## The Busy Bees

winds of the winter. Rather, they are warmer winds from the southward and serve to herald the coming of spring. Truly, March winds precede the "April showers which bring

No doubt The Busy Bees are looking forward to the spring vacation, and I hope are diligently preparing their lessons in anticipation of the joys to come. Mid-term examinations must also be undergone before the

The younger Busy Bees will be elated to learn of the newest addition to their playthings. The "Joy Boy" will now be included in the Teddy Bear and Kewpie doll family

This week, first prize was awarded to Helen Adkins; second prize to Edward Hoagland, and honorable mention to Genene Noble, all of the

## Little Stories by Little Folk

In the Bee Hive. Helen Adkins, Aged 12 Years, 1109 North Twenty-second Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

All last summer our little friends have been working hard, gathering honey, making combs, fixing for their queen and

tending to the young bees.

Some people think bees very disagreeable, but I am most certain that if we might see and know the true nature of these little fellow men we would have a great respect for them instead of desolsing them.

Although the bees that nurse and care for the young bees do not wear white aprons and caps, they care for them in much the same manner as the nurses that a tonguethat serves the same purpose.

queen grows up to take her place these for his next birthday. very faithful subjects go with their beloved queen to make a new swarm.

In our human life experience we find that there are some people that are extremely lazy, and expect others to work and provide for them.

It is just the same way in the bee hive. not all of the little bees are as industrious as they seem. They eat the bee bread center of the desert. and honey that the other bees have pre-

These bees are called drones and it is

I am sure that I am much more proud other bees could ever be, because, although my Busy Bees cannot make staying there. honey, they are very faithful and industrious little subjects.

(Second Prize.) Tom's Victory. By Edward Hoagland, Aged 13 Years, 6419 Riggs Stree, Benson, Neb. Blue Mde.

It was an ideal day for a race on the ice, which was to be played by eight contestants from the two academies, Pornell and Auburn. A man from a nearby city had come to be starter and judge. The route was to be a short mile and a half down the lake and back again. A gold medal was to be the first prize and a tie pin the second prize. After each with yellow flaxen curis and a velvet contestant had become acquainted with the conditions of the race they were all lined up awaiting the signal to go.

"Are you ready?" shouted the starter There was a dead slience. "Alright,-gol" As each contestant started out for himself a cheerful cry went up among the many enthusiastic young spectators.

"Go it, Ned, you must win!" shouted several of the boy's sympathisers. "Hurrah for Tom, he can beat Ned. Keep it up, old scout!" cried several of

Tom's friends.

"Oh, it is going to be a tie! How dreadful," cried a young woman with whom Tom had spent much time lately. Just then Ned shot forth, making an

advance of fully three yards, which was followed by a great cheer from the Auburn students. "Go it, Tom: you can beat that!"

"Go it, Ned; Tom is almost at your heels!" And so went forth the numerous an instant Tom shot forth as from some away arm in arm. powerful machine and with renewed strongth went past the line, fully six feet above the others.

"Hurrah for Tom; we knew he could

"Hurrah for Pornell!" the pin, equally as happy.

(Honorable Mention.) Summer at Okoboji.

By Genene Noble, 3505 Hawthorns Ave-nue, Omaha. Blue Side. Our summer vacation last year was know how to swim for a few days. The win my name." the Quen next. We had a fine time and killed it. going. While Will fixed these punctures name." We sat by the roadside and ate apples. road and to keep out of the dust. When

A Birthday Gift.

cause we were tired, hot and dusty,

ready for us and it tasted good to us be-

By Roy Rasmussen, Aged 11 Years, R. F. D. No. 3, Herman, Neb. Red Side. Once upon a time there was a boy On his eighth birthday, his uncle, Mr. the barn and get on it and we will watch day, to take care of the house.

he was half-way to town he met an auto. I think they would cheer her up." said The horse was afraid of it and threw Hester.

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. only will be used.

5. 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

do wear white aprons and caps. The run and left John lying in the ditch by young bee's daily bath is given him by the roadside. When John got up he had the nursery bee, who instead of having to walk home, for the horse had ran a dainty pink washcloth and towel, has away from him. When he reached home his uncle and father asked him what was The queen does not wear trailing gar- the matter. He told them that the horse ments of purple, but is a most lovable was afraid of an auto and threw him off little personage and her subjects are very, and started to run home. His uncle said very faithful to her. When the small that he would give him a cart and harness

Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

Maja Big Horn. By Helen Adkins, Aged 12 Years, 1100 North Twenty-second Street, South Omaha, Neb.

Away down in New Mexico where it is so hot, a little Indian girl lived with tree and fell asleep. her parents in a wigwam, out in the

This little Indian child's name pared and they do not even help to make Maja Big Horn (Marjorie Big Horn). Her father was a kind old Indian of seventy all out of breath when she came home. years and was the chief of his tribe. He a very good name for them and in the sat dreaming of the happy hunting lands. the end the working bees put them out of the Maja was very kind to him and he to her. hive and market them furnish their own Her mother, an Indian squaw of thirty years was very fond of Maja.

There was a boarding house within of my "Busy Bees" than the queen of the a half mile of Chief Big Horn's wigwam and an old white haired gentleman was

He had become very fond of Maja and came to tell her stories and watch her fire. string beads every day.

One day it was unusually hot and the white haired man, or Mr. Van Dyne, sat talking to her and she teased for a story. He said, "My little friend, I shall be glad to tell you a story and what shall it be?" "The Princess of India." she readily agreed, he started.

Many centuries ago there lived in India a king who was very fond of children, but who had never married and had none of his own. One day as his cape of royal purple

She was distributing to the crowd of orphan children around her drasses, food and toys. She seemed happier, if possible, than the children themselves.

The king stood watching her as if entranced by her beauty. When she noticed he was looking at her, she dropped her basket and ran to him and said, "May I do anything for you?" The king said, "Yes, please tell me your name." She said, "My name is Goldie Smith." "And where are your parents?" the king said. "My father is dead, but mother and I live together." she said

The king thought a while and then said, "Go, child, and tell your mother that I have invited her to come and live with me and you shall be my princess forever!"

Here Mr. Van Dyne stopped and he noticed that Maja was stringing beads yells until the noise was almost deafen- and making a crown, and he said, "Who They had turned and were now is this crown for, my little friend?" and about fifty yards from the point where she said quietly as she put it on his head, they had started. Now only forty! Now "For my best friend 'the story teller," but thirty! How very exciting! Then in and they both laughed and walked merrily

> How Saul Found His Name. By Zera Fink, Aged 11 Years, Holdrege, Neb. Red Side.

Long years ago, in a city, there ruled king who had a chief officer without Then Tom was given the medal, of a name. The reason was that at his birth which he was very proud. Ned received a man dressed in gold had appeared, and said to the proud parents.

"Woe unto thee if thou namest thy child, for he must find his name by slaying the golden dragon. But hear ye, thy son will soon after he finds his name become a king." So saying he vanished. Years sped by and at last he became spent at Lake Okoboji. The first day we the king's favorite. One day he said, arrived there there was a fire. The next "Today, Oh king, must I leave thee for day we went in swimming, but I did not I am to slay the golden dragon and so

next day I tried to swim, but could not | The king was greatly alarmed and My father and I went fishing and my begged him not to go. But it was in father caught ten and I caught twenty- vain. The officer armed himself and de-Others days we went boat riding parted. For a long time he traveled and and on the steamer. There were two saw nothing, but at last he saw in the boats called the Queen and the Okoboji. distance a dragon of gold. He rushed The Okoboji was the biggest boat and upon it and after a long struggle he

liked it very much. We went in the auto Then he again went on his way, bu and came back in it. We had three heard a voice say, "Go, cut off the punctures on the way home and none dragon's head. Under his ear is your

The man obeyed and found his name We lost our way trying to take another to be Saul. He at once returned to court. Soon the king died and the king's we got home papa had some grape juice favorite officer, Saul, was crowned king.

A Bunch of Violets.

By Myrtle Hedgren, Aged 9 Years, 4224 South Thirteenth Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Hester Morn was a little girl, 10 years old. She lived in a small house, near whose name was John Johnson. He was the woods. Her father was dead and 8 years old. He was a good little boy. her mother took in sewing for a living. It was spring and the woods near Hes-Jones, gave him a horse, and he named ter's house were full of awest violets it Jack. One day his father said to him, and morning stars, and little green forns. John, your mamma and I would like One morning, Hester's mother was to see you ride. Get your horse out of sick. Hester had to stay at home that think mamma would like a bunch of vio-The next day he went to town. When lets. The woods are full of them, and

John off. Then he started home on a lio she ran up to the bed room, took

Two of Our Bright Busy Bees



her cape and hat from the peg, and skipped off merrily to the woods.

When she came there, she began picking some violets and ferns. The woods were so pretty that Hester decided to stay awhile. She sat down under a

When she awoke it was dark, and the woods were still. Hester was very was frightened. She caught up the bunch of violets, and began to run home. She was Her mother was sitting in a chair by fire when Hester came She told her mother that she had gone to get her some flowers. She then gave her the violets. Her mother thanked her, but told her not to go away without asking her first. Hester promised this. Hester's mother let her cook supper

that night, for she was not feeling well enough to do this. Then they sat down to supper by the

The Malicious Hands. Thomas Welsh, Aged 9 Years, 621 St. Clair Street, Missouri Valley, Ia. Red Side.

Once I had a little dog named Woodrow. We called him Woodrow because he was born on inauguration day, the day President Wilson took the chair. When the dog was about 8 months old we had a baby brother born and Woodrow would not let anybody look at him. One day a on the baby's buggy. Woodrow jumped right up at her throat and bit it.

One morning when we got up he was did not find him.

The next day was Saturday. We were

we did not find him that time either, sald he has not seen him yet. I think some malicious hands took him.

Arthur Hickey, Aged 19 Years, 601 North Oak Street, Creston, In. Red Side.

Shep is a shepherd dog at my grandpa's farm. They got him when he was a little puppy. They kept him in one of my grandma's egg boxes. The first time I saw him he jumped out of the box and on me. I thought he was very

hands with you.

There is a school house about a quarter themselves. of a mile from my grandpa's house. Some of the hoys come up to get water. They tease him, and one day he bit one of

They stopped coming for a while but now come back to get it again. He still barks at them.

I am a new Busy Bee and wish to join flew away and I never saw them anyneighbor came over. He went right after the Blue side. I go to the William's more. her. Another day the woman's daughter school. I am in the Fifth grade. My came over to our house. She put her hand teacher's name is Miss Ruth O'Dell. I the Blue Side.

One day some other girls, my sisters, gone. We hunted for him that noon, but Loup river and fished and bathed until

so we went to the mayor about it. He

We could hold him then, but now he weights over thirty pounds. He any work about the camp. The women knows many tricks which my brother, have to put up the wigwams and do John, and I taught him. When he is all the work. There are numerous tribes outside he will paw on the door if he of Indians. They never fought with white wants in the house. He will also shake men until the Spaniards came to this

Busy Bee Goes Fishing. By Hazel Nelson Aged 10 Years, Columbus, Neb. Blue Side.

have two sisters and three brothers.

my mother and myself, went down to the lunch time. Then we spread the tablecloth on the grass under the bridge and up at 6 o'clock and hunted all day, but sate our lunch. Then we went in bathing ing The Busy Bee letters. I go to

food was and looked through it. My oldest sister and another girl went up to where our things were and frightened him away. We went home about 4 o'clock and had no more trouble with him. I hope my story escapes Mr. Wastebasket.

again. About I o'clock in the afternoon we saw a man. He came up where our

The Blue Bird. By Ethelyn Berger, Aged 12 Years, 966 North Ninetsenth Street, South Omaha. Blue Side.

"Oh, dear," said Ellen as she drummed on the window pane with her forefinger. "I don't see why it has to go and rain and spoil all my fun for."

"Why, Ellen!" said grandma as she sat n her cushloned chair by the warm fireplace. "I never saw you act so before. Go get your store and play. "It isn't any fun to play by myself.

Oh, dear." and Ellen turned away from the window to pet the cat. "Hello there, what are you pouting about, my little bird?" and a chery voice, and Uncle Charlie put his head in

the ddor, "Can I come in?"

Why, of course, Uncle Charlie. I don't know what to do, now it is raining. We had planned a picnic and I hate to give it up," said Ellen, while she sat in her uncle's lap. "Well, now what do you think of that,

would like, here!" and Uncle Charlie pulled out a little white box. "Oh! uncle, what is it? Let me see, cried Elien, jumping up and down. Well, well, I knew I could excite you bit," and Uncle Charle opened the box

and, lying in a bed of white cotton was the aweetest little blue bird. On taking it out, it was found to be a little ring with a blue bird instead of a set. "This," said Uncle Charlle, "is a good

luck, or happiness ring, and if you are ever pouting like you were when I came in you must take it off." Oh! goody! Thank you, uncle, I'll try

to keep it on," said Ellen, kissing her uncle and looking very happy. "I knew I would drive the black clouds Beulah Marshall away," said Uncle Charlie, as he went out the door. "Try to keep it on, dearle. Good-bye," and uncle was gone.

Ellen did try but the ring seemed to Ida Peterson.

want to get off no matter how hard she tried. But she always remembered what Uncle Charlie said and never wore it when she was out of temper or was pouting about some little thing.

Indians. Esther Wundolph. Aged 10 Years, Grand Island, Neb. Blue Bide. Years ago America's only inhabitants were Indians. The lived in wigwams

made of hides. The Indian men are lazy and never do country. The Indians fought much among

The Birds. By Ellen Nordstrom, Aged 12 Years, 4736 Seward Street, Omaha Nah.
Blue Side.

One morning I looked out the window. I saw some birds. I threw some crumbs out. The birds flew away when I threw them out, but came back again. After I saw that they had eaten them, I threw out some more. They ate them up and

Enjoys Busy Bee Letters. By Agnes Dunway, Aged 5 Years, 199 West Twenty-sixth Street, Kearney, Neb. Red Side. Dear Busy Bees: I always enjoy read-

RUN IT

Their Own Page 1

THAN HALF THEIR SUBJECTS LAST WEEK MONMOUTH. MONMOUTE. Sixth B. Signe Lindberg. Eliner Line. Sadie O'Neill. Gladys Ratekin Edward Kuppig derle Swanso Katherine Tennant Bertha Tiffey, Fred Wright Winnifred Travis Orpha Travis. Hazel Quandt. Philip Cronk. Ulric Rice.

Eighth A. Righ Johnson Marie Mackey Doris Newhouse. Oscar Giger. Mildred Hungate

Clara Catherin Robel. Seventh B. Mary Elizabeth Charley Jordan Hazel Lake. berger. Edwin Boland. Fred Brewer. Cora Hamilton.

grandma? Well, Ellen, I know what you Seventh A. Grant Gants May Bowen. Virginia Finlayson. Mabei Frady. Fannie Mitchell. Norms Weeks. Helen Horton. Letha Brunson.

Ethyl Church Myrtle Harris. Otis Potter. Harold Zweifel. Mildred Gantz.

Vera Heath. Joseph Minardi.

Fourth A. Pearl Smith Hannah Barousky. Leo Haley. Virgil Hamm. Agnes Hurd. Auton Stejskal. Gregory Wakefield. George West. Third B.
Dwight Davis.
Orville Dooley.
Clare Goodsell.
Paul Miller. Anton Stejskal Irma Griger. Sylvia Gustafson. Esther Hansen. Emma Marik. Bessie Novak. Frieda Rieser. Emma Vejvoda. Hazel Smith. Hildreth Smith Third A. Paul Heald.

sen.
Derothy Helfelfinger.
Ruth Leitel.
Paul Newcomer.
Marvin Reifschneider. enberger. Louis Coco. Margaret Dereck. Lily Krepcik. Anton Ort. Frances Torco Arnie Zezulak. Fourth 3. Leonard Caldwell. Arthur Johnson. Third A. Reda Baker. Harel Gilbert. Harry De Laney. George Leistner. Doris Prohaske. Pourth A. George Conkling. Harry Hunter. Cecilia Lee. Paul Lindberg. Gladys Reddan

Fifth A. Florence Christian-

Stancil Kelsey

Ed Weich. Ed Wrikenberk

Mary Stejekal. Roma Frantz. Emil Klauschie.

Elmer Bastian

Florence Gusta: Eddie Kysela. Jacob Melcher.

Gusale Beasley Ruth Coolidge, Leona Knott.

Hazel Wicken-

berg. John Dokulil.

Seventh A.

Sixth B.

Sixth A

Fourth B.

TRAIN.

Pifth B. Ruby Henke Charles Lottz. Merritt McClellan. Thelma Middaugh. Fifth A. Anna May Boland Pourth B. Merna Irving. Carrie Nielsen Pourth A. Gladys Baber. Helen Bascambe. Charles Cramer.

Pifth B. Helen Beloyed Mary Bruner.

Third B.

Herbert Klauschie, Ethel Laushman, John Markhofer, Theresia Nusser.

Lilian Christensen

George Jackson Irene Robertson Sarah Smith. Eldred Torrison Drucella G'llam, Lucila May. Third B. Fred Carlson. Albert Dean. James Gilliand Rosemond Kinkenon John McGrew. Florence Neff. Myrtle Norien. Ernestine Robertson Tony Mertl. Mildred Pohaska. Sam Roma. Leonard Shymanski Evelyn Simons. Vera Taylor.

Third A. Raymond Baber. Clyde Barnes. John Hinson. Ruth O'Grady. Lucille Wiggs. CLIFTON RILL. Bixth A. James Gienger. Winifred Drake. Alexander McKie. Russel Sprague.

Fifth B. Hoves Carla Fischer.
Pearl Gamble.
Hazel Huston.
Lucile Parry.
Elizabeth Sowell.
Harold Taylor. Frifth A.
Lydia Flesher.
Beatrice Jackson.
Cecil Osborne.
Third B.
Marle Busse.
La Verne Diefendorf.
Dorald Huston.
Blehard Hyds.

CLIFTON HILL.

lighth B. Conaid Ellington. Villard Hoffman

Liougias Dunn, Frederick Hoffmat Louvesta Lawiess

Seventh A. hiarold Ring. Joe Rosenthal. Leslie Van Nostrand

Adelaide Zellar.

Eighth A. Busse.

Seventh B. Edward Chriss, Mabel Reidy,

Sixth B.

Louis Resmussen

Anna Stangl.

Richard Hyde. Rudolph Kirchner. Mary Knudsen. Maxine Merrit. Arny Steavenson, Ardath Wagner. Third A. hary Reed.
William Rups.
Milton Peterson.
Floren Westfall. SHERMAN.

Sevent S.
Merini Lee.
Sixth A.
Ruby Kalb.
Fifth A.
Eugene O'Donell.
Philip Retz.
Elsie Wolfson. Fourth B.
Fourth B.
Fourth A.
Virgil Anderson.
Leon Houck. Leon Houck.
Mary Isaacs.
Lulu Potter.
Fred Retz.
Third B.
Frances Caughlin.
Sidney Givens.
Clark Hutchison.

ROLL OF MONOR WILL BE CONTINUED IN TOMORROW'S EVENING REE

escapes the waste basket.

Busy Bee Letter.

By Ruth Kinney, Aged 12 Years, Ravenna, Neb. Red Side, fun, and I found out it is. I wish to join back next Friday and you can go then." the Red Side. I go to Ravenna public school and my teacher is Miss Thomas, I hope to find my letter in print and I hope to write again.

Polly's Luck. By Lorene Laraway, Aged 10 Years, Hamburg, Ia. Red Side. "I thought I told you to hurry home

school, and am in the second grade. I from school?" said Mrs. Reid. "I just am 8 years old. My teacher's name is stopped to say a few words to Florence Miss Katherine Troupe. I have three Tiller," said Polly. "Your Aunt Ella was sisters. Their names are Ernestine, here. She is going on a trip and wanted Katherine and Dorothy Ellen. I will to take you with her. She waited until write a story next time, if my letter she nearly missed the train waiting for you." "Oh, that is just my luck. I was late to school this morning." "That is very bad," said her mother. "Prof. White had our examination the first thing this morning and I missed half of my exam-Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter ination. I am going down to Prof. to the Busy Bees' page. I have read it White's and make up my examination. very nearly every Sunday, so I decided "A very good plan," said Mrg. Reid, "but ... to write to you. I thought it would be do not be disappointed; your aunt will be

Lost in the Forest.

By Winifred Langdon, Gretna, Neb., Box 37. Blue Side. The afternoon performance of the circus was over, and the little boy who took care of his father's dancing bear, Bruin, had started for a walk.

After leaving the circus tent he started for the forest or the "dark woods" as the children of the town called it. Not noticing the time, they had gone on into the forest and soon Billy became hungry and then noticed the darkness coming over all. Nature was not so beautiful as before.

The situation became very serious and Billy began to cry and Bruin to growl. Billy soon cried himself to sleep. After Billy had been sleeping for about an hour, and the bear had ketp watch, a whistle was heard which caused Bruin

to rise, for it was his master. They were soon safe in the tent and never took walks in strange towns again.

A Forest Breakfast.

By Alice Davenport, Aged 8 Years, 211 North Eighth Street, Norfolk, Neb. Once there were some creatures and a fairy in a wood sitting on a root of a tree. She had lots of friends about her. They were about the timidest ones around. They never did any harm to her, and the fairy did no harm to the restures.

bit, frog and squirrel. One morning all the creatures were around her. The fairy was giving them their breakfast. She gave them little yellow cakes. The prince was looking for her. The animals never noticed the prince holding on to the prickly rose bushes. The fairy never saw the prince behind the

There was a wolf, lamb, porcupine, rab-

My Cat and I. By Eugene Lawson, Aged 9 Years, 3201 Harney Street, Omaha, Neb.

bushes. He was looking for somebody

kind like the fairy.

Blue Bide. One night about I o'clock I was awakened by a little mew. My bedroom was upstairs, and my window was up, and looked out, and there was my cat. He had climbed up the ladder, and he wanted to get in.

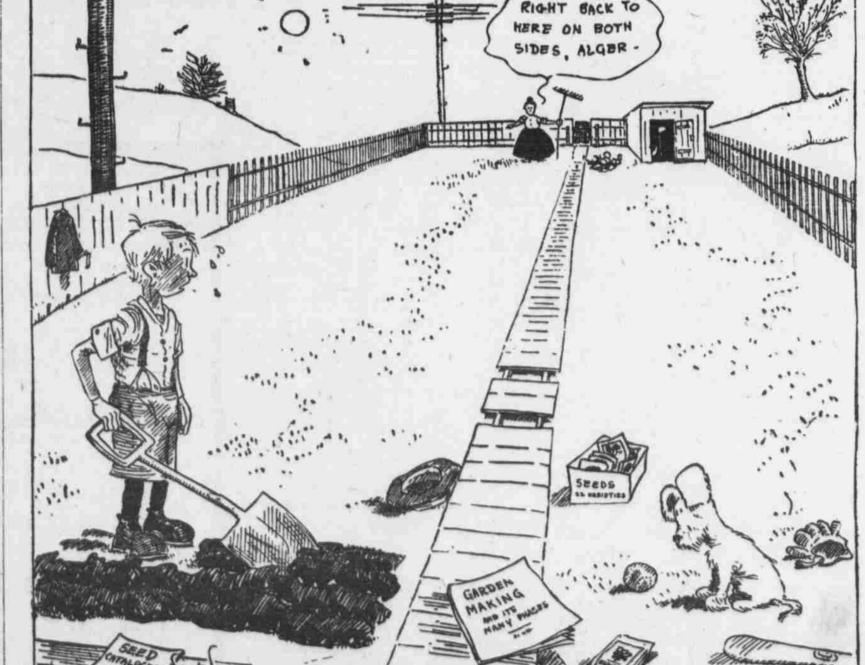
After he got in, he wanted to get under the cover. I soon found out that he had been chased up by a dog, and I guess he thought that the dog was comming after him. I am a new Busy

George and John's Birthday Party. By Clark Wykert. Aged 11 Years, Meadow. Neb. Red Side.

George and John were brothers. John was selfish, but George was not. One day George and John were invited to a hirthday party. George took something, but John did not. When their birthdays came George received a lot of things, but John did not. After that John always took things too.

Would Join Red Side.

By Iva Hughes, Aged 19 Years, Ogettilla, Neb. Red side. Dear Busy Becs: I am writing you my first letter. I would like to join the Red Side. I enjoy reading The Busy Bec's page, and the funny page, too. I am in the fourth grade at school.



How Big is a Garden?