

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

INDEPENDENCE DAY, the Fourth of July, will be celebrated Saturday by young and old Americans, wherever they are. While it is fitting that the Busy Bees observe this day appropriately, the editors wish to warn you against the use of dangerous and noisy fireworks and fire crackers. Let us all pay our respects to the far-seeing men of 1776, who signed the Declaration of Independence and through whose efforts we today live in and enjoy the blessings of a free country.

The American Boy for July contains a timely warning for the youth of the land with regard to the observance of the Fourth. "The men who made possible the Fourth of July did not intend it should be a day of danger. They did not mean it should cause a loss of thousands of lives and millions of dollars in property. Noise is not patriotism. Noise caused by dangerous explosives is worse than folly. The powder that causes one detonation may blind your friend; it may cost you a limb; it may even demand a life. Is the noise worth the price?"

"A firecracker costing a fraction of a cent may start a fire that will burn thousands of dollars. Is the noise worth it? Patriotism is the willingness to sacrifice for your country's good. To go without firecrackers and fireworks is a small sacrifice to good citizenship. To avoid unnecessary danger and loss is good sense, so abstain from dangerous noise."

This week, first prize was awarded to Mildred E. Johnson of the Blue side; second prize to Alice Thomas of the Red side; and honorable mention to Abbott Fraser of the Red Side.

HERE'S ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST OF THE BUSY BEES.



Photo by Sandberg & Eisher
Fannie Klein

fetch her out," young Putnam said. He then crept into the cave very softly, raised his gun and fired. The wolf fell back with a groan. It was dead. His friends then cheered him.

When the Revolutionary war began, Putnam was plowing in the field, when a soldier came and told him the king's soldiers were fighting at Boston. "Then I must be off to help my people," said he, and hurried away to join the army.

Another time, a fire caught near a house where the powder was stored. Everybody but Putnam was frightened and ran away from the place. Putnam stayed and fought till the flames were out.

Another time he was taken prisoner by the Indians, and they piled dry sticks around where he was tied. Then they set fire to the sticks. He did not show any signs of fear. He would have been burned to death if a white man had not saved him. I think Putnam was a very brave man.

of us—my father, my brother and I. We went about one-half mile away from home. We caught two catfish. We fished with a pitchfork. One of them weighed ten pounds and the other weighed five pounds and one-half. Then we went home and my mother and father took them and cleaned them. This is a true story.

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. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
 4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
- Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. 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.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Experience with Sparrows.
By Mildred E. Johnson, Aged 9 Years, 174 Lake Street, Omaha, Blue Side.
One Saturday last spring I thought I would make a wren-house. The first thing I did was to get a small box and put a roof on it. Then I made a hole that was as small as I could make it as big as a marble and when that was done I made a tiny little window. When the wrens came, I looked in it and saw two little eggs. The next day came and some sparrows looked into the nest and I guess they thought it would make a fine home, so they got some feathers and after they had got the feathers the hole was too small for the sparrows.

Yellowstone Park.
By Alice Thomas, Aged 11 Years, Box 156, Deer Trail, Colo., Red Side.
Let us take a trip to the great Yellowstone park. There are the beautiful falls, the water rushing over the bank and the beautiful rocks, and there is "Old Faithful" that shoots its water 100 feet high and holds it in the air three minutes, making the grand fountain look like a million diamonds dancing through the rainbow.
Then there are the Gibbon falls, which, too, are very beautiful. There is also a hot springs cone. You can fish in a lake, turn around and drop the fish in the hot springs, where they cook.
The animals of Yellowstone are tame. The bears will let you feed them. There are big herds of deer, too.
All these are beautiful sights, so everyone comes to see them.

Diary of a Cat.
By Abbott Fraser, Aged 9 Years, Broken Bow, Neb., Red Side.
Monday: This morning my mistress went to church. She locked me up all alone in the house. I got into the pantry and ate some steak that was upon a shelf. When she came home she missed the steak and knew I ate it. She locked me up in the coal house.
Tuesday: I made so much noise last night that my mistress came and let me out. This afternoon my mistress had company. It was a woman and a little girl. The girl played with me. She pulled my tail and I scratched her.
Wednesday: It rained all day today and I slept most of the time.
Thursday: Mistress is ill. The doctor says she has pneumonia.
Friday: Mistress is worse. The neighbor's cat came over this morning. I asked her what pneumonia was. She said she didn't know.
Saturday: Grey, Mrs. Smith's cat, died today. We had a funeral and buried her.
Sunday: Mistress is lots better. She called me into her room today and petted me a long time. I think she will soon be well. Hurrah!

Picking Gooseberries.
By Mary Marshall, Aged 11 Years, 1515 Quincy Street, Columbus, Neb., Blue Side.
One sunny morning in May I went to look about the garden. I went, also, to look at the gooseberries. How big they were! When I saw them I was surprised to see such big gooseberries. I ran into the house and told mamma about them and she said, "I think they are big enough to pick, so you may get a pail and pick some and we will sell them." I was picking awhile when my sister came running out with a pail and we both picked about three quarts. When we came into the house to empty them, mamma said it was dinner time, so we ate our dinner.
"Can I help them, too?" asked my brother. "Yes," said mamma, "you may." So in the afternoon we went to work again and picked six quarts. In the evening we sold them.

Little Robin Falls.
By Kenneth Clark, Aged 11 Years, Central City, Neb., Red Side.
Once there was an old mother robin who lived with her little children in a cozy nest high up in a tree. One morning she went out for food as usual and told her children not to get out of the nest while she was gone, but one of her children would not mind her, and as soon as she was gone he tried to get out of the nest and fell to the ground. It was a terrible fall. Just then Mrs. Robin came home, and when she saw her naughty child lying on the ground she got some of her neighbors and they carried little robin back up to his cozy home. Then little robin told his mother that he would always mind her, and he always did.

New Busy Bee.
By Walter Mahoney, Aged 11 Years, R. F. D. 1, Fullerton, Neb., Red Side.
Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have ever written to the Busy Bee page. I am in the fifth grade at school. My teacher's name was Mr. Homer Gooding. I will write again. I wish to see my letter in print.

Goes Fishing.
By Guy Shenk, Aged 11 Years, Clark's Neb., R. F. D. No. 2, Red Side.
One day last summer my father was playing corn. We ate dinner and afterwards we went fishing. There were three

The First Mouse.

By Dorothy Patti, Aged 11 Years, Fremont, Neb., Red Side.
Once upon a time there lived six fairies. One of them was a little peculiar, but she was very beautiful. Her peculiarities were round ears, beady black eyes (most uncommon in a fairy), and she always wore gowns of gray silk or satin.

Now you must know that in the woods nearby there lived a witch who was as ugly as she was wicked.
But she wanted to be as beautiful as Mousetta, the queer little fairy.

One day the fairy Mousetta went into the woods to pick flowers. There she was met by the wicked witch Hazelwood, who said, "Ah, my beautiful fairy, now I have you in my power, unless you consent to changing faces."

"Never," screamed Mousetta.
"Then," said the witch, "quit the form of a fairy and take one of a small animal, but retaining all of your peculiarities," and said the witch shaking a finger with rage, "you shall be called by the first five letters of your name."

"Zippie! Zimmie! Presto!" and where the fairy had stood a moment before there now was a small gray animal who scampered away at sight of the witch.

The little animal had small round ears, dark black beady eyes and soft gray fur. That was the history of the first mouse and now when you see "Mousetta" and hear her squeak, you may be sure she is saying, "Break the enchantment, o-h-o-o-o, oh! oh! oh!"

How Chubby Got to College.

By Alice E. Schuler, Aged 13 Years, Leavitt, Neb., R. 1, Blue Side.
Chubby was the nickname of a girl, named Ethel. But the name, Ethel was seldom heard as every one called her Chubby.

Chubby was a very ambitious girl and her main aim was to get a college education. Money was a scarce thing in that household, but as Chubby had plenty of time, she decided to earn enough money to go.

She had several bushes of the prettiest American Beauty Roses in town and was well known for it. She also had ferns as nice.

When June came around, when so many weddings take place, and graduating exercises were on, she thought she might be able to sell some, as there were no roses around as nice nor were they near. Every class had the Ameri-

can Beauty Rose, their class flower, so here she made sales amounting to \$35. For wedding purposes she sold \$20 worth.

With this, she started out with her first college life. During that year she won the scholarship which paid all expenses for the rest of her way through college.

Now she had only her clothes to buy which was easy for her to do. She had picked a supply of roses, and out of these leaves made heads and perfume, and sold them. So Chubby got to college on American Beauty Roses.

A Brave Deed.

By Mary Doll, Walnut, Ia., Aged 11 Years, Red Side.
Once there was a man and his wife who lived in the country and had two children named Mary and John.

One day there was to be a great sale at one of the towns. Everything was to be sold at half price.

As they were poor, Mr. and Mrs. Brown wanted to go. It was about six miles to town, and they had to go through a mile of timber.

When Mr. and Mrs. Brown were on the way home they saw a man running as fast as he could.

"What are you running for?" asked Mr. Brown.
"The man stopped long enough to say, 'A flood by your house. The river has overflowed.'"

Mr. Brown drove his horses as fast as he could and at last he came to the timber. Brown's home was just on the other side of the timber.

The horses were tired and could not go any longer. At last they almost stopped. Mr. Brown got out and said to Mrs. Brown, "You can drive the rest of the way and I will run as fast as I can. I will get a boat and save Mary and John and anybody else I see."

Mr. Brown found a boat and some oars and rowed as fast as he could to their home. He found Mary and John looking out of one of the upstairs windows.

As soon as Mary saw her father she cried, "Oh! father, I am so glad you have come! I was so afraid we would be drowned."

Mr. Brown took Mary and John in the boat and rowed towards a tree where four people were clinging. He took these people in with him and went towards the timber where Mrs. Brown was waiting. The people that Mr. Brown saved gave him \$100.

When the flood subsided, Mr. Brown sold their home of one-half acre and they moved where there were no floods.

Kindness.

By Sarah Hurrett, Aged 9 Years, Columbus, Neb., Blue Side.
There once lived a little girl whose name was Eva. Eva was playing one day when she saw a poor lady carrying a heavy bundle. Eva felt sorry for her as she looked pale and tired.

"Poor lady," thought Eva. "She has nothing to eat and drink, while I have too much."

Running to the lady Eva offered to give her food and let her rest. The lady said she would so Eva took her into the house.

As Eva turned to take the lady's bundle, she stared with surprise at her. For there, instead of an old lady, stood a fairy.

"Do not be surprised," said the fairy, "you are very kind, so that I will give you a ring. You have only to turn it and I will obey your wishes."

"Oh! I thank you," cried Eva, but the fairy had vanished.

I hope that Mr. Wastebasket is off for a visit.

Punished for Curiosity.

By Beniah Christiansen, Aged 13 Years, Bradshaw, Neb., Blue Side.
Once there were two children whose names were Harry and Mary White. Harry was 10 years old and Mary was 8 years old.

Now these children did like to play, but they did not like work. Their birthdays happened to be on the same day,

and their mother thought she would have a party for them.

Their mother asked them to go to town and get a package. Of course they did not want to, but mother told them they must. They went, but very unhappy were they. They decided to open the package on the way home and see what was in it.

So when they got out of sight, they looked in, and behold, there were some of their favorite cookies. They must taste them. These tasted so good they ate them all and were very sorry when mamma told them they were to have a party, but now they couldn't have it.

Just a Minute.

By Dora Rich, Aged 10 Years, 1142 North Twentieth Street, Omaha, Red Side.
One day as Mabel was playing with some girls her mother said, "Mabel, come into the house and eat your supper, then we will go to the show." "Just a minute," answered Mabel. So her father and mother ate their supper and went to the show. They left Mabel playing with the girls.

Pretty soon her mother and father came home and there sat Mabel, crying so hard because she wanted to go to the show. So her mother told her that when she was called she should not say, "Just a minute," the next morning when Mabel was through with her work she ran out to play with the girls. She was always listening for her mother's call.

Pretty soon her father came home with a big doll and then laid it on the table. After he sat the doll on the table Mabel's mother went to call her, but alas! she forgot and said, "Just a minute." Her mother told her that she had forgotten. She tried very hard for the doll until she remembered never to say, "Just a minute."

Our Pets.

By Emma Schuler, Aged 11 Years, Ponca, Neb., Red Side.
My brother Albert and I have two pet cows. Their names are Nellie and Jessie. They think a lot of each other for they are always together.

When they were little calves we could lead them to the water just like horses. We hitched them to a little cart and then we would drive around the place with them. We used to have lots of fun driving around with our little ponies.

They both have little calves now. Their names are Mollie and Polle. They are our pets too. Every night when they come from the pasture Albert and I play with them for a few minutes.

In Pleased with Book.

By Gell Baldwin, Herman, Neb., Blue Side.
Dear Editor: I received my prize this morning and I wish to thank you for it. I am very much pleased with it.

Spring.

By Lucille Bliss, Aged 10 Years, 321 1/2 Street, South Omaha, Neb., Red Side.
When the sun shines warm,
And the thrush sings clear,
And the sparrow ruffles his wings forlorn,
Then 'Tis Spring.

When the apple buds are swelling,
And the grass getting green,
And the farmers plow their gardens and
begin planting things,
Then 'Tis Spring.

When the little streams are laughing,
As they go dancing down the hill,
And the little boys go fish catching,
Then 'Tis Spring.

When the cock begins to crow
From the nest behind the hay,
And the little chicks begin to grow,
Then 'Tis Spring.

Oh! How pretty is the spring, is the spring,
When the mountain blue sings
I've perfumy air to fillus,
Then 'Tis Spring.

FRATTLER OF THE YOUNGSTERS

Teacher—"Can you name a bird that is now extinct?"
Small Pupil—"Yes, ma'am, our canary. The cat exterminated him yesterday."

"My mamma wears a No. 1 shoe, boasted little Maggie."
"Huh!" exclaimed small Elizabeth, "That's nothing. My mamma wears a No. 1."

"Say, boy, somebody told me I would find a spanking team in this neighborhood. Do you know where they are?"
"In our house, mister. They're pa and ma."

Child Visitor—"Mrs. Jones, please can I get upstairs in your room and look in your closet?"
Hostess—"Why Willie, what do you want in my closet?"
Child Visitor—"I want to see the skeleton pa says you've got there."

Little Eloise had been naughty and her mother had chastised her.
The next morning her mother asked if she had prayed for the Lord to forgive her for being such a bad girl.
"Yes," replied Eloise, "and I prayed for Him to forgive you, too."

"Bless me!" said Tommy's great uncle. "Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?"
"Never!" replied Tommy. "We have moral suasion in our school."
"What's that?"
"Oh, we get 'em in, and stood up in corners, and locked out and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at and jawed at, and that's all."

Sunday School Teacher—"What do you understand by suffering for righteousness' sake?"
Little Girl—"Please, miss, it means having to come to Sunday school."

Wonderful Cough Remedy.

Mr. D. B. Lawson of Edison, Tenn., writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery is a most wonderful cough, cold and lung medicine. 50c and \$1. All druggists—Advertisement."

Father Misses Something in the Paper



WANTED
100 Boys and Girls
To Solicit Subscriptions for EVERY CHILD'S MAGAZINE
LARGE COMMISSIONS
Call Monday morning between 10 and 12. Out-of-town children apply by mail at once. 314-316 South 19th Street, Omaha, Nebraska. Telephone HARVEY 3487.
GRACE SOMMERSON,
Editor and Publisher.