

# The Busy Bees

# Their Own Page

**M**AY FIRST marks the end of the reign of the present king and queen of the Busy Bees and the beginning of the term for a new king and queen, who will reign until September first.

It is customary for the Busy Bees to elect a king for the Red Side and a queen for the Blue Side, and all the Busy Bees are invited to send in their votes. Choose from the boys and girls whose letters and stories you have found most interesting and instructive and whom you think are best fitted for the office.

All votes cast must be received by the editor on or before Wednesday, April 29, and the new king and queen of the Busy Bees will be announced Sunday, May 3.

This week, first prize was awarded to Mildred Jens of the Red Side; second prize to Bessie Erickson of the Blue Side, and honorable mention to Marie Kuhry of the Red Side.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

### My Ride.

By Mildred Jens, Aged 10 Years, 1306 Hayes Street, Columbus, Neb., Red Side.

One spring morning as I was playing in the garden, watering the flowers, my uncle Edward wanted us to go on a trip, so we went. As we were passing the ocean I saw a boat and as I watched it I saw a little girl leaning overboard until she fell over. When we reached Africa, one very hot afternoon, we went into the jungle. I wanted figs and coconuts. When my mother was not looking I went into a negro hut and was frightened by the black faces and so many red lips. I ran out of the hut. After a week we went to Europe and met my young cousin. Then we went to Asia and brought my grandmother and grandfather back to America again. I was very glad when I reached home. That was the very first time I had a ride in an airplane. I won't look at Mr. Waste's Paper Basket at all.

(Second Prize.)

### Little Brother's Runaway.

By Bessie Erickson, Aged 13 Years, Naper, Neb., Blue Side.

One Sunday last fall mamma and papa went to visit. My two brothers, aged 9 and 10, hitched up a team and drove across the river to pick grapes and look at little baby brother alone. They drove down to the brush where the grapes were and tied the team to a tree and left little brother in the buggy because he was barefooted. They picked three buckets of grapes and started back to the team, but it was gone. My little brother had untied the horses, got into the buggy and started the team.

Some of the neighbors were picking grapes, too, and saw the team starting to run. They got into their buggy and started after. They thought they could get ahead of the team that was running away, but they could only see the dust. When they crossed the river to our house they found first the buggy broken and the team gone. My brother was sitting on a stump laughing. He told them he had a fast ride. He was only past 2 years old. The boys were frightened and emptied the grapes on the ground. My oldest brother said, "I will never again hitch up a team when mamma and papa are not at home."

(Honorable Mention.)

### The Proud Lily.

By Marie Kuhry, Aged 12 Years, Schuyler, Neb., Red Side.

Long, long ago there grew up a proud lily as white as snow with a beautiful yellow pistil and with its face looking straight up to the clear, blue sky, too proud to bend its lovely head to look at its little sisters who grew around it. "Oh, dear lily," cried the little pansy one day, "why are you so proud? You never even ask any of us how we are feeling. Won't you look down and see how beautiful my colors are this morning?" But the proud lily never heeded the little pansy.

A butterfly came along and while resting its beautiful velvet wings on the lily, it said, "Good morning, dear lily; you are so very proud and hold your head so high that I fear to come to visit you often. Why is it?" "Indeed I am proud, I am beautiful. I would not think of bending my pretty head for anything. I wish always to grow tall and stately, looking right up to the sky. I hope I shall never have to bend my head like other flowers. You, too, are proud," said the lily. "You are too proud," said the pansy. "You are too proud," said the daisy and dainty, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the earth trembled and shook and everything bowed its head in sorrow, even the proud lily slowly drooped its head, for it was filled with grief. When Easter morning came and everything shone out bright and beautiful, the lily stood with its head still bowed.

Helping Teacher.

By Alice Thomas, Aged 11, Deer Trail, Colo.

Last Friday our teacher let us off at 2 o'clock. She said she wanted for girls to clean the room. I was one and my sister another. We washed the board, cleaned the erasers and swept the floor. We had a nice time. Then at 3 o'clock, we went home. We had a nice time that night for a little girl friend spent the night with us. Saturday morning we went walking; we walked a long way. In the afternoon we put on our boots and went wading. We are having fine weather, just like June. The Busy Bees write better letters every Sunday.

Likes to Read.

By Otto Clausen, Aged 12 Years, 125 E. E. Street, Ross Avenue, Hastings, Neb., Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I wish to join the Busy Bees' page. I read it nearly every Sunday. I thought it was not fun to read, but I have found out it is. My teacher's name is Miss Sullivan. I go

## ONE OF THE BRIGHT BOYS WHO LIKES THE PAGE.



Walter G. Preston, Jr.

Photo by Seaborn & Eisehart

## 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.
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 CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE, Omaha, Neb.

to school every day and am in the sixth grade. I hope to find my letter in print.

## Busy Bee Letter.

By Marion Moore, Aged 8 Years, 710 Maple Street, Shenandoah, Ia., Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I wish to join the Blue Side. This is my first letter and hope to see it in print. I go to school every day. Miss Ford is my teacher. I hope my letter escapes Mr. Waste Paper Basket.

## Misses Mother.

By Lucy Allen, Aged 8 Years, 2211 Charles Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bees. My mother has been ill in the country for three weeks. I will be glad to see her when she comes home. I am in the third A. My teacher's name is Miss McCullough. I am glad to join the Blue side. I hope to see my letter in print.

## Likes Teacher.

By Priscilla Van Decar, Aged 10 Years, 603rd, Neb., Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I have been reading the stories on the Busy Bees' page and have enjoyed them very much. I wish to join the Blue side. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. Mrs. Wilson is my teacher and I like her very much. I do not know of any story to write today.

## Stories Are Interesting.

By Carrie Heacock, Aged 13 Years, Gretna, Neb., Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I have been reading the Busy Bees' stories in The Omaha Bee and I think they are very interesting. I am 12 years old and go to the Sanborn school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Gottsch. I am in the seventh grade. This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bees' page and I hope to see my letter in print. I will write a story next time.

## My Two Brothers.

By Hazel Fern Lake, Aged 11 Years, 3308 Learmore Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bees' page, but I read it every Sunday and like it very much. I have two brothers. One is 7 years old and is in the first B class of Monmouth Park school. The other is a little rogue who will be a year old April 25. His name is Vernon Wilber. The other is Orville Everett. Baby is very sweet and has two little teeth and some more nearly through. He tries to talk a great deal and says a great many words. He can stand up by chairs and you don't have to pull him up to them either. I would like to join the Red side.

## Damon and Pythias.

By Mary Lippold, Aged 11 Years, Avoca, Ia., Blue Side.

Pythias did something that Dionysius did not like and he was to be put in prison and to be killed on a certain day. He asked if he could not go home and bid farewell to his friends. Dionysius laughed. He said: "You just want to go so you will not be put to death." Damon said, "Let him go. He is an honest man. Let him go and I will be put in prison in his place and if he is not back on the day he is to be put to death I will be killed in his place." When Dionysius consented, so Pythias went and Damon was put in prison. When Pythias reached home he told his people he had to go back on a certain day because he was to be put to death. He said good bye to all and returned just at the hour he was to be killed. Then Dionysius said they could both go free because they were both true and honest.

## My Pets.

By Andrew Jacobsen, Aged 13 Years, Herman, Neb., Red Side.

I have a pet cat. It is black and white. Its name is Baby. Last fall one of our horses stepped on its leg. It could not walk on it for a long time. Whenever we would touch it it would howl because it would hurt. It is all right now. It will come every time we call it "Baby." It purrs whenever we caress it. Sometimes after I go to bed it comes into the room and jumps up in the bed and wants me to caress it. It likes to stay in the house and sleep under the stove. Sometimes it gets into mischief. I also have a pet dog. Its name is Bounce. It is not very large and is not very good at getting the cows. It is pretty good at catching burrowing animals. It is about 5 years old. It used to be our neighbor's, but when they moved away it came over to our place to stay and now it is my pet.

## Kindness to Animals.

By Mildred Jens, 2024 California Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

Rose was a little girl of 5 years and had little dimples playing around her

mouth. She was kind to all animals. She would pet or say a kind word to each.

One day her mother said to her, "Don't go out of the yard while I am down town and I will bring you something nice."

Rose played in the yard for about an hour with her little dog. A howling of a dog was heard and in a moment Rose was up. A man was seen in the street. He was carrying a small puppy. "You cur, I'll show you, stealing my meat," he was yelling at the top of his voice. "You just dare hit that poor little puppy again and I'll hit you," called out Rose. The man stopped and laughed. "You hit me? That's a joke. You can have him if you want him. 'Oh, I'll take him,' she said putting the dog in her apron. When Rose's mother came home, she said they would keep him. Can you imagine Rose's joy?

When I came back, they had another fuss in the shell. Kenneth lit it once, but he didn't think it would go off, so he lit the fuse again, but he just got his hand away, when it went off. The shell flew about sixty feet. The powder that was left they put in the gun barrel. George shot it off. It kicked so hard the gun flew out of his hands and he staggered back. The gun burst open, up as far as the powder was. He hurt his finger very seriously. He went into the house to wash it, then got home. He rang up that evening and said it was not as bad as it looked, but it hurt the gun very much.

Soon someone went by our house and as our horses were there, one jumped over the fence and I was sent to drive him in again.

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They make pretty things. They are making hammocks now.

The Old Colored Woman.

By Andrew Linderberg, Aged 12 Years, 288 North Forty-eighth Street, Omaha, Neb.

Once in the western part of Kentucky there was a small cabin, in which lived an old colored woman. Her face was wrinkled and she looked very old. She had once been a slave, her husband had

been killed and she was left alone with one son.

One day, to her surprise, she saw a colored man riding up to her cabin. He got off his horse in a great hurry. He told the colored woman that some men were after him because he had run away from his master.

The colored woman had a hole under her house in which she kept many things. She told him that was the only

place there was for him to go.

He went where he was told and was not any too soon, for the men were coming into the house.

They asked the colored woman many questions, but she would not tell. She went on with her work, just as if nothing had happened, so the men went away. She had saved one man's life, and she did many other things for her people.

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