

BUSY LITTLE BEES THE ROW PAGE

NEARLY every week brings some of the boys or girls to call on the Busy Bee editor, and you all may be assured she is glad to meet them. Last week one of our prize-winners, Elsie Chastny of Wilber, came in with her mother. Elsie's papa is ill in one of the hospitals in Omaha, and they had come to see him. Elsie is very much interested in our page, and says she and her brother look for it the first thing when the Sunday paper comes.

The editor is very sorry to have to tell it, but a number of stories went into the waste basket this week, and the worst of it was that some of them were good stories, but they were written with lead pencil and some of them on both sides of the paper, and as so much has been said about observing the rules there is nothing left to do but put the stories in the basket when the Busy Bees are so careless.

The prize winners for this week are Louisa Hahn, aged 11 years, David City, Neb., and Hulda Lundberg, aged 13 years, Fremont, Neb. Honorary mention was given to Ruth Ashby, aged 13 years, Fairmont, Neb. The Blue team won both prize stories this week, but still the Red team, with Albert Goldberg of Shenandoah as captain, is ahead two prize stories.

Several new writers have joined the Busy Bees this week, and all are interested in the post card exchange, asking that the plan be explained to them. It is very simple. Any boy or girl who wishes to exchange post cards with the other Busy Bees has only to send his or her name and address to the Busy Bee editor, and it will be included on the list, so that the others may know who are willing to exchange cards. The following is the list of names and addresses of the Busy Bees who are exchanging cards: Louise Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Faye Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.; Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.; Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha; Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.; Miss Pauline Parks, York, Neb.; Louisa Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enos, Stanton, Neb., and Alice Grassmeyer, Lincoln, Neb.

Those who solved the illustrated rebus correctly were: Miss Hulda Lundberg, aged 13 years, Fremont, Neb.; Miss Lucile Rasmussen, Oakland, Neb.; Miss Marguerite Bremers, aged 13 years, Fremont, Neb.; Miss Hermine Ollermann, Blair, Neb. The answer is as follows: "A brown jug was on the table when along came a pair of flies. They saw that it held something good to eat and dropped in."

Victims to a Witch and a Wizard

By William Wallace, Jr.

THE story I am about to relate deals with a time long ago, a time when fairies really lived both on land and sea. And the country in which the scenes took place does not now exist, for earthquakes and tidal waves destroyed it before this beautiful continent of ours was ever dreamed of. Indeed, the time was so long ago that there remains only traditions of it, for no books of history have been discovered pertaining to it. So, you will see, it must have been a very, very long time ago, for history that has been written since then takes us back thousands of years.

And here is the story: It is about two brothers and their very narrow escape from death at the hands of an old witch and an old wizard. Away up the mountain side dwelt the old witch called Horror, and with her was her old husband, the wizard, called Poison. They roamed the country round in quest of whom they might destroy. And they had the power to change their forms so that good folk mistook them on the highway knew them not, and took them to be rich good and honest people. Old Horror would change herself into the form of a delicate young woman with a pleasant voice and manner. Old Poison would walk beside her as a poor blind man—pretending to be the aged and maimed father of the young woman, who was in truth the mean old witch.

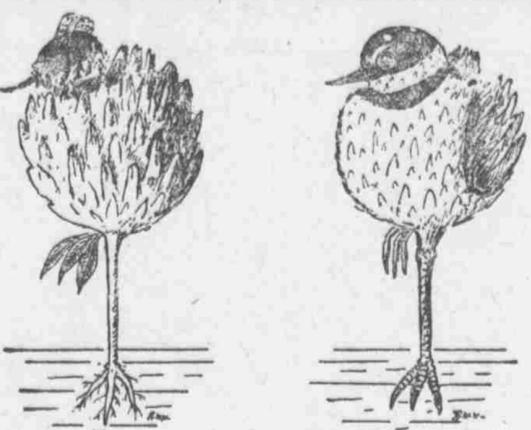
One night just as a family by the name of Arrow were about to retire to their beds they heard a gentle tap, tap at the lattice that protected their front door. Going to the lattice good Master Arrow saw standing without his door a bent and aged form of a blind man, beside him a beautiful, sad-faced young woman with pleading in her voice as she begged for a night's lodging for herself and father.

Of course, good Master Arrow opened the lattice and invited the benighted wanderers in, seating them before a fire-place that was built in the side of the living room. He asked if they were a-hunger, to which the witch replied in her softest tones: "Yes, good man, and we shall thank and bless you if you will bring us bread and fish and wine. We are all but famished."

Dame Arrow, who from her sleeping chamber had overheard the words of their strange visitors, quickly went to the cupboard and brought forth a wheaten loaf, a cold baked fish, a piece of roasted fowl and a flagon of wine. This food she placed upon the stone table and asked the travelers to come and refresh themselves, which they very readily consented to do. And they ate every morsel of food and drank every drop of wine, then they asked to be allowed to recline upon the floor to rest and sleep.

But the Arrows were a good and hospitable couple and gave up their own bed to the wizard and their little sons' bed to the witch. Then, spreading some skins upon the floor the good man and wife with their sons, Archer and Higgard, threw themselves down to sleep the sound sleep of the good and just.

Scarcely had their deep breathing reached the wizard in one bed chamber



The Clover. The Plover.

The Plover and the Clover can be told apart with ease, By paying close attention to the habits of the Bees, For ento-molo-gists aver, the Bee can be in Clover, While ety-molo-gists concur, there is no B in Plover.



Little Stories

Little Folks

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 200 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.

(First Prize.) Madge and the Fairies

By Louisa Hahn, Aged 11 Years, David City, Neb. Blue.

Madge was very imaginative girl. She would sit and talk to her doll for hours, as though it were a baby, and could see and hear like herself.

(Second Prize.) What Alice Got for her Cruel Deed

By Hulda Lundberg, Aged 13 Years, 248 South I Street, Fremont, Neb. Blue.

Alice was a rich girl. She had all the things that she wanted, but she was very selfish and unkind.

with her mother, as her father was dead. She had to work very hard. As Alice was going home from school with other girls, she took a wire and fastened it to the edge of the sidewalk; then they all hid behind a bush. When Myrtle came by, she did not notice the wire, so she stumbled and fell, spraining her ankle so badly that she could hardly walk. When she came home she was so sick that a doctor had to be summoned. Alice was very much afraid now and hurried home. A few weeks after this it was said that Myrtle could not go to school for some time. When Myrtle was able to walk again, she went to school. As Alice was passing the same sidewalk, she did not notice the wire, so she stumbled and fell on it herself. She was hurt worse than Myrtle, so she was sick about two years as a result. Her pretty curls were all tangled that they had to be cut off. Myrtle is now a grade teacher in school than Alice, and I think that Alice will not again treat a person like that. I wonder what she thinks of her cruel deed.

(Honorary Mention.) Roberts

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue.

Sanford Roberts Covington was his name. He was 3 years old and the only child of very rich parents.

So it happened that one morning Mr. Covington said to his wife: "Alice, I don't think Roberts looks as well as he might. Suppose you take him to some quiet country town where there is a good hotel and stay till he gets rosy and fat."

"Oh, Charles, do you think he is really ill?" Oh, please don't say so. "Now, Alice, I didn't say that he was ill. I said that he might look better," said Mr. Covington. "I might go and see Sister Ethel. I haven't seen her since we were married."

"Well, talk about that this evening when I come home." Just then Roberts was heard from the adjoining room: "Do away, bad old dog. I want mamma!"

So it was settled and a week later found Mrs. Covington and Roberts aboard a train bound for Cranston, a little town in California. Roberts was very tired when they arrived, but he woke up feeling very well. He proceeded down stairs and out into the dewy garden in his nightgown. When Mrs. Covington woke up Roberts was nowhere to be seen. In vain she called. She quickly dressed and went downstairs. Sister Ethel had seen nothing of him. His cousins were just starting out to hunt for him.

Suddenly a howl arose from the chicken house. His mother, aunt and cousins all ran to it and there was Roberts on the hen roost. "Oh, mamma, I can't curl feathers around this board like the chickens do. Please make 'em let me do it."

Roberts was taken into the house and kissed and cuddled by his cousins, but not seen by Mrs. Covington before, for they had been hidden off to bed. Roberts took a fancy to his elder cousin, Frances, who was 15 years old. He liked Edna, his younger cousin, too. The next day was Sunday and Edna asked him to go to Sunday school with her.

"Oh, if he wants to," answered her aunt. When Roberts was questioned he preferred to go with Frances. At Sunday school the big girls thought "Oh, darling little boy, what a nice school with me!" she asked. "Oh, if he wants to," answered her aunt.

A Little Boy of Eight

By Frances Waterman, Aged 11 Years, 546 South T. Twenty-fourth Avenue, Omaha, R.D. There was once a little boy of 8, whose name was Willie, and who was a very noisy little boy.

He was in the sitting room one day playing Indian and making a terrible racket, when his Aunt Sallie exclaimed, "My, my, such a noise, Willie." Then turning to his mother said, "Why don't you let him go up in the attic. He could play Indian or soldier and make as much noise as he wants to and not disturb us."

His mother thought this was a good idea, so she said, "Willie, you had better run up in the attic now, you disturb your Aunt Sallie so."

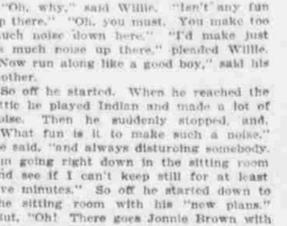
"Oh, why," said Willie, "I can't run up there." "Oh, you must. You make too much noise down here." "I'd make just as much noise up there," pleaded Willie. "Now run along like a good boy," said his mother.

So off he started. When he reached the attic he played Indian and made a lot of noise. Then he suddenly stopped, and "What fun is it to make such a noise," he said, "and always disturbing somebody. I'm going right down in the sitting room and see if I can't keep still for at least five minutes." So off he started down to the sitting room with his "new plan."

But, "Oh! There goes Jemie Brown with his drum. I'll get mine and we will have a drumming match in the sarden." So he grabbed up his hat and went out to meet his friend.

And so they had a drumming match and Willie forgot all about his "new plan."

Appearances Deceive



Oh, see the boy! What has he done? Cannot you tell me, pray? He must have very naughty been, 'To be led off this way! It is too bad that he, so small, Should with a policeman go! Why didn't he behave himself? Does anybody know? I wonder what his ma will do? I wonder if he'll run? Why, what is that you're telling me? He's the policeman's son!

The Frog Chorus

By Cecile Howard, Aged 10 Years, 713 Seward Avenue, Hastings, Neb. Red.

Greenback was a young frog, who was going to join the frog chorus. He was, of course, very excited, for that meant that he could mingle with the grown folks, being almost grown himself. He had been practicing ever since he was old enough to understand about new choruses.

They always gave prizes to two of them. The best instrument player was to have first choice in a mate, and the best singer was to have second choice. The grown frogs all give presents to the winner of the first prize, and Greenback got it.

At last the eventful night came! He goes with the rest to join and they walk to the front followed by proud parents. Greenback, while practicing, tried both kinds of music and decided on instrumental. But I must tell you about it. Tonight Madame Dragon Fly comes to witness the jolly frog chorus. She always comes to give the signal to start and decides who get the prizes. Before the new ones contest, the old ones do, to see who will be leader of the members and who will be teacher of the young ones. The concerts of the members may be heard almost any night and the practicing of the young frogs as well. Greenback always was lucky and persevering, things which seldom go together. All his childhood he had gotten the highest point of honor and now, when grown, so that it counts, he sticks to his childhood standard.

Mother's Helper

By Ansel Nielsen, Aged 13 Years, 752 East Sixth Street, Fremont, Neb. Blue.

Little Belle was 4 years old and dearly loved to help her mother, so that when she found that the Ladies Aid society was going to meet at her home she said: "Mother, how can I help you this afternoon? May I wait on the door?" And her mother answered: "Yes, and you may help me serve the luncheon, too." At that Belle hopped up and down, crying "Goody, goody!"

She was very polite when she opened the door for her mother's guests, and they were all pleased to see her; but when they began sewing she could not be content, and whispered to her mother that she wanted something to do.

Her mother brought her a needle and thread and a dish of beads to string. When luncheon came she passed the pretty paper napkins and spoons and sugar, while her mother passed the cocoa and wafers. When the ladies were going to go they said that they wished they had a helper like little Belle.

'A Fireman Saves a Child'

By Marguerite Bremers, Aged 12, Second and Clarkson Sts., Fremont, Neb. Red.

One time in Chicago a ten-story building caught fire, but before the firemen got to the scene the whole building was nearly ablaze. They tried very hard to put it out, as there were many other large buildings adjoining. The firemen quickly spread nets for the people to jump into. Every window was open and hundreds of people were anxious to get out and jump to be saved. After nearly all the people were safe there was a small child looking out of the window crying for help, as he was afraid to jump on account of being in the tenth story, and it would be awful to jump from there.

The Orange from California

By Elsie Stastney, Aged 10 Years, Wilber, Neb. Blue.

I am going to tell you how we received a box of oranges from California. Last summer my grandma and grandpa took a trip to California. They saw many beautiful sights. I got many postal cards and they were very pretty.

One day my aunt and mama each got a postal card saying that they were sending a box of oranges to us. One Saturday my uncle said he thought the oranges would come that day. Mama and I did our work as fast as we could, thinking that no matter how tired we would be we would refresh ourselves very much with the oranges. We were talking about the oranges all the time. How big they would be towards the little ones we got in the

Johnny's Surprise

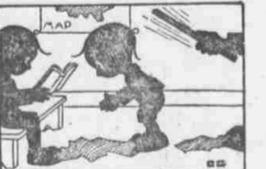


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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Ruth Likes Her Prize.

Dear Editor: I received your letter this morning and the book this evening. I was very much pleased to get it and thank you ever so much. I will send you one of my pictures. I have some stamp ones with my two friends, but I will mark the one that is me. I have some other pictures of me and my friend, and we are dressed like Indians and look like Indians. They are on postal cards. Yours truly, RUTH ROBINSON, Little Sioux, Ia.

Frances Likes the Page.

Dear Editor: I am sending in a story entitled, "A Little Boy of Eight," and hope I may win a prize, as I have never yet. I am also sending in my picture on a postal card. I think it the finest paper printed. Well, goodbye for this time. Your constant reader, FRANCES WATERMAN, Omaha, Neb.

Estella Has Her Likes.

Dear Editor: I have never liked to you before, so I thought I would do so now. I wish that you would put my name down as one who wishes to exchange postal cards. My chum's name is Louise Stiles. She has won many prizes on the children's page. I think that Hulda Lundberg has written a good many stories to the children's page and I think that she is one of the best writers. I am 12 years old and I am in the seventh grade. Miss O'Connor is my teacher. We have a nice new school house here and it makes it more pleasant to go to school. We have five times in the winter skating. We skate on the Logan creek and the Fish pond. The Fish pond is the best to skate on because it freezes early and it stays frozen longest. We have three pet pigeons that will eat out of our hand and will fly in the window every morning. Well, I guess that I will have to close this time. Your reader, Lyons, Neb. ESTELLA McDONALD.

Cecile is Welcomes.

Dear Editor: I have been reading the Busy Bee page of The Omaha Bee and thought that I would like to be a Busy Bee. I saw a picture of some frogs by the water and wrote the story that I send in this letter. I wrote it without help. I would like to be on the Red side. I hope that my story about the frog chorus will be in print. Your friend, Hastings, Neb. CECILE HOWARD.

Louise Makes a Start.

Dear Editor: I would like to begin writing with the other Busy Bees. I would like to be on the Red side. I am in the fifth grade at school and am in the second grade in music. I do not understand about exchanging postal cards. I will write a story this time. Yours truly, David City, Neb. LOUISE FAHN.

What the Figures Stand For

1 stands for noon, when luncheon I eat; 2 stands for scribbling when I go to my seat; 3 stands for reading up the last day; 4 stands for school-out, when we scamper away. J. JUGLETS.



1 stands for school I like very well; 2 stands for words I am learning to spell; 3 stands for rules I always obey; 4 stands for lessons I learn every day; 5 stands for recess, and lots of fun; 6 stands for rally, my bestest chum.



OLD HORROR WENT IN ADVANCE AND POISON FOLLOWED IN THE REAR.