

BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

WILL every Busy Bee please read Rule 4 of the "Rules for Young Writers." The editor has commenced to wonder if all our boys and girls know the meaning of the word "original." Are you each one sure that you do? If you are not perfectly sure won't you go right now to father or mother and ask them to tell you. Over and over again the editor has said that none but original stories were to be sent in, and also, that every story must be marked "original," but must also be original. In spite of this, copied stories, "stolen stories" some of our Busy Bees are beginning to call them, keep coming in, and as it is quite impossible for the editor to always tell whether or not they are original, some of them have been awarded prizes. One of our prize stories last Sunday was not an original story and this week, ever so many of our Busy Bees have written calling the editor's attention to the fact. The editor very much appreciates these letters, and hopes the boys and girls will write her every time they find a story on our page that is copied or stolen. The Busy Bees ought to remember that in addition to violating the rules of our page, every time they send in a copied story that is awarded a prize, they cheat some other Busy Bee who is honestly entitled to it. So much has been said about original short stories that hereafter no story will be considered unless it is plainly "original" and so marked at the top of the first page. Please do not forget this, Busy Bees.

Several have asked why their letters have not been printed. We have had so many good letters of late that there has not been room for them all, so we are using those that came in first. Just watch our page, boys and girls, and if your story complies with all the rules it will be printed when its turn comes.

Gail Howard, our Queen Bee and captain of the Blue side, has written us such a good letter this week! The editor hopes every one, especially members of the Blue team, will read it. Gail also won first prize this week.

A note from Alice Grasmeyer says she has moved from Riverdale to Lincoln. Her new address is given in the postal card exchange list.

The prize winners this week are: Gail Howard, age 12 years, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Queen of the Busy Bees and captain of the Blue team, and Frances Waterman, age 11 years, 546 South Twenty-fourth avenue, Omaha. Honorary mention was given to Miss Ruth Ashby.

The postal card exchange is rapidly enlarging. Several new names have been added this week. The list now includes: Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Eda Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Marguerite Bartholomew, 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; Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.; Miss Pauline Parks, York, Neb.; Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enos, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grasmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

Those who solved the illustrated riddle correctly were: Delta Tillman, age 12 years, David City, Neb.; Sarah Gridley, Dietz, Wyo.; Pauline Edwards, Fremont, Neb.; Grace King, Fremont, Neb.; and Marie Latenser, 3217 Poppleton avenue. The answer was sent in as follows: "Fred came home from school so hungry that he could not bear to wait for dinner, so he got a piece of bread and jam and ate it all up."

Polly and the Magic Goose

By Helena Davis.

POLLY was the name of a little orphan girl who lived with a very wicked old couple in the country near to a great city. In this great city lived the married daughter of the wicked couple, and she was the mother of a little daughter just the age of the orphan Polly. But her life was full of plenty, and her parents and grandparents (all wicked, selfish people who cared only for their own humored their every wish. Not so was it with Polly. Her life was one of want and drudgery. For every crumb she ate and for every rag she wore she paid doubly dear in work, being made a veritable slave-child by the wicked old man and woman who had taken her at her mother's death with a promise to protect and educate her as though she were a child of their own. But this promise had never been kept sacred for one day, for the very day that Polly accompanied the old folks to their home they set severe tasks for her to perform. And when once Polly had complained that she was hungry all the time—never having half enough food during the day to be called one meal—and that she was cold in the damp basement room where she slept, and very weary from the heavy tasks set for her to perform, the old woman fell upon her and beat her unmercifully, saying: "Now, little beggar, complain of your home again! Will you? Do you relish beatings more than work? If so, let us hear some more complaints of your food, bed and work."

And so Polly went on from day to day slaving, freezing and starving till there seemed little life left in her body. One day there came a letter to the old woman from her daughter in the city, saying: "Dear Mother: I shall pay you a visit within a few days. Margery took it into her head today that she wants to go to the country for a little visit, and Margery's wish must be obeyed. Have everything in readiness to give her a little surprise party on the night of our arrival. It will so please and amuse her to have such a function given in her honor. Spare no pains to make the party one of a unique nature and I will settle all the bills. Your loving daughter, Stella."

"Ah, now, my little beggar, you'll really have something to do," said the old woman, grinning wickedly at poor little Polly, who was polishing the brass of the grate fender. "You'll have a real little queen to wait upon in the person of my granddaughter, Margery. She's a hard one to please, too, so you'll have to look lively while acting as her maid."

Polly sighed under her breath. If there was harder work to be imposed upon her she felt that she would sink beneath it. How ill and weak she felt from the long strain! And today she suffered more than usual, for the cold outside was intense and she was obliged to run to the village a mile away, several times on errands. And her clothing was not sufficient to keep the chill of the winter's blast from cutting to the bone. At times her fingers and toes were so numb that she could scarcely keep the tears back, they pained her so.

The next day the daughter and granddaughter arrived from the city. Margery was a selfish, ill-tempered little girl, with a scowl always on her forehead and a pout on her lips. Her eyes were ugly and small, a most unattractive quality in one of them. Her features were as ill to look upon as were her eyes. In general makeup she was a child that no one could like, for her face and manner told of her ugly nature. Her mother—who had signed herself "Stella"—was a second edition of the wicked old woman who held little Polly in abject slavery. In fact, three generations of females could not be more alike than were these three—mother, daughter and granddaughter.

As soon as the two visitors had got installed in their rooms they began calling upon Polly to bring this and that, to take this and that and to be constantly on the jump at their beck and call. Poor Polly had nothing to do but obey. And as the preparations were going on for the great surprise party to be given that same night in honor of the young guest, Margery, Polly's duties were legion.

At dusk the presents from friends of the neighborhood—friends who were invited to the party—began to arrive. Among them was a strange-looking little toy goose, a gift from one of the poor children of the village who doubtless could not afford to send anything else. As soon as Mrs. Stella saw the inexpensive little toy she rose and went into the air and she sneezed at it. "This idea of any one sending such a thing as that to my daughter!" she said indignantly. "Here, maid, (addressing Polly) take this thing and throw it out the win-



The Cat-bird. The Cat-nip.
The Cat-bird's call resembles that, Emitted by the pussy Cat, While Cat-nip, growing by the wall, Is never known to caterwaul: Its odor though attracts the Kits, And throws them in Catnaption fits.



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.

The Mischievous Cubs

By Gail E. Howard, Aged 12 Years, Captain of Blue Side, 4722 Capitol Avenue, Omaha.

"Wake up children," came from mother bear, "it is time to get up." She was speaking to her two mischievous cubs. It had been snowing all night long, and the forest ground was deeply covered with snow. You can imagine this is just what they wanted, for they were as playful and mischievous a pair of cubs as you could find in a long day's walk.

The cub jumped up out of bed just as soon as mother bear called them, for they had been planning for a long time what they would do when the first snow came.

They dressed, ate and grabbing their sleds, kissed their mother goodbye and went out into the forest to have a jolly good time.

They were having so much fun sliding and playing "hide-and-go-seek" that they did not notice what time it was getting to be when, suddenly, Teddy B, the oldest bear, said to Teddy G, "Look, the sun has set and it is getting very dark. We

are so far from home that it will be impossible for us to get home tonight, so we might as well lie down and go to sleep, but I know you and me will worry about us." Thus saying, Teddy B and Teddy G lay down and were on their way to dreamland.

Teddy B dreamt that their father had found them and was taking them home on his back when suddenly he woke up with a start to find his father bending over them. They were so cold and stiff that they could not move for quite awhile. When they got home they said they would never, never go so far away again.

Nellie's Collarete

By Frances Waterman, Aged 11 Years, 246 South Twenty-fourth Avenue, Omaha, Neb.

Nelly got her pretty collarete for a Christmas present from her grandma. Grandma had come to spend the holidays with them. After the holidays were over she went back to her own home and upon her leaving, Nelly promised her she would take real good care of her collarete. One day she was sent by her mother to take a lady some flowers. Nelly's mother let her wear her collarete. Nellie came back in a little while. When she got home she went upstairs to put her collarete away. She had just taken it off when play tag. Nelly threw her collarete down on the bed (very carelessly) and ran out to play.

Pretty soon her little dog came into the room and saw the collarete on the bed, but didn't know what it was. He went up to it. He was just taking it off when a pretty kitten that is scared of the dog and won't move. How, wow, he went again, but it did not move. "I'll give it a scare," he thought. He pulled it off the bed onto the floor. He tumbled and rolled all over the floor of that room so that he got it

from in many places and got wound all up in it, too.

Just then Nelly's mamma came into the room and saw the little collarete tumbling and rolling around. Just then she saw a little fat sticking out one end and two little ears sticking out the other end. She went over to it and unwound it. There was the little dog. She didn't say anything but called Nelly upstairs. "See," she said, "The little dog found your collarete on the bed and tore it."

"Oh, you naughty dog," she said, raising her hand to slap him. But her mother caught her hand, saying: "He is not to blame. I think some careless little girl left it on the bed. That little puppy didn't know any better. Whose fault do you think it is?"

"Mina," answered Nelly, shamefully, hanging her head. "I'll try to be more careful next time."

And so she was, and always hung her collarete up when she took it off. And it was a long time. Her mamma mended the pretty blue, silk lining until it was good as ever.

(Honorary Mention.)
Result of Disobedience
By Ruth Ashby, Aged 11 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue.

Dr. and Mrs. Evans and their two children, Marjory and Gerald, were visiting at the home of Mrs. Evans' brother, Mr. Tom Howard, who owned a large ranch. On the very day of their arrival Uncle Tom had warned the children to be careful and not go near the pen of Fury, a large and very cross steer. The children promised and immediately they begged to go outdoors.

Mamma put on their little red coats and with many cautions to 4-year-old Gerald to take good care of his little sister, she let them go.

They scampered about in the bright sunshine. Then they came to a pen in which was a large black animal.

"Let's do in and put our hands on the great big bear, like what is in the park at home,"

Perhaps by this time you have guessed that instead of being a bear that this was Fury. The children did not know it or they never would have gone near him.

"Let's do in and put our hands on the pitty bear," said Marjory.

Gerald consented and in they went. Fury was on the other side of the field quietly grazing.

"Come, pitty bear," said Marjory, and they both began to shout.

Fury turned and saw them. He started toward them.

Just then Mrs. Evans, who had started out in search of the children, came up. When she saw them she began screaming. But she was not the only one who saw them. For a boy rushed by her and into the pen. She recognized him as a boy she had seen when she was hunting for Marjory and Gerald.

The boy placed himself in front of the children and it was he whom the steer tossed high into the air. The children, who had crawled under the fence as soon as possible, began to cry.

Mrs. Edwards bent over the boy, who smiled up into her face. By this time a crowd of men who had seen the accident arrived. One of them went for Dr. Evans, who came immediately. It was found that Fred had hit his right leg with a boy's broken and that he was badly bruised. Mrs. Evans went to see him every day.

He told her that his chief desire was to go to school, but his folks were too poor to send him. Ted went to school in the city. It is now a lawyer who is very well-to-do. His most treasured possession is a gold watch in the back of which is written:

From your friends, Marjory and Gerald, in memory of June 23, 1882.

A Generous Convict
By Marie Noone, Aged 14 Years, 3541 Franklin Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue.

Among a number of convicts in a prison was a hard-working young man named Louis. He had been in the army, but one day wandered from his regiment. He was arrested and condemned to prison for six years.

Louis believed his sentence too severe and one day escaped from prison. After wandering about the country for some hours he went into a cottage, hoping to find food and shelter.

On entering the cottage he saw the children seated in a corner on the floor and the mother crying as if her heart would break, while the father paced the floor, despair written on his face. Louis asked what the matter was. The father said: "Unless I pay my rent this morning my wife and children will be turned out."

Louis listened to the sad story and then said: "Courage, my friends. I have just escaped from prison and my sword will be looking for me. There is a reward of \$50 for an escaped convict. The rope around me and when the guards come deliver me up and claim the reward."

"Never, my friend," cried the man. At that moment a cannon was heard.

"Make haste if you do not intend to do what I proposed I will deliver myself up."

The generous convict pleaded so earnestly that at last the man bound Louis. The prisoner was taken back to prison.

Justice
By Edith Martin, Aged 13 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Red.

Helen and Glenn were inseparable chums. Helen, aged 2, was tall and dark, with large dark eyes and curly hair. Glenn was nearly 2. He had large blue eyes and yellow hair, which had been "bobbed."

One day last summer they were playing at Helen's home and they noticed that the cellar door was open. They immediately disappeared through it and silence reigned. But their silence was noticed and Helen's sister said: "I wonder what those children are up to. They are too quiet."

So the search was begun and they were finally found. They had thrown several two-quart jars of jam down onto the floor and Helen was sitting on the floor eating with both hands out of a broken jar and Glenn was standing on the table shouting, "High die (dice)! High die!"

They were taken upstairs and Glenn's mother came over to take him home. Helen received payment in the shape of a spanking, but instead of crying, as she was expected to do, she said: "Who's going to 'pank' Benny?"

Teddy Bear Fight
By Richard Leach, Aged 9 Years, West Point, Neb. Blue.

One day Jack was playing with his little Teddy Bear, and squeezing it to make it squeak. Teddy had a ribbon around his neck. Mamma was cleaning and moved the piano. Then she called to Jack to come and get some wood. He lay Teddy Bear on the floor. The next day Jack could not find his bear and he looked all over the house for him without success. About a week after that mamma was moving the piano again and she heard a squeak, she looked behind and there was Teddy! Jack's little brother had put him there.

The Rescue
By Dorothy Heller, Aged 10 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb. Red.

There was one large building nine stories high. This building was a hotel. Outside this hotel stood a poor little girl. It was a cold night and she was barefooted and only had an old ragged dress on and a shawl thrown over her. She was looking into the hotel window and there she saw another little girl dressed much nicer than she.

She motioned to her to come out and play, but a little red tongue was stuck out

ran to the mantel and jerked down the magic bird. "Ah, now, little beggar, go back in your rag again, for this will be mine from now on. Magic, you say? Very well, I'll take it upstairs with me and we—my daughter, my husband and my granddaughter—will be made richer and more beautiful than any other persons in the whole world. So go back into your rag!"

But even as she spoke the old woman began to shiver up and to become cold. Her rich gown turned into thin rags. But she did not know of the change in her appearance, and ran laughing and gloating upstairs to her daughter and guests with her magic bird.

It took it, take it and make a wish," she cried to her husband, thrusting the goose into his arms. He held it but a moment and became a shriveled-up old man, crippled in limbs and almost speechless. He turned instinctively to his daughter and thrust it into her hands. The same terrible thing happened to her and she fell to the floor in a fit. Her petted Margery was near to her and bent down and took the toy goose from her writhing mother's arms. Instantly she doubled up into a hideous hunchback and her face was as ugly and full of her true character as the other children there ran away from her.

The guests departed in confusion. The walls of the elegant house changed into the walls of a hut, and the rooms became small and mean. The money—which the wicked old people had stolen from the poor—was turned to dust before their eyes. They were ruined, ruined, physically and financially. They had always been ruined morally. So now they were reaping the harvest for their own sowing.

Polly padded long enough to look on the awful scene before her; then taking the magic goose into her arms she joined the good fairy in the yard and together they rode away in a great automobile to a lovely home in the country far, far away, where Polly spent her life and the magic of the toy goose in bringing happiness and plenty to the deserving poor and retribution and punishment to the wicked and arrogant rich.

And for many, many years did Polly and the magic goose live to accomplish great good in the world.

Queen Bee Writes.
Dear Busy Bees: I think the Busy Bees are working very faithfully, but the Blue side is not working hard enough. I think if our Blue side would just make up their minds to win, we would, no matter if the Red team has got thirteen points and the Blue only seven points.

We want to thank Ruth Ashley very much because she has helped us to get quite a few more points than we would have gotten.

I cannot express my happiness in words when, Sunday before last I took up the paper and saw that the Blue team had won both the first and second prizes, and even went so far as to get honorable mention. Let's see if we can't do that again. We can do that lots of times more if we only try hard.

The Red team won last time and we're not going to let them win again are we? Your faithful captain,
GAIL E. HOWARD.

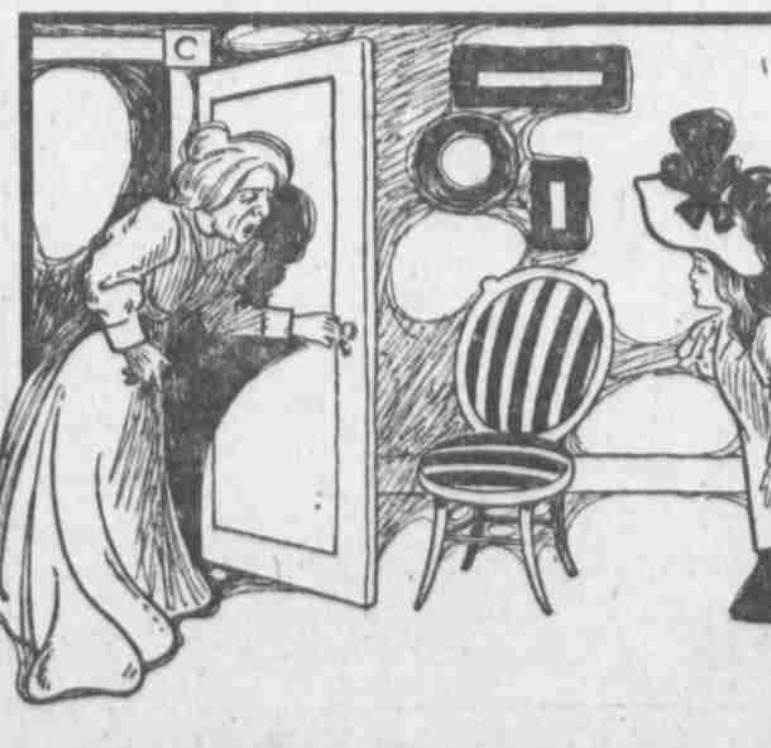
Dorothy is Welcome.
Dear Editor: I would like to join the Busy Bees. I like to read the page very much. I am 19 years old, and I am in the Sixth grade at school I would like to be on the Blue side. I always go downtown on Sunday afternoon, to see if the mail has come so I can get the Busy Bees' page. Your friend and reader,
DOROTHY BARTHOLOMEW, Gothenburg, Neb.

Working For the Blues.
Dear Editor: I received my prize book last Saturday, and thank you very much for it. I have now four prize books, and thank you very much for them. I have received pretty postal cards from some of the Busy Bees. I hope girls who are on the Blue side will write stories so that the Blue side will win. With love to the Busy Bees,
HULDA LUNDBERG, Fremont, Neb.

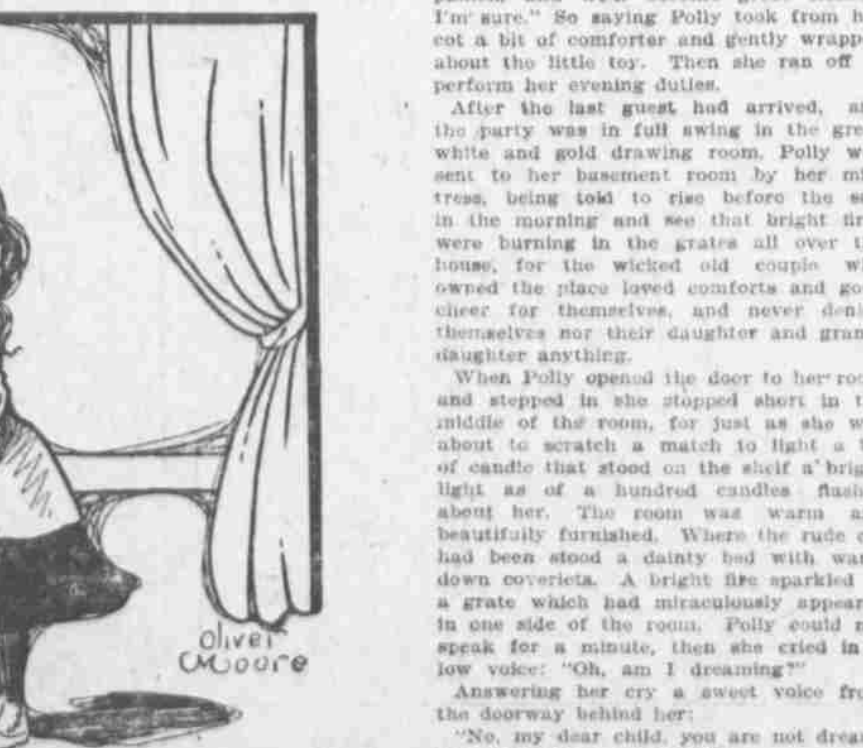
Post Card Exchange.
Dear Editor: A friend told me about exchanging postal cards and how nice it was, so I thought I would send in my name, although I have written no story. I am 12 years old and am in the Eighth grade. We haven't had school for two days, because the teachers went to Lincoln to visit the schools there. Your reader,
EDA BEHLING, York, Neb.

Limerick

There was a bad boy who did try
To smoke a cigar, Margery—my!
His stomach did ache
And his legs felt like quakes,
And he really thought he would die.



THERE STOOD POLLY IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL DRESS, SHOES, JACKET AND HAT.



There was a bad boy who did try To smoke a cigar, Margery—my! His stomach did ache And his legs felt like quakes, And he really thought he would die.