

The Busy Bees

THE boys and girls, who have written for the Busy Bee page in the last few weeks are deserving of much credit. It is nice to hear of the places where many of the Busy Bees live. This week Alice and May Thomas of Deer Trail, Colo., have written telling of the country where they live. We, who live in the city, do not realize what a snowstorm means in the country. It often times snows so hard that one can not go out of doors for days and in their letters, Alice and May have told of a snowstorm in their part of the country. When there is so much snow on the ground it is very hard for our little bird friends to find food. I hope that the boys and girls will remember on the snow where the birds can find them. If we are to take care of our birds, who live near us in the cold weather it will make them very friendly with us.

Little Stories by Little Folk

The Honest Woodman.

By Dorothy Payne, Aged 9 Years, 1514 North Forty-first Avenue, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a woodman that was very honest.

One day while he was at his work he was near a spring and his axe slipped from his hands and fell into the water. The woodman groaned aloud. He cried, "It was hard to get my living with an axe, but without it we shall starve."

At that moment the water fairy came up and exclaimed, "Why do you groan so loud?" and the woodman answered, "My axe fell into the water."

The water fairy sank (again) beneath the water, and when she came up she had an axe of gold in her hands.

"Is this your axe?" she cried.

"O, no, that is not my axe," said the woodman, "that would buy me a thousand times over."

"So the fairy sank again beneath the water. This time she came up she had the woodman's axe in her arms.

"Ah, that is my axe, that is my axe, that is my axe!" cried the woodman with joy.

"Yes," said the fairy, "and because you would not lie, the gold axe and the silver axe shall both be yours."

As the woodman went on his way home, feeling very happy, he met his neighbor, a very selfish man. The man said, "Where did you get those fine axes?"

The woodman told him all about his luck at the spring and how he got the axes, and the neighbor thought he would go and try his luck at the spring.

When he got there his axe fell into the water. The man groaned aloud. Pretty soon the water fairy came up and asked him what was the matter, and he said, "My axe fell into the water."

The fairy sank beneath the water. When she came up she had an axe of gold. "Is this your axe?" she asked.

"Yes, that is my axe," said the selfish man.

The fairy said, "No, this is my axe and it shall be on the shelf while you wait to dive for yours."

Willie and Bounce.

By Madeline Kenyon, Aged 13 Years, 323 Cumming Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Two fast friends were Willie Brown and his little dog Bounce. Willie could never think of leaving a walk without Bounce. Cakes and play were equally shared between them.

Willie taught his dog many cunning tricks, and often said that Bounce could do almost everything in the world but talk.

There came a time, however, when Bounce really told Willie's father something, though he could not talk. Let me tell you how he did this.

It was one bright summer afternoon. Willie had strolled with Bounce down to the river, which was not more than two blocks from his father's store. Willie began to throw stones into the water and to watch the ripples as they made one circle after another.

Bounce lay on the grass, watching the flies that buzzed about his nose, and catching any that came too near.

There were some logs floating in the river near the shore. Willie jumped upon one of them to see if he could throw a stone across the river.

He drew back and sent the stone with all his might. Just as it left his hand, the log turned, and he fell into the water.

He was very much frightened, for he did not know how to swim, and there was no one to hear, though he called as loud as he could for help.

Poor little Bounce gave a great yelp of distress. If he had been a big water dog he could have jumped in and brought his master out.

He ran up and down the bank two or three times, barking, looking first at Willie and then around. Then he started, as fast as he could run, up the street to the store.

When he got there the door was shut, but he scratched against it and barked loudly, until some one came and opened it.

He caught hold of Mr. Brown's clothes, then ran to the door, then back again, catching at him, barking, and jumping.

A friend who was in the store said to Mr. Brown, "Something must be wrong; I would put on my hat and go with the dog." Bounce, seeing Mr. Brown taking his hat, started for the river.

Then Mr. Brown thought of Willie. As he came to the river, he saw Willie's hat floating in the water and his small arm thrown up.

He sprang in and caught him just as he was going down for the last time, and quickly carried him to the bank.

Willie soon got over his fright and no one seemed more delighted than Bounce.

A Conceited Pumpkin.

By Helen Atkins, Aged 12, 1300 North Twenty-second Street, South Omaha, Red Side.

It was a week before Thanksgiving, and the pumpkins in the field of a very large farm in western Nebraska were very large and ripe.

"Oh," said one extremely big one, "you other pumpkins around here have nothing to live for; I am the only one that's any good." The other pumpkins nodded, among themselves and said, "Just wait."

Thanksgiving was to be on the 27th of November that year, and on the 23rd Grandpa Smith (the owner of the farm) and his two youngest grandchildren came out in the field to get a pumpkin for pies. Jack, the little boy, said:

"Oh, grandpa, see that great, big one

NEW WRITER FOR THE PAGE OF THE BUSY BEES.



MARY LOOMIS

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. Do not use blue ink.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write 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.
7. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

over there. Let's take him."

"I told you so," said the conceited pumpkin to the others.

"So Grandpa Smith pulled the pumpkin up and they started for the house, with the conceited pumpkin in his full glory.

Old "Gobbie" was strutting around the farm in fine anger and he said:

"The very idea of my being eaten, the finest one of my race; the wittiest and the noblest. I know what I shall do when Farmer Smith tries to catch me. I shall tell him what I think of him."

So when Grandpa Smith started to kill Mr. Gobbie he said:

"Mr. Gobbie, I hate very much to do this, because you and I have been old pals for a long time, but those cannibals of grandchildren of mine make me. And then he winked his eye and Mr. Gobbie didn't say anything. But, alas for the conceited pumpkin and Mr. Gobbie, their fate had come, and Mr. Gobbie tasted very fine the next day. And the sons and daughters and grandsons and granddaughters said that they never tasted better pumpkin pie than the conceited pumpkin was turned into, but the conceited pumpkin never again said, "I told you so."

Honest Fred.

By May Thomas, Aged 9, Bonita Ranch, Deer Trail, Colo.

"I didn't know that sewing machines cost so much," said Mrs. Franklin.

"Hand over the paper, mother," said Fred, and after reading the paper, Fred said, "Yes, they cost a lot, mother."

Now, Fred was Mrs. Franklin's son. Fred's father was dead, and Fred sold papers and Mrs. Franklin did a little sewing, which was his little sister.

Fred's two brothers were John and Lester, and his sister Esther. Fred was 15 years old, John 5 and Lester 7, while Esther was 3.

The next day, while Fred was selling papers, a man came up to him and said, "Son, would you like to work in my office? I hear you are neat and kind and, above all, honest."

Fred said, "Yes, thank you, I would."

"All right," said Mr. Johns, "I will be delighted to have you and your salary will be \$9 a week. Does that suit you?"

"Yes," said Fred, "that's fine," and he was not long until Mrs. Franklin had her sewing machine.

They now have a nice little home and Fred's little brother and sister are going to school, and Mrs. Franklin has roomers and boarders. Fred is still working in Mr. Johns' office and now gets \$12 a week. Mr. Johns said that Fred is the most honest boy he knows. Mrs. Franklin feels very proud of her boy Fred.

What the Spider Told.

By Vera Dunn, 266 Hamilton Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

"I was spinning a web one day," said the spider, "and two little girls were sewing seams on the doorstep. But one's thread knotted, her needle broke and her eyes were full of tears. I can't do it," she cried. "I can't, I can't."

"Then her mother came out and told her to look at me. Every time I spun a nice thread and tried to fasten it to a branch the wind blew and tore it away. This happened several times, but at last I made one that did not break and fastened it and spun other threads.

"What a patient spider," said the mother.

"The little girl smiled, too, and took up her work, and her sister began to work more carefully, too. And when the sun went down there was a beautiful web in the rose vine and two beautifully finished seams on the doorstep."

"Watch Thyself."

By Olga Thompson, Aged 13 Years, Weston, Ia. Box 90.

Once upon a time there lived a little girl named Isabel who liked very much to go to school. There were two things though that she did not like about it. One was the long distance Isabel had to walk to get there. The new girl, Jennie, was pleasant enough, but someone had whispered around that she would take what did not belong to her. So the children were afraid they would lose their pencils or books. Isabel got along all right, though, without losing anything until one day in early autumn. That morning she and her older sister had started rather late to school. Just outside the gate they met their father.

"Well, daughters," he had said, "you will be late if you don't hurry. Better go across the field."

So the girls had hurried to the top of the hill and followed the ridge across the field to an old orchard that stood back from the road. From there they had left the field and gone the rest of the way along the road. School work had begun when they got there, so Isabel looked at once for her reader. It was not in her desk. She looked all around her desk and then at the desk of the new girl.

Of course, the reader was not there. "I wonder if she took it home with her last night?" Isabel whispered to her seatmate.

"Maybe she did," her seatmate answered. Soon it was known all over the room that Isabel's reader was gone. No one knew anything about it. It was nowhere to be found. Little boys and little girls, big boys and big girls nodded at their heads at each other and looked at the new girl.

At recess out behind the house one of the girls said: "Let's prove it if she will steal. We'll mark some pencils and put them around in handy places and see if she takes them."

The rest agreed, and the pencils were marked. Not long afterward Jennie had one of the pencils. When one of the girls spoke to her about it she said she had found it under her desk and thought it was hers.

The girls nodded again at each other and one of them whispered, "I told you so." And so they kept whispering and thought all fall and winter that Jennie had stolen Isabel's reader.

One evening in late winter when the snow was just beginning to fall away

Isabel and her sister started home from school.

"Let's go past the old orchard," Isabel said.

"Not for a long, long time. Let's see, I believe the last time we came this way was last fall, the morning the reader was gone."

As they walked along Isabel saw something sticking up out of the snow. It looked like a book. It was a book. "My reader!" Isabel said. "My long lost reader that I thought Jennie stole."

She shook the snow off the book. The leaves were yellow and the back was warped. "It's a poor looking book now," she said, "but it is better than I deserve. To think that I have believed all this time that Jennie had stolen it. I don't believe she meant to steal that pencil either, and I'll tell her and all the rest tomorrow."

Isabel's cheeks were burning as she carried the book home. "I remember now that I had my reader the morning papa told us to hurry. I'll tell them tomorrow," she said, "that I lost the book myself and I'll never, never say again that someone has stolen my things just because they are gone. Watch thyself shall be my motto from this on."

After that Jennie had a better time at school and there was no more nodding of heads and looking at the "new girl," for Jennie was liked by all of them.

Two Girls.

By Ellen Planch, Aged 11 Years, Route 1, Box 41, Arlington, Neb.

Once upon a time there lived two girls whose names were Ruth and Helen. Helen was a kind girl, but Ruth was an unkind girl. One day Helen's mother told her that she could go to her grandfather's. She had to walk there. On her way a big tree said, "Kind Helen, you fix my broken twig?" and she did.

She went on till she came to her grandfather's. When she started for home her grandfather gave her a buffalo loaded with many things.

When she came to the big tree, it said, "Take this," and a beautiful necklace hung from the tree. When she got home her sister Ruth was mad because she never got a buffalo.

Then Ruth thought she would go to her grandfather and give her a buffalo.

On the way, the big tree said, "Fix my twigs," but she would not do it. When she reached her grandfather's her uncle and aunt drove her away, for they knew what she wanted. They would not let her rest.

She saw the necklace on the tree and tried to get it, but could not get it. When she reached home her feet and hands were bleeding.

Helen met her at the door and put her to bed. Helen said she would give Ruth her buffalo, but Ruth said, no, she did not want it. She wanted to learn to be kind like Helen.

A Very Narrow Escape.

By Thomas Cole, 229 Cumming St., Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

One day when Flora was walking along the river bank she saw two boys on a pony on the other side of the river. The river was very deep and it had a swift current.

The boys were beating the pony with their whips, but the pony did not want to go into the swift current of water. Flora called out to them: "Oh, boys, please stop beating that poor pony. The water is so deep and the current so swift that if he would attempt to go across you perhaps would be drowned." But the boys only said, "What do you know about it?" and kept on whipping their pony.

At last the pony went, but before they were well started the pony stepped on a stone and fell, the boys were thrown into the deep water and were carried down the stream. And as the current was so swift the pony could not swim to the shore, he was carried down the swifter part of the current and the boys

Princess Rosebud.

By Ethelyn Berger, 96 North Nineteenth Street, South Omaha, Blue Side.

"Aunt Edna, tell me a story," said little Beverly to her pretty young aunt. "All right, dear, what shall I tell about?" "About 'Rosebud,' Aunt Edna." While she was talking Beverly cuddled down to the cushions ready to listen to her favorite story.

Beverly was 6 years old and had big blue eyes, rosy cheeks and yellow curls. Today she had on a soft pink crepe dress with pink ribbons and such. Aunt Edna was nearly 20 and looked very much like Beverly.

Beverly had lived with her aunt for nearly a year and knew every story aunt told by heart. The one she liked best was "Princess Rosebud" and "Pet," her pony.

"All right, baby," said Aunt Edna. "Well, once in Fairy Dell there lived a fairy named Rosebud and her butterfly and her pony, 'Pet.' Rosebud lived in a big stone house, with a large stable in the backyard. In the stable was one pony and six butterflies. Princess Rosebud, as she was called by many, had saved 'Pet' one time when she was out riding and she found him near a drive. She gave him some food and nursed him until he was well and then she kept him for herself."

"Well, one day Rosebud went out to the stable to feed 'Pet' his sugar and she thought she would mount him and take a little ride. She got on and started off. When she got to a grove she saw a little lane that she had not noticed before. She thought she would go down this lane and see what it was. At the end of the lane was a little house. When she was turning around to go back she heard an odd cracking sound. Rosebud listened again and heard it; then she heard a faint 'Mew, mew.' She listened again and again was a mew, only fainter this time. Then she got off of 'Pet' and, forgetting that she was unattended, left 'Pet' to roam about. Rosebud climbed the steps and opened the door. A puff of smoke flew out. I almost blinded her, but she kept on. She made her way to where she could hear that faint 'mew.' Now there was no mew and Rosebud could not tell which way to go. The flames were coming nearer and she could not get out; the smoke blinded and choked her. All at once she heard a noise and, looking around through the smoking air, she could see the dim form of 'Pet' coming through the hall.

In a minute 'Pet' was there and Rosebud turned around to see the ruby-set saddle. 'Pet' followed the hall until he was outside, and when he found a soft place in the grass he stood there a minute until Rosebud let go of the saddle and held on 'Pet's' sizzled mane. In a little while 'Pet' had Rosebud home and he was made a hero. Always after this when a horse is in a fire he always wants to go in to the fire."

Proud Helen.

By Alice Thomas, Aged 11 Years, Deer Trail, Bonita Ranch, Colo.

"Helen," said Mrs. Ferns, "come here." Helen was with the other children running down the street, making fun of poor Flora. Mrs. Ferns had just turned the street to face her Helen chasing Flora. All the children stopped. "Helen," she said, "I would be ashamed of myself, and Helen was there and Rosebud was whirling. Then for a month after all the children made fun of Helen, which made her feel very bad, but after that she was a great friend of Helen's."

Moral: Never think yourself better than anyone else.

The Indians and Their Way of Life.

By Mattie Childs, 116 South Thirteenth Street, Red Side.

When the first white men came to America they found nothing except Indians. The Indians fished and hunted for food. The men made arrows, spears

Their Own Page

managed to keep on the side where the current was not so swift. They caught hold of some roots that were on the bank, but the bank was so steep that they could not climb out, but as the pony could not catch hold of anything he was drowned.

The Torn Doll.

By Madeline Kenyon, Aged 13 Years, 323 Cumming St., Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Mary Armstrong was a pretty little girl, but she was headless about some things.

Her way of leaving her books and playthings just where she had used them last gave her mother much trouble in picking them up and putting them in their proper places. She had often told Mary the evil effects of being so careless. Her books became spoiled and her toys broken.

But worse than this was the growing habit of carelessness, which would be a great harm to her all her life. It would make her unhappy and would annoy her friends.

One day Mary and her mother went out into their pleasant yard to spend an hour in the open air. Mrs. Armstrong took her work with her. Mary ran about and played with Dash, her pet dog, and was having a happy time. But in a corner of the yard she found her nice doll all torn and broken and its dress covered with mud. She knew at once that Dash had done this and she scolded him harshly.

Carrying the broken doll to mamma, she showed it to her and could hardly keep from crying. Mrs. Armstrong asked Mary if she had not left the doll on the porch where Dash could easily get it and Mary had to answer, "Yes, ma'am." Then you must not blame the dog, Mary, for he does not know that it is wrong for him to play with your doll. I hope this will be a lesson to you hereafter to put your things away when you are through playing. "I will try," said Mary, and he promised to mend the doll as well as she could.

Colorado Busy Bee.

Dearest Busy Bee and Editor: It snowed last night, no very much. But, oh, when it snows hard it's no fun out here in Colorado. Sometimes you can't get out all day. Our horse Bonnie is fine, so are Towser and Johnnie, our little dogs. We have had our little dog's mother. Her name was Queen. I came out here three years ago, but before that I lived in Omaha. I like this country very much. There are no schools in this district. It is very cold out. I had to start school as the other children did. My mother teaches my sister and I. May and I go after our milk every day and today was very cold, although we did not mind it. May and I did lots of sewing this summer for our dolls. My Aunt Nan and Rose come out here in the summer, but go back to Omaha in the winter. As I will write a story I will close this letter. Your faithful reader and writer,

ALICE THOMAS, Deer Trail, Colo., Box 55.

A Trip to Mexico.

By Ruth Stullen, Aged 15 Years, 1508 Madison Street, South Omaha.

On November 23, 1913, we took a trip to Mexico. Before we got to California we went on the biggest ferry boat in the world. We got off the train and we went into the engine room. From here to California it was beautiful scenery. We went through forty miles of snowed.

We stayed in a snowed five hours on account of a wreck. After we were out of the snowed and got down to the foot of the mountains, it was green and pretty. We crossed the great Salt Lake. When we crossed the lake then we crossed the San Francisco bay. Then we went to Oakland, and from Oakland to Los Angeles. We stayed in Los Angeles all day. We had plenty of time to look around. We went to a picture show. When we came out of the picture show we went and got our supper. Then we went and got on the train. The next city we stopped at was Nogales. We stayed there two days and one night. One side was American side and the other side was Mexican side. There is an American drug store, school and a church. We saw the Pacific ocean. The next place we stopped at was Guaymas. It was a very interesting place. The next place was Culiacan. When we got off the train we went and got in a buggy

A Very Narrow Escape.

By Thomas Cole, 229 Cumming St., Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

One day when Flora was walking along the river bank she saw two boys on a pony on the other side of the river. The river was very deep and it had a swift current.

The boys were beating the pony with their whips, but the pony did not want to go into the swift current of water. Flora called out to them: "Oh, boys, please stop beating that poor pony. The water is so deep and the current so swift that if he would attempt to go across you perhaps would be drowned." But the boys only said, "What do you know about it?" and kept on whipping their pony.

At last the pony went, but before they were well started the pony stepped on a stone and fell, the boys were thrown into the deep water and were carried down the stream. And as the current was so swift the pony could not swim to the shore, he was carried down the swifter part of the current and the boys

Princess Rosebud.

By Ethelyn Berger, 96 North Nineteenth Street, South Omaha, Blue Side.

"Aunt Edna, tell me a story," said little Beverly to her pretty young aunt. "All right, dear, what shall I tell about?" "About 'Rosebud,' Aunt Edna." While she was talking Beverly cuddled down to the cushions ready to listen to her favorite story.

Beverly was 6 years old and had big blue eyes, rosy cheeks and yellow curls. Today she had on a soft pink crepe dress with pink ribbons and such. Aunt Edna was nearly 20 and looked very much like Beverly.

Beverly had lived with her aunt for nearly a year and knew every story aunt told by heart. The one she liked best was "Princess Rosebud" and "Pet," her pony.

"All right, baby," said Aunt Edna. "Well, once in Fairy Dell there lived a fairy named Rosebud and her butterfly and her pony, 'Pet.' Rosebud lived in a big stone house, with a large stable in the backyard. In the stable was one pony and six butterflies. Princess Rosebud, as she was called by many, had saved 'Pet' one time when she was out riding and she found him near a drive. She gave him some food and nursed him until he was well and then she kept him for herself."

"Well, one day Rosebud went out to the stable to feed 'Pet' his sugar and she thought she would mount him and take a little ride. She got on and started off. When she got to a grove she saw a little lane that she had not noticed before. She thought she would go down this lane and see what it was. At the end of the lane was a little house. When she was turning around to go back she heard an odd cracking sound. Rosebud listened again and heard it; then she heard a faint 'Mew, mew.' She listened again and again was a mew, only fainter this time. Then she got off of 'Pet' and, forgetting that she was unattended, left 'Pet' to roam about. Rosebud climbed the steps and opened the door. A puff of smoke flew out. I almost blinded her, but she kept on. She made her way to where she could hear that faint 'mew.' Now there was no mew and Rosebud could not tell which way to go. The flames were coming nearer and she could not get out; the smoke blinded and choked her. All at once she heard a noise and, looking around through the smoking air, she could see the dim form of 'Pet' coming through the hall.

In a minute 'Pet' was there and Rosebud turned around to see the ruby-set saddle. 'Pet' followed the hall until he was outside, and when he found a soft place in the grass he stood there a minute until Rosebud let go of the saddle and held on 'Pet's' sizzled mane. In a little while 'Pet' had Rosebud home and he was made a hero. Always after this when a horse is in a fire he always wants to go in to the fire."

Proud Helen.

By Alice Thomas, Aged 11 Years, Deer Trail, Bonita Ranch, Colo.

"Helen," said Mrs. Ferns, "come here." Helen was with the other children running down the street, making fun of poor Flora. Mrs. Ferns had just turned the street to face her Helen chasing Flora. All the children stopped. "Helen," she said, "I would be ashamed of myself, and Helen was there and Rosebud was whirling. Then for a month after all the children made fun of Helen, which made her feel very bad, but after that she was a great friend of Helen's."

Moral: Never think yourself better than anyone else.

The Indians and Their Way of Life.

By Mattie Childs, 116 South Thirteenth Street, Red Side.

When the first white men came to America they found nothing except Indians. The Indians fished and hunted for food. The men made arrows, spears

and rods to the hotel. We stayed downstairs over night. The next day we got a room upstairs. The room was very pleasant. The people that own the hotel were American people. The name of the hotel was Hotel Roales. The name of the lady that run the restaurant was Miss Hattie. While we were down there they built a picture show. Helen and I went every other night. We had to pay 30 cents. They have two parks in Culiacan. One day while I was down there my sister and I went down to the river. The river wasn't very deep. They had banana trees around the park. Mr. Field had an automobile. He took us riding every other night. Helen and I had our picture taken while we were down there. We played