

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

THE Busy Bee editor has said so much about stories that are not original she had hoped she might never have to mention the subject again, however, it seems to be necessary. Last week and the week before ever so many stories were sent in that had been copied from story books. These copied stories will not do, boys and girls. Stories for this page must every one be original, and must be marked "original" or they will be thrown in the waste basket.

The correct answers for the illustrated rebus this week were given by Fred Borghoff, 3417 Burt street, Omaha, and Ethel Girard of Fremont. The correct answer is: "A boy went to bed and dreamt that an Indian came with a tomahawk to scalp him and he screamed so that his father came running in."

The prizes were won this week by Letha Larkin of Norfolk, Neb., first prize; Ruth Boehner of Malvern, Ia., second prize, and honorable mention given to Ethel Mulholland, also of Malvern, Ia. The latter two girls are new Busy Bees. The boys will have to look for some new Busy Bees to strengthen their side.

The Busy Bees write that they are enjoying the postal card exchange, and every week brings new names. The little sister of the queen and a little friend joined this week, also two Busy Bees from Nebraska City. The list now includes: Kathryn Mellor, Malvern, Ia.; Ethel Mulholland, Malvern, Ia., P. O. Box 71; Milton Selzer, Nebraska City; Harry Crawford, Nebraska City; Edythe Kretz, Lexington, Neb.; Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.; Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Ardyea H. Cummings and Grace Cummings, postoffice box 225, Kearney, Neb.; Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.; Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.; Emma Carrathers, 3211 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, Alnsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reeds, 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; 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.; Maurlee Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha; Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.; Pauline Parks, York, Neb.; Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1645 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

Popular Busy Bee Writer



NORA CULLEN, Omaha.

A Lesson That Helped Two

(Honorable Mention.)
By Ethel Mulholland, Aged 13 Years, Malvern, Ia. Blue.

"You had better keep it," said Henry.
"No, will not, because it is not mine," said Herbert. "I am going to take it to the police station."
"But you found it," said Henry.
"Oh! excuse me, sir," said Herbert. "I didn't mean to run into you."
"That's all right lad," said the gentleman smiling, and said, "Did I hurt you?"
"No, sir," said Herbert. The gentleman's face clouded.
Herbert saw the change and said, "Anything I can do for you, sir?"
The gentleman said, "Lead, I have lost a wallet containing \$200."
Herbert started. He had a wallet. Suppose it was the one. Beautiful man's rose before his eyes, but clenching his fists, he said, "Maybe this is it," and he handed the man the wallet.
"It's mine, lad, and thank you." Then seeing the set lips, said, "It was a hard temptation, was it not, my lad?"
The reddening face of the boy told him he was right.
The next day Herbert was given a place in an office. A few weeks after that Herbert saw Henry, who said to him, "Herbert, you have taught me a lesson by giving that pocketbook to its owner and hereafter I am going to be honest."
And he has kept his word.

Norma's Punishment

By Hazel Ferry, Aged 11 Years, 602 California Street, Omaha, Blue.

"Be sure not to go over to that cave, Norma," said Mrs. Bell one afternoon.
"There are some gypsies camping very near it. Norma went outdoors very sulky. "I don't care," she said, "I never can do anything I want to." Mrs. Bell was very busy in the kitchen preparing a salad for dinner, for Uncle Henry and Aunt Mary were going to dinner. She never dreamed that her little girl would disobey her, so she paid no attention to which way she went. Norma had heard that there were wonderful ferns and flowers near the cave and a dear little spring in the cave, where you might dip up water and drink it from your hand. And Norma was determined to go and see for herself the first chance she had. When she got there the gypsy camp was loaded in wagons ready to leave. She gathered some flowers and went into the cave and had just taken a drink of water from her hand when something was thrown over her head, and she felt that she was being carried away at a rapid pace somewhere, but she did not know where. Meanwhile Uncle Henry and Aunt Mary had arrived at the Bell home and it was dinner time, but Norma was nowhere to be found. Her father and mother became anxious and began to search for her. Neighbors joined in the search. It was growing dark; they went to the cave and to the gypsy camp and behold, they were gone. Mr. Bell felt sure they had taken his little girl. All night long they searched for her and the gypsies. The next day about 10 o'clock they overtook them. They found Norma hidden behind some boxes crying bitterly. When she saw her papa she cried out, "Oh, papa! papa! I am so glad to see you. I want you to take me right home. I will never disobey you or mamma again." And you may be sure she never did. She never forgot her long night with the gypsies.

Robert's Rule

By Kathryn Mellor, Aged 10 Years, Malvern, Ia. Blue.

One day a little boy about 10 years old named Robert was selling newspapers and a boy whose name was John came up and said, "How much have you earned today?" Robert replied, "I have earned 45 cents and only one paper left." John told him that he had 50 cents and all of his papers were sold. Robert said to wait until he sold the other paper and that he would go home with him. He did not wait long because a kind gentleman came up and did not have the change so gave him 25 cents. When Robert told that he had 75 cents John said for him to get some candy and popcorn and he would take them to the show. But Robert didn't agree to that. He said that his mother had told him to buy something he needed. John said that he used his money to have a nice time. Robert didn't feel any different than what he felt the first time. John did not go to the show, but went home with Robert. On their way home they did not say a word to each other, but John thought that Robert was right. When they parted John went and told his mother and she said to never spend his money foolishly. When Robert and John were men they did not have to earn their living.

Six Little Girls Go to the Circus

By Frances Whitmore, Aged 10 Years, Valer, Neb. Red.

Margaret, Catherine and Dorothy Purdy were sisters. Margaret was 11 years old, Dorothy was 10 and Catherine was 9. They lived next door to Ethel and Elizabeth Pinkham, who had a cousin visiting. Her name was Nellie Pinkham.
The next day was circus day and they all were going together. They were going to the circus and then going into the park to eat their supper. At last the time came and it was a merry party that went from the two houses.
When they got to the tent the girls wanted to look at the animals, but it was about time for the circus to begin and their parents told them to go on into the next tent and they could see the animals after the circus was over. After the circus they went to see the animals. They went to the monkey cage first. The monkeys were very lively.
Then they went to the brown bear's cage and Catherine cried, "Oh, that little bear looks just like my Teddy Bear at home." The bears were raised and tame and the girls wanted to sell them, so Mr. Purdy bought Margaret, Catherine and Dorothy each a bear and Mr. Pinkham bought Ethel, Elizabeth and Nellie each a bear and the girls spent the rest of the day having a jolly time with their real live Teddy Bears, that were trained to do tricks.

Ethel's First Fire

By Dulcie Squier, Aged 12 Years, Silver Creek, Neb. Blue.

Ethel was sitting on the porch reading a very interesting story which her aunt had given her as a gift. It was nearly 8 o'clock and Ethel, having finished her story, had jumped into the hammock for a rest, but before she knew it was fast

asleep. In about half an hour she was awakened by a shout of fire. She jumped with alarm and looked to see where the fire was. It was the lumber yard. Every one was out on the streets. So Ethel went in the house to get her wraps and tell her father and mother, but they had already gone. So she hurried on. She soon reached the fire. It was spreading everywhere, and the adjoining buildings were already burning. She saw her parents and went to them. It was a very exciting fire, but the worst was over and the people went home. And so Ethel went to her first fire.

An Outing

By Revere Walker, Aged 13 Years, River Bluff, Ia.

One day in February, a boy named Fredrick and myself were walking along a railroad. He was walking beside me for about five minutes, then he said, "Let us ask our parents if we can go some place on Easter." I said, "All right." It happened just about noon that I said, "Let us take a few things to eat out in our woods and then we can have a dinner out there." Frederick said "All right." So we took some things and a rifle of mine and started. After we got there we chose for ourselves who would be cook. It turned out that I was to be the cook. After we got the fire started everything went well. After the dinner was cooked we ate all the things and only left a few crumbs and some papers. It was about 6 o'clock when we got home that night. We both went to bed tired.

The Lost Pocketbook

By Ethel Girard, Aged 12 Years, 115 Piatt Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue.

There was once a lady, very richly dressed, who lived in a beautiful mansion. One day while she was visiting with relatives in a distant city, she went uptown to purchase some dry goods, and when she was going to pay the saleswoman she discovered her pocketbook, which contained quite a sum of money, was gone. A poor ragged little girl found the pocketbook containing the money, and thought, "Well, now I will keep it," and she took it home to her mother, who was poor but honest, who said, "We must try and find the owner, and return the money," which they did. The little girl and her mother were highly rewarded for their honesty.

Out Camping

By Ruth Davenport, Aged 9 Years, 1202 Norfolk Ave., Norfolk, Neb. Blue.

We went out camping a year ago last June. We went about seven miles from town, by the Elkhorn river.
We had three tents, a kitchen tent and two tents to sleep in.
Mamma, papa, my sister and two brothers, grandma and aunt. We went fishing every day and caught some big catfish on the throw lines. The largest weighed twelve pounds. We had a photograph which we played every night when we sat around the campfire, and it sounded so pretty in the open air.
We had company most every day, and we stayed five weeks, and we were there for the Fourth of July. My aunt, uncle and cousins came out from Norfolk, and we had fire works in the evening.

A Good Lesson

By Louise Bailey, Aged 11 Years, 2115 Willis Ave., Omaha, Blue.

It was a bright June day and the sun-beams were stealing through the open window, when little Robert, aged 5, and Edward, aged 8 years, ran out to look for eggs, for the egg man was coming today to buy their father's eggs and they had some to sell, too.
When they reached the chicken yard, Edward spied a nest of very small eggs and he thought he could trade them to little Robert for larger ones, and he did, but when he came to buy them he said that the small ones Robert had were very fine and he would give him twice the price for them.
When Edward saw this he was very sorry and did not trade eggs any more.

Playmates

By Elsie Francis, Aged 8 Years, 407 West Sixth St., Fremont, Neb. Blue.

"I can swing myself," said Harold in a sulky tone, "I don't want you."
Dick and Bertie live next door and Harold is generally glad when they will play with him. The boys come over the wall nearly every day when school is over and had been promising themselves fine times when they saw Harold's new swing put up. It was disappointing, but finding him in such a disagreeable mood they went away. Harold soon was tired of swinging by himself and strolled after them. He found them fishing in a little stream and longed to try a cast himself, but after his selfish behavior was ashamed to ask for the loan of a rod.
Bertie never bears malice. "Harold," he called loudly out his rod, "Have a try, Dick and I have caught some beauties, and I've just put on fresh bait." Harold didn't say much, perhaps he thought the more; anyhow when the rods were put away and tea was over, he shouted over the wall, "Dick, Bertie, where are you? Won't you come and have a swing?"

Our Guinea Pigs

By Helen Morris, Age 8 Years, McCool Junction, Neb. Blue.

My little sister, Clara, and I have had a great many pets, but none so cute as our guinea pigs. Papa got two guinea pigs a pair, and when they came they were snowwhite, with pink eyes. Papa fixed a little wire yard so nothing could bother them. Every evening last fall we took them out to eat the fresh grass and clover.
About two months after we had them, when we went out to feed them one morning, one of them was dead. We felt very bad to lose it, but imagine our surprise when two mornings afterward the mamma pig walked out with two little guinea pigs. They were about as big as mice.

Ned's Birthday

By Willie Cullen, Age 10 Years, 2113 Webster St., Omaha, Red.

Ned's birthday was the 7th of March. Ned had been such a good boy for some time previous that his mother promised him a party on his birthday and at last the day had come. Ned was so glad he could hardly wait.
Invitations were sent out the day before and twenty children arrived the next evening at 6 o'clock. They played games and had lots of fun and at 7 o'clock refreshments were served. Ned ate so much cake and made such a little glutton of himself, that he passed for it afterward. They played more games and at 8 o'clock the children went home. Ned told his mother that night that he had the best time in his life.
At 9 o'clock, mother told Ned it was time to go to bed. Ned went against his wishes and at 12 o'clock, mother was

awakened by a terrible scream. She listened again and this time she heard Ned's voice calling, "Mother, oh mother, come quick, come quick." Mother was not frightened so much when she knew it was Ned.

When she entered Ned's bedroom there he was sitting up in bed and looking as if he must have seen a ghost. "Oh, I've had such a dreadful dream. I dreamed a man was standing by me just ready to cut my head off when I woke up and called you. Oh, I hope he won't come after me any more, mother; if he does I will nearly die with the fright."

But mother quieted Ned, telling him that no man would come after him and that he only had a dream. She told him that little boys always had to pay back for their naughtiness. Ned found out that it did not pay to be a glutton.

It is a year since his last birthday and Ned is 4 years old, and he never tried to be a glutton since his last birthday, when he had such a terrible dream which mother said was caused by eating "too much cake and good things."

My Visit to Tacoma Wash., on Puget Sound

By Isabel Crawford, Aged 12 Years, 2308 North Thirtieth Street, Omaha, Red.

My mother, brother, little sister and myself arrived at Tacoma, Wash., on October 2, 1906. It was raining when we arrived there and rained all winter. When it was not raining it was misty or foggy. There was seldom any sunshine. The fog horns from the ships on the bay could be heard nearly all the time. The climate of Tacoma is temperate, both summer and winter. The weather is disagreeable and dreary during the winter months. The summer season is very beautiful and delightful. It rains very little in the summer. While there I visited two of the principal parks, one known as the Wright park, located in the central part of the city. It covers four blocks and has nearly every kind of ornamental and forest trees. They have had concerts there twice a week in the summer. The other is Point Defiance park. It is a natural forest and some of the trees are a hundred feet before the first branches. It extends three miles out in the bay and is almost surrounded by water. People go down on the beach and dig clams and build camp fires and cook the clams. In the summer there are large beds of flowers, such as poppies, tulips and roses, also a very extensive zoo. We were at Tacoma until October last, then we came to Omaha.

Poor Tony

By Perry Skelton, Aged 11 Years, Spencer, Neb. Red.

Once upon a time a long time ago, there was a man who was very forgetful. This man's name was Mr. White. Mr. White, about Christmas time, forgot to bring one kind of food to his house. His name was Tony. Tony had nothing to do that morning, so he put him in the field. About 9 o'clock a storm came up. Mr. White was in the house reading, so poor Tony had to stay out in the storm. The storm got worse. Mr. White left the barn door open, but poor Tony had to stay out. He ran up and down the field. The snow was coming down faster, and Tony got colder, but no one came to him. In the morning his feet were stiff. Mr. White got up and said, "I forgot to bring you in." He took Tony into the barn and wrapped him up good. Tony was not able to work for a long time and ran in the pasture and had a good time all summer. And the next winter Mr. White took better care of his stock.

A Kind Deed

By Louise Bessire, Aged 9 Years, 414 North Thirty-ninth Street, Omaha, Red.

Once there was a very rich family living in Chicago. They had but one child, about 8 years old, named Kathryn. One day a poor little girl was out by this large house. Kathryn saw her and said, "Oh, father, look at that poor little girl out in the snow. Her stockings have many holes in them and her shoes are holes in them, too. May I give her some of my good clothes?"
"Why, of course," said her father, "if you would like to."
Kathryn opened the window and said, "Little girl, will you come in the house and get some warm clothes? The house and get some new clothes." They found her name was Kathryn, too. She lived with the Browns after that. She went to school with Kathryn and was never again seen on the streets ragged. Kathryn Browns was glad she had found a playmate.

Kindness Rewarded

By Madeline McCarthy, Aged 11, 710 Pierce Street, Omaha, Neb. Red.

Once upon a time there were two girls, named Bella and Dora. Bella was mean and cross and Dora was kind and gentle. One day, as they were walking down the steps, a lady came by with some packages. She said to Bella, "Will you please help me carry these packages?" Her answer was, "No." But Dora got up and said, "I will help you." So she carried them up to the house. The lady said, "Thank you," and asked her name and address. She said, "For your kindness I will reward you." The next week she received a present from her. It was a golden locket with the lady's picture in it. After that Bella learned how to be kind to everyone.

Susie and Her Mittens

By Helena Davis.

SUSIE had a way of forgetting to put on her mittens when the weather was very cold. Of course, she didn't need them when the weather was nice and warm, for then there was no need of her trying to remember to put them on as she went to and from school, or ran errands for her mamma. But it annoyed Susie's mamma very much to have her little daughter come in from school of an evening with her hands bare and cold, and when she asked where her mittens were and to have her reply: "Oh, I forgot them and left them in my box in my desk. Really, mamma, I just can't think to put on my mittens. I don't mind if my hands do get cold; they become warm directly I reach home and stand beside the nice big radiator in the hall."

"But by going with bare hands you'll catch cold and become ill," explained mamma. "And you must not be so forgetful, my dear little daughter. Now when you bring your mittens tomorrow—and bring them on your hands, too—I shall see them to the ends of a long tape and fasten the tape securely to the collar of your cloak. When you put on your cloak there will be your mittens, all ready for you to draw on your hands. Now when your little girl's hands will be snug and warm when she comes in from school or play."

The very next evening Susie remembered her mittens. But not till she had started home without them. Remembering them, she ran back to the schoolhouse and got them from her desk, drawing them on very snugly.
"They are awfully comfy," she admitted to herself as she walked along the street, for the March weather was anything but mild. "I'll try never to go out without them on again when it's cold. But, of course, if mamma sews them tightly to my cloak collar, how can I go out without them?" And Susie smiled to herself at the absurd thought.

But just as she was going round the corner of the block and nearing her own home she saw a sight that caused her to stop a minute. There, in the yard of a big house, was a small boy shoveling snow. For a heavy snow had fallen a few days before and was drifted against the side of the big house. The boy was working with red, cold hands. Susie watched him for a minute, then said to herself: "He doesn't remember to put on his mittens, either. Maybe his mamma tells him to do so, just as my mamma tells me, and maybe he forgets just as I forget. I believe I'll tell him to put them on and make his hands more comfortable. Mercy me, how red and cold his hands do look, anyway!"

Then, approaching the fence which separated the sidewalk from the yard where the boy was working, Susie called out to him: "Boy, why don't you wear your mittens?" "I haven't got none," replied the boy, resting on his shovel and looking curiously at Susie, as if asking in his mind, "And what business is it of yours, little miss, dressed up so fine and warm?" But as she didn't voice his mental question and stood



THE BOY CAME CLUMBSILY FORWARD, LOOKING A BIT ASHAMED, TO TAKE THE PROFFERED MITTENS.



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 200 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 King Bee

Dear Editor:
I am very glad to see that I had the honor of being chosen king of the Busy Bees and I hope I will be a faithful one. I thank the Busy Bees for their votes. In this letter I also want to thank you for my book. I think it is just lovely and it is very interesting.

WILLIE CULLEN, King Bee.

Lucile's Dream

(First Prize.)
By Letha Larkin, Aged 13 Years, South Sixth Street, Norfolk, Neb. Red.

Once there was a little girl named Lucille who was very selfish. Her mother and father had tried to break her of it, but it seemed impossible. One afternoon she was lying on the couch, when she was startled by a queer voice at the end of the room. There she saw two small figures. One was selfish, the other Unselfish. They were getting ready for a race. The one who won, was to have the first chat with Lucille.
They ran and Unselfish won the race, for selfish carried selfish hearts, which were heavy and Unselfish carried unselfish hearts, which were light. Unselfish sat down by Lucille and had a long talk with her. Lucille had never seen selfishness in the right light before, but she did now, and her face looked brighter, while selfish over in the corner was angry with her.
Selfish saw that Unselfish had conquered, so she knew it was useless to talk to Lucille.
"I want you to live with me always, and stay by me and not let selfish get in your place," said Lucille to Unselfish. She was startled by the ringing of the supper bell. At supper her face looked happier.
Her parents never knew what came over

her, but after that she was never selfish. Unselfish stood by her, and she introduced her to some of her selfish playmates, too?
Wouldn't you like to get acquainted, too?
(Second Prize.)
Goodness Rewarded
By Ruth Boehner, Aged 12 Years, Malvern, Ia. Blue.

Lily and Violet were twins. They were 12 years old and looked very much alike. Lily was of a sweet disposition, but Violet was not. One night when they were expecting their grandfather their parents were called away on business. When their mother kissed them she said: "My daughters will entertain grandpa until we return." When her mother was gone Violet went to the nursery.
A little after 8 the door bell rang. Lily went to the door, let her grandfather in, kissed him and entertained him the rest of the evening. Violet called naughty things down the stairs.
When the father and mother returned that evening, grandfather told them how nice Lily had been. He then took two beautiful gold watches from his pocket. One of them he handed to Lily, the other

ter who forgets so easily? I am distressed over—"
"Mamma," interrupted Susie. "I didn't forget my mittens this evening. I put them on and wore them to the corner up here."
"Then where are they now, if you wore them as far as the corner?" And there was a tone of reproof in mamma's voice.
"I—gave them away, mamma," confessed Susie. "But if you could have seen how cold his hands were—the little boy's hands—you would have been glad to have me give them to him."
And then Susie more fully explained the matter, and her mamma drew her to her side and kissed her tenderly, saying: "Little heart of gold, is my own sympathetic and loving little girl. I shall go at once to the place where you left the poor boy and tell him to call here as soon as his task there is done. I shall question him about himself and his 'mom,' who must be a good woman and one deserving of assistance."
"And you don't mind my giving away my nice mittens?" asked Susie, smuggling against her mother's side.
"I wouldn't object to buying you a new pair every day if you disposed of them in this manner," declared her mother. "I am happy to see that your heart responds so readily to the distress of others. And now I shall go and follow up your good beginning by looking after that poor boy."
And this is a part of the story of Susie and her mittens.

Illustrated Rebus

