

# BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

An unusual number of good stories came in this week, and they were in unusually good shape, too. Some of our boys and girls have inquired why their stories do not appear. Each week brings in more letters than can be used, so they are used in turn. This makes them a little late sometimes. And then there are a great many very good stories that never get in because the rules have not been followed. It will be well for every Busy Bee who is anxious for a story on our page to be sure that story is in shape so it can be used.

Eleanor Mellor of Malvern, Ia., our new queen, writes a letter for our page this week.

The prizes were won this week by Maurice Johnson of Omaha, ex-King Bee, on the Red side; Louise Stiles of Lyons, Neb., on the Blue side, and honorable mention given to Ruth Manning of Westington Springs, S. D., who is on the Blue side. This divides the honors pretty evenly this week.

The Busy Bee editor received a very pretty postal card from Edythe Kretz, saying she would like to join the Postal Card exchange, and Eleanor Mellor, the new Queen, also joins this week. The list now includes: Edythe Kretz, Lexington, Neb.; Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.; Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Ardoye H. Cummings and Grace Cummings, postoffice box 235, Kearney, Neb.; Earl Perkins, Reddingtown, Neb.; Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.; Emma Carrathurs, 2211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha; Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha; Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.; Emma Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha; Florence Pettjohn, 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, Alnoworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reeda, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gal Howard, 4732 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.; Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Freighton, 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.; Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.



## Little Stories 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.

### Letter from the Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I was very glad to see that I had been elected queen of the Busy Bees on the Blue side. I hope I will be able to fill the place of queen all right. I hope the all the Busy Bees will work hard and that we may have no drowns. I will send in a story as soon as I can. I have so much school work to do it is hard to find time, but I will try and send in a story soon. With best wishes I am, one of the Busy Bees, ELEANOR MELLOR, Malvern, Ia., March 1.

### THE BEES OF OLD

By Maurice Johnson, Ex-King Bee 11, Aged 14 Years, 152 Locust Street, Omaha, Neb. There was once a time, long, long ago, when the bees didn't have wings like they have now, and I am going to tell you how they got them.

### Letter from the Queen

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## How "Bricktop" Prevented a Panic

By Masad Walker.

FOR a whole month the High school Junior class had been rehearsing for a literary play (written by one of their class, John Edwards, commonly called "Bricktop"), and they were now ready to give a production of it in the town hall. There was a double purpose in the presentation of the play. First, his friends and classmates were proud of his efforts as a playwright and were anxious to see his first literary effort tried on the boards; and tried by his own talented young friends, who possessed considerable histrionic ability. Secondly, the class presenting the play wished to raise some funds to go towards the improvement of their gymnasium, which was far from being completely equipped.

The evening for the play's initial production at last arrived, and a more excited and enthusiastic crowd of young folks than the High school class presenting it could not have been found on the earth's surface that night. Behind the scenes all was confusion, stagehands rushing here and there with the bits of scenery which they were adjusting for the first scene, and boys and girls, with several of the anxious mothers assisting busily "making up" in their dressing-rooms, which had been arranged at the ends of the improvised stage built for the occasion.

The house was soon crowded. Long before the orchestra began its first overture every seat had been taken, and the general aspect of the audience was most favorable and indulgent.

Slowly the curtain went up; the applause seemed as the audience beheld the play-wright "Bricktop" on the stage. He had built a "Texas Ranger," a role quite suited to him as he was of athletic build for a chap of fifteen, and had had the good luck to be born in Texas, the scene of his play. And so familiar was Bricktop with the history of Texas that he had built a really interesting play around the "Lone Star" state's early days.

After applause had subsided, and the audience were silent and attentive, Bricktop's lines led the play. Other "wild men of the plains," that could "chaw skunk-skin when tobacco was out," and "eat rabbit coawskin boots for dinner during an Indian raid," came dashing into the "early-settler's cabin, making a great deal of noise and saying but little.

The audience was pleased with every line, be it humorous, pathetic or commonplace, and showed their approval by generous outbursts of applause.

### THE BEES OF OLD

The end of the month had come and a big banquet had been arranged, where the fairy queen was to announce which country had won. There was silence in the great banquet hall when the queen got up to make the announcement, but a great buzz went up when she said that the bees had won (and not because they were more industrious, because she said she couldn't tell which was the most industrious, but because the honey which was the result of their work was better than what the ants made.

### THE BEES OF OLD

When he returned at night the doctor was there. "Well, Robert, pretty cold!" he said. Then he turned to Mrs. White and said: "It's queer how if people have to go out in the cold they dread it terribly, but if they go out for pleasure they don't mind it. My son is always wanting to go skating. Do you skate, Robert? No skates? Well, that's too bad. My son has an extra pair which he's outgrown. I think they would fit you. You may have them, if you wish. Mrs. White, give Ruth the medicine every three hours and I will call again in the morning. Good night."

### ROBERT'S SKATES

By Louise Stiles, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb. Robert was a little newsboy whose father was dead and whose mother was very poor. Robert, his mother, and his 8-year-old sister, Ruth, lived in a tumble-down house in one of the suburbs of New York City. Robert's one ambition outside of helping support his mother, was to own a pair of skates. He had often watched the boys and girls skating and he did not doubt that if he could get money enough to buy a pair of skates he could learn how to use them.

### ROBERT'S SKATES

Finally he had been able to set aside nearly enough money and he hoped soon to have enough to buy some skates. One Wednesday he had an especially lucky day and he thought he could spare enough which, added to his other "skate money" would make a sum large enough to buy a pair of skates.

### ROBERT'S SKATES

But that evening Ruth was taken sick and he cheerfully, outwardly, but rather reluctantly inside, gave up his "skate money" that was the pride of his fellow citizens. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I want to express here in public my appreciation and admiration of that red-headed little fellow standing there with his face streaming with melted stage paint. He was close enough to the fire to be singed, and yet he held his ground like a hero and infused quiet into us by improvising a story of a prairie fire while the brave fellows behind the scenes put out the flames. Now, I invite him and his entire company, and all those who helped to put out the fire, to come to my hotel after the performance and I'll set up to them the best spread that can be put before them on such short order. But, as to all of us (and the old lady behind the scenes), we are not only indebted to the audience which had so wildly started at the first alarm, why, we ought to be so ashamed of ourselves for having acted like a lot of cowards that we'd go off and hide our heads in a hole."

### ROBERT'S SKATES

And cheers greeted the old gentleman's words, and quiet and good nature prevailed, while the orchestra played a merry tune.

### ROBERT'S SKATES

And for a long time Bricktop-or to be more correct, John Edwards-was not only applauded by the citizens of his town as "our boy playwright," but also as "our red-headed hero."

### ROBERT'S SKATES

She said she was and said she would never say "Wait a minute" again.

## Our Feathered Friends

IT SEEMS, perhaps, to some a little act, and yet what a lesson to be learned from it! Have you ever noticed how many beautiful pigeons there are in the business district of our city, and that they are as tame as any chickens and more so than some I have seen?

Each day at about 12:30 a very thoughtful person in the office of a large grain company on the third floor of the Bee building, on the east side, scatters grain along the outside ledge of a window and in less than a minute many pigeons drop, and were, from everywhere to enjoy their noon-day meal, consisting of Nebraska's famous corn. No matter how stormy the weather these feathered friends are hiding in nooks and corners of the New York Life building and the Handels block, unseen by passers-by, anxiously awaiting their "dinner bell," and bothering no one for why should they? This thoughtful person has won their confidence and never forgets to spend a few moments of each busy day in caring for the pigeons.

## The Approach of Spring

By Nora A. Cullen, Aged 13 Years, 3212 Webster Street, Omaha, Neb. One month more and beautiful spring will be here in all its glory and splendor; then winter will be asleep for another year. I saw the first sign of spring the other day, and that was a little bird that comes before spring is really here. I also noticed that the buds are on the trees already and are ready to burst forth at nature's call.

## How Edna Found a Mother

By Dorothy Bartholomew, Aged 19 Years, Gothenburg, Neb. The orphan asylum was on the edge of town, and that Saturday afternoon was very busy. Many visitors had come and now, as a handsome carriage rolled up to the door, the orphans hastened upstairs. The woman who stepped out was dressed handsomely, and her appearance was wealthy. The matron met her at the door and took her into the parlor.

## Mabel's Lesson

By Catherine McNamee, Aged 19 Years, 1813 Military Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Once there was a little girl named Mabel. She was a good little girl and very smart. One day a little girl named Lucile came to see her. Mabel's yard was a very small one, but she had a very nice garden.

## Agnes' Habit

By Eleanor Mellor, Aged 13 Years, Malvern, Ia. Red. Agnes White had always been in the habit of saying "Wait a minute" when anyone called her. One morning it was nearly time for the last school bell to ring. Mrs. White stopped her work to comb Agnes' hair. Mrs. White called Agnes, who was upstairs dressing her dolls.

## Agnes' Habit

Agnes said, "Just wait a minute till I get my other doll fixed."

## Agnes' Habit

After school was out that morning her mother said, "Aren't you ashamed to be late?"

## Agnes' Habit

She said she was and said she would never say "Wait a minute" again.

## Our Feathered Friends

these birds inhabit a certain corner of Farnam and Fifteenth streets, where every day the "peanut man" apparently enjoys throwing popcorn and nuts to perhaps some of the same little "beggars" who have already been feasting on corn at the Bee building.

Another instance is the way in which boy asked if there was anything to do. Mamma told him there was nothing, but to come in a minute. And she asked him, "Are you hungry?" And he said, "Yes."

## Uncle Jack's Desert Isle

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb. "Uncle Jack, tell us a story while Dorothy and Jack are here. Tell us an exciting story," begged the children.

## Uncle Jack's Desert Isle

"Well, I've got a real exciting one to tell, for it's different from the most of my stories." Uncle Jack lifted his favorite nephew, Bub, on his lap and gave him a sack of candy. "Well, here goes. When I was about 16 years old I went on a sea voyage. Our ship was wrecked near a desert island and I swam ashore. I was the only man who escaped alive and when the ship broke up a great many things were washed ashore. With an old piece of wood I rigged up a sort of tent. So far as I knew the island was uninhabited. I was very happy to have escaped when so many of my comrades were killed. For the first few days I was quite busy putting up my tent and making a great many things from the beach. Then I began to have spare time to think of home. But still I was happy.

## Uncle Jack's Desert Isle

"One night I was sleeping and dreaming of home, when I awoke suddenly to find a large black man standing over me. He dragged me outside the tent, where were a great many more exactly like him. It was light enough for me to see their faces and I knew in a moment they were cannibals. A man much larger than the rest took me and began to pull me along. When I reached their homes I found another American. He told me the largest man was Chief Farlowick and he intended to have a stew made of us.

## Uncle Jack's Desert Isle

"By and by they came and dragged us to a kettle. A man stood over us with a huge knife. He started to cut off my leg. When the children listened breathlessly.

## Uncle Jack's Desert Isle

"Oh, what!" Uncle Jack said. "When I woke up and found myself sitting on a chair in the dining room."

## Uncle Jack's Desert Isle

"But come, children, it's past bedtime now, and here's Bub asleep on my lap."

## Uncle Jack's Desert Isle

By Vincent Bricks, Aged 10 Years, Weeping Water, Neb. Red. Saturday about 9 o'clock Darvey, Phillip and I went hunting. We took a shotgun and a 2-caliber rifle. We went up to some rocks, where there was a lot of rabbit burrows and we saw one up there once and got one there at another time, but we didn't get anything, so we went on until we came to a place where we could get a rabbit in under a long burrow and we couldn't get it out, so as we were going on we saw a rabbit going over a hill and the snow was so deep we couldn't get there in time to see where the rabbit was. We went over the hill so fast that we did not have time to shoot, so that was not fair.

## Uncle Jack's Desert Isle

When we got home mamma asked us where our game was. We told her it was in the weeds.

## Uncle Jack's Desert Isle

By Willie Reinschreiber, Aged 9 Years, 1710 South Tenth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red. I know a boy who was very fond of raising chickens and dogs. One summer he raised 103 little chickens. One morning he got up and found all of them dead. Then he raised three little dogs. One Sunday morning he had them all tied to one rope, and when the people were coming from church he sold them all, and gave the money to his mamma. He was afraid something would happen to the dogs the same as to his chickens; that's why he sold them. This little boy's name was Herman.

## Uncle Jack's Desert Isle

By Eleanor Robbins, Aged 10 Years, Twelfth Street and First Avenue, Red. Bessie was lying on the rug looking in the fire.

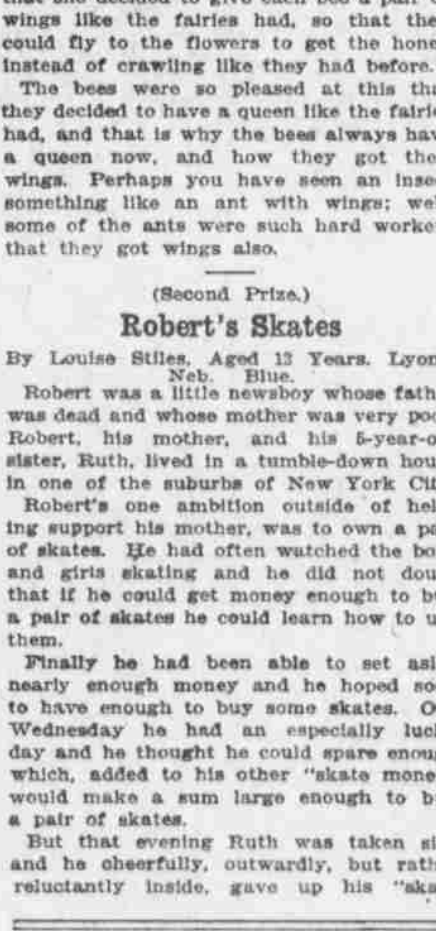
## Uncle Jack's Desert Isle

"Oh, dear, this is the stupidest old day, nothing happening at all!" Her mother coming into the room heard her remark and said, "Be patient my dear child, something will happen." "I wish it would hurry if it is going to," said Bessie.

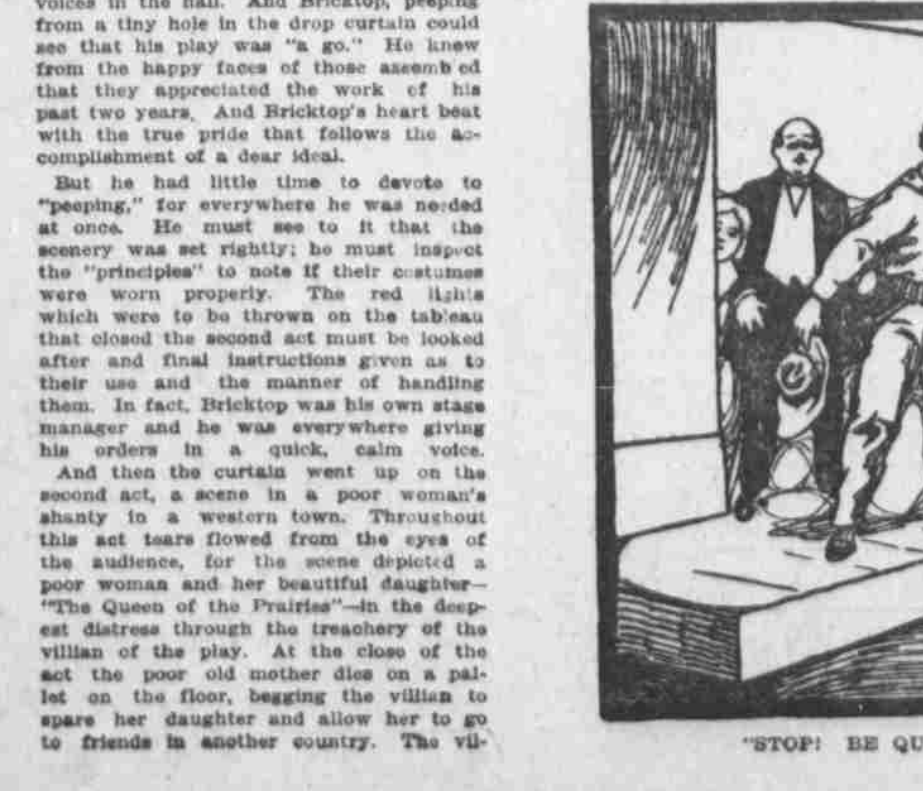
## Uncle Jack's Desert Isle

When Bessie returned she carried a note. It was an invitation to a party on the next day. "Oh how I wish I could go."

### Illustrated Rebus



### Illustrated Rebus



"STOP! BE QUIET WHERE YOU NOW STAND AND HEAR ME SPEAK!"

## Danger Ahead

At base ball he's a pitcher. And a dandy one, at that. Or he is equally as fine. When put behind the bat.

## Danger Ahead

But when he's in the schoolroom He's no good at all; And boys just half his splendid size Can make him look quite small.

## Danger Ahead

He'd better take this warning And get to work at once, Or soon the time will surely come When he'll be called Tom Dunes.

## Danger Ahead

One day one of the boys came to our house. Mamma went to the door and the

## A Night Among the Pines

By Willie Reinschreiber, Aged 9 Years, 1710 South Tenth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red. We went out camping in a grove of pines. We were all tired from the walk and were glad when evening came so we could go to bed. In the early morning about 3 o'clock my friend and I awoke and were very thirsty. There was a small spring a few yards away, so I stepped out to get a drink.

## A Night Among the Pines

The silver stars in the heavens sparkled like diamonds. All around me the black and green fir-tops stood upright and stock still and cast long, narrow shadows. My donkey was munching the grass, the only sound except the murmur of the brook, which sounded like the birds in the distance. The sky was of a beautiful blue and white color. When I had seen everything, I went back to my tent and fell asleep and dreamed about the sights among the pines.

## A Night Among the Pines

"A happy new year to you!" Papa and mamma both caught up their darling and kissed her fondly. "Thank'ee!" said Susie, smiling beneath her sunbonnet. "Same 'oo'." "And may every day bring her new joys," said her papa. "Here's a nice present to begin the new year with."

## A Night Among the Pines

It was January and the snow was just had enough to make sledding pleasant. Up and down the street she went, and the fresh, bright air made her cheeks so red and her eyes so bright that everything seemed to glow. "How sweet little Susie looks!"

## Susie's New Year's Surprise

By Charlotte Robb, Aged 8 Years, Lexington, Neb. Blue. "A happy new year to you!" Papa and mamma both caught up their darling and kissed her fondly. "Thank'ee!" said Susie, smiling beneath her sunbonnet. "Same 'oo'." "And may every day bring her new joys," said her papa. "Here's a nice present to begin the new year with."

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