

The Busy Bees

TEA parties for Busy Bees have taken a more serious turn. Many of the little girls who have set their "play" tables for an afternoon tea party and begged their mothers for cookies and other sweet meats that go to make tea parties a splendid success, have decided that they will make their own tea cakes. Each week there are several little girls who meet at the Young Women's Christian association and spend Saturday morning learning to make different "dishes" for their parties. Their first lesson was how to make bread, and each week some new dessert, cake, salad or the like is made by these little Busy Bees. The thrilling experience of mixing and beating the ingredient for a dainty cake and then baking it, with the result of a most delicious little cake, gives these "little women" much pleasure and adds to their growing knowledge of house-keeping. Some day these Busy Bees will be "really" keeping house, and this bit of useful knowledge will make their tasks much easier.

The Busy Bees must remember that they have two more Sundays to vote for their new rulers and they should send in their votes within that time.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

The Woodpecker.

By Marjorie Shipman, Sidney, Neb. Blue Side.

Johnny Brown was a very naughty boy. He liked to shoot birds and animals. One morning, a bright day in June, Johnny was resting under one of the pear trees in his father's orchard. He had not been there long when he fell asleep, and this is what he dreamed:

A big woodpecker who had been looking for a home for his family suddenly came upon a tree that he thought suitable and started to work. It sounded like this, tap, tip, tap, tap, tap. A boy walking along heard the noise and started for the spot. When he got there he said to himself: "That bird would make a fine pet."

The woodpecker saw the boy and thought that that boy meant mischief. And when he saw what the boy was going to do, he said:

"My boy, what you are going to do should not be done."

"Why?" asked the boy.

"Because," said the bird, "what if you were going to be put in a cage, do you think you would like that?"

"No," said the boy.

"Then, if you do not like being put in a cage, I advise you not to kill or put any more wild birds in cages."

Billy woke up just then, but he decided not to bother any more birds.

(Second Prize.)

The Roses.

By Inez Roberts, Aged 10 Years, 4215 Cumby Street, Blue Side.

"Look, father," cried Dorothy one sunny morning as she came into the room with a big bunch of roses. "What can I do with all of them, father?"

"I do not know, Dorothy," said her father.

"Oh, I know," cried Dorothy. "I will give some of them to Doris, because she is lame and sick."

Dorothy's father said that would be a good plan. So she ran across the street with the roses and handed them to Doris.

Every morning Dorothy would bring roses and different kinds of flowers to Doris.

Doris' father had died two years ago and so Doris' mother had to go out and wash for her and Doris' living. Doris' mother was away when Dorothy brought the roses over to Doris. After a while Doris' mother came home. She said:

"Doris, what is that sweet odor in the house?"

Doris answered: "Dorothy brought some sweet roses over to me."

When Doris' mother saw the roses she said: "We will have to do something for Dorothy."

Doris then told her mother that Dorothy had taken her out and wheeled her. Then her mother said:

"We will get Dorothy a big doll for Christmas and you will have to do without one this year."

So Doris said she would. She was not a selfish little girl. So Doris' mother went downtown that same day and got a beautiful big doll for Dorothy. And while Doris' mother was downtown Dorothy also went and bought a still more beautiful doll for Doris.

"It is Christmas eve," cried Doris. On Christmas morning Dorothy came over with the beautiful doll and gave it to Doris, and Doris gave her big doll to Dorothy, and so Doris got a big doll, too.

After some time Doris grew real well and Doris and Dorothy played with their Christmas dolls and they were chums ever after.

(Honorable Mention.)

In Just a Minute.

By Bernice Dickerson, Aged 11 Years, Atkinson, Neb.

There was once a little girl and her name was Mary. She was about 10 years old and she had a habit of saying "In just a minute."

Mary always waited so long that her mamma always had to do what she wanted Mary to do.

One day Mrs. Smith—for that was Mary's mamma's name—was going away on a trip and Mary did not know it until it was time for her to go with her mamma.

Mary's mamma said: "Mary, come here, I have something to tell you."

"In just a minute, mamma; wait until I finish this paragraph," for she was reading a book.

Mrs. Smith had no time to wait, for it was train time.

So she went and got on the train and left Mary still reading.

When Mary went down stairs to where she thought her mother was she could not find her. She looked everywhere, but could not find her. At last she went and told her papa and he told her about the surprise she was going to get.

In two or three days her mother came home. Mary never said "In just a minute" again. She had learned a lesson she never forgot.

Greedy Ethel.

By Elsie Knoll, Aged 12 Years, Gretna, Neb.

Kate was going to school. She was dressed in fine clothes and was very rich, but she was greedy and the other girls did not want to play with her.

Kate had a dime and after school was going to buy some candy. She met another girl and said: "Oh, you got some money, too?"

"Yes," said Ethel. "I have a nickel."

Kate did not know the difference between money and said: "I'll give you mine if you'll give me yours."

"All right," said the girl, and then they traded.

"Oh, goody," said Kate; "I've a larger

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.

one now and I can get the most candy."

After school the two girls went to get the candy. Kate got a half a sack, while Ethel got more. Kate noticed this and thought she had been cheated. Then she said to the storekeeper:

"I should have more candy because I had the most money."

"Oh, no," answered the storekeeper; "that girl's money is worth two of yours."

Then Kate went home, thinking she had learned a lesson and never took the largest after that, for she knew it didn't pay.

How I Was Nearly Killed.

By Marie M. Kuhry, Aged 11 Years, Box 61, Schuyler, Neb. Red Side.

I and many other little sparrow friends had lived peacefully and happily with never a thought of fear, around that little home that stood by the mill. The trees and flowers seemed even to belong to us. We could flutter back and forth all day picking up the crumbs that the kind lady who lived there would throw out for us. One day my mate and I were sitting on the window when we heard the folks inside talking about moving. They were going to Florida. I can never tell you how sad we felt when we heard this, but they had scarcely moved out when another family moved in. These people had three little children, and of course we weren't used to children around the yard, and how afraid we were. Every day we would perch high up in the trees afraid to venture down, but very soon we heard the little ones call with delight at a beautiful robin, and how they did want to love him. We then knew that we were welcome and we flew around just as we did before. In the evening we would always perch behind the shutters that were thrown open on the kitchen window. Behind these shutters heavy wood vines climbed up the side of the house. This one evening a strange sparrow came and had taken our place. We were angry and before we thought what we were doing we were quarrelling and trying to fight him away.

I was pushed down between the heavy vines and my left wing got caught. I cried for help, for I was in dreadful pain. Soon the strange lady and her three little children came running out and tried to find where I was. I called louder and louder till at last she discovered that I was caught in the vines behind a shutter, and they took me carefully out and found that my wing was not broken and let me go. I flew to the nearest tree till I had gotten my breath and then if I could talk as I do now I surely would of thanked the kind lady and her three dear little children.

P. S.—Evelyn, Leonard and I were the three children and mother was the kind lady.

The Sacrifice.

By Verda James, Aged 11 Years, 510 First Avenue, Council Bluffs, Blue Side.

Jennie had gotten a letter and was reading it and when she got through she called her sister Mildred. In a few minutes her sister came out. Jennie said:

"Aunt Helen has written and asked us to come out and visit her in July. It is the middle of June now."

"I would like to visit her very much, but you know that we spent so much money on our visit last year that mamma said we would have to pay our own expenses and fare this year," said Mildred.

"I know," said Jennie, "but we can sell berries."

"Let's ask mother," said her sister. So they did and she agreed. So Monday after school they picked berries and sold them. By the last of July they had \$4 each.

On July 30 they were coming home with their money when Mildred said:

"The doctor says Jimmie Jones, the lame boy, can be cured, but the Jones' are very poor. They need just \$12 more."

"Let's give them ours," Jennie said.

They liked the plan, so they went and told their mother and she agreed.

That night the girls took the money over to the Jones' and tied it on the doorknob. Then they knocked and hid behind a bush. The Jones girl came out and saw the money. She took it in the house. The girls heard Jimmie say: "Now I can be cured," and he was.

I do not know which was the happier, Jimmie or the girls.

The Brave Boy.

By Donald Donovan, 617 West Tenth Street, Grand Island, Neb. Red Side.

Once there was a boy whose name was John Black and he lived near the railroad track. One stormy night the bridge was washed away and John saw the bridge was washed away and John could not wave anything red, so he took enough courage to walk to the station

Omaha Little Girls Who Are Learning to Cook Scientifically



LEFT TO RIGHT: ELOISE MARGARET, CATHERINE GOSS, HELEN SUNDERLAND, ZOE SCHALEK, GERTRUDE KOENIG, PHYLLIS FUNTER, MILDRED HUNGATE—MEMBERS OF A COOKING CLASS THAT MEETS ON SATURDAY AT THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION ROOMS TO STUDY CULINARY PROCESSES.

"Mys" Measles

Muvver says "Mys" dot the measles; Guess "Mys" muvver knows, 'Cause "Mys" all red-speckled From "Mys" head to "Mys" toes.

And "My" feels all hot and fristy, "Mys" eyes dey wants to cry, And every time "My" sneezes, "My" sinks she surely die.

"My" wants her muvver rock me, Dat helps the measles some, 'Cause when you've measles No 'litle diris can tum.

Doctor brung his satchel, And gave "My" pills like tandy Instead of nasty taster oil— "My" likes dat fine and dandy.

I knew "Mys" dolly had 'em, You should have seen her face, You couldn't lay a pin down— Deyz just all over every place!

Baby sleser goin' to dit 'em, Muvver said she would; Oh my! sink "Mys" seepy, Don't stink "My" feels so berry dood, "MYS MUVVER," (Lamille Bexten.)

and just as he reached the station the train was three blocks away. They phoned to a signal tower to stop the train and John was given a medal which had on one side, "John Black," and on the other side it said, "Hero of Train No. 4." When he was grown up he received a job on the train which he saved.

A New Boy.

By Alice Elvira Crandell, Aged 9 Years, Chapman, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first letter I have written to the Busy Bee page, but it is not the first story.

I enjoy this page very much and hope to get a prize some day. I read all the stories in it about every Sunday. Every story that I have written has been printed and I hope this one will. The name of my story is "A New Boy."

ALICE ELVIRA CRANDELL. One cold winter's day a newboy 10 years old was walking down the street trying to sell papers. He was barefooted and had but few clothes on. There were only two papers that he had sold, for he was so cold the people did not come out doors.

Once in a while he could get shelter under a porch roof. But he was thinking sadly why he could not have things as other people do, to have a nice warm home and plenty to eat.

It was getting toward night and he sat down on a stone to rest. As he was sitting there he fell asleep and a man and woman who were passing by saw him.

"Oh, see that poor child!" said the woman. "Let's take him home, George," she said to her husband.

Hardly had she uttered these words than he had the poor child up in his arms

Mary's Reward.

By Donald Pillsbury, Aged 10 Years, 4175 Chicago Street, Omaha.

Mary was a poor girl whose mother had died, and her father was harsh and cruel. He would not feed and clothe her.

Mary had to help an old man sell fruit at a fruit stand and one day as she was returning from work she saw a dog roaming about on the streets and she took her to the place that she called home.

Two puppies were born to the dog and after they grew up she sold them for \$50 each, which enabled her to live in comfort for a long time.

Moral: Kindness always brings a reward.

Letter from Busy Bee.

By Alice Thomson, Deer Trail, Colo. Box 35, Red Side.

Dearest Busy Bees: I hope you are all fine. Out here we had a heavy snow-storm. My sister and I made a snow man, but today it melted away. We also made an Eskimo house. It is nice today.

We have seven miles to go to town. I was glad to see my story of little Mary in print. I wrote another one about Lizzie, the elephant. I hope it is in print. P. S.—Remember our motto: "Reds beat the Blues."

REWARD OF MERIT FOR BOY

Nineteen Years Old, Picked from Crowd and Booked for Tour of World.

A perfect score for all-around ability as an athlete and a scholar yesterday won for Wallace Crismore, Berwyn boy, the honor of representing the state of Illinois on the youth achievement world tour which will take fifty American youngsters on a visit of all nations.

The selection of the 19-year-old Berwyn lad was based on a list of achievements almost as long as the trip he is to make. His resourcefulness was shown by his announcement that he would be ready to start on the world tour Tuesday night.

His accomplishments included feats in every line. He was found to be master in all outdoor and indoor sports. His record was indicative of a mechanical genius of a future Edison and he ranked just as high as a musician.

Topping it all, he was recommended to the committee as a boy who could cook everything from meat to pies and as one with unusual ability for doing housework. Questioned by the committee, he showed an extraordinary knowledge of the matters which usually concern none but a mother.

The fortunate boy lives with his father at 357 Harold avenue, Berwyn. He is a student at the J. Sterling Morton school. His record of achievements ran something like this:

Plays piano, accompanies boys' glee club, won Christian Endeavor pin for recitation of Bible verses made music stand while a student in seventh grade, has paid for all his own high school text books, has worked summers and Saturdays for three years in saah and door factory and in larderashery, has completed a two years' stenographic course constructed a device for long-distance regulation of furnace, erected private telephone line at age of 12, milked cow and delivered milk at age of 12, raised and

and they went home with him. When they got home the man laid him on the bed and ordered some new clothes for him, because they wanted to keep Don, which was the same. He woke up in a little while and was surprised to know that he was in the house of a kind man and woman. And after that day he lived happily ever after.

Maxims of a Housewife.

A man that can't replace a missing button on his trousers ought never to marry.

If your husband belongs to a fraternal order, make him attend the meetings once in a while. In case he dies there ought to be somebody who can identify him.

Call a doctor for the children if you think they need one, but don't call him merely to keep the neighbors from talking. They'll talk about you anyhow.

I know a woman who has more closets in her new house than she has things to put inside them. You can overdo anything.

Sometimes a wife can cure her husband of smoking coffin nails in the house by smoking a clay pipe herself—but not, often.—Chicago Tribune.

Their Own Page

MOLLY GETS A MONUMENT.

Patriotic citizens and orders are manifesting much interest in the project now before the Pennsylvania legislature to erect a monumental memorial in Carlisle, to Molly Pitcher, heroine of the battle of Monmouth, who is buried there in what is known as the "old graveyard."

It is planned to honor this American woman, who bravely took her husband's post at a cannon in one of the fiercest battles of the revolution after he had fallen. The proposed memorial has been designed as a pedestal surmounted by a figure of the illustrious Molly, whose married name was McKelley or McCauley. Particular care has been taken by the sculptor to make the likeness as perfect as possible. Five women descendants of Molly, now living in Carlisle, were used as models for the statue. Excellent descriptions by people who knew the woman were available and were used in moulding the figure. On the proposed monument, for which the state of Pennsylvania will be asked to spend \$15,000, are two bronze tablets, one of which will show Molly with her traditional pitcher lending succor in the midst of battle and the other will show her at the cannon's mouth. In front of the monument an exact reproduction of the cannon she served will be constructed—New York Sun.

Ruminations.
Lots of people are hunting for trouble—for others.
The ill wind that blows nobody good must be the breath of scandal.
It is well to bridle the tongue when traveling in double harness.
There is more credit in working for \$1 than in dreaming of a million.—Boston Transcript.

Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, APRIL 20. "This is the day we celebrate."

Year.	Name and Address.	School.
1901	Marie Anna Brazda, 1436 South 19th St.	Lincoln
1906	Russell Bridwell, 3516 North 26th St.	Fairfax
1902	Marie Burns, 1139 North 17th St.	Kellom
1902	William Christensen, 410 Lincoln Ave.	Train
1899	Sarah Curer, 1113 South 9th St.	Pacific
1903	Gertrude Cuscaden, 2010 Emmet St.	Lothrop
1901	Andrew Dodd, 1623 North 23d St.	Kellom
1900	Bridget Donahoe, 2209 Sherman Ave.	Lake
1900	Marie Mabel Etchison, 2317 South 33d St.	Windsor
1901	Rose Gents, 520 North 22d St.	Central
1904	Ruth Gifford, 2814 North 31st St.	Howard Kennedy
1904	Frances D. Gordon, 3916 North 21st St.	Lothrop
1900	Catherine Goss, 124 North 31st Ave.	Farnam
1902	Arthur C. Hall, 1842 North 22d St.	Kellom
1898	Kathleen Haudshub, 3202 Fort Omaha Ave.	Monmouth Park
1905	Howard Hills Hill, 2709 Ruggles St.	Lothrop
1903	Lily W. Hillquist, 409 North 31st St.	Webster
1906	Ildore Hoberman, 1923 Paul St.	Kellom
1903	Clifford Horne, 1714 North 34th St.	Franklin
1901	Martha Horsens, 2916 Seward St.	Long
1905	Alex Hout, 1019 South 22d St.	Mason
1902	Dorothy Johnson, 2447 Pinkney St.	Lothrop
1897	Milly Johnson, 4619 Chicago St.	Saunders
1906	Carol Jones, 551 South 25th Ave.	Mason
1905	Melrose Kaufman, 1401 North 25th St.	Long
1907	Harold Kirkland, 3321 Myrtle Ave.	Franklin
1905	Merle Lickner, 2033 Harney St.	Central
1906	Jennie Lickter, 2632 Patrick Ave.	Long
1901	Victor Meyers, 3340 South 19th St.	Winton
1905	Howard D. Moss, 3811 Castellar St.	Windsor
1901	Alice May Naugle, 3311 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park
1907	Earl North, 3720 North 37th St.	Fairfax
1903	Charles Prachensky, 1929 1/2 South 12th St.	Lincoln
1905	Ethel Potter, 4718 North 14th St.	Sherman
1900	Reta Risk, 1111 Dominion St.	Edward Rosewater
1905	Ester Robinson, 3646 Franklin St.	Franklin
1902	George Sitera, 1117 Dominion St.	Edward Rosewater
1907	Carrie Smith, 3832 Blondo St.	Franklin
1906	Margaret Sorensen, 3223 Franklin St.	Franklin
1907	Bernice Swenson, 1503 North 35th St.	Franklin
1907	Earl Traphagan, 2607 South 31st St.	Windsor

KEEP YOUR SCALP CLEAN



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Horses FOR SALE

Many farmers, many small town men and many city men need good work horses. If you have any that you wish to sell, it is your duty to yourself to let these prospective buyers know. They are following the classified ads in The Bee every day, and will get your message if you will place a small notice in this paper. Do it now, and get your profitable bargain under way. The man who hesitates is likely to lose in a way that will cause him many hours of "be-moaning his luck." Get your ad in now.



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