

BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

WILLIE CULLEN, age 10 years, of Omaha, and Eleanor Mellor, age 11, of Malvern, Ia., have been elected king and queen of the Busy Bees for the next three months, their reign beginning today. Our new king will be leader of the Red side and our queen leader of the Blue. These two had the highest number of votes, though Maurice Johnson of Omaha and Ruth Ashby of Fairmont were close rivals. Both Maurice and Ruth have been chosen king and queen before and they are among the very best contributors to our page.

The Blue side came out ahead this time, it having won thirteen stories, and the Red side eleven. Our contest will continue under the present rules until June 1.

Several boys and girls have written recently asking how they may become Busy Bees. Just write a story and follow all the directions under "Rules for Young Writers" and mail it in. Any story may be credited on the Red or Blue side, just as the writer wishes.

The prizes were won this week by Leona H. Bays of Mondamin, Ia., on the Blue side, the second going to Ruth Ashby of Fairmont, Neb., also on the Blue side, while honorable mention was given to Gladys Lindskog of Omaha, who is on the Red side. Last week all the prizes were won by the boys and this week the girls have won all of them.

The Busy Bees write that they are enjoying the postal card exchange and a new name is added this week. The list now includes: Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Ardye H. Cummings and Grace Cummings, postoffice box 225, Kearney, Neb.; Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.; Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.; Emma Carrathere, 2211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha; Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha; Clara Miller, Udca, Neb.; Emma Kostal, 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 DeLong, Ainsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reede, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gall Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Debling, 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.

Active Members of the Busy Bee Family



MADGE E. DANIELS, Ord, Neb.



EMMA KOSTAL AND BROTHERS, South Omaha.

Myrtle and May's Ghost

By Maud Walker.

MYRTLE AND MAY JACKSON were sisters, aged 14 and 12 respectively. Their home was on a farm adjoining a town that nestled in a wooded valley. Between the Jackson farm and the town stretched the town park, a lonely barren place with its gaunt trees and ice-paved walks during the winter. It was not a forbidding place by daylight, but at night it was quite desolate enough to make an ordinary boy or girl feel "creepy" if obliged to pass through it, unless accompanied by an adult.

One evening, just after supper was over in the Jackson home, the son of a distant relative of Mrs. Jackson came driving up in a sleigh, calling to Mrs. Jackson—who had hurried to the door to greet him—that his mother was very ill, and that he had come to take Mrs. Jackson to her bedside.

"I hope you can come with me, Aunt Mary," pleaded the young man, "for mother thinks there is no nurse in the world like you."

"Certainly, Jack; I'll be ready in a minute," promised Mrs. Jackson. "Come in and warm yourself while I get into my wraps."

"But, mamma," said May, "what will Myrtle and I do—here alone? You know papa will not be home till tomorrow evening and may be detained even longer if the old jury doesn't agree."

"Oh, is Uncle Frank on the jury?" asked Jack, who was warming his numb fingers at the big base burner, which glowed with cheerful coals.

"Yes, and the case that is now being tried will not be given to the jury till tomorrow morning," said Myrtle. "So, you see, if mamma goes away sister and I will be here alone."

"Didn't Sam promise to return at bedtime?" asked Mrs. Jackson, drawing on her overshoes. She referred to their hired man, who was perfectly trustworthy in every respect and who had lived with the Jackson family since Myrtle and May were mere tots. And many and many a time he had looked after the children and the farm in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson.

"Oh, if Sam returns before bedtime it's all right," said Myrtle. "But you know he has a long ride before him."

"Where did he go?" asked Jack, who, as a relative of the family, held the right to ask questions pertaining to the family matters.

"Well, you know, Jack, that Sam has an old friend living about eight miles from town—over south. This old friend's daughter was married today and Sam felt that he must attend the wedding. Laden with presents—which represented all the dear old man's last wages—he hitched old Bory to the buggy and set off for the place of festivity. The wedding was planned to take place at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Sam thought he'd be through with the palaver," as he called it, and ready to start for home about 4 or 5 o'clock. In that event he'd arrive here some time between 7 and 8," explained Mrs. Jackson. "And during all



Little STORIES BY 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 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.

Agnes and the New Rule
By Leona H. Bays, Aged 13 Years, Mondamin, Ia. Blue.

One day Agnes Ford came home in tears. "I just can't have a good time in school," she sobbed. "The girls won't try to please me at all. They just play what they want to and don't ask me whether I want to or not."

"That isn't the way to feel dear. Suppose you try to please them once," advised Mrs. Ford.

Agnes said nothing, but she resolved to do as her mother said as she was on her way to school, she saw a little girl just in front of her, crying. She went up to her and said, "What is the matter?" "I lost my doll," was the answer.

A few minutes later found the doll and the child went on her way happy, leaving Agnes with a glad heart.

When Agnes got to school she surprised her playmates by agreeing to everything that they said.

"What's come over Agnes?" they wondered.

Agnes kept on the watch and she found many ways in which to help others.

At night when she came home her mother said: "How did you get along, dear?" "Nicely, I followed your rule, mamma," said Agnes with a happy smile. "I feel

sleepy, too. How lonely without papa and mamma!"

Half an hour found Myrtle and May in their bed, the moon peeping in through the window to keep them company.

But just as they were going off intoumberland a strange tap, tap, tap sounded on the wall that divided their room from the storeroom. Both girls sat up in bed, staring into one another's pale faces.

"What was that?" whispered May.

"Tap, tap, tap, went the sound again, three times as before. And it was on the wall directly opposite their bed. Could someone have gotten into the storeroom? But why should a housebreaker wish to make his presence known by tapping on the wall of a room which he knew to be occupied?"

Thus reasoned the two frightened girls.

But what could be the meaning of that noise? Then, as the tap, tap, tap came again, Myrtle's eyes filled with a sudden horror, and, putting her lips to May's, ear, she whispered: "Maybe it's a—a—ghost. I have never believed in such things, and mamma and papa laugh at the



GATHERING ALL HER COURAGE, SHE CALLED OUT, IN A HUSKY VOICE: "WHO'S THERE AND WHAT'S WASTED?"

mother was the gentleman's sister. James and his mother were taken to a stately mansion. James was educated in the best schools and his mother and he lived happily. He can tell you that "honesty is the best policy."

Dorothy's Valentine

By Adah Holtryx, Aged 11 Years, Kearney, Neb. Blue.

Oh, cried Dorothy, as she jumped out of bed, today is St. Valentine's day. Won't we have a good time? Hurry and dress me, I want to get through my lessons. Dorothy's teacher was her nurse. Dorothy was a girl of twelve, and St. Valentine's day, her birthday. She had black eyes and dark, brown hair and a winning smile and she was a perfect beauty. She was dressed in a sailor suit of dark blue trimmed in white braid and her hair curled and parted on the side. Down stairs she went with a skip and a bound. "Here mother," she said, giving her mother a large bundle. "Here's one for you and papa," holding up another. "I will give yours to your nurse," said Dorothy, and pouted Dorothy. "Work first and play after," said papa. After breakfast, Dorothy went in to the library and took her seat at the table. Dorothy's friends, Cynthia and Marcia, always studied together. There stood nurse. "We will hurry today," said nurse, take your arithmetic, and work five problems on paper and in your head. At all the lessons were finished and Dorothy went to her father's study, her father was a lawyer he was busy and Dorothy waited half an hour. At last he put on his hat and took Dorothy's hand. They went out the side door and there stood a little pony and cart. "Oh, it's mine," cried Dorothy, and she jumped for joy. We will go for a ride now papa, and calling to mother to come, she pulled out the back seat for nurse and mother. Dorothy and papa sat in front, and off they went. They were riding about two hours, when papa said they must return. They let mother and nurse out. They went to the store and bought ice cream, candy, nuts, fruit and everything imaginable, and at last they started for home. When they got there, out jumped thirty girls and boys, and they had a jolly afternoon and evening and Dorothy had many a happy time with Florence, for that was the name she gave her pony.

Aunt Jayne's Vase

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

"Have any of you children touched Aunt Jayne's beautiful etruscan vase?" asked mamma, coming into the sewing room, where the children were playing.

"I didn't," said Dorothy. "Nor I," said Marjorie and Jack.

Bernice's face grew red. "I didn't," she said, hesitatingly.

"Very well," said mamma; "only Aunt Jayne felt very badly over it, for Uncle Phil gave it to her just before he went away on the voyage from which, as you know, he has never returned. He may be dead or he may be captured by cannibals." Mamma went out and left the children alone.

"Isn't it too bad?" asked Marjorie.

"Yes; and I wonder who did it. They ought to be ashamed of themselves. But there is the postman's ring. Run and see if my post cards came, Jack."

Jack went to get his sister's mail.

"Here's your post cards, Marjorie, and we've got an envelope exactly alike." They opened them and it proved to be an invitation to Isabel VanDeLaine's George (Washington) party. They rushed in a body to mamma, who agreed to make them dresses of red, white and blue.

"Where's Bernice?" asked Dorothy.

"They had not missed her and found her in the girls' bedroom."

The day of the party arrived.

"Come, mamma, and show us our surprise dresses."

Mamma went and brought out the dresses. They were white with broad red, white and blue sashes and trimmings. Little white slippers, with red, white and blue ribbons, lace besides them. Jack's suit, however, was different. It was of deep red satin. The knee breeches had a silver buckle and there was lace in the sleeves. On the three-cornered hat a white wig was placed.

"Oh, mamma, how lovely! But there are only two."

"Bernice can't go."

"Oh, why not," cried the girls.

"Bernice and I only know."

The three put on their pretty clothes and then Bernice asked, "Why couldn't I go, mamma?"

"Because Washington never told a lie, and I am ashamed of my little girl who told me she didn't break the vase when she did," said mamma. "It was of deep red satin, but that doesn't mend matters."

Bernice never told a lie again.

The Sad Story of a Little Bird

By Willie Kretschmer, Aged 10 Years, 1925 South Sixteenth Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue.

There was a little bird whose name was Dick. One day he escaped from his cage and flew away. A cat saw him and jumped at the bird and killed him. Dick did not return home until he was found by a little boy, whose name was James. He picked the little bird up and went home with him to his mother's room. There where he had found Dick. The next day James and his sister made a flower grave and a little coffin in which they put little Dick. Then they put the coffin in the grave, and filled it up with dirt. James then made a little wooden cross which he put on top of the grave, and his sister and he went home and put them on the grave. After that they made a little sign, on which was written, whose grave it was. Then when this was done, they made a little fence out of little sticks that they found in the woods and put them around the grave.

Jack's Honesty

By Justin P. McCabe, Aged 11 Years, 2112 Miami Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue.

In Seattle there lived a family by the name of Peron. The family consisted of the father, mother and their son, whose name was Jack. Jack's father supported the family by running a small carriage repair shop.

Things went well with the Peron family until one day, late in June, Mr. Peron died. After his death, a brother of his, from whom he had borrowed money to build his shop, was cruel enough to claim it, thus leaving the Peron family penniless. Jack then set out in search of work and, at last found employment in the office of a friend. Jack's cousin, becoming jealous, put forth a rumor that Jack was dishonest. Jack's employer, hearing this, thought he would try him, so, on taking his money to the bank, he dropped a note of \$5 under his desk. That night Jack found the note and saved it till the next morning, when he gave it to his employer and proved his honesty. He now owns a store of his own.

Adetha and the Fairies

By Myri Rodgers, Aged 8 Years, Gibben, Neb. Blue.

One day Adetha was asleep on the porch when suddenly she was awakened by very soft singing. She looked and she saw a ring of little creatures, about two inches tall. At first she was very frightened. Then one of them flew to her and said, "Would you like to go to 'fairy land'?" "Very much," said Adetha. "But I am too big to go with you. Then the fairies slipped behind Adetha and touched her, then gave her a mirror and told her to look in it. She looked and saw a little child standing under a tree. She went to her and said, "Would you like to go to 'fairy land'?" Adetha! Adetha! She opened her eyes and, to her surprise, found she was still lying on the porch.

The Little Fairy Junius

By Margaret Matthews, Aged 7, 2323 California Street, Red.

One day a little girl who went out for a walk met a little fairy named Junius. She was a kind little fairy and Junius was running a race with the other little fairies. One of them was not kind like the rest; she was always being mean to them. Junius saw the little girl and said, "What is your wish? Molly was the little girl's name. Molly was quite frightened, but said my wish is that I'll be good. "Very well," said the fairy. "What is your second wish? 'I really do not know,' said Molly. The little fairy smiled and said: "My dear, you shall be a little fairy, too, but you must go home now." So she went home and said, "I must go to bed now." She went to sleep and dreamed she was a fairy and was dancing about on the maple leaves.

What's the Matter with Omaha

By Roger Crawford, Aged 13 Years, 2908 North Thirtieth Street, Omaha, Red.

I came from the clean, well paved city of Tacoma, Wash., where the streets are washed and swept twice a week, and they have fine concrete walks, on every street, bordered on each side by parking. I would often skate for miles on the pavements there with roller skates. Not so in Omaha. Here the streets are rough and broken, covered with mud and dirt. In some of the residence districts the sidewalks are the worst I ever saw. One man will have his sidewalk built next to the curb line and his neighbor will have his two feet in. Another will have his below or above grade, and some have no walk at all. The walks are not all the same width, many of them have telephone poles or trees in their center. Where the parking should be, weeds are allowed to grow. There are more weeds in Omaha than in any place I've been. There are vacant lots in every part of the city and they are covered with

Honesty is the Best Policy

By Vera Farris, Aged 11 Years, Albion, Neb. Blue.

Once there was a little boy who lived with his widowed mother. One day as he was walking down the street the snow was falling fast and made the little fellow shiver, for he was poorly clad. He saw a man drop a purse. He thought now I can have a good fire and rent a more pleasant room for mother. Then he thought what his mother had so often said him, "Honesty is the best policy." He went over where the man was and said, "This is your purse." The man asked him his name. After he had told him his name was James the man said, "You resemble my son, for whom I have been searching for a long time. He followed James home and his

The House Builders

So they took the blocks again And began to build up faster. Then came uncle through the door With his bag, growing up pieces. They made an earthquake on the floor And broke the palace all to pieces.

