

Today, Washington's birthday, should be observed by all the Busy Bees. It is a day of inspiration and patriotism and a day for recounting the glorious deeds of colonial forefathers.

The editor was very sorry to have to consign several letters to the waste basket this week, because they were written by those over fourteen years of age. That is the age limit.

This week, the first prize was won by Thelma Secord; the second prize by Mabel Hodgren, and honorable mention by Ruth Carlson, all of the Blue Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

A Busy Bee's Game

Do you want to know one of the best and most interesting games? If you do, just take a pencil and some paper, write a story that you have made up all yourself and send it to the editor of The Omaha Bee.

George Washington

George Washington was born in Virginia in 1732. His father owned a large family mansion called Mount Vernon. Here George was born. George, when little, was given a hatchet for his birthday.

His mother, Mrs. Mary Washington, had a pair of horses of which she was very proud. She often sat at the window and watched them. Although George was a good and honest boy, he was fond of brave and daring deeds.

George longed to be a sailor. He told his mother this, but she did not want him to be one. She at last consented. When at last George was all ready to go, even his trunks packed, his mother broke down and told him not to go.

When the war against England came on George was made commander-in-chief of all the American army. He was very kind to his soldiers and all through that terrible winter at Valley Forge, George Washington was with his soldiers.

He was president for two times and was nominated for the third, but he declined. He was the first president of our country.

Yellowstone Park

As we enter Yellowstone Park we pass through a stone gate and going along a path we see trees and shrubbery with animals roaming around in them. These animals we would dread to see if they were not tame and would be sure to run miles to get away from that big grizzly bear and his cub trailing after him.

The guide then tells us we must hurry if we wish to see the "Old Faithful" geyser in action. You see it must be beautiful and you are right. It is the prettiest sight I have ever seen. But we must see the Yellowstone Falls. They are much longer than the Niagara. In fact almost three times larger. We then are told it is near sundown and the lights are not so pretty when the sun has set.

We go to the "Old Faithful Inn," where we stay all night as we will have to wait till tomorrow to finish exploring the park.

Story of a Newsboy

Once upon a time there was a kind little boy who lived with his grandfather. He sold papers on the street and made a little money. He stood at the corner of a tall building. His fingers and face were cold, but no one would buy a paper from him.

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. Punctuate.
4. Give your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

came and bought them all. He took this money and bought some clothes. After that the people bought more papers from him and the boys were ashamed of themselves.

Mendelssohn's Early Life

Could you go into the woods any bright summer day and hear the rustling of the leaves, the babbling of the brooks, the singing of the birds, and then go home and tell your mother what you had heard by playing on the piano?

His first teacher was his mother. He began to learn to play the piano while very young. At first his lessons were only a few minutes long, but as he grew older he had more and longer lessons.

When informed of this Felix was greatly pleased. He could hardly wait till the time of his visit came. At last the long-looked-for day came, and the last one to bid him goodbye was Fanny. Felix and Fanny were the firmest of friends possible.

Mendelssohn's Travels and Works

Mendelssohn studied incessantly. He could speak French and English as well as his own language. He was fond of reading Sir Walter Scott's books. As he took great delight in reading Shakespeare's works, he and Fanny would sit and pore over the fairy stories for hours at a time.

Busy Bee Letter

By Esther Windolph, Aged 19 Years, Grand Island, Neb. Blue Side. I am a little girl 19 years old. I live at 1212 West Division street. I have two sisters and a brother. Their names are Eleanor, Isabel and Frank Joseph. I go to the Catholic school and am in the fourth grade. My father is sick in bed. I wish to join the Blue Side. I hope they will win. I take music lessons and like to very much.

Autobiography of a Homeless Kitten

Once I had a nice warm home; now I haven't any, but my mistress brought me to the man. "I want a playful one," said the man. "I should like to see it play." So my mistress brought my ball and I began to play with it. The man was much pleased with me and said he would come for me the next day. At last he came and got me. They put

Henry Longfellow

Henry Longfellow was born in Portland, Me. When he was very small Longfellow was fond of reading poems and writing stories and forming them into poems. One day in school little Henry was writing a poem. The teacher thought, of course, he was in some mischief, but he was not. She called for the paper and she read it and laughed and said that

Little Busy Bee Who Loves THE PAGE



Katherine North

of the best of this series was "The Hunting Song."

While he was in England, he received a telegram stating that Fanny was to be married. He was too busy to witness the wedding, so he wrote a letter expressing his regret that he could not come to the wedding. When he read it over it did not suit him for he thought it did not express his feelings, as fully as he wished, so he composed a piece of music and sent it instead.

Once he was invited to a concert where some of his compositions were to be played. He was so eager to hear it that he and his young wife came too early. When some of his best pieces were played he would cry out again and again. "Play it over just once more please. Please, just once more."

The First Daisies

By Marian Wabb, Aged 11 Years, 1020 Court Street, Beatrice, Neb. Blue Side. Many ages ago the Chippewa Indians dwelt in the west.

The chief had a beautiful daughter named Diana. She was very young and she loved the fields and meadows and spent most of her time in them.

One day an old chief came from another tribe and asked her father for his daughter's hand in marriage. The father consented.

It made Diana very unhappy, for she loved a strong young warrior.

That night the warrior and the maiden put on their wedding clothes of white deerkins tinted green and a headband made of white feathers and sat in the field together all night.

The next morning the chief found his daughter missing, so he and his squaw went in the field to look for her. When they entered the field they saw a strange kind of flower. The squaw stooped down to smell it and it whispered to her, "Dear mother, I am Diana. Don't mourn for me, because I am happy and after this always call me Daisy."

Charles Lamb

By Edda Mae Snyder, Aged 12 Years, Provo, Utah, Blue Side. Charles Lamb was born in London on February 10, 1775.

He received his first education at a small academy and then, for seven years, attended Christ's hospital.

He was fortunate in having Samuel Taylor Coleridge for a companion, with whom he formed a lifelong friendship. He might have remained to take holy orders, but an incurable stammer barred him from that profession.

When he left Christ's hospital, he held a clerkship for a short time, then entered an accountant's office, where he remained for over thirty years. A terrible sorrow shadowed his life.

His sister Mary became violently insane and was placed in an asylum. After the recovery of her health her brother obtained her release by promising to watch over and take care of her, which he faithfully did, sacrificing his own interest for her sake.

Falling in love with Anna Simmons, a charming young lady, he refused to think of marrying on account of his voluntary charge.

He devoted thirty-eight years of his life to the care of his sister and for a time had the care of his almost helpless father and mother.

There are few examples of such usefulness in history. Through an injury to his face by a fall crystals ended his life at Edmonton, December 27, 1834.

Busy Bee Letter

By Margaret Fischer, Aged 7 Years, 306 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side. My Dear Busy Bees: I like the stories that you write very much, so I thought I would write. I would very much like to join the Red Side. I am only 7 years old, but I like to write. I have never written to any paper before. Hoping to see my letter in print I will close.

Henry Longfellow

One day a man came and wanted to buy a kitten, so my mistress brought me to the man. "I want a playful one," said the man. "I should like to see it play." So my mistress brought my ball and I began to play with it. The man was much pleased with me and said he would come for me the next day. At last he came and got me. They put

a blanket around me and over my face, soon I was being jolted up and down and the first thing I knew the man let me out in a room with many other kittens and told me to stay there. My master thought much of me and had me play with the ball very much. One day my master went out and took me with him. He let me run and play along the road and I ran after it and tried very hard to get it, but did not because it went down a hole, which was too small for me to enter. I looked around for my master, but to my surprise he was nowhere to be found. I knew that I was lost, and I am now looking for a home. Do you suppose you could find me one?

George Washington

By Helen Swanson, 234 North Twenty-second Street, Omaha, Blue Side. George Washington was the first president of the United States. He was born in Virginia, February 22, 1732. He was of English descent. Washington was 12 years old when his father died. Then he was left alone with his mother and two brothers. George's father wanted him to be a seaman. When George was a young man he made up his mind to be a seaman. He had a negro slave to take his trunk on the ship. When he kissed his mother farewell he saw the tears rolling down her cheeks. He knew she would be unhappy all the rest of her life. He changed his mind. He had a negro take his trunk off the ship again. His mother said: "God will save everybody who obeys their father and mother."

I suppose everybody has heard of George chopping down one of his father's best cherry trees. Then when he told the truth, saying, "I did it, father, with my little hatchet."

When George Washington was elected president of the United States New York was the capital of the United States. George Washington was president two terms. The third term he refused. George Washington was the leader of the British-American war. He certainly suffered terribly during that war. The Americans won the victory.

Our Camping Trip

By Edward Ternus, Aged 11 Years, Cornlea, Neb. Blue Side. In the year of 1915 we had planned to go on a camping trip. When the day came for us to get ready and go we packed our clothes, and each person took something to eat. We went with two wagons and a buggy. As we got on the banks of a small lake, we put up our tents. It was about 4 o'clock, so we played on the beach while the grown persons made supper. We were in camp three days. On the last day we took our tents down, and started for home. I enjoyed the trip very much because it was nice and warm. Papa

Uncle Bob's Washington Story

By Katherine North, Aged 12 Years, 210 North Thirtieth Street, Omaha, Red Side. Uncle Bob had come and we at once persuaded him to tell us a story of George Washington, as it was February 22.

"I think you have heard a lot about George Washington," he began, "but since you have coaxed me into telling a story of this great president, I will begin with his birth. He was born in a comfortable-looking farm house, February 22, 1732. His mother, Mary Washington, was left a widow while George was very small. George loved his mother and always told her the truth. He was a truthful, obedient, bold and strong boy, and all these things won for him the highest seat in the union, the presidency. When he was 16 he became a surveyor. It was hard at that time for a boy to hold the position, as he had to live in the forest, in all sorts of dangers and risks, and then he had to settle disputes about who owned the land. But George Washington always won in the end.

Two Real Friends

By Mary M. Grant, Aged 11 Years, Belvidere, Neb. Blue Side. There is a beautiful island south of Italy, Sicily. On this island there is a famous city called Syracuse. The ruler of this city was a cruel tyrant.

He was going to kill Pythias. Pythias wanted to go home before he died, so the king said if he could get a friend to take his place, he could go.

Pythias went to his friend, Damon, and asked him to take his place. Damon was a true friend of Pythias, so he said he would take his place. They went to the king, but he did not want Damon to take his place, but he had to keep his promise. So Pythias went home and on his way back he met with many wild beasts and many floods. The king went to the prison where Damon was and told him he would have to die for his friend. Damon said he would rather die than to have his friend die, because he did not have any one to love him and Pythias did. When they were about to hang Damon the people heard someone coming and Pythias jumped off his horse into Damon's arms. The king said you are two real friends, and if you will let me I will be the third real friend.

Busy Bee Letter

By Sarah Landale, Aged 13 Years, West Point, Neb. Red Side. Henry Longfellow was born in Portland, Me. When he was very small Longfellow was fond of reading poems and writing stories and forming them into poems. One day in school little Henry was writing a poem. The teacher thought, of course, he was in some mischief, but he was not. She called for the paper and she read it and laughed and said that

Public School Roll of Honor

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

- LOTHROP. Sixth B. Marjorie Addy. Clarence Bantlin. Frank Dunham. Isabelle Eddy. Eugene Gray. Helen Gwin. Ralph Kerr. Clarence Laughlin. Clara Shultz. Lawrence Wells.
LOTHROP. Sixth B. Mildred Dunham. Charlotte Funk. Mary Nyman. Page Nickerson. Marion Frazier.
PACIFIC. Sixth B. Sarah Palmer. Frances Daria. John Kowalewski. Martha Krupa. Bohuslav Fostal. Julia Turanitis. Mary Vidlak.
DUPONT. Fifth B. Agnes Daria. Frances Daria. John Kowalewski. Martha Krupa. Bohuslav Fostal. Julia Turanitis. Mary Vidlak.
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Roll of Honor Will Be Continued in Tomorrow's Evening Bee

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Busy Bee Letter

By Louise Rhodes, Aged 13 Years, Kearney, Neb. Red Side. Dear Busy Bees: I wish to join the Red Side. I am in the sixth grade. I have six teachers. Their names are Miss Clarke, Miss Wenzel, Miss Leas, Miss Elliot, Miss Johnson and Mr. Stryker.

Flowers

By Eleanor Macdonald, Aged 12 years, Spencer, Neb. "The flowers are in bloom. And they seem to take away the gloom of the people who pass along; And their voices burst into song."

Busy Bee Letter

By Eleanor Windolph, Aged 7 Years, Grand Island, Neb. Blue Side. Dear Busy Bees: I am writing my first letter to you and hope it will be printed.

Wise Old Ben Franklin Said:

"Many Men Dig their Graves with their Teeth"

THE respect a man shows his stomach is an index to his character. He will take excellent care of his automobile, but he treats the delicate machinery of his stomach as if it were of no importance.

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