THE OMAHA SUNDAY DEE: ACCUST 50, 1914.



ALLIAM SPANGENBERG is the new king of the Busy Bees and Ethel Brinkman is the new queen. They will hold office until January 1 when another Busy Bee election will be held. The retiring king and queen are Adolph Hult and Mabel Hedrgren. Among those who also received votes in the election were Lillian Petersen, Hertha Stoldt, Guy Ford Shenk and Roy Baker.

The Busy Bees

The new king of the Red side is 11 years old and is in the Sixth B grade at Castellar school. He reads a great deal and is especially fond of history. William spent his vacation at Biair this summer with some friends and enjoyed it very much.

Ethel Brinkman is 13 years old and is in the seventh grade at Columbian school. The new queen is a sweet, quiet-mannered little girl and she, too, is a prodigious reader. Ethel has been writing stories for the Busy Bee page for a long while. Under the leadership of these two, a very successful reign is assured.

Morton Blum of Des Moines sent us an extract from a speech by Wendell Phillips. No prizes are awarded for letters or stories that are not original, but this speech bears such a fine message that it is printed this week for the Busy Bees.

This week first prize was awarded to Ruth Cunningham of the Blue side; second prize to Elly Jensen of the Blue side, and honorable mention to Medora Mohney of the Red side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.) My Cotton Plant.

By Ruth Cunningham, Aged 10 Years, 5331 Franklin St., Omaha. Blue Side.

Last spring my teacher, Miss Mack, gave the children in our room some cottonseeds. I had three and gave a neighbor girl one, but her seed died. I planted mine in a can and both seeds came up. When the weather was warm enough we set them out, but in transplanting one died. The other one is a little over three and one-half feet high.

It has had quite a few blossoms. The flowers are bell shaped and a pale lemon color. When they fade the next day they turn pink. This withers up and then a tiny pod begins to grow. The cotton grows inside these pods. I have several good-sized pods so I will surely have cotton before frost

I like to watch it grow. I have shown it to a lot of neighbor children and some grown people, too, for they have never seen a cotton plant growing.

(Second Prize.)

Eager to Start School.

By Elizabeth Jensen, 1713 Canton Street, Omaha. Blue Side.

I am a new member and would like to join the Blue side. I like to read the children's stories in The Bee. I will now tell you about my vacation. On the last day of school we went to school at the usual time. Of course we were all excused, since we were to get our passing cards that morning. I have two brothers. They passed and so did I. I said goodbye to our teachers and came home about 10 o'clock. Then my eldest brother went with papa for a car ride, as my papa is a motorman, and my smallest brother and I went down town shopping for mother. After finishing our shopping we went to a show which was the Hipp. We enjoyed the pictures greatly. Before we went home we each got an ice cream soda. It did taste good because we were so hot. We reached home about 4:30 park four times, taking our lunch along of chairs in our room.

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RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

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

the paper only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pendil. 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do new use over 250 words. 4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and ad-dress at the top of the first page. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each weak. Address all communications 50 CHILDREN'S DEFARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Meb.

(Honorable Mention.)

Our Play House.

By Medora Mohney, Aged 11 Years, Edl-son, Neb. Red Side. This summer, some of my friends and than myself. After they went to bed I if it hatches into a butterfly I will my little brother and I decided we would read until about 3 o'clock, when I went write about it. like a tent to play in, so we tried to fix to bed. I did not go right to sleep, but one. But we could not get the pole to instead I lay awake for some time. stay up. Mamma said we could have an Presently the stair steps began te oreak. It sounded as if someone was old carpet with which to cover it. leaping from step to step. In a few At noon we told paps about it and he said he would help us. He took the pole. minutes something gray darted past my We tried to put it in the center of our door. I sat up in bed. My face seemed tent and fixed it between two cotton- to be burning! How frightened I was wood trees. Then he took two boards In a short time two fiery, bright green and drove them in the ground. Then he balls were staring at met Presently took another board and nailed it on top could see a soft, gray tail twitching in of the two boards. He then put the carpet over it and we had a little play-house to play in and we have had a great deal of fun in it many days.

our trip.

Trip on the Ocean.

By Beulah Christiansen, Aged 12 Years, Bradshaw, Neb. Blue Side. By Bethine Donaldson, Aged 13 Tears, Council Bluffs, Ia. Red Side. Corn is very much used in the United When I was about 5 years old we States and other countries. It is used to moved out west. We stayed in Washfeed to the stock, as cows, horses, hogs, sheep and to the chickens. It is great in school. But Harry would say: ington till I was 7 years old, and then we decided to go to Los Angeles, Cal. feed for most anyone. It is ground up We took a boat from Seattle and started and used for small chickens. on our trip. We had a little room on the We have a sile to put in some of our

deck floor. We had three little beds, green corn. It is hard to cook for the o'clock all tired out, but had a good time. one on top of another, as in a train, and men as threshers. Since that day we have been to Hanscom a little stand, a wash stand and a couple We are feeding some green corn to the

cattle. Corn is one of the main crops was a large parlor

shone in all different colors, and seals the milk and he told me to go in the were on the rocks. We stayed in San cellar and get the milk which he had Francisco one day and went all over the saved that morning. I went and got the town. The streets were still tore up milk and took it out to the shed. On from the earthquake. We continued our our fence I saw a big green worm. I trip the next two days and at last took the milk over to the shed and told reached Los Angeles, where we finished papa to come and see it. Then I called my mother and sister. Papa said it

was a silkworm. We put it in a box and took it to Te-By Elizabeth Wilcox, Aged 13 Years, kamah to show it to my aunt. When Ingham, Neb. Bed Side. we came home we forgot it. Wednesday night when we went up there it had spun

Once there was a litle boy whose name was Harry. As he was coming home from swing and drank pop and ate cherries un- want to tell you I made a home run, chool an old lady was going home. She til we went home. was old and feeble and could hardly get

with her and her basket he started the

sixth grade. The other boys made fun of in honor of Louis Newton. I accepted her back and she came over to papa for him because he was so kind to the girls Leaving on the morning train I was sugar. met at the depot with an automobile and was driven out to the lake where the party was to take place.

seaten in that.

slept till half past 9 next morning, which | was Sunday. I hope my story is acceptable.

linner.

"I am getting cold," said the soup. "How dull it is," said the carving knife.

"Let's talk," said the bread. "We meet often, but don't know each other very well.

"No," said the bread. "I know you dishes" came a shrill voice from the very well. Only a few days ago you were kitchen. walking about in the grass."

growing nearby in a wheat field."

been through the mill since then. That takes time." "I came from under the ground," said

the potato. "It is dark there, but I like dark places." "So do L" said the turnin.

"And so do L" maid the onion. I cams all the way from Spain," said the onion. The cucumber began to laugh.

By Ethelyn Beyer, 906 North Ninteenth, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

over to visit Mabel Hedgren, our queen, went. When she went, Tom chanced to see Mahal met us at the gate and we had a nice time eating cherries off the trees. four boys coming with balls and bats. In a little while we went to the pasture You might know what a temptation that

land behind Mabel's house. Here they was, seeing boys go by with bats and keep the herse and a lot of little chick- balls. "Say, I guess I will run over and play ens.

Arthur, Mabel's brother, put a blanket a game. I'll be right back," and away on Prince, the horse, and helped Florence he ran. The boys were soon having a very exand I on his back.

Florence and I went first. We did not citing game, so interesting that Tom forhave anything to hold on to, and as we got his dishes. Tom was on the third wont down a small hill we just jumped up and down on the horse. base, just ready to make a home run, when Mabel began her fudge.

When we neared the fence Prince "Oh, horrors!" cried Mabel. Tom's jumped and threw us about two feet from father went out into the yard and called Tom in. Tom was still on third base. We walked up the hill and Arthur put a The next morning Tom met the pitcher,

bridle on Prince and we finished our ride, who said, "Tom, we would have beat if Then Lillian and Mabel took their turn. you stayed." Afterwards we went into the house and "Oh," replied Tom, "Pa got the strap,

played games. Then we sat on the porch ma the paddle, siz the broom, and I and a mighty fast one, too."

Our Spotted Colt.

By Mary Lewis, Aged 9 Tears, Decatur, Neb., R. No. 10. Red Side. I am going to tell you a story of our little apotted colt. My mother sent me out to hunt the

hammer. The colt kept following me around all the time. Her name is Cupid. We all think a lot of her. She likes sugar well. She is three and a half months old.

'We feed her sugar and then she wants Missouri Valley to attend a party given more. My little brother, Tommy, got on

She will shake hands with us and lay down for us. She goes to the gate with my big brother, Lester, at every meal We played games and had a delicious time.

Madeline Kenyon, Aged 18 Years, 3239 Cuming Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side. Blue Side. A boy one day bought a nice new pen. And the next day he saw his little sister give it to the hen. This made him very angry. For he thought that his pen was the best in the country. Then the boy ran up to the hen. But it was gone! It was gone—his nice new pen.

He tilted the lid of the basket with his

nose and carefully picked out the sugar.

unhappy and looked at Enowball and

"Good dog." cried Allee. Minnie seemed

"Why, what has Snowball done?" asked

"She can't find any sugar in a box."

said Minnie, almost ready to cry. John

catch mice, can't she?" asked John. "Oh, yes," said Minnis. "Well Bask don't know how to eatch

"Yes, and she does some other nice things," said Minnie, brightening up.

'You dear, dear old Snowball." Minnie

Busy Bee Rhymes.

was no longer jealous or unhappy

If Snowball catches mice you

and Alice began to laugh.

ought to be proud of her."

"You good for nothing, I don't

"She can

the table.

cried:

Alles.

mice.

love you one bit."

This boy was very, very sad, And the next day he was quite mad. That day he told his mother, But she said that he was her brother And that he ought to leave his little sister

For she was even too small to speak through a phone. That very same day, as he was sitting near the hen. Why down below he saw his nice new ben!

At a Price.

left in the house alone with my brother a cocoon. We brought it home and put

A Noble Boy. By Ruth Shiveley, Aged 9 Years, Nemaha, Nob. Blue Side.

William

Spangenberg

About half past five we started home across the street. Harry ran up and said, and Mabel took us to the bridge. T will help you home." So Harry put his We all had a good time and told Mabel book under his arm and took her basket. we would come over some other time.

Harry was a poor boy. His parents I think if any of the Busy Bees would were very poor. They had taught him to go to see Mabel they would be sure to be kind though. When Harry got home say they had a good time. Enjoys Party. By Rosella Klein, 514 Hickory Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side. I received a letter from my cousin from

him.

fire and gathered her eggs. He brought her in some wood and when he went to go home she said: "I think you are a kind

little boy." Harry went to school and was in the him because he was so kind to the girls

"Politeness is to do and say The kindest thing in the kindest way.

Corn.

A Scare.

Ethel Brinkman

It happened that one evening I was

