Their Own Page

ERE is a treat for the Busy Bees. A number of the boys and girls who write for this page have shown themselves to be budding poets by sending rhymes and fingles of various sorts. Not until now, however, has anyone been ambitious enough to write a whole playlet. Here is a very clever one that was written by Lucile Reimers of Fullerton, Neb. It deals with goblins, ghosts, fairies and a witch, together with the adventures of two little children.

Luciis is only 10 years old and wrote this sketch for a language lesson n her grade at school. This was at the Hallowe'en season, and the teacher said it was so good that she had the children act the whole thing out, and every one enjoyed it very much. The name of Lucile's playlet is "Life in

This week, first prize was awarded to Venice Mallory of the Blue side; second prize to Roberta Mackechnie of the Red side, and honorable mention to Alice Elvira Crandell of the Blue side.

The editor wishes to admonish the Busy Bees to observe all rules for Busy Bee letters. At least two letters in this issue would have been awarded prizes had they been written with pen and ink, instead of pencil, as the rules specify.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.) Making Valentines.

By Venice Mallory. Aged a Years. Kear-ney, Neb. Blue Side. On the table there were scissors, a bottle of paste and many pieces of colored paper. My sister and I sat at this table making valentines.

We cut the paper in different shapes, me in hearts and other designs. We cut tures of kewples out of magazines and asted them on the valentines. On part of the valentines we painted pictures and n some of them we printed verses.

We celebrated St. Valentine's day at school by having a big box and we dropped our valentines into it just as though it was a mail box.

Watches Little Birds. Roberta Mackechnie, Aged 10 Years. Indianola, Neb. Red Side.

One day my two sisters and I were out on a farm. We were walking in a field n we saw a wild canary building a est between two fence posts which were back to the same place to see if she had dahed her nest and we found she/had ald five little eggs. Every day we went back to the place where we had first seen One day some of the eggs were cracked. The next day we went back and ound five little wild canaries. We still watched them every day till one day the little birds flew away when they saw us oming and that was the last we ever saw of them.

I hope this story does not go to the waste basket.

(Honorable Mention.) True Courage. By Alice Elvira Crandell, Aged 11 Years. Chapman, Neb. Blue Side.

This is a true story about what hap-True Courage," for it takes courage to a breve thing. "Toot! toot! toot!" cried the whistle of mber nine, a very fast train.

A colt was on the track but did not just as the train was about upon it a tile dow ran to the rescue It managed to get the colt off the track the wind. st an the train crashed by.

ished under the rushing train. The dog's master felt very badly for the dog, was a favorite among the nily, but he must have felt proud, too, use his pet had courage enough to ifice its life for the life of an animal In time would have been very use-

Trip to the Mountains.

Grace R. Cochran, Aged 10 Years, and after bowing begin.)
York, Neb., Red Side. In August mamma and I went to Coloado to visit. One morning we got up
arriy and started for the mountains. We
brove until almost neen before we came
to the canyon. We drove on a very narow road, with a high mountain on one
lide and a deep valley with a river on the w road, with a high mountain on one is and a deep valley with a river on the er side. We also went under a hangrock. Some places the road had been in the side of the mountain. We drove until almost 1 o'clock to find

nice place to eat our dinner. At last of found one and sat down to eat. We sitting around and fanning myself. e very hungry and ate a hearty dinAfter dinner we started to climb a
untain. We climbed over half of the
rup, but we soon got tired and came
n. When we got down our clothes
we all full of cactus and sandburrs.

But sometimes I get myself in a mix.

FOURTH ELF.

We are merrily, merrily skipping around,
Now in the tree tops, new on the ground. we very hungry and ste a hearty dinwere all full of cactus and sandburrs. After we pulled those out I went and make up to my knees. It felt very good of my legs and feet. While I was in the tree I picked up some very pretty stones. It is make a merry, merry little elf. Sitting around and playing by myself. SixTH ELF.

My dearest little children.

I hope we've entertained you:
And whon we all must leave you.
I'm sure we'll all feel blue.

My Pets.

My Mariha Johnson. Aged 11 Years. 717

Kaut Fourih Street, Fremont, Neb.
Hed Hide.

One morning I went out to sweep the aded in the Powder river. The water river I picked up some very pretty stones. After I came out I picked up some more

One morning I went out to sweep the ont porch and I maw a little squirrel sibbling at some crumbs. I ran into the house and got some nuts. I called him and he came a little closer until he came way up to me. Then he grabbed them and ran up the tree. The very next day I went out to put some food by the tree.

As soon as I got in the house the same little squirrel and two bigger ones came down and ate it. Every day when I went down and ate it. Every day when I went lown and ate it. Every day when I went out to give them something to eat the big ones would come, too. Soon after I mought that they must be father and mother of the little aguirrel. One day on the big and little folks. nother of the little squirrel. One day was winter, and now I do not know where incy are.

Our Colorado Trip.

By Ruth Carlson, Aged 15 Years, Curtis, Neb. Red Side. In July we made up our minds to go to Colorado on a trip. We started in the morning and when we got about half way there it began to rain. There was a little old house out on the prairie. We went in and there was no one there, so

Admin its boyans ow When morning came, we started out.
We went in automobiles. There were four autos and twenty-two persons.
Every once and a white we would get and they told us of their joint and they told us When morning came, we started out.

stuck in the mud. We got there safely and found a board-

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pen-

3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words. 4. Original stories or let-

ters 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 DEPART-MENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha,

saw many beautiful things. Then we close together. In a day or two we went started home, returning safe and surely had a good time.

> "Life in Goblinland." By Lucile Reimers, Aged 10 Years, Full erton, Neb. CHARACTERS:

A witch.
Six elves.
Three children.
Five fairies.
Two ghosts.
(Enter witch, with wand, hobbling on WITCH! Well! Well! Hallowe'en again.

wonder what tricks my people will play tonight? Ah! here they come now. (Enter elves, goblins and ghosts.) Well! Well! my people, how are you, pray? (Looks at setting sun.) "My dear people it is time you were starting for earth.' med in our town not long ago. I call it (Ghosts goblins and elves pass off.) It is high time I am setting off for earth. (She goes off.)

(Enter children with jack-o'-lantern.) TOM. I wonder whot fun we will have tonight.

(A low rustling is heard.) MAY. Oh! Jack what is that? JACK (trying to be brave). Oh! only (A louder sound is heard.)

(Enter witch.) CHILDREN. Oh! Oh! Oh!

WITCH. My dear children, do not be folks and I am your friend. I will call yard. my people, and for a treat you may see whiszing is heard and before her appear rooster. all the fairy folks. (Step up four goblins

(After bowing they step to one side children all clap their hands. tripping in front of the children the six gives begin this little piece.)

They advance to the front and bow also. Then they begin this strange piece.) CHILDREN. Oh! Oh! Oh!

When Hallowe'en night comes around, Then creeping softly along the ground; I and my fellow comrade come To seare the children and have some fun

(Low, sweet music is heard and five fairles come tripping in.)

We are part of the fairy folks,
But we do not play the jokes
That our little comrades do,
But we comfort children sweet
That our small friends try to greet:
But they are so rough, that they
care the darlings all away;
se we come and comfort them,
And change the mischief of our fellow
men.

CHILDREN. Oh! how sweet and nice.
FAIRIES.
You my darling children.
Must to your home now fiy:
Come here again next Hallowe'en,
And we will meet you by and by.
(Witch, fairies, goblins, etc., pass off.)

Joel's Lesson.

Three Little Busy Bees Who Like the Page



Lucile Reimers and hersisters Evelyn and Margaret

Thomas was just the opposite; he was | 1, went down to The Bee office to get very obedient and unselfish.

anyway. Thomas and Joel were having calling. a good time when Joel went too near the center and fell in. Thomas went to the rescue and soon got Joel out, but he was By Loree M. Welfe, Aged 10 Years, wet and nearly frozen. Thomas took Pierce, Neb. Red Side.

He was sick a long time. When he was able to go to school he told the other boys never to disobey their mothers. This taught Joel a lesson and he never I and seven other school girls over to disobeyed again.

Collects Dolls' Pictures. By Darline Swanson, Aged 8 Years, Forty-eighth and W Streets, South Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

I haven't written for a long time. am in the third B class at school. My teacher's name is Miss Olson, I like her very much. I go to Swedish Sunday By Walter Luebe. Aged 10 Years. Pierce, Neh. Red Side. school at Twenty-third and K streets. I are all protty little dollies. I wish you I hope it will be in print. would give one doll my name (Darline). I am helping my friends every week to I am helping his tribule. I have been by Clara Sagert, Agod 12 Years, Mead, collect pictures for dolls. I have been by Clara Sagert, Agod 12 Years, Mead, Neb. Blue Side. very long letter this time. I hope Mr.

My Pet Rooster.

By Sidney D. Anderson, Aged 12 Years, R. F. D. 7, Benson, Neb. Blue Side. out, mamma said I could have all the will be in the Eighth grade. (A louder sound is heard.) blue chickens. One hatched out that was My sister's name to Emma. She is MAY. Oh! Tom, I know it is something, blue. We called him Tommy. He became 10 years old, and she is in the Fifth very tame. We could feed him out of grade. I have a little brother, named our hands. In the fall the coyotes took Clarence. He is 6 years old. He will Tommy, I think, because we missed him start to school this spring, when it gets afraid. I am queen of the Hallowe'en and we found the blue feathers in the warmer.

Next week they have planned to have ten and I hope to see this story in print. the real Hallowe'en folks. (She blows a coyota round-up, and I hope they get a whistle and waves her wand.) A loud the coyote that killed Tommy, my pet

This is my first story. I wish to join the Blue Side in memory of Tommy's color.

Our Horseback Ride.

By Velma Huff, Aged 11 Years. Ne-braska City, Neb. R. 4. Blue Side. One day in November a girl friend called me up and wanted me to come Then bad day for early fall. The girl's name aws Althea. All of Althea's folks were in town, and she was lonesome. After I got over there she said we would take s horseback ride. She rode a black driving horse, and I rode a little white pony. Althen said we would go after their cattle. It was about a mile to where they were, We got chilly going over there, but we didn't mind that. As we came back we let the cattle cat along the road. After we got to the house with the cattle, we rode a little ways and we saw some horses in the road, which we thought were campers and we were afraid so we went

This is a true story. I hope my paper doesn't find its way to Mr. Waste Basket.

The Bloodhound.

By Lois Swobods, Tekamah, Neb. Blue One bright sunshiny day, when 'twas warm enough to have our door open, a big bloodhound came in the door. were cooking yeal, and he had smelled it. We told him to go outdoors again, and when we got him out, he tried to push into the house again. We gave him a piece of meat and he ate it in one awallow, as if to say, "Please, may I have another piece?" but we had no more to give him. He still tried to push past us into the house. Mama said that we would not invite him to dinner again if he wasn't polite. At last he ran down the street, smelling from one side to another, trying to find the track of his master's wagon, which he had lost sight of I hope Mr. Wastebasket doesn't care for company.

Reads Page Each Week. By Dora Stevenson, Aged 11 Years, Co-lumbus, Neb. Blue Side. I read the children's page every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I go to school every day and I like my teacher I am in the Sixth grade.

I wish to join the Biue side, and I will write a story in the paper next week.

How it Turned Out. By Alice A. Pay, Aged 9 Years, 3555 Pinkney Street, Omaha. Blue Side, Last week I wrote about a club, I told the girls about it, and we all planned to save the pictures of Elizabeth. On Saturday it was so cold that I could not take the pictures to The Bee office, so a lady ing place. In the morning we started by Eilner Pickard, Aged 19 Years, 421 took them for me. We had 72 pictures, on the morning we started by Eilner Pickard, Aged 19 Years, 421 took them for me. We had 72 pictures, on Monday, after school, the lady, her rounding country. We went up to Helen Joel and Thomas were neighbors. Joel daughter, another girl, and the girl Hunt's grave on top of a mountain. We was a very disobedient and selftah boy. took them for me. We had 760 pictures.

the doll.

One day Thomas came over and asked I cannot write how happy she was Joel if he could go and skate with him. when she took the doll in her arms. Later Joel asked his mother, but she said, "No." she had her picture taken with the doll. This made Joel very angry, and he went I hope that Mr. Wastebasket is out

A Birthday Party.

My first letter was in print and thought I would write again. One day one of my old friends had a birthday party. She invited my sister and spend the afternoon.

We went about 2 p. m. and came back about 6 p. m. About 4 o'clock we had a lunch. We had ice cream and cake and water melon. My friend received many presents and was very pleased with them. We all had a very nice time.

Fears Coyotes.

One day last spring when I was workread the Busy Bees' page every Sunday. Ing In the field I saw two coyotes. When I like the stories very much. I tried to I saw one I wasn't very much frightened, win the first doll, but I could not get but when I saw the other one, I was very her. I like Mildred the best of all. They much frightened. This is a true story and

I go to school in District No. 37. I Wastebasket is taking his examinations am in the Seventh grade. I have I took mine two weeks ago and was pro- five studies. They are arithmetic, history, spelling, geography and gram-

I have only three classmates, although there are about thirty-two pupils in our school. My teachers name is Miss This spring when the chickens hatched Emma Kuhr. Next year I think that f

This is the first time I've ever writ-

Couldn't Lose That. By Oda Gottschack, Aged 12 Years, 722 South Tirty-eighth Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

A darky, who was fishing, had a little boy about 2 years old at his side, and as he threw the line into the water, the little chap fell in also. The old darky plunged in and brought out the youngster, squeezed him out, and stood him up to dry.

pened to see him, and said:

a hero. You saved that boy's life." in his pocket."

Visits on Farm. By Grace Hier, Aged 12 Years, 532 North Thirty-fourth Street, Omaha,

Neb. Red Side. On September 18 we went out to my aunt and uncle's house. They have 640

went with my cousin to school. There was one teacher who taught from the First to the Eighth grades. desks were all very rough. The pupils

had to buy their books and pencils. My letter is getting rather long, so I will have to close for this time, hoping Mr. Waste Basket is taking a snooze

Owns a Camera.

By Marie Munson, Aged 12 Years, 7711 North Seventeenth Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side. I read this paper every Sunday and iave decided to join the Blue Side as blue is my favorite color. I have a Brownle camera No. 2-A, and if I take any pictures that will interest you I will

send them. How do you all like this snow? I think it is fine and love to go coasting.

Likes the Prize. By Mary Pischer, Aged 10 Years, 3906 Lafayette Avonue, Omaha. Reg. Side.

I received the book as first prize and thank you very much for it. It is very nice and I am going to read it. I will write a story soon.

Helps Mother.

Helena Yost, Aged 11 Years, 2814 W Street, South Omaha. Biue Side. go to the West Side school. My teacher's name is Miss Barber. I like her very much and the principal's name in Miss Stitte. I like her too. The West Side school is the best school I went take me and let me make the Bee office to. I passed out of third B into fourth a visit. I went to school every day. I have not missed a day last term. On stormy to see my letter in print, as I am a condays I do not have to go home for my stant reader. dinner. They cook dinner and serve right in the school building. I have a sister 6 years old and a brother 9 years They both go to the same school I By do; when I come home from school then I so to the store for my mother to get what she needs for supper. Then I help my mother make supper and set the table. I also help my mother with breakfast every morning and then I get ready for school at 8 o'clock again. I hope Mr. Waste Basket is sleeping when this reaches him.

Pet Duck Dies.

By Violet Vallery, Aged 3 Years, Platts-mouth, Neb. Blue Side. Once when I was 3 years old and we lived on a farm, I had a little yellow duck, I liked it very much. I took it in the kitchen one day. We had a long kitchen and I ran back and forward. I liked to hear its feet go pittypat, pittypat on the floor and it died next day. I guess I ran it to death. I was very

The Fairy Box By Margaret Gottschales, Aged 9 Years, 723 South Thirty-eighth Avenue, Omaha. Red Side.

Omaha. Red Side,

"Here is the bracelet
For good little May
To wear on her arm
By night and by day.
When it shines like the sun,
All's going well;
But when you are bad,
A sharp prick will tell.
Farewell little girl,
For now we must part.
Make a fairy-box, dear.
Of your own happy heart;
And take out for all.
Sweet gifts every day,
Till all the year round
Is like beautiful May."

Happy After All.

By Jeannette Oliphant, Aged 9 Years, Hastings, Neb. Red Side. Once upon a time there was a good A clergyman, who came along, hap- music on a violin. Her mother was dead fire for the blacksmith to make into bolts. and her father was gone. "My man you have done nobly, you are | Grace and Esther were treated cruelly

by their stepmother, whom they did not hand in to pull it out . It was hot and "Well," said the darky, "I didn't do love as well as they did their real mother. he burned his hand so he could not work that to sabe his life; he had de bait Grace and Esther had a pet kitty, Mieterkin. One day the cruel stepmother told Grace and Esther that they must pay their board or get out of the house the next morning. Poor Grace and Esther did not know what to do, so they wandered out in the forest that morning and pretty soon they came to a king's palace. Mieterkin went to one of the windows story in print and win the prize. acres. The second day I was there I and played a beautiful song that his mistress had taught him. When the king's servant looked at Mieterkin, he stopped playing, and after a while There were ten pupils in the school. The Mieterkin was taken to the palace, and the two girls, Grace and Esther, were taken there, too, and lived happily ever after. Mieterkin looks almost aristocratic in his golden color.

I hope this story escapes Mr. Wastepaper Basket.

Home from School. By Bessle Quackenbush, Aged 12 Years. Wood River, Neb. Red Side. I wrote a letter some time ago and saw it in print. So I thought I would write again, because I am out of school. Our school is closed, because of small pox all over town.

We are lucky we have not caught it. Although we may, I hope not. It is very cold here, mostly a blizzard

I am always waiting for papa to get the mail on Sundays, I look at the funny page first and then the Busy Веен раде.

I like to see the next dolls picture and what her name is. I have never tried to get a doll, because I have a large one and because I am quite large for

went to Lincoln to the Press association meeting and had a very nice time. I went to other places too. We may go most deadly is the latter. All the others to Omaha this coming summer, I hope may claim their isolated or infrequent to Omaha this coming summer, I hope so, because I never have been there.

If we do, I'm going to ask papa to I will close as my letter is long, I hope

Jean's Doll.

ly Mary Fischer, Aged 10 Years, 3606 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha. Red Side. Jean was a little girl 4 years old. Jean received a doll for Christmas and

mother and father were sitting in.

and pulled and finally she got it out, but reach enough of them to reduce the there was no hair left on the doll's head. mortality materially, and perhaps bring She started to cry and her mother and down slightly the price of beef. If it They looked around and Jean's mother saw the doll's hair sticking in the corner of the carriage. "It must have got caught," laughed

to paste the doll's hair on again." Rhyming Letter. By Blanche Stevenson, Aged 13 Years, Twentieth and North, Columbus, Red Side.

"Yes," said her mother, "we will have

I'd like to be a Busy Bee-If the other Bees would like I like the Busy Bee's stories much, And I think it does children good to read such.

My favorite color is red, so you so That is the side where I'd rather be. I'll write my first story very soon, But I must close now, because it is noon

Goes to Seek Fortune.

By Harold Hennessey, Aged 9 Years, Box 242, Missouri Valley, 1a. Red Side. Once upon a time there was a son of a poor man, so the boy set out to seek his ity, as a whole fish and a pot of musfortune. Soon he came to a fork in the tard were laid before him on the table. little girl named Grace. She had a sis- road. He took the south road and walked ter one year older than herself. They very far. Soon he came to a little town were both very good. Grace was 11 years where he asked for work, and a blackof age. She could play very beautiful smith gave him work putting iron in the when the iron was red-hot, he put his the rejoinder.—London Tit-Bits.

for a week.

When he came back the blacksmith gave him a job selling boits for a living. Then he went back to his father. He had some money, and they lived happy

ever after. This is the first time I wrote a story and sent it in. I hope I will see my

## SAVING THE RANGE STEER

Using Hypodermic Syringe to Offset Effect of Poisoned Plants.

An interesting experiment is being made by the energetic forestry division of the United States Department of Agricul+ ture which may have a direct bearing upon the high cost of living, and will therefore, be of importance to every citizen who is affected by that pressing problem. The scene of the experiment is the broad cattle ranges of the west; the operators are forest riders who could be spared from their woods and mountains for a brief term of service in the valleys or plains; their weapon is a small hypodermic syringe and a small bottle of chemicals, and the subject of their operations is the \$40 steer who hasn't sense enough to leave poisonous plants alone.

It is broadly stated that at least one twentieth of the cattle bred on the open range never come to the marketable age. If this be true, and this enormous loss is preventable, it is easy to see how millions of dollars are added every year to the people's meat bill. The more common causes of loss of stock are extremes of I had a very nice time last summer. I weather (great drought or excessive storms), predatory animals, diseases and poisonous food, and of these by far the victims, but the poison plants claim theirs by hundreds-cases are known where half a herd have perished in a night.

The campaign against the menace is naturally beset with many obstacles Where the poison areas are small they may be fenced in, or warning placards may mark the boundaries of the danger, and the cattle owners and herdsman can protect themselves. On the open ranges, however, such precautions are obviously impossible. Hence the experiment referred to. The rangers are instructed in the diagnosis of the symptoms of the the was very happy. One evening Jean's afflicted beast and in the administration mother and father were sitting in the of the antidote. The latter is declared dining room. Jean took her doll carriage to be efficacious and the experiment, as and her doll and wheeled it in the parior. tried near the Canadian border a short It was dark in the parlor so she thought time ago, has been pronounced a success ahe would go back in the room her The cowboy-forester is accordingly likely to become a fixed institution, and while She started to take the doll out of her he may not be able to shoot his mixture carriage, but she could not. She pulled into all the sufferers he can undoubtedly father came to see what the matter was shall subsequently be found that the inoculation not only cures but also removes the appetite for the deadly herbage the problem will be practically solved. Then the suckling can receive his dose before he begins to browse, and thereafter be immune when his legs and horns and appetite have come to sizable proportions and he has become the juicy, toothsome monarch of the plain, the pride of the cattle baron, the envy of the packer prince, the royal adornment of the American dinner table throughout all the land. -Deseret News.

In some parts of the Canadian backcountry the recurrence of boiled salmon, broiled salmon, salmon cutlets and salmon steak at every meal becomes, after a few weeks, a trifle monotonous. To the native palate, brought up on it, this constant reappearance of the selfsame dish is a matter of course; but to the newly arrived tourist is grows at last into a

feeble joke. "Is there nothing else for breakfast?" said one such victim of colonial hospital-"Nothing else!" replied the host, in surprise. "Why, there's salmon enough there

for six, ain't there?" repended the guest, mildly;

Winner of Last Week's Doll Contest



and doll Mildred

You can have your choice of either

## a Boy's or Girl's Wheel

it is a famous WORLD MOTOR BIKE



Spring will soon be here and some little boy or girl will be riding this wheel. Are you the lucky one?

You have until March 6th

It has a 20-inch Frame with Coaster Brake. Motor Bike Handle Bars, Eagle Diamond Saddle, Motor Bike Pedals, Motor Bike Grip, Luggage Carrier Holder, Folding Stand, Front and Rear Wheel Guards, Truss Frame and Front Fork.

will be in The Bee every day. Cut them all out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures you can get and bring them to The Bee office, Saturday, March 6th.

This picture of the bicycle

The bicycle will be given Free to the boy or girl that send us the most pictures before 4 p. m., Saturday, March

Subscribers can help the children in the contest by asking for picture certificates when they pay their subscription. We give a certificate good for 100 pictures for every dollar paid.

Payments should be made to our authorized carrier or agent, or sent direct to us by mail.