to ruffle the governor's temper. But the loss of his wife's diamond coronet and necklaces was too superintendent, had been called from mond coronet and necklaces was too much. Frost tried to calm him. much. Frost fried to calm him. He was only partly appeased by the promise that if he would come back to headquarters that afternoon everything possible should be done in the interval to recover the jewelry.

backed to the wall. His hands up backed to the wall. His hand turned off the lights and in the confusion jumped from the nearest windown to a metorcar in the driveway below. The chauffeur whirled him away from the house, but the police in a second car gave chase.

Webb's driver, an expert, gave the officers along run and, doubling on the morning to secure the spoil. When the first opoprtunity, threw them completely off the trail. Unfortunately the adroit chauffeur in looking back to make sure he was no longer pursued, ran squarely into an early morning huckster's eart. No one was hurt, but the weckled wagon obstructed an approaching street car, the first of the morning, downtown. Within it was Helen on her way home. In the machine she saw Webb's and realizing his condition, threw her handbag in beside him to take the helpfalls and patiently he had stood in position in the way home. There she found, with Webb's aby, his poor wife, who had been waiting all night her handband's return. The dispatcher, she told him, had been platform is all only the platform, and patiently and patiently had seen on nothing of the jewels and the run of the truth was the had stood in position in the review had specified the run of the result of the result in the platform. In great exarting the saw Webb aby, his poor wife, who had been waiting all night her handband's return. The dispatcher, she told him, had been platform for the run of the

