

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

BOTH prize stories go to the Red team this week and the Blue team is going to have to hurry or it will get beaten in the present contest. The Red side is several stories ahead, having thirteen prize winners, while the Blue side had but seven. Call Howard of Omaha, our Busy Bee queen, is captain of the Blue team and Albert Goldberg of Shenandoah, Ia., our king, is captain of the Red side.

Ever so many of our boys and girls write of better acquaintance as well as a great deal of fun resulting from the postal card exchange. Some of the Busy Bees are exchanging letters as well as cards and all are enjoying this new department. The exchange so far includes the names of Jeannette Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Marguerite Bartholome, Gothenburg, Neb.; 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; Lotia Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.; Miss Pauline Parks, York, Neb.; Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enos, Stanton, Neb., and Alice Grassmeyer, Lincoln, Neb.

The prize winners this week are Alpha Field, aged 11 years, Omaha, Neb., and Mary Day, aged 12 years, 3843 Franklin street, Omaha. Honorary mention was given to Miss Ruth Ashby.

An unusually large number of stories were sent in this week and the editor was very much pleased to find how closely all of the rules had been observed. One story, however, sounded decidedly "bookish," and as it was not marked "original" it was not even considered in competition for a prize. It is too bad to lose a prize this way, but this particular rule has been so constantly repeated that it must now be enforced.

Little Johnny at Bottom of the Sea

LITTLE JOHNNY PERKINS was the son of a fisherman and lived away down in Florida. His home was a rude affair made from old spars, ship's timber and other odd lumber that was found floating as driftwood in the bay after storms at sea.

Johnny's mother spent her days making and mending nets and keeping his house in order, while Johnny's father spent most of his time in the Gulf of Mexico fishing for red-snapper. That particular kind of fish always brought a good price at the fish houses on the wharf, and Johnny's father usually brought in a good pull every time he came from a fishing expedition.

When Johnny was 9 years old he began planning to follow the fishing trade but his mother objected to her little son's going to sea till he should be old enough to brave the tempests and endure the exposure of cold and dampness. Indeed, the good woman knew too well the perils of the great deep, for many and many were the nights she wept and watched for the return of her husband's boat, building a bonfire on the sandy beach to guide him in the darkness. And many and many a time she saw with a fearful heart the waves beat high, driving the frail fisher-boats out to sea where many of them were lost. But always her husband came home, no matter how great his peril, for he declared that he was a lucky fisherman and would never be caught in Davy Jones' locker.

After a fishing expedition, which usually lasted several days, Johnny's father would remain at home for a week, sitting in the shade of the house resting and smoking his pipe and relating to Johnny stories of the sea. And other fisher folk would come in to spend an hour in the evening when Johnny's father was at home, for every one knew him for a good-hearted, cordial soul who was ever ready with a laugh and story.

And so the months passed by, some of the time spent by Johnny and his mother in terrible anxiety and suspense when the father and husband was away, and other times spent in simple domestic bliss when he was at home safe and sound with a nice roll of money in his pocket as the result of a good catch of red-snapper.

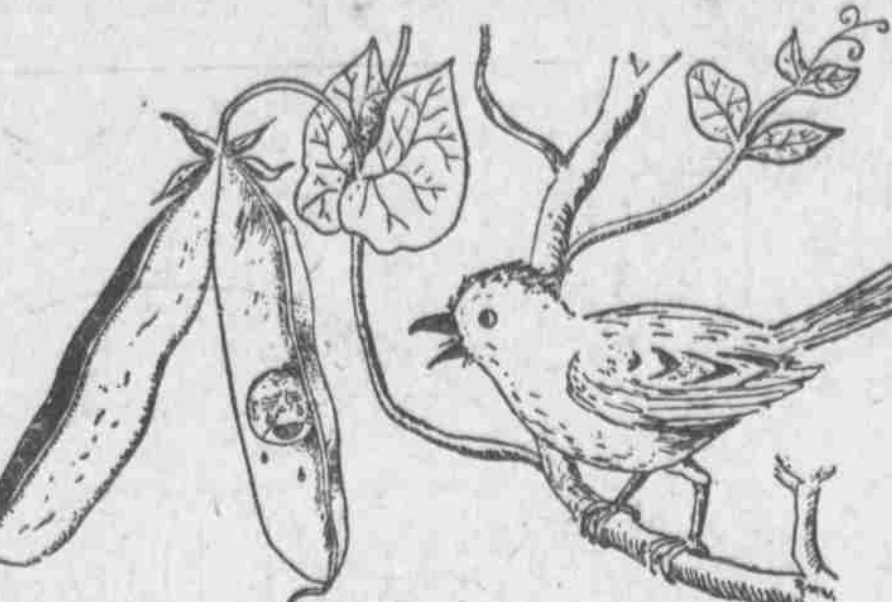
But all this time Johnny was becoming impatient to go to sea. He begged his father to take him every time he took his boat—the Captain Perkins—out; but each time the fond father would shake his grizzled head and say: "Not yet my laddie. Wait till you are stronger of arm and leg and stouter of heart and firmer of nerve. The old fish ain't no place for a little shaver. Old Davy Jones might lay his hands on you, and once in his clutches you'd find yourself in his locker, next. No-o-o, just you wait while. Besides I'm laying away a bit towards making a scholar and a gentleman out of you. What if yer dad is just plain Jim Perkins, the fisherman; 'tain't no sign you have to follow the same trade. Nope, Johnny Perkins shall fish for bigger fish than red-snapper; I'll warrant."

But Johnny said nothing in reply. He kept on longing and longing to go to sea. So, one day just after his father had set the sails of "Captain Perkins" to the breeze and went like a white-winged bird over the beautiful waves that danced so merrily in the sunlight, Johnny proceeded to carry into effect a plan which had been forming for days and nights in his childish brain. Near to his father's little dock was another one belonging to old "Uncle" Tim Whalen, and there old "Uncle" Tim's boat, the Nancy Lee, was tied up waiting for old "Uncle" Tim to start to sea, for he, like Jim Perkins, was a fisherman. When no one was about Tim's dock Johnny crept into the little cabin of the Nancy Lee, hiding himself behind the provision box and covering himself with a great piece of tarpaulin. Then he waited.

"Oh, sir, what are you going to do with me now?" Johnny asked.



"OH, SIR, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME NOW?" JOHNNY ASKED.



The Pea. The Pewee.

To tell the Pewee from the Pea,
Requires great per-spi-cac-ity.
Here in the pod we see the Pea,
While perched close by is the Pewee;
The Pea he hears the Pewee peep,
While Pewee sees the wee Pea weep.
There'll be but little time to see,
How Pewee differs from the Pea.



Little Folk

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 350 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, NEB.

Harry's Bugaboo

By Alpha Field, Aged 11 Years, Omaha, Neb., Red.

Harry Wilson lived with his father and mother on a farm and, being a country boy, was a brave little fellow. One evening, when his mother asked him to go on an errand to one of the neighbor's, he started off bravely and cheerfully, although it was almost sundown. In a field he saw a figure that looked very much like the giants which fairy books tell about. How Harry did run toward his home! When he got there he was shaking like a leaf and he told his father he had seen a bugaboo.

The F. S. Halloween

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

The Children's Parade

By Mary Day, Aged 12 Years, 3843 Franklin Street, Omaha, Red.

But now that I have my hold of his son I mean to keep it. So, prepare to see the mysteries of the bottom of the sea, and at once, my lad."

hour ago. I've been helping to search for you. Come, get out here and go and tell your mother you're safe and sound on dry land. She thought old Davy Jones had got you yet."

Remarkable Tropical Birds

Two curiously remarkable birds are the Umbrella-bird and the Bell-bird. The former is found along the upper Amazon river and has its home in the highest tree-tops. Its food consists of wild fruits and berries. It derives its name from a peculiar head-dress in the shape of a large, flat-topped, slightly drooping crest of soft feathers that completely shade its face. From its throat a long tippet of feathers drops nearly to its feet.



BELL-BIRD.

The Bell-bird, whose name doubtless arises from its bell-like note (though some say its note sounds strangely like the sound of a blacksmith's hammer on the anvil, sharp and ringing clear), is a most interesting bird to study. There are four species of the Bell-bird, three of which have snow white feathered males with naked faces of a vivid color. A curious gristle-growth, or formation, thinly covered with feathers, hangs from the bird's forehead, and during times of excitement this pendulous growth rises stiffly erect as is shown in the accompanying picture.

They played games, ate apples and pumpkin pie, cake and many other dainties. Then it was time to go and all of the boys agreed that it was a very happy evening. "Next year we'll put our money together and get Mrs. Brown a load of coal," said they. "We'll call this the F. S. Halloween."

The Lost Ring

By Agnes Lundberg, Aged 9 Years, 348 South I Street, Fremont, Neb., Blue.

Harriet Larson was a girl of 10 years. She had just celebrated her birthday. She received many presents from her friends. The one she liked best was her gold ring set with a diamond valued at \$50. She wanted to wear it to school, but her mother would not let her.

The Brave Boy's Reward

By Richard Daugherty, Aged 12 Years, Kearney, Neb., Blue.

"Shine yer boots!" cried a boy of about 10 years old, but nobody would listen to him. Coming down the street was a tall man of about 40 years of age. "Shine yer boots!" The man looked at his shoes and said: "Yes, I will take a shine. How much is it?" and he walked up the street after paying the boy.

A Spider and a Fly

By Mary Engl, Aged 12 Years, 1809 South Eighteenth Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue.

There was once a young prince who said that, if he had the power, he would drive all the spiders and flies out of the world. One day after a great fight this prince had to hide from his foe. He ran into a wood, and there, under a tree, he lay down and fell asleep. A bad man saw him. He drew his sword, and crept up toward him. He sprang to his feet and the man ran off. That night the prince hid himself in a cave in the same wood. In the night a spider wove her web across the mouth of the cave. Two men, who were hunting for the prince, that they might kill him, passed by the cave in the morning, and the prince heard what they said. "Look," cried one of them, "he must be hid in this cave." "No," said the other, "that cannot be, for if he had gone in there he would have brushed down that spider's web." And so the man went on and did not wait to look in the cave. As soon as they were out of sight, the prince thought how his life had been saved—one day by a fly and the next day by a spider.

Dorothy's Burglar

By Vera Cheney, Aged 13 Years, Creighton, Neb., Blue.

Dorothy Fluke was to stay alone that night. All alone with her little sister Jessie, who was 4 years old. This was the first night she had ever stayed alone. Mr. and Mrs. Fluke were going to the opera.

Prattle of the Youngsters

Little Elmer—Mamma, please give me that get out of the way of automobiles! dropped mine.

Mamma—Where did you drop it, dear? Little Elmer—I dropped it—in my coffee.

One morning Uncle Bob was engaged in shaving himself, and his small nephew was an interested spectator.

"Clarence," said his uncle, "don't you want me to shave you, too?" "No, uncle," replied the little fellow. "My whiskers ain't ripe yet."

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead'?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. Willie waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Willie?" "Please, ma'am, the 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles and the 'dead'—"

Census man—Now, little boy, run upstairs and tell your mother I forgot to ask her when your baby brother was born. Little Boy—She doesn't know, sir. She was away on a visit.

Little Gerald had just been placed in the chair of a bald-headed barber. "Well, my little boy," said the barber, "how would you like your hair cut?" "Well," replied Gerald, "you may cut it like yours if that's the style."

Mother—Is it true that in my absence you have been swearing? Little Willie—Yes, ma'am; I heard you tell pa you'd allow no man to swear in your presence.

The Runaway Baby

By Mabel Witt, Aged 12 Years, Bennington, Neb., Blue.

Little Marie Robertson was a very small girl, who lived with her parents in a large city. One day, her mamma being very busy, she was left to play in the yard. She thought it very cruel that she was not allowed to go outside alone when she wished so much to see the busy people in the streets. She thought she might go and return before she would be missed, but she wandered so far that she did not know which way to go to return to her father's house.

Her mamma by this time missed her baby and began to search for her without success. She was very much alarmed and telephoned her husband, who at once started for home. In the meantime, Marie met a policeman. He saw she was lost and questioned her as to what her name was and where she was going.

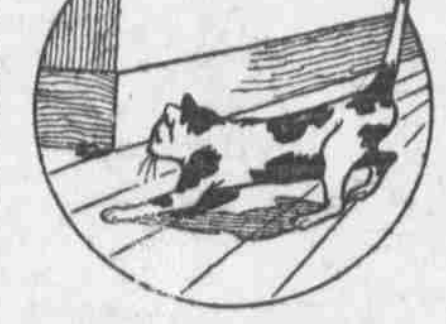
But she did not know that she had a name other than Marie and she wanted to find her papa. The policeman then took her to the station house, where he waited for inquiries for the child, which was not long, and Marie was soon returned to her dear mother and she volunteered never to venture outside the gate again unless accompanied by her mamma.

Pussy Got Left

Pussy, in the corner
Of the great big house,
Pussy in the corner,
Watching for a mouse.

Hole quite close to Pussy,
Hole so small and dark;
Not a ray of light there,
No, not a single spark.

Pussy waits and listens,
Hark! What's that she hears?



Something in the hole moves!
It catches Pussy's ears.

Soft she creeps up closer,
For on the other side
Of the tiny dark hole
A little mouse does hide.

But she sees Miss Pussy,
And says, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
So long as she is calling
I shall stay right here."

Illustrated Rebus



The Surprise Party
By Marguerite Bartholome, Aged 13 Years, Gothenburg, Neb., Red.

Helena's mother told her that she could not have a party on her birthday, so Helena only expected a few presents and she did