

Om day they received a letter say et that their fairy god mother was roming to take one of the three princesses with her, for she needed some help to keep the great and beautiful castle.

So the day arrived when the sister was playing with Billy and Sally when the news came to her mustn't lay everything on to the that the fairy god mother was here. She said, "Billy and Sally should naughty girl do in I hope none of

The sisters said Billy and Sally are creatures they are too dirty to come in. But little sister said, "Ebey came to play By Warren Price, Age 12, Newman Gra-Neb. with me, so they shall come in,

and of the poor children that like 25 chickens that I take care of to come and play at my castle."

each other in surprise because they learned to ride a horse. One day thought that they would be the I was riding to get the mail when it stumbled and fell on my leg. mother.

(Honorable Mention.) Grandma's Wedding Ring By Marguerite Poggenpahl, age 11, Chad-ron, Neb.

1608 Grandma was 60 years old and she still had this ring.

She prized it very much. up north.

grandchildren.

prize book will be \_iver each week for best contribution Address Children's Depart ment, Omaha Bee, Omaha Neb

fairy god mother arrived. Little gathering flowers. It isn't nice for come in, too," she was sure "fany you are cruel to the birds, because god mother would like to see them." think of such beautiful annocen

Dear Busy Bees: I wish to jon Fairy god mother heard what had your hive. I am in the sixth grade been going on and she said: "Yes, of the Newman Grove school. My they shall come in and little sister father was the superintendent of will go with me tomorrow because the school, but he bought the New she is just the one who knows how man Grove Reporter. I have one to help me take care of my castle brother and two sisters. We cave

The two older esters looked at Where I was this summer I but it did not hurt me, because in the soft dirt. If it had been ou hard ground it might have broken my leg. Well, I must close

engraving on the inside: "To Miner- | Dear Busy Bees. This is my first

Once upon a time there lived a room. In this one room she had



## A. B. Taylor.

Saturday While His Best

Friends Played 'Frog'

How would you like to wear a velvet suit and silk hat like the little to the lake to hear the crickets sing and the fairy entered the shall. Tim chap in the pieture? He was just 2 years old when this was taken and and watch the fairy saw hundreds of little creatures like Belle and Bess were their only randchildren. "Good mornin", children, "greeted rand yer "dress-up" suit and I am sure you will be glad that the fashions for little in such a gainst the big brick wall and climb don't really think that one could play bell or coast down hill in such a don't really think that one could play bell or coast down hill in such a dight better to day?" you can see how proud he is of his real, "grownup" necktie and cuffs, the point of the church steeple in the st

not wake up long enough to go unless mother made him.

One noon we were all clean and everyone was asleep but me. You know some days you teel as though you just can't go to sleep, no mat- hand ter how hard you try I was look here chalk the nuscles stood out on his circss as she tell over. A tine little "Yes, we should all do that, but shoulder and his bowed legs were mirl she was but your shoulder and it was not a small thing," said the like from.

The lord of the kennels." arrived. Your logs were braced and think. I waited breathlessly as he stopped your laws clamped so tight, that "My mother had saved the little The lord of the kennels."

a chirp. Then when it was quite

lark and the fire-flys appeared. I'm ould go home to his mother to be fairs hall. The floor was of the teked in his bed

Those Tricky Tears.

became more and more distinct.

as He did not say very much to cions gems. One was of red rubies his mother that evening while he that dazzled Tim with their brilliant Street cars were running right early was eating his supper. As soon as red light, another was of diamonds,

and watch the first star tise over saw hundreds of little creatures like Such a happy bedraggled set were

This evening Jun set very close to they were reliable at having Sat-but gay, he water's edge in order that he unday once more. At the word of For the war was done and liberty

you just can't go to sleep, no mat- hand. "We need some new dogs visiting girl's mother brought you ter how hard you try. I was look here "he wouldon, "It isn't like the a beautiful brass collar with "A ing around blinking at the sun, when old days are more." Do you remem- Brave Dog' on it, and put her arms a large, white dog tame down the ber the day five years ago that the around your neck and thanked you. rugway in front of the kennels. The little visiting gul ran away from her We all envied you then, largest dog you can imagine. His family, toward the steep bank over "It was a small thing coat glistened in the -nu white as the roadway and you caught her did my duty," said mother.

tiaws were swollen for days from the huge dog with a backard look at me "It is Victor," said usy mother, strain of holding her until the men as he walked away, leaving me to

in front of the house and looked when they did get there they could girl's life," I thought. "When I

at us bardly make you let go. The ladies grew up maybe I would save lives They are fine pups you have, used to gather round you and feed and have a beautiful brass collar-be growled to my mother. He did you all sorts of good things that Then Victor would call me a hero. not look quite as fierce close at would not hurt your throat And the I would try.

per of bread and milk. Tun used to month, he was standing on it be- | thank the kind fairies he found himslip down to the lake and there, side the fairy and the blades of grass self once more upon the shore of when the cool evening breezes were on the shore seemed to be giant trees the lake dowing, the little lad watched the for the fairy had made him as small. Tim fe un set and the shadows fall on the as herself. With one wave of her was not a dream. No, the hump arth. One by one the stars would magic wand the two were beneath was gone forever, and Tim ran joyppear and the crickets would begin the surface of the lake

Fairy Hall. tim found himself in a beautiful shining said on the bottom of the

lake. The ceiling was of a thou-Now one day was a very hard day sand colors and red and blue and ar Tim. One of those ticky tears purple and green were magically With shrieking noises the air they ad appeared and Tim brushed it blended into such heaity as Tim rent. way in vain, for there followed in and never seen before. The columns, Newshoys were yelling at the tops

strack dozens and dozens just like that reached from the floor to up So that Tim was unhapt all the hold the ceiling were made of pre- And nothing could stop the chatter

it was finished he hurried off down and another of emeralds. When Tim And rich looked on poor without

Tim felt his back to make sure it

"It was a small thing, and I only

fully home to his mother to tell her the glad tidings.

## Peace Day.

By Ethel Cunningham, Mrs 12, 123 South Fifty-first Street, Omaha With a rattlety-bang the dishpars went

rent.

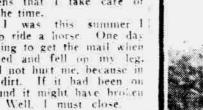
of their lungs.

of tongues!

that morn SCOLD.

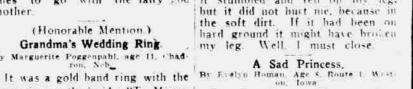
they.

happily in magic fairy rings, for When they returned home tired,



va from Ezekiel, November 26. letter to the Busy Bee page. I wish to tell yu a story.

- because there was a big brick wall Mr. and Mrs. Bingle (grandma all around her. For her house she and grandpa) lived in the hills called had a small cottage with only one



little princess who was very sad.

grandma, "an how he you and ver mother, today? "Oh, we are well, thank you," anthe brownie said that she could have boys have been changed. swered Belle.

three wishes. The first wish was if "Grandma," added Belle, "tell us about the time when you were mar-ried again, and show Bess the ring." "Alright!" said grandma

She took her cane and hobbled furniture. The last wish was if she could only have her mother and over to the dresser.

"Oh! my bones in my back." cried father back.

Pretty soon the old brick wall was grandma jumping back. "What is the matter? called Ress. gone and right before her stood a "The ring, hy dears, the ring is little cottage with some turniture. audaher mother and father stood at

"Gone!" echoed Belle and Bess, the door.

simultaneously. "An' what he th' matter?" asked

grandpa, coming in. 'Oh. the wedding ring is gone!"

"Har! There be it!" and he held the ring out to grandma.

"Oh, where did you get it?" asked grandma.

"I lent it to ole Squire Jones to git married with."

### First Letter.~

By Truth McKay, Age 11, Hastings, Neb. history. Join the Art club: submit This is my first letter I have written to you. There has not been any school for a long time and now that t has started out teacher is sick and has to have a supply. We are not

getting along very well. I have \$85 worth of thrift stamps and a \$50 Liberty bond and have

that night found him sound asleep is Miss Motherhead. I have five under the bath tub.

I have a little kitten too. It is the stories in the paper every Sun brown and white and sometimes it day. ights with Sammy, the dog. Hope to see my letter in print.

# A Lover of Birds.

By Katheryn Ellis, Age 11, Weepine Water, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I am a lover was once a very rich and a very poor of birds. In this time of year the boy. The poor boy had nothing to boys have sling-shots. With these wear and the rich boy had all he they shoot at heautiful birds, some- wanted. Whenever the rich boy saw times naughty birds, mostly spar- the poor boy he would call him rows, killing them, sometimes crip- names. The rich boy's father had pling the innocent creatures. It a mansion while the poor boy's fa-seems to me that this is cruel and ther had an old barn to live in. There I think you will agree we should was a great war between the rich not pick on the sparrows just in- and the millionaires. The millioncause they aren't pretty, and some- aires won. Then the rich boy's fatimes are pestering us. We should ther became poor as the poor boy's like them, just as we would try to father. Then the poor boy's father show a robber he was wrong and walked past the rich man's house evtry to teach him to lead another ery day. Then the poor boy called life.

I have just moved to Weeping Water recently and have not had

and tables and baths. But where

A Good Letter.

right or not.

By Harlan Talino, Aged 10, Neb goldfish: one is a little one: I read A Rich and Poor Boy. By Floyd Beunett, 2204 Harrison Street Omaha, Neb gave him a bone to eat, and I hit a world, knew it had been there. stick on the ground close by him ;

He got mad. And bit me across the

Jimmy's Christmas Eve. Opal Jansen, Age 9, Willer

git or not. Join the City History club, study beautiful blooms in the moonlight that he could not run about as his User and the sets little friends did, and although he sketches. Join the Literary club: I dropped off to sleep by the sale tried to be very brave, he could not This was followed by the wall of submit stories and poems. Be kind of them. And mamma hunted all but wish that he, too, were strong many little voices. Tim sat tuli of to animals; join the Humane club, around for me I have two ducks and able to join in the sports and wonder. He was so inglitened at

to animals; join the Humane club, around for me it have two these and and eight eggs 1 am going to put games. This never complained even them in the incubator with manuals it hough at was bard to sit very still first that he could not move. The voices repeated the song many times redeem them for valuable prizes. eggs and raise some little duck- while his best friends frohesed in the same fashion and after each in the same fashion and the same fashion and the same fashion and the same fashion and after each in the same fashion and the same fashion an redeem them for valuable prizes, eggs and raise some intre mick, while his best finduds from the same fashion and and and through game after game of leap singing. I have to see them swim and through game after game of leap singing. The heard the same pitting saving stamps.

and a \$50 Liberty bond and have joined the Red Cross. There are 105 pupils in the fifth and sixth grades. I am in the sixth. I have a poodle dog, but it is very hard to keep him clean. One day there to keep him clean. One day the stones. This rolled down the what day it was, for this mother strom one hillside into the lake, but Tim al- had mught him the days of the week Again Tim Leard.

Once when I was a little boy ways brushed it aside before any of Again Tim Lear about 4 years old. We had a dog by his friends saw it. So that no one, will no fin set be not even Tim's mother, who was the most beautiful mother in the "We had no day of "Saturday." sho

his might.

see my teeth inside. Five minutes could tell the most wonderful tales, moment and when 1 m booked at the later papa shot him. We had two He knew all about the way the bees water fily leaf, a beautiful creature

re, their lives for little boys to spread and her golden hair gleaned in the

year, so therefore he roomed at the long winter and how they leave them the lake have bidden me to come to bakers. He worked very hard, but beautiful butterilys in the spring, the surface and tell you how grate yet he was very poor. Now it was Tim watched the buds swell and ful we are to you for giving us back drawing near Christmas. At last hurst into blosson. All the great Saturday," she said to Tim in the Christmas eve came and the little burst into blosson. All the great Saturday, she sail to the diver wonderful out of doors he knew and most beantiful voice he had ever boy worked mill 10:30. Then he loved For when Tun grew fired heard. "All the tairies had togotten watching the children playing their the name of the last day of the week watching the children playing their the name of the last day of the week Water recently and have not had time to make many bird houses, and tables and baths. But where I am a little boy 8 years old I used to live in Peru I had every live on a farm six miles from town. I used to live in Feru I had every spring two or three bird houses. I walk two miles to school: am in also a bird table, simply a square upon a board, upon which I put the fourth grade. I have an old up he found a package lying on his in the clover. The learned to know upon a board, upon which I put the birds' feed. I always tried to have are black and white. One is black, two are black and white.

Tim's Friends. All the fittle children were Tun's They seemed to be happy sounds, as face, from the left eye to the right friends. They liked him because he though the strange lutle covers were cheek. His teeth caught in my cheek and tore it open so you could was so cheerful. And besides Tim moved and when im looked at the

"Saturday," shouted fine with all "Saturday," he shouted

doctors and they seved the check sip the sweetness ifom the flowers whom Tim knew to be a water tany and store it into honey combs into She had on a robe of shining white

By opal Jansen Age 9, Wissenerik, New on their bread. He knew how the dusk and in it she wore a star as mother aud father had been dead a the themselves to hide in during the "All the water farries who live in themselves to hide in during the "All the water farries who live in

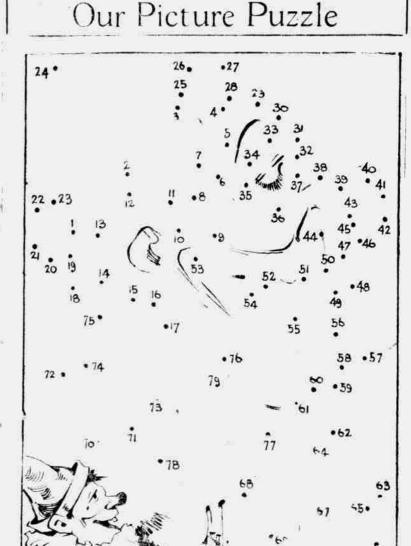
might better see the water likes the fairy beside Tim they all stop won, theating on the surface of the lake, ped datcing and gasticred about the Yankees had started the Huns All was very still save for the oc- him. Then the fairy spoke once on the run!

so tand were the sounds. Then they thing in our kingdom. Any lewels,

Elizabeth and her dog were going were so mournful that Im thought that you see, anything that you Elizabeth and her dog were going some one must surely be in very wish is yours." Tim stopped to down by the seashore to spend the great trouble. So he listened very consider, but he did not hesitate day. They took their lunch in a carefully and gradually the sounds long tong became more and more distinct. "I'lease good tarnes," he said started. Before lunch they played

Then Tim discovered it was a song "There is one thing that I want more, in the sand; after lunch they were but never before had he heard such than anything else in all the world " so fired they sat down to take a nap.

the door.
Solves Puzzle.
By Margaret Green, 1948 South Eleventh, Street Ornaho, New Street Ornaho, his back and he stood straight and dog got a good supper that night And before he had time to for saving Elizabeth's life.



them bathe in. Every spring I'd They are up in the hay mow. I opened it and there was a pair of Ber better than any other part of Thin was just about to say that he go in the woods with my friends love to go up and play with them, roller skates. After this, he could the day. Tim loved the twilight was too large to stand on the leaf But better than any other part of Tim was just about to say that he 1 omniete th look for new bird nests and One day I went up and played until deliver papers much faster. hom. After he had finished his sup- but before the words were out of his at Figure 1 and taking them numerically

Dear Busy Bees: I will tell you about a rich and a poor hoy. There