

BUSY LITTLE BEES: THEIR OWN PAGE

THE Queen Bee has written such good advice to her subjects this week that she has been awarded first prize. If the Busy Bees will only follow the suggestions of their queen it will save the Busy Bee editor lots of time and trouble.

Nora Cullen, age 13 years, of 3212 Webster street, won the first prize this week for the blue side. The second prize was awarded to Earl Perkins, age 12 years, of Deadwood, S. D., and honorable mention to Joseph Kolar, King Bee, 1912 South Eighth street. Both boys are on the red.

There are no new names to add to the post card exchange this week, but any of the boys and girls wishing to exchange postal cards may send them to any of the following Busy Bees who have sent in their names: Earl Perkins, Deadwood, S. D.; Emma Marquardt, Fifth and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.; Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha; Ada Morris, 3244 Franklin street, Omaha; Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.; Emma Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha; Florence Pettifohn, Long Pine, Neb.; Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.; Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.; Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.; Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.; Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean De Long, Alnsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reebe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Margarite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.; Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Fay 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 Enis, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

A Busy Bee and Her Pet Hen



When the bear was after him. After this she always was kind to animals. Kindness always overpowers cruelty.

Tip Top

By Letha Fowles, Aged 11 Years, North Platte, Neb., Red. Tip Top was a Newfoundland dog. His mistress was a little girl 5 or 6 years old. Her name was Martha Webb. Tip Top loved his little mistress and watched her very closely. If a buggy or wagon was going along the road, he would not let her pass until it was out of sight.

Happy Children

By Jessie Apple, Aged 12 Years, Broken Bow, Neb., Red. The night before Christmas two little girls sat in their little chairs by the fire place with their stockings up on the shelf for Santa Claus to put their toys in. They were talking of what they were expecting to get from Santa Claus. Then little Maudie said, "I want a little doll with golden hair and eyes of blue and I want a pretty picture book that I can read."

Margaret's Surprise

By Myrl Rogers, Aged 8 Years, Gibbon, Neb., Red. Margaret and her mother were very poor. Her father was dead and she was lame. She could not work and her mother had to earn their living. It was getting near Christmas and Margaret thought of the nice things other children would get, but did not think about herself. As Christmas came near Margaret wondered if Santa Claus would remember her with a little something. Christmas eve she went to bed early, thinking Santa might want to come and she would not be asleep. At 10 o'clock Mrs. White heard a gentle rap at the door and went to answer it. There she saw her neighbor, Mr. Brown, and his children at the door. They were carrying presents for Margaret and her mother, while one stood holding a Christmas tree all trimmed with popcorn, cranberries and Christmas tree trimmings. Then Mr. Brown went in and told his children to come also. He ordered them to set the Christmas tree down and put the presents on it. They then bid Mrs. White a merry Christmas and told her that in the basket was their Christmas dinner and said they had noticed how patient little Margaret was and thought she deserved this little surprise. Margaret said she should never forget that Christmas and Mr. Brown's kindness to them.

The Busy Bees

By Clara Ruth, Aged 10 Years, 935 West Eighth Street, Grand Island, Neb., Red. "Buzzy Buzzy" said a little bee as it flew past Jennie. "Come with me and I will show you my home and what I do." "This is my home," said the bee, having arrived at his home (a hive). Our queen bee is the ruler, and we all obey her commands. I have many brothers and sisters, and we all work very hard. When you see your bread and honey for lunch this morning you never stopped to think how long and hard we worked to get that honey together.

"I am a laborer and have the hardest work to do. I go from flower to flower, sipping the sweet juices of the flowers." "The drones are such lazy fellows they never leave the hive." "So one day we concluded that all the bees who don't work don't have to eat any of our sweet honey that we stored up for the winter. One day late in the fall we, the hard workers, assembled and threw all the drones out of the hive and trampled on them till they were dead."

"After that we went to our hard-earned winter's rest."

A Wish that Came True. By Malcolm Price, Aged 12 Years, 228 McDonald Street, Omaha, Blue. "I wish that I could be of some use," said a small, but proud, cracker box off in one corner of the very dark cellar of a grocery store.

Little it thought of what it was to do in the next few days. One morning the elevator descended to the cellar and more boxes were dumped off, until there were a great number. After a while all of the other boxes began to murmur the same wish. One morning the cellar door opened and a pleasant looking dryman came in, followed by one of the clerks. "Are these the boxes?" the dryman asked. "Yes," came the reply. There was a great commotion among the cracker boxes, tobacco boxes, ice boxes and, in fact, all kinds of boxes. One little, squeaky voice right beside the cracker box said, "I would rather stay here and sleep."

The dryman gathered and took them to his wagon. He drove to an office building and put them in a cellar beside a furnace. The next morning a man came, grabbed the proud cracker box and, to the wonder and awe of the other boxes, broke it up and started the fire in the furnace.

It made a very bright fire that kept all the other boxes warm.

A Poor Little Dog

By Josephine Robbins, Aged 11 Years, 1204 Emmet Street, Omaha, Blue. One day as I was walking along the street I saw a little dog get run over with an automobile and the poor little thing was hit in the head and rolled over and over in the road, and as I was standing there the thought came to me that if they would put fenders on the autos like the horse-drawn street cars, it would save many a poor little dog from being so badly hurt; also little children who sometimes play in the road.

The Strawberry

By Letha Larkin, Aged 11 Years, South Sixth Street, Norfolk, Neb., Blue. Mr. Winter sat in his easy chair, when he was startled by a voice, he knew it was the strawberry. "Please, dear Winter," began the strawberry, "will you spread a cover over me. I am shivering and so afraid of Jack Frost, for he comes every night and bites my toes." Old Winter expressed his sympathy, so the strawberry went home and soon felt the warm coverlet. Meanwhile Mr. Winter was talking to the snow. "I will shine and make the world bright," said the sun. "But I don't want any sun today," said Winter. They quarreled until the sun had his way. The next day the sun shone brightly and melted the snow. During the night Mr. Winter blow

as hard as he could. In the morning the strawberries were supposed to be frozen. Mr. Winter was enraged and flung a gray mantle over them, but they did not stir. Winter retired to his home, and Spring came forth and put new buds and leaves on the trees, and new roots on the plants. Soon Summer came and she turned blushing Miss Frege, red strawberries. The strawberry that pleaded with Winter, now was rosy and red. A little girl came into the garden and picked it. It was put in a plate with other berries and soon the little girl came and took it to eat. "I know my red is in hand, but it is a happy ending that I enjoy," said the happy strawberry.

A Poor Family

By Catherine McNamara, Aged 10 Years, 1362 Military Avenue, Omaha, Red. Once upon a time there lived in a dirty part of the city a family by the name of Proff. The family were in very poor circumstances, the father being a lamp-lighter. There were nine children in the family, all of whom were boys, with the exception of one. Their names were John, Albert, Harry, Harold, Howard (twins), Frederick, Earl, Frank and Mary. One day the mother of the family and two children were taken sick. They were sent to a hospital where the two children died, but the mother recovered. The expense of sending the mother and children to the hospital was great, so the father hunted for more work. He went to the firm of Boyd & Mace and received work as janitor. After a few months, together with working at this firm and lighting lamps, he succeeded in paying the bill. Afterwards he was promoted in the firm and succeeded in giving all his children an education.

A Much Needed Lesson

By Ada Morris, Aged 14 Years, 234 Franklin Street, Omaha, Blue. Clara was the only child of a very wealthy banker and she gave many parties. One day Clara was invited to a party given by Alice Thompson. She was much pleased to write her name on it. They were then put into a basket and shaken and every one drew. The game was that whatever name you drew that person was to be your partner. It happened that Clara got one of the stater's names and Alice, on seeing her hold back, asked what was the matter. Clara said, "I am not going to have her for a partner!" "Why?" asked Alice. "Because she is poor and I will not have anything to do with her." "Well," said Alice. "I do not see what difference it makes if she is rich or poor. It is the name she drew." "I shall not have her, and I am going home." So saying, she left the house. A few weeks later Clara had arranged for a party and invited what she considered Alice's party, but what was her surprise to find on the night set that no one came. On inquiry she found that it was because of the way she treated the sister and found that to save herself much disgrace she would have to apologize, which she did, and Clara was never again known to hold herself above any girl because she was not rich.

The Watermelon Patch

By Louise Siles, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb., Blue. Farmer Gordon's melon patch was of great interest to all the boys in the neighborhood. Their mouths fairly watered when they looked at them, but they never had chance to get to them. For Farmer Gordon was constantly on the watch. One night Harry Graham, Tom Wood and Bert Grey determined to have some watermelons. "We'll take our old Derry," said Tom, and hitch him up to the old buggy. Mr. Grey gave the word, "Go." As soon as it was dark that night, you might have seen three boys sneak over to Harry's pasture, where they were to meet. Tom appeared leading a very rickety old horse and Bert brought a scarcely less rickety old buggy. Farmer Gordon lived about a mile from the town which was the home of the boys. The boys had to go a round-about way to avoid going past Farmer Gordon's house as he kept a very fierce watchdog. However they at last arrived at the melon patch. They loaded themselves with watermelons and started home. They stopped at the Graham pasture to eat some watermelons. Harry produced a knife and cut off three generous slices. Bert was the first to take a bite and he was quickly followed by Harry and Tom. They instantly crossed his face. Harry and Tom had now taken a bite and Tom cried out, "Citrons." It was true. In the moonlight they had mistaken citrons for watermelons. I think this is the last time they ever robbed Farmer Gordon's watermelon patch.

Try, Try Again

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 13 Years, Fairmont, Neb., Blue. "Dear me, grandpa, I just can't get this problem," said Herbert. "If you don't succeed at first, try again," said grandpa. "But I've tried, and tried," said Herbert. "Try once again, grandson." Herbert was busy figuring, then he jumped up and said "Oh grandpa, it came out right, and was just as easy. I'll always remember your rule." Years after this, in a little seaside town, there was great excitement, the great ship Albion was aground on some rocks about half a mile out in the harbor. A great storm had come up and the people were crying for help. Everyone was afraid to go out, but a young man named Herbert Fenton. He got into a small rowboat and started for the wreck, but the waves brought him back again. He was about to give up in despair, when his mind turned back to the cozy little sitting-room of his home when he had such a hard time with his problem. He recalled his grandfather's saying, "If you don't succeed at first, try again. Have you followed this rule, grandson?" Herbert put all his remaining strength into a last effort and reached the ship in safety, and the people crowded into the boat. The waves carried them back to the shore and all were saved. The people crowded around Herbert to thank him. "It wasn't I that did it," he said, "it was grandfather's old rule. If you don't succeed at first, try again."

The Broken Doll

By Alta Wilken, Aged 12 Years, Waco, Neb., Red. One day as Maud was going to school she came to a little girl who was crying. "What's the matter?" Maud asked. "My doll is broken," said the girl. "Why don't you try to mend it?" Maud asked. "Oh I have broken my doll, it is the only doll I have, what will I do without it?" Maud felt very sorry for the little girl but as it was time for her to go to school she left the little girl to cry. "I know I know," said Maud, "I'll mend your doll for you." "Please," said the girl, "will you mend my doll?" "Yes," said Maud, "I'll mend your doll for you." "Please," said the girl, "will you mend my doll?" "Yes," said Maud, "I'll mend your doll for you." "Please," said the girl, "will you mend my doll?" "Yes," said Maud, "I'll mend your doll for you."

A Spoiled Birthday Party

By Ethel Reed, Eighth and Logan Streets, Fremont, Neb., Red. Marion's birthday came the 25th of January. Besides the presents of her brother and sister her mother gave her a party. There were just twelve girls there, as Marion was only 13 years old. Among them was one poor little girl named Mabel. She had only brought a small handkerchief with Marion's initial embroidered in the corner, while others, whose parents were rich, brought rings, beads, and bracelets. Marion said to her mother in a low tone of scorn, which Mabel happened to hear, "Look at that!" Soon after Mabel was meeting and Mrs. Vane, Marion's mother, found her in the hall sobbing. Mrs. Vane wanted an explanation, which Mabel gave her. Mrs. Vane then took Marion to a bed room and told her about Mabel. This made her very sad. She then told her mother Mabel should have the best present she got, which was a beautiful bracelet. Mabel returned it at first, but Marion wished it she accepted it. Marion thought the handkerchief the best of her presents, but every time she saw it it reminded her of that sad day she was twelve.

Helen's Birthday

By Ruth Weller, Aged 10 Years, 214 North Twenty-first Street, Omaha, Blue. It was Helen's birthday. She would be 8 years old the next day. She expected nothing, for she was a poor little girl. Mrs. Smith, the rich lady in the next block, was planning something for her. Mrs. Thorn, Helen's mother, went to Mrs. Smith's every day to work. Mrs. Smith asked Helen to come to her house that night. She had just got there when seven little boys and girls walked in. She was very much surprised and said "What's this?" Mrs. Smith said "These are the children of Mrs. Smith's." "No, this is for you," Mrs. Smith had planned different games for them, such as "Fanning the tail on the donkey," and the one who got it nearest the right place got a prize, which was a box of candy. There were several other prizes for the different games. After they had played for a couple of hours they had lunch, which consisted of candy, nuts, ice

Conflict Between Artie and a Bear

ARTIE was not a boy. Artie was a rag doll that belonged to Little Lucy Grover. And Artie was about 3 years old. Now, did you ever hear of a doll living to be two years old? I never did till I knew Artie. But, the way it happened that Artie had outlived his time—that is, the allotted time for a doll—was this way: When he was given to Little Lucy she had loved him very dearly. Indeed, had been made of cloth he would have been broken up a good many pieces, for it was Little Lucy's habit to hug and hug him so hard that sometimes his breath was all squeezed out of his body, and he must have cracked in two had he been of a crackable material. As it was his poor body suffered the consequence of such great hugs, and because sadly fattened and out of shape. But so long as Little Lucy loved him Artie did not care a straw about how hard she hugged him, nor how fat his formerly round body became. He was happy in holding supreme place in his mistress' affection.

But after Artie had been the nursery favorite for about six months he was suddenly set aside of a new toy—a stupid, feelings, pink, white and yellow doll, all done up in dainty white lawn, with pink ribbons. Little Lucy seemed to forget Artie entirely from the possession of this new pet, and she left him lying in a corner where she had thrown him upon the dusty floor. And this was the end of Artie's life. But what could he do? In the sad state of neglect to which he was left he could only grieve and fret. And so the days and weeks passed by with Artie alone, so late and heart-broken, lying dumped into a corner of the nursery, with never a look nor a word from Little Lucy, who gave all her attention to the horrid thing with the pink cheeks and yellow hair. Pauline was the name of this new mistress of the nursery. And the very name made Artie shiver. He could tell by the very expression on Pauline's face—or, rather, the lack of expression—that she had no strength of character. She was just a silly French doll, whose vanity was her dominant trait. All day long she would sit, with her mouth drawn up into a silly, meaningless pucker, her useless hands folded across her lap and her tiny slippered feet thrust forward as if to say: "Look at my pretty, small toes!"

But pretty soon after her arrival Pauline began to droop and look a bit worn. Her white frock became dreadfully soiled and her curls tangled and her ribbons disarranged. Artie noted these gradual changes in her appearance with pleasure. Now, this may sound as though Artie was a disposed fellow. Well, one may condone his feelings, but one cannot really condemn him. He would not have minded sharing—mind you, SHARING—his place in the nursery with Pauline. But who could blame him for feeling heartbroken when his place was usurped by the strange lady with no place left for him save a dusty corner where only cast-off toys were thrown? And though he was glad to see the unfavorable change take place in Pauline's appearance, he was not wholly selfish. He felt that after her beauty had worn off—the newness and primness—Little Lucy would take him back into her life and let him and Pauline share her attention. He did not ask to be THE ONE. He wished to be just HALF OF THE ONE.

But the weeks and months rolled by, with little changes in the nursery, and Artie was about to resign himself to the corner for life, when something happened. Little Lucy had a tiny cousin come to pay her a visit. This tiny cousin at once conceived a great liking for Artie, whom she saw languishing in the cold corner. His place was usurped by the new friend, and she beheld the poor rag fellow lying there, face drawn and miserable. Besides the look of dejection on his face there were numerous stains of blackberry jam, for during his days of favoritism he had been indulged with many delicious dainties, such as jam and candy. Now he repined without so much as a smell of those delicious sweets. "Oh, what a big boy-doll!" And the little visitor, whose name was Minnie, had Artie in her arms instantly, hugging him close to her heart. "Oh, that's old Artie," said little Lucy. "You may have him, if you want him. I don't care for him any more."

Oh, the little Lucy! It gave poor Artie's heart a twist to hear her speak so. But pretty soon his heart was soothed by the tender solicitude of his new mistress, who had eagerly accepted Little Lucy's gift, never once mentioning the fact that it was an old cast-off rag doll that had lost all favor in the nursery of her cousin.



OMAHA'S BUSY BEES

By Nora A. Cullen, Aged 13 Years, 3212 Webster Street, Omaha, Blue. In the beautiful city of Omaha, on Seventeenth and Farnam streets, is a large beehive. The king and queen bees live in this beautiful city, while many of their subjects live throughout the United States. There are hundreds of these bees of all varieties.

Each bee contributes some part of his or her work to "The Busy Little Bees—Their Own Page." There are certain rules which these bees are supposed to follow, but many do not, and these are the drones who are too lazy to do honest work.

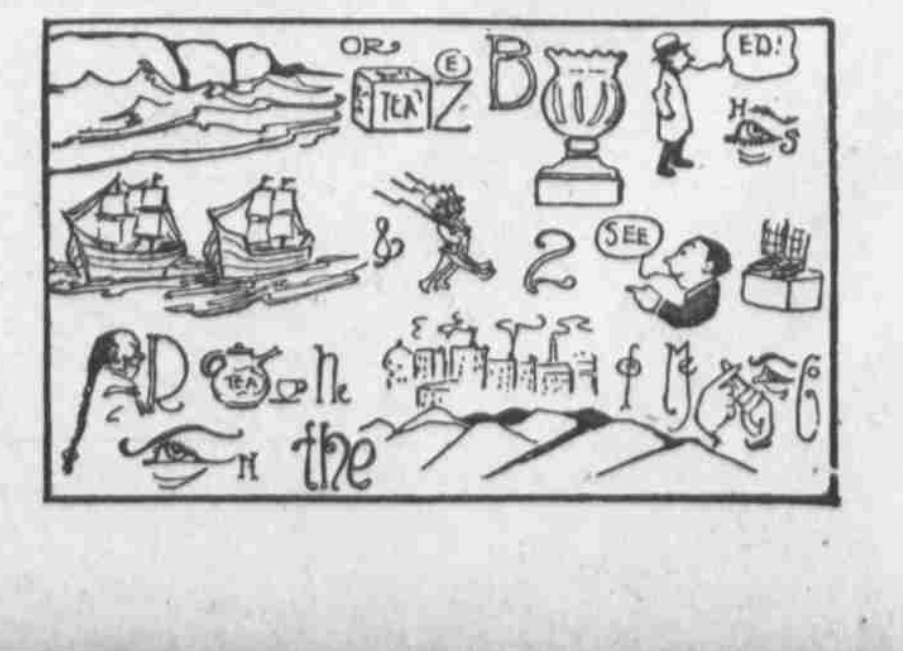
There is also a bee editor, who looks over their work, and if it is not satisfactory, casts it aside. There are two regiments of bees, the Blue team and the Red team. Each bee belongs to either one of these teams and each team has a captain.

Now, these bees are supposed to furnish honey from their own flower gardens, but as in every hive there are a few drones who do not even try to make honey, but want to receive the highest reward for some one else's work. All of the bees except the drones are very willing to work and are honest and active, but the drones find in the end that it does not profit them by taking other people's honey.

The Drunkard. By Earl Perkins, Aged 12 Years, Deadwood, S. D., Red. Once in a little town near Deadwood,



Illustrated Rebus



OUR REDDY BEAR, WAS TENACIOUS. HE KEPT UP THE ATTACK, GROWING MORE AND MORE VICIOUS.