

The Busy Bees

WHAT kind of a game do the Busy Bees like to play best? They say that little girls care for nothing else but dolls and playing house and school, and that boys like the out-door, more active games. However, I have my doubts, as I think there are many girls oftentimes called "tomboys," who care a great deal for out-door sports, while many boys are real book-worms or else like to tell riddles, puzzles or indulge in other indoor forms of amusement.

The last few years have witnessed a wonderful revolution in toys for children. Teddie Bears, Kewpie dolls and other such innovations were not used as play things by our mothers and fathers. Neither did mechanical toys, moving engines and trains and miniature automobiles give pleasure then, as they do now.

I think it would be very interesting for the Busy Bees to exchange ideas with regard to the games they like to play the best, by means of letters to the Busy Bee page.

This week, the first prize was awarded to Milton Rogers, of the Red Side; second prize to Lizzie Herman, of the Red Side, and honorable mention to Bernice Ashburn, of the Blue Side.

Two Pretty Omaha Busy Bees



Mollie and Susie Corenman

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

Abraham Lincoln.

By Milton Rogers, Aged 14 Years, 2718 Dewey Avenue, Red Side.

Do you think that Lincoln's parents even imagined that some day Abraham Lincoln would become the greatest president of the United States? Do you think that the awkward, homely lad at the age of 7 or 8 looked like a very promising man? I am afraid not.

Think how proud Lincoln's parents would have been if they could have seen him, when a man, as president.

Lincoln, as you have learned, had very little education, but the little he had he used to the utmost extent.

Abraham Lincoln, as a president, was of a stern and rugged character. If he made up his mind to do a thing that he thought was right, regardless of all else, he would do that one thing, and he usually accomplished what he started to do.

Lincoln, as a young fellow or man, was kind and lovable to all human beings. He loved especially his little son, "Tad."

Think of what Lincoln must have suffered during the war. Lincoln did not want that war to come, but he knew what was the right thing, and so he accomplished the feat that many other men could not have done. Think how sad Lincoln must have been at the deaths of the soldiers on both sides. Yes, the south as well. Lincoln grieved just as much for the south's loss as he did for the north. It pained him greatly to hear of the poor confederates, but he knew what was right and his decisions were successfully carried out.

Think again of the poor uneducated lad Lincoln was when young. But in spite of all this, when many other men turned out some of the greatest masterpieces of the English literature. He was an excellent speaker, yet simple in words, sincere and plain in facts. All the people loved him, and he loved them.

Lincoln is the greatest man the United States has ever known.

When the villainous and half crazy Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln, the great president's death was felt as a sad shock, the world over, and the people's grief was universal and sincere.

(Second Prize.)

A Joke on Me.

By Lizzie Herman, Aged 13 Years, Newman Grove, Neb. Red Side.

One Sunday afternoon three of my brothers, my sister and I were out playing hide-and-seek. We were playing it for a while and in one game no one was caught, and I thought I was going to get in free. So I ran around the barn. The standard looked and I got caught. So then I was standard. Everybody was caught but one of my brothers, so I began hunting for him. I had looked all over when I thought of looking under the two boxes that were by the corn crib. They had put a pig under one box and I did not know it. The pig started to jump under the box and I said, "You think you are smart, but I'll catch you." I raised up, the pig ran out and while I was raising the box my brother ran out from under the other box. They began to laugh at me very loud. So the next time we played hide-and-seek I was on the lookout for the pig under the box. I was about 19 years old then; now I am 23 years old. My birthday is February 21. I am in the eighth grade and expect to take the eighth grade examinations. My teacher's name is Miss Althea Wines. This is a true story. I was so glad to see my first story in print.

(Honorable Mention.)

At Camp.

By Bernice Ashburn, Aged 13 Years, Gibbon, Neb. Blue Side.

The morning of August 25, 1913, found two wagonloads of people, provisions, cots, tents and a gasoline stove going out in the country northwest of Gibbon for a three days' camping trip. There were twenty-four of us who went out and several others who stayed behind.

We pitched the three tents on the bank of Wood river, five miles from town. The boys fixed a couple of planks up between a tree and a post for a table and we ate and cooked outdoors.

There was a well on the other side of the river and we carried water from there.

We divided up in crews of eight each and each crew had one meal each day to prepare.

Twice for us we walked a half mile to the nearest house to telephone to town for more supplies, and once while there we played croquet for an hour and a half.

We went in swimming every afternoon and wading several times.

The first evening we crossed the river on a tree that had fallen and played "keep-away" with a volley ball and the board in charge of the "playground" let us take with us. The second evening we played games, including "miller boy," "granger" and "London bridge," around the fire.

We all had nicknames, and it would take many more words than we are allowed to use to tell of all the good times we had.

The expense was divided among us and we expect to go again next year, and I, for one, hope so.

The Sun Fairy.

By Fred Levy, 323 Pasterburg Street.

Once upon a time there lived a town full of bad people. The north side always fought with the south side.

One day the sun fairy came down and told them that if they would not stop fighting she would burn down the town. They stopped for a while, but soon began fighting again, so the fairy started to

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
 2. Use the pen and ink, not pencil.
 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not exceed 500 words.
 4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
 5. Give your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
 6. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.
- Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE, OMAHA, NEB.

The Story of Little Hans.

By Kenneth McGill, Aged 30 Years, Tekamah, Neb. Red Side.

Little Hans lived in the town of Dodge, a long time ago. If you look on the map of Kansas you will find this town along the Arkansas river.

He lived in a log house. The inside of it was covered with thick blue paper. Their table was a log split through the middle. On the smooth side they ate. On the other side there were four legs, or rather, limbs. Their chairs were made of a board made round, and it had three legs. Their beds were the same as the table.

Although they had no fine furniture or house, it always was clean.

Hans' father only owned a half lot. On this was built the house and a chicken house. They had twelve hens, three roosters and two dozen little chickens. They got six eggs nearly every day; for Hans took good care of them.

Hans' father mended shoes and his mother sewed.

Hans had three books. They were: "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels" and "Fairy Land."

He and his father and mother slept in the garret.

They had a dog and a cat. Their names were Rover and Kitty.

Hans was a newsboy. Every morning early he went to the printing office. One day he sold so many papers that he got \$2.00. The man at the printing office gave him half. This he put in the bank. He did not sell papers long, but began to be blacked shoes. At this he made more money.

There was an apple tree and Hans made a garden on his father's half lot. Out of its products he made \$5.00 every year.

One day, as Hans was walking alone, he saw a purse. He picked it up. The person who owned it had had her name on it. Hans knew where the person lived and he went there. The lady gave him \$100 and her husband made him a clerk in the store.

May and Ruth.

By Mollie Corenman, 50 South Seventh Street, Omaha, Red Side.

May and Ruth were sisters who lived in a large farmhouse in the country. May was a kind and gentle little girl, quite different from her sister Ruth, who was very harsh and mean. May was 13 years of age and Ruth was 14. Poor little May had to do everything in the house while Ruth was sleeping or away. But May never complained because she had no one to whom to complain. Sometimes she would try to tell her father how harsh Ruth treated her, but he would not listen, saying he had plenty of other things to attend to. May only had one friend and that was her mother, but she was in heaven now. Often people could see May crying bitterly over her mother's grave in the little churchyard.

The years flew by. Ruth was now a short clumsy girl of 22 and May was now a tall, slender girl of 21. They were both talking of soon getting married. Ruth was soon married to a poor farmer's boy, with whom she lived the rest of her life in a small untidy cottage. It would have been much prettier if Mrs. Smith, as Ruth was now called, kept it clean. But she could hardly do any housework because she didn't learn how when she was young.

It happened that summer that a young banker by the name of Mr. Harney came to the country where May lived, for his health. Soon the whole country knew that May was to marry the young man and live in the great city of New York.

They were married in the winter and May was soon living happily in one of the most beautiful homes in New York. Although she had plenty of servants she did as much work as any of them and her house was always as clean as wax because May had learned to work in her youth.

The Story of Abraham Lincoln.

By Mollie Corenman, 50 South Seventh Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Abraham Lincoln was born in a little log hut in Kentucky February 12, 1809. His father was a restless, shiftless, ne'er-do-well man, always seeking the easiest way to make a living, who, in the course of his wandering from place to place, moved into Indiana, when Abraham was 7 years old. Though but a child Abraham was given an axe and set to work to help clear the ground for the half-faced camp in which the family lived for a year. The cabin when built had a doorway, but no door; a window, but no glass; a stove, but no chimney, and nothing but a bare earth for a floor. Little Abraham's bed was a heap of dry leaves in

Lena's First School Day.

By Alice Thomas, Aged 11 Years, Deer Trail, Colo. Box 133, Blue Side.

Lena White, a little girl from the country, came to school in a country town. The first day was a big one for Lena. The room was a big one and there were lots of children. Lena stood in the back of the room. A little girl was watching Lena. The little girl's name was Alice. She saw Lena was a new girl and she saw she didn't know what to do. Alice went to Lena and said: "Little girl, if you

haven't a seat, you may come and sit with me. Lena sat with Alice. Alice showed her the work and Lena did very well. Mrs. Read, the teacher, said: "Lena, here you are to do the spelling ten times on the board." Alice did her work on the board right next to Lena. When the teacher marked the spelling Lena had the best. My, how glad and proud Lena was. When Lena went home at noon she said, "Mamma, I had the best spelling today and the nicest friend." At the end of the week Lena had many friends.

Moral: A friend in need is a friend indeed. Speak kind words to everyone and friends you'll have. Oh, the merry soul has always the most friends. Every one wants a kind word. Even the animals want kind words. Be kind to everything, are my words. I made up this piece myself.

den behind a tree. He took aim and shot the little bird's head off. Then he went into the field and buried it. When Mary came home Paul went into the bedroom and locked the door. Mary did not hear the bird's voice. She went to the bird's cage and it was gone. She went to her mother and said, "Oh, mother, my bird is gone!" Paul heard this and said to himself, "Why did I kill the bird?" He went and said to his sister, "I killed your bird." The girl went to her brother and said, "Brother, did you do it? Why did you?" Paul shook his head and said, "Sister, I will never do it again." Now, boys and girls never kill nor steal anything that is not yours. Paul did not steal or kill anything any more and he is a good man now and happy.

A Birthday Surprise. By Viola Diederichsen, Aged 5 Years, Marine, Ia., Iowa 1, Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Lena and she had a little sister 3 years old, and Lillian took her along to school some times. The little girl of 3 years of age was named Violet. One day Lillian took Violet to school with her. It was Lillian's birthday and her mamma wished to surprise her. So while the girls were at school their mamma baked a nice birthday cake with Lillian's name on it and sent word to some of her little friends to be there at 5 o'clock. When Lillian and Violet came home from school they went upstairs to play with their dolls. They were so busy playing they didn't hear what was going on downstairs. At half past 5 their mamma called them down for supper, and when they came down their mamma said: "Lillian, you may go into the parlor and get your birthday present," and when she opened the door she saw about twenty of her little friends in the room. She was so surprised she forgot to look for her present, so mamma called them out for supper. They had ice cream and cake and all kinds of fruit for supper, and after supper they played all kinds of games until about 10 o'clock, and then it was time to go home. They all said they had a fine time and wished they could all come again on her next birthday. Lillian was now 8 years old. She thanked them all for coming and also for the many presents which she received. They all had a very nice time.

Disobedient Frank. By Pauline Rys, Aged 13 Years, Haven, Neb., Blue Side.

It was a cold, bleak, winter morning when Frank arose. He ate his breakfast, and asked his mother if he could go skating. "Oh no," said his mother. "You will accidentally hurt yourself or some one else." Frank was angry and went to the barn and got his new skates and started off. It was two miles to the pond. When he got there he saw that there were some other boys.

He sat on the bank and put on his skates. Then he arose and started to skate. He was there for about half an hour when "craak, craak" went the ice. It was now too late, but he thought of how his mother had told him not to do it. With a crash he fell beneath the ice. The other boys were quite a distance from him when the accident happened. They ran to the rescue.

Frank had come above the water twice, and was going down the last time when the boys reached him. They took him by the arms and dragged him away from danger.

They took him home and his mother put him to bed. He was sick for two weeks, and his mother was afraid he would not get well.

His parents gave the boys each a watch and some money. There never were any happier boys than these boys going home that night.

Picking Flowers. By Harvey Peterson, R. F. D. 2, Box 90, Council Bluffs, Ia. Red Side.

Where I used to go to school there was a large meadow right across the road from the school house. The school was called Meadow Brook school. This was not a very large school. All around the meadow were large elm and maple trees. In the spring the teacher used to take us flower picking. This place was about two miles from the school. It was a large timber with pretty wild flowers, such as are found in the woods.

We had to go through meadows and fences before we got there. We always took our lunch along with us. After we had lunch we went flower picking. The teacher took a bell along with her to call us when it was time to go home. When she called us we were all thirsty. We found an old well on the way home. We all took a drink and went home. We had three or four miles to walk home. When I got home I was ready for a good supper and bed.

This will be all this time. I will write again.

Busy Bee's Letter. By Della Mae Anderson, Aged 9 Years, Newman Grove, Neb. Blue Side.

I have not written to this page before, I'll write now and be on the Red Side, if I may.

The weather is very muddy out here. It snowed some time ago, so it made the road muddy.

I wrote to Helen Adkins. I do not know whether she will get it or not. I go to school every day and have a nice time. There are seven going to our school. Their names are: Hull, William, Albert, Wayne, Carl and Maxine. The boys play ball. There are two girls and five boys at school.

How are all the Busy Bees getting along? I am fine and dandy. I have four brothers. Their names are Carl, Willie, John and Henry. They were home today to see us.

Busy Bee Letter. By Dorothy Ward, Aged 12 Years, 424 North Thirty-ninth Street, Red Side.

Dear Busy Bee; I would like to join the Red Side. I have two little brothers and one little sister. My little sister is 6 years old, and my baby brother is 2 years old, and my other brother is 10 years old, and I go to Central Park school. I am in sixth A. My teachers name is Miss Niederman.

The One Who Did It. By Helen Agan, Aged 9 Years, Glenwood, Ia. Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a little boy and girl. The girl was kind, but the boy was not. He was selfish. The little girl's name was Mary. The boy's name was Paul. Mary had a pet bird. Paul did not like it, but Mary loved it. One day Mary was in the city. Paul went to the bird's cage and opened it, freeing the bird, and went into the gar-

den behind a tree. He took aim and shot the little bird's head off. Then he went into the field and buried it. When Mary came home Paul went into the bedroom and locked the door. Mary did not hear the bird's voice. She went to the bird's cage and it was gone. She went to her mother and said, "Oh, mother, my bird is gone!" Paul heard this and said to himself, "Why did I kill the bird?" He went and said to his sister, "I killed your bird." The girl went to her brother and said, "Brother, did you do it? Why did you?" Paul shook his head and said, "Sister, I will never do it again." Now, boys and girls never kill nor steal anything that is not yours. Paul did not steal or kill anything any more and he is a good man now and happy.

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Their Own Page

Public School Roll of Honor

CHILDREN RECEIVING THE HIGHEST MARK IN MORE THAN HALF THEIR SUBJECTS LAST WEEK.

COLUMBIAN. Fourth B. Elsie Drews. Olyn Harrison. Dietz Nelson. Eighth A. Ann Axtell. Dorothy Darlow. Ella Head. Eva Kormmayer. Elizabeth Perigo. Ella Schmitt. Josephine Stone. Virginia White. Seventh B. Muriel Shipner. Dorothy Wass. Sixth A. Phyllis Behm. Edna Benson. Bernice Clarkson. Helen Sorenson. Helen Spencer. Claire Taylor. Everett Wass. Sixth A. Evelyn Brinkman. Walter Grant. Billy Sutcliffe. Fifth B. Mary Clark. Ruth Clark. Winston Cowgill. Walter DeWitt. Regina McAnany. Louise Riley. Charles Thomas. John T. Stewart. Fifth A. Paul Clark. Katherine Davis. Ronald Gladstone. Paul O'Neil. George A. Palmer. Helen Rogers. Fourth A. Lily Kropick. Tony Leermaker. Therbert Olson. Harriet Rosewater. Eleanor Scott. Arline Wilcox. Helen Turpin.	COLUMBIAN. Fourth B. Alice Evers. Emma Haase. Irving Melcher. Sophia Rheam. Laisy Rich. Third B. Anna Arnold. Beulah Miller. Cecilia Froehsting. Gordon Smith. Waldo Williams. Third A. Muriel Shipner. Dorothy Wass. SIXTH B. Alyric Sorenson. Alvena Loftman. Albert Curry. Irene Haller. Beulah Jones. Donna MacDonald. Marie Neville. Wilbur Olson. Ella Rogers. Sixth A. William Bell. Anna Newman. Bernice Clarkson. Helen Sorenson. Helen Spencer. Claire Taylor. Everett Wass. Sixth A. Evelyn Brinkman. Walter Grant. Billy Sutcliffe. Fifth B. Mary Clark. Ruth Clark. Winston Cowgill. Walter DeWitt. Regina McAnany. Louise Riley. Charles Thomas. John T. Stewart. Fifth A. Paul Clark. Katherine Davis. Ronald Gladstone. Paul O'Neil. George A. Palmer. Helen Rogers. Fourth A. Lily Kropick. Tony Leermaker. Therbert Olson. Harriet Rosewater. Eleanor Scott. Arline Wilcox. Helen Turpin.	MILLER PARK. Fourth A. Florence Isom. Ida Hielop. Irene Sorenson. Marie Bock. Ruth Weaver. Third B. Nancy Ruth. Nondie Jameson. Irving Hansen. Ethel Maddux. KELSON. Eighth B. Charles Sorenson. Pauline Crane. John Evans. Edward Foy. Lena Hurlwich. Samuel Israel. Ethel Katz. Sarah Kead. Beulah Melcher. Nathan Miller. Sarah Minin. Gladys Mullen. Yetta Ruback. Sarah Smith. Muriel Ward. Pauline Zelman. Seventh B. Sylvia Abrahamson. Israel Goodman. David Greenberg. Sarah Holzman. Le Roy Kelley. Arthur Koskey. Vida Meyers. Ella Metzger. Sixth A. Ethel Arizona. Mildred Buschke. Giles Case. Edna Day. Annie Holzman. Martha LaFlin. Rebecca Nohsnoff. Rosina Shaflon. Dorothy Williams.	TRAM. William Greenman. Arthur Klausche. Leonard Klodony. Margaret Malloy. Fifth B. Edie Hartach. Elmer Bastian. Emma Konvall. Clara Malloy. Lola Schreyer. Jerry Vasecek. Fifth A. He-n Beloyed. Burman Forney. Herbert Klausche. Anna Kruptka. DUPONT. Seventh B. Ester Gelcher. Myrtle Witt. Sixth A. Alice Kleffner. Mary Rampack. Margaret Witkorski. Fifth A. Frances Darda. John Kowaleski. Ferdin Krups. Frances McTe. Rohalvy Postal. Clara Tinsall. Mary Vidlak. Fourth A. Lawrence Hug. Slova Tinsall. Third A. Cornelia Nelson. John Trouba. SEEBMAN. Eighth B. Eivor Holt. George Reynolds. Seventh A. Ferdin Krups. Clarence Woodrider. Fifth B. Ruby Kah. Fourth B. Eugene O'Donnell. Phil Retz. Erlie Wilson. Third B. George Purrie. Freda Schell. Fred Retz. Constance Wolfson.
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ROLL OF HONOR WILL BE CONTINUED IN TOMORROW'S EVENING BEE.

ran and told his father. On rushing out of the house they found the goats at the door. The fire department was called quickly and soon the fire was out. The fire did not do much damage.

After that the goats were more of pets than ever, not only of the family, but the whole neighborhood.

Busy Bee's Letter. By Helen Byrnes, Aged 7 Years, Glenwood Ia. Blue Side.

I am a little girl 8 years old, and am in the third grade at school. I take music lessons, and like it very much. Santa was real good to me this year. He brought me a great big doll, a ring, and several other things. This is my first letter. I always read the Busy Bee page.

FRATTLE OF THE KIDDIES. Mother—You should save your money, Willie. The price of everything is going up.

Willie—Then why save it, mamma? The longer I save it the less you can buy with it.

Minster (dining with family of parishioners)—You're going to be a Christian man, aren't you, Bobby?

Bobby (thoughtfully)—Yes, if it doesn't interfere with being a drum major.

Sunday School Teacher—Benny, can you tell me what a prophet is?

Benny—Buying something for a dime and selling it for a quarter.

"What's the difference between electricity and lightning?" asked a little girl of her brother.

"You don't have to pay nothing for lightning," brother replied.

Elsie (aged 15)—Why don't you take down your Christmas tree, Bobby, and throw it out in the backyard? Christmas has been over almost a month.

Bobby (aged 8)—Why don't you throw away your piece of mistletoe you've got tied to the chandelier in the front parlor?

"Tommy, how is iron ore procured?" asked the teacher.

Tommy considered carefully, but could recall no official information. At last, however, he had a bright idea.

"I'm not sure how they do it now," he ventured, "but I think I've heard papa say that when he was young they smelt it."

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