

BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

JUST two more weeks remain of the reign of our present king and queen and then the Busy Bees will have to have two new leaders. Won't every boy and girl be sure and vote this week. Just enclose a slip of paper with your story stating who you wish for our next king and queen, or if you are not sending a story, just mail in your votes. Every single Busy Bee ought to vote some way. Some of the boys and girls have already sent in their votes, which greatly pleased the editor. Remember, Busy Bees, there are only two more weeks.

Just about half of the stories that came in this week were marked "Yes," showing that the writer had done as the Busy Bee editor has requested and read the "Rules for Young Writers." Let us try this plan another week, boys and girls. Everybody read the rules over carefully and then write at the top of your next story whether or not you have done so. The stories were in much better shape this week.

The boys are winning their share of the prizes of late and the girls will have to hurry up if they keep ahead.

The first prize this week was won by Sigrid Sandwall of South Omaha, age 10 years; the second by Willie Cullen of Omaha, age 10 years, and honorary mention by Olive Graham of Hastings, age 12 years. Both the prize stories went to the red side this week, which helps make up for the blue side's winning the prizes last week.

The Busy Bees write that they are enjoying the postal card exchange and another new name has been added. This list now includes Ardye H. Cummings, box 225, Kearney, Neb.; Earl Perkins, Redding, Neb.; Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.; Emma Carruthers, 2211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha; Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha; Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.; Emma Kosta, 1516 O street, South Omaha; Florence Pettijohn, Long Pine, Neb.; Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.; Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.; Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.; Alta Wilker, Waco, Neb.; Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reede, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gal Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Dehling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Marguerite 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.

Saint Valentine's Eve in Dashtown

By Helena Davis.

THE boys and girls of Dashtown were making great preparations for a St. Valentine's party. Two of the town girls—May Bruce and Stella Jones—were the "chief promoters," as they styled themselves. The project was of their own making, and they met every evening after school to talk over the forthcoming festivities.

It had been unanimously voted by the boys and girls to accept the kind offer of Jack Downs to have the party at his home, for Jack's mother was a royal chaperone, and hostess to her boy's young friends; and the Downs' house was a spacious one being finely fitted for the entertainment of guests.

"Have you made out the list of guests?" Jack asked May and Stella one evening as the three walked from school together. "Oh, yes, Jack," answered May. "And as the party is to be at your house we want to submit the list to you, it being your privilege to add or subtract names, you know. Stella and I have tried to omit names of our friends, and hope we have included no one you will object to."

"Oh, as for my objecting to anyone," laughed Jack. "I am sure there isn't a boy or girl in town who is not welcome at my house. I only hope you haven't forgotten anyone. It is hard to be left out, you know. And I shall avail myself of the privilege you have granted me and add any name or names of those whom you might have overlooked."

As Jack said this he looked rather knowingly at the two girls, and his look was not lost on them. But they pretended not to have noticed anything unusual in his tone or manner, and Stella handed him the sheet of paper containing the chosen list of names for the Valentine party.

"Say, wasn't Jack nasty, though?" asked May, as soon as she and Stella were out of his hearing, having parted with him at the corner. "I know what he meant all right. He greatly admired Lily Long, and as sure as fate he'll want to add her name to the list."

"Well, we'll never, never consent to have her invited," declared Stella. "Her sanctified face, her very proper manner and narrow-mindedness make me disgusted. The other day she caught me cheating at exam, and the way she looked at me would have made one think I had committed an unpardonable sin. I hate her. And how the teachers and a few of the boys do dote on her. She's a deceitful little rat. That's my opinion of her."

"You can't dislike her more than I do," asserted May. "Why, she had the impudence to offer to assist me with a problem I couldn't do the other day. It just turned up my nose at her smartness, and do you recall how I chatted with her for a few minutes in the hall before she departed? Well—I was asking her about her home, about her parents. She was deeply affected when she spoke of her mother and said so simply: 'Dear mamma has to take plain sewing now to help with the family expenses. But I'm straining every ounce of get through school, so that I may be of assistance to her. I want to be a teacher and am fitting myself for that occupation. Mamma is not strong, and I feel so anxious to take the burden from her shoulders as soon as I can. You see, Lily has no false pride—She's a brave girl, and I admire her exceedingly.'"

"And so do I, mamma," confessed Jack. "And we must have her at the party." The following day Jack spoke to Stella and May regarding their having omitted Lily's name from the guest list which they had made out.

Stella frowned, then said, hesitatingly: "Jack, I don't want to be unpleasant about this matter, but several of us girls can't consent to having Lily Long forced upon us. I know she's doing everything to get in, but—well, she has many qualities that are not—well, to be open with you, Jack, we don't like her. And you know her people are awfully common. Why, her father—"

"We'll not discuss her father, Stella," said Jack, sternly. "Besides, were we to do so we could say nothing ill of him save and save little pay. That is nothing against him—that I can see. But mother and I want Lily's name on the guest list. In fact, mother has become quite an enthusiastic admirer of Lily Long. So we've decided to send her an invitation to attend the St. Valentine's party. And I hope you girls will not feel offended that we do this against your wishes."

Before Stella or May could say a word Jack had left them, joining a group of boys who were discussing the coming party.

"Well, and so Miss Lily Long is to be a guest, in spite of our wishes," said Stella. "I shall make it a point to cut her, just the same."

"And so shall I," declared May. "But who do you suppose Jack will choose for his Valentine? I half guess she will be you."

Snow is Not All Sport



BUSY BEE ON WINTER DAY.



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 850 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.

A Boy's Kind Act

By Sigrid Sandwall, Aged 10 Years, 128 North Eighteenth Street, South Omaha, Neb. Red.

I know a man of wealth, whose first name is John. He lives in New York. He is a good man. He has given large sums of money to help poor children. He was once a poor child himself.

His parents died when he was 10 years old. They had taught him to read and write, and what is better still, to be good and honest and kind. But there was no one to take care of him, so one day he went forth to seek work.

How hard it was for him to find anyone

to give him work. He asked of this man and of that. Ah! None of them had any work to give him. At last he came to the store of Mr. Burns, who was a rich man, and at that time was very busy. He was thinking of his ships when John came into the room.

"What do you want, boy?" asked Mr. Burns.

"If you please, sir, I want a place."

"I cannot do anything for you," said Mr. Burns, "for if I tried to do for all the boys who come to me for work I could not find time to do any work for myself."

John made a bow and left the room. Mr. Burns went to the window and stood there looking at it. It was a bitter cold day. The wind blew, snow and ice lay hard on the ground. Not far off he saw a horse and a cart. The horse's blanket had been blown off and the poor horse stood shivering in the cold.

"That must be a good, kind boy," thought Mr. Burns, and he threw up the window and called to him. It was John, the poor orphan boy. He came back to Mr. Burns. "My boy," said Mr. Burns, "I will find a place for you in my store. You shall not want work any longer."

John's fortune began there. Though rich to explain. We do hope you'll not hold this against us."

"And it's Jack's wish that my invitation be accepted."

And, to the astonishment of the three girls, Jack Downs stepped into the sitting room, his face that of an avenging hero. He turned to Stella and May and spoke with biting sarcasm: "It is said that a snavesdropper never hears any good of himself. Well, in this instance I have played the snavesdropper and I have heard myself wickedly accused—by means of insinuation—of something that is not true. It is my wish, and the wish of my mother, that Miss Lily be the guest of honor at our home on St. Valentine's eve, for I have chosen her to be my Valentine; and I have been sent here by my mother with a message to Miss Lily, begging her to prepare herself to sing for us at the party. Mother is very enthusiastic about Lily's voice and means to have her become a member of our church choir. And now I must explain why I listened just outside the half-open door. I heard my name mentioned by a girl whose friendship for Lily Long is not sincere. I had the right to listen to what was being said in connection with myself and the party."

While Jack was speaking Stella and May had been turning first red and then pale, and the guilt of their conscience showed plainly on their faces. At last, bowing cordially to Lily, Stella made bold to say: "I see that you have succeeded in worming your way into a social set where only one wants you. But if you are content with that, why, we have no objection to make."

And then the two wicked girls, filled in their dishonorable designs, hurried from the room.

Jack held out his hand to Lily, saying: "I'm glad to find people out. It's an old saying, 'Give them enough rope and they'll hang themselves.' But you'll come to the party, won't you? Mother and I—and all the others except those two envious ones—want you. And you are to be my Valentine."

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"I'll come," said Lily, glad to have her hand in parting to Jack. "And now I must finish my dish—"

With a penny Freddie bought a Valentine for Nell; And, of course, it's being cheap. Was he very swell. Now, Miss Nell was very vain, And she liked things nice;

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now he does not let man or beast suffer if he can help it, for want of a blanket.

The Two Tramps

By Willie Cullen, Aged 10 Years, 2212 Webster Street, Omaha, Red.

Once there were two boys, who had a very good home, but they were not satisfied with it. They thought their parents were too strict and they liked more freedom and more of their own way. So they planned to run away and become tramps.

One night when their parents were asleep and all the house was still they packed their belongings in a handkerchief and started out. They left their home and walked toward the depot. Soon the freight train came along and they boarded it. When the train stopped at Denver they got off and things went well until their money was gone.

When they found they had to work for a living they thought they would get it by easier means, so they decided to steal. One day they stole a pony and for this they fell into the hands of the law. They were taken before the juvenile court and sent to the Detention Home. They planned to make their escape, so that their parents wouldn't know of their arrest. While making their escape they were caught by the juvenile officer and taken before the court. This time they were sent to the reform school.

They were only too anxious for their parents to come to their rescue, but their parents would not be forgotten. Now these boys are back with their parents. They give advice to all boys that there is no place like home.

A Discovery

By Olive Graham, Aged 12 Years, Hastings, Neb. Blue.

Grandma was old and feeble. She lived with her daughter, Mrs. Brooks, who had a dear little girl named Pearl. Pearl was loving and helpful to grandma and did all she could to please her. Now, since grandma was old, she did very little work about the house. She loved to read and did so most of the time.

One lonely rainy day, it seemed as if she had read everything in the house. She was sitting in her big rocker, thinking of something possibly she had not read. Of course some parts of the papers she did not pay any attention to. But she thought she would look over last week's paper again. She discovered "The Busy Bee's Own Page" in the best paper they took. The Omaha Bee. She had never paid any attention to it before, but to her great surprise she discovered that her dear little grandchild, Pearl, was the author of the best story, which took the first prize.

This certainly was a surprise, for little had she dreamed what was on that page. Ever after, this was the most interesting page to her and what she first looked for.

When Herbert Got Lost

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont.

"Come, Herbert," said Mrs. Bendon, "do not lag behind so or you will get lost."

Herbert quickened his steps, but he soon dropped behind again. Mrs. Bendon stepped into a store. "Come, Herbert," she called to him, "but we'll soon go up to Uncle Lee's and then you'll forget all about being tired." But in the crowd Herbert was swept away from her side. He started to cry, but said, "I won't cry. I'm getting a big boy now."

Mr. Van Alstyne took him into a private office.

"What is your name?"

"It is Herbert Randolph Bendon. I am five years old. I look perfectly like my papa, and I'm named for him. I am going to Uncle Ben Lee's."

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A Little Broncho Buster

By Gladys Donelson, Aged 10 Years, Kearney, Neb. Blue.

When we were on my papa's ranch in Custer county two years ago we had a little colt named Nellie. She was about a month old. One day while I was playing in the barnyard I discovered her lying down and thought I would sit on her for a little rest. When all of a sudden she jumped up and ran with me. She carried me to the fence and then threw me off and stepped on my chest. And she stood there as if determined, to hold me fast until my sister Florence came and drove her away. Always after that the men on the ranch called me the broncho buster.

How Rover Saved The Train

By Estelle McDonald, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb. Blue.

Roy and George were going fishing. They were going to a lake two miles out of town which was near a railroad track. They were going about 3 o'clock the next day, which would be Friday. Of course Rover, George's dog, would go if George went.

Friday was a beautiful day; just the right kind of a day. When they got to the lake they found their boat and got in.

They were catching so many fish and having such a good time they never looked up.

Presently Rover began to bark. The boys looked in the direction in which Rover was looking and saw four men taking up a rail so it would wreck the train. The men did not see the boys until Rover began to bark. Then they started after the boys.

The boys made no effort to get away, so the men were not in a hurry to get to the boys. In the meantime George had been writing on a little piece of paper these words: "Help! Help! Out by the lake. Robbers taking up a rail. Robbers taking up a rail. They are going to wreck the train. Four of them." He tied this around Rover's neck and told him to go home as quick as he could. He knew that the men would not notice the dog, and he also knew that they could not get away.

On the Farm

By Gladys Mullen, Aged 12 Years, 1428 North Twenty-sixth Street, South Omaha, Red.

Mary and George were two children that lived on the farm. They had three pets, a dog, a young calf and a small pig. The children were very fond of their pets. Mary was 10 years and George was 8 years old.

One day Mary's mother sent her to town to get something for her. Mary had never gone to town before alone. She had promised her mother to go just where she told her to, but when she got uptown she thought she knew just where to go, so she did not go where her mother told her. There was a crowd of boys and girls coming up the street that she knew, so she crossed over to go with them and forgot what she had promised her mother.

The Result of Disatisfaction

By Helen H. Sanford, 458 Florence Boulevard, Omaha, Red.

One rainy spring morning a little girl stood looking out of the window. She was the only child of rich parents and had everything she wished for that her indulgent parents could get, and yet she was dissatisfied.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "I wish it would never rain, so I could play outdoors all the time."

"What's that?" said a little voice at her side and looking down she saw a tiny figure, dressed all in brown. "Well," went on the voice, "you are saying to heaven everything you want, so this wish shall be granted, also." Then she vanished.

Marie's Teddy Bear

By Ethel Miller, Aged 13 Years, 104 West Tenth Street, Grand Island, Neb. Blue.

Marie was a poor girl, who lived in the suburbs of a large city. Her mother being dead, an old hag took care of her and was very cruel, being drunk almost all the time.

In wandering about the streets Marie would gaze in the shop windows, when one day she saw a sight that made her eyes pop wide open, for there in the window was a large fuzzy thing the children called Teddy Bears.

As she gazed toward the street she saw a little girl, dressed richly, standing innocently in the middle of a car track, and a car was coming with great speed.

But Marie's wits acted quickly and she pushed the child from the track, for her foot was caught.

That was all she knew. When she opened her eyes something heavy lay in her arms, for the little child of the rich parents had sent in her Teddy Bear, because she thought Marie might be lonely.

But on how nice and soft the bed was and how gorgeously the room was furnished. Never in her life had she seen anything so beautiful, for this was the little girl's room.

The parents of the rich little child, whose name was Louise Melbourne, inquired and found out about Marie, and so resolved to keep her.

But poor Marie would be lame for a long time, but she never grew lonesome with her Teddy Bear.

neck and told him to go home as quick as he could. He knew that the men would not notice the dog, and he also knew that they could not get away.

The men took the boys and bound them. The boys waited, it seemed a long time to them. But in a little while they saw a wagon coming and they were very glad, but when it got close there was only one man in it. They heard the train whistle; it was too late; Rover did not reach town in time. Yet there was a little hope in their hearts. They saw the robbers stop the man in the wagon. Just as they did so about twenty men jumped out from under the straw and took the robbers prisoners. The boys' hearts leaped with joy; then suddenly George exclaimed: "The train will be wrecked if they do not hurry and stop! Stop the train! Stop the train!" Just then the men realized that the train was in danger. One man had on a red sweater, he jerked it off and waved it before the train. The train slackened and stopped three feet from the place where the rail was taken up.

They went over and got the boys and got them to tell them how it all happened. Then the passengers took up a collection for them.

The boys said it was not them that saved the train, but the dog Rover did. They all decided that Rover was the hero of the day.

The train went on its way. Rover was given a better home and cared for better. The boys were rewarded time after time for what they did.

Brave Rover

By Clarence Gordon, Aged 13 Years, 1116 Corby Street, Omaha, Blue.

Rover was a big St. Bernard dog about 3 years old. He lived on a farm about four miles from the city of Grand Island. Rover used to drive the cows to the pasture and bring them home when it was feeding time.

Fred and Albert were two boys who lived on this farm. Fred was 8 years old and Albert was 10 years old. Fred went fishing one morning down to the creek, a little way from their house. The creek was very deep and about two yards wide. Fred wanted to get across, but did not know how. There was a big log on the bank, so Fred pulled it into the water and got astride of it and began to paddle with his hands and feet. When he was about the middle of the creek the log turned over and Fred went sprawling into the deep water. He had no more than hit the water when Rover caught him by the arm and dragged him ashore. Fred laid there for a few minutes and then he got up and walked home. When he told his papa and mamma how Rover saved his life his papa bought Rover a new collar with his name engraved on it. Rover was the hero of the farm.

How George Lost His Revenge

By Elsie Francis, Aged 8 Years, Fremont, Neb. Blue.

There was once a little boy who was 8 years old, and he was always doing things which he ought not to do. One day he went into the neighbor's yard and killed a hen. Of course the neighbor told George's father and he punished George for it. George was very mad when his father punished him and he told all his friends that he would have revenge. A few days after this, George saw the neighbor coming down the street, and thought it a good chance to have his revenge, so he took a stone and threw it at the neighbor. It just missed him, and hit George's father, who was just turning the corner, and he had to stay in bed for several days. Fred was very sorry for this and promised he would never try to have revenge on anyone else. This was how George lost his revenge.

My Punishment

By Victoria Duncan, Aged 10 Years, 1649 Bellevue Avenue, Kansas City, Mo. Red.

On my fourth birthday mamma was very kind and gave me a new dress, which I thought was very pretty. I asked mamma if I could not show it to Helen, my little neighbor. Mamma said no. Yes, mamma. She did not say any more, so that settled it.

Well, I am going anyway, so off I started. I went to the front door and knocked and knocked, but no one came. I started to go around to the back, but I fell on some boards and ran a nail in the top of my head. I was going to cry, but did not. I then thought of my disobedience.

I went straight home and laid my head upon mamma's lap, but she was talking to my uncle.

The next day mamma, who was looking at me very odd, told me to come and let her see what real thing was on my head. Why! Victoria, there is a hole on the top of your head. I felt very unhappy as I told her about it. I never forgot the lesson learned that day.

Lots of Pets

By Ethel M. Ingram, Aged 12 Years, Valley, Neb. Blue.

I am very fond of animals and so I have lots of them. I have a little fox terrier dog named Tip. He can do quite a few tricks and we have lots of fun together.

I have three kittens, whose names are Nib, Tootie and Nibby. Nibby is the Tom, Tootie and Nibby are the Males and Nibby are tiger cats.

And I have the nicest Shetland pony. His name is Hismark. He is dark brown, with a long black tail. I've a basket and harness for him also. I haven't driven him yet, but I have ridden every night.

Penny Fred

So a gift was sought to her, Lela it cost a price. When she got the valentine, When she read her lip did curl, 'Til she saw Fred's name, she said with scorn, 'Was he very swell. That I'm no penny girl. FANNY PERIN.

With a penny Freddie bought a Valentine for Nell; And, of course, it's being cheap. Was he very swell. Now, Miss Nell was very vain, And she liked things nice;

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"IT IS MY WISH THAT MISS LILY BE THE GUEST OF HONOR AT OUR HOUSE AT OUR HOUSE ON ST. VALENTINE'S EVE."