

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR ROW PAGE

OUR PAGE has never had a better lot of stories than came in last week and the editor is very proud of the Busy Bees. She will have to repeat the caution, however, to be careful and mark the stories "original," to say on which side the story is to be counted and not to exceed the word limit. One of the boys forgot to say how old he is, and one of the girls did the same thing. The editor realizes that there is a great deal to remember, but then that is part of the contest.

One boy asks whether the Busy Bees have to make up their own stories or use stories they have read. The stories are all supposed to be original with the Busy Bees and must be marked so.

So many of the boys have been playing base ball this summer that many of them have not had time to even write a story for the Busy Bee page. The editor believes that some of these games would make good stories and has decided to offer a prize for the best base ball story written for our page during the month of August. Not knowing very much about base ball herself, the Busy Bee editor has appointed the sporting editor of The Bee judge of these stories. They must not be merely reports of games you have played or won, but stories about base ball games. The name of the winner will be announced the first Sunday in September.

As so many of the boys and girls have requested it, it has been decided to allow the Busy Bees to choose their own subjects for stories during the month of August. Now let us have the very best lot of stories that have ever been written.

One of the boys sent the Busy Bee editor a pattern for a base ball cover cut from a cover he had made for a home-made ball. He says he has been saving all the string that came from the butcher and grocer for ever so long, winding it tight in a ball, which he covered last week and now has a fine base ball. He did not sign his name to the letter, which the editor regrets, for she would like to know who he is.

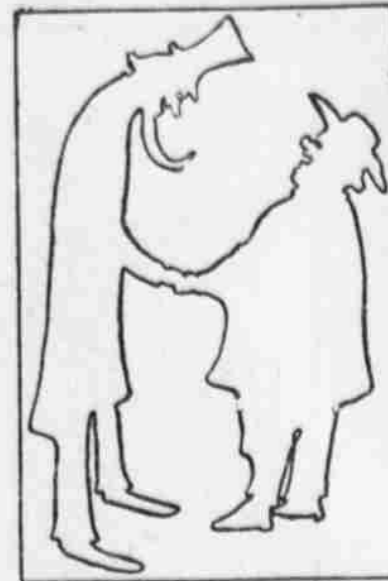
The prize stories this week are: "Martin's Revenge," written by Alice Weyrich, aged 8 years, of Plattsmouth, and "A Ghost Story," by Gall E. Howard, aged 12 years, of 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha. "The Fairies' Picnic," by Louise Raabe of Omaha, won honorable mention.

Fishing from the Old Dock is Great Sport



WHERE THE CITY BOY HAS HIS FUN IN SUMMER TIME

him and she said yes. Afterwards I taught him to bring back a tin lid when I throw it. He always had a lid in his mouth wanting someone to throw it for him. I have a picture of him when he is holding a tin lid in his mouth. He hated cats, as most dogs do. He has tried many a time to catch birds, rabbits and squirrels, but never succeeded. He would follow me every day if I would let him go. When I came home one day and saw him dying it made me cry. In about half an hour he was dead. The lady back of us put some poison out for the gophers and as he was going over to the woods he got some of it. I miss him more every day.



SEE IF YOU CAN DRAW THIS WITHOUT LIFTING YOUR PENCIL.

a barn that was there. As the marshal lived near there Paul went after him. He came and arrested the tramp and found he had \$200. The marshal gave the money to the postmaster, who found \$200 missing. He then gave Paul \$10 for helping to capture the thief.

Adventures of a Spoon

By Esther Coman, Aged 11 Years, 147 East Sixth Street, Fremont, Neb. Blue.

One afternoon when I was five years old and dug me out of the ground. They took me to a place where I was melted and made into a beautiful silver spoon. They put me in a jewelry store and marked me two big dollars. I lay on the counter for several months. People would pick me up and admire me. But always put me down again, saying I was too high priced, until one day a woman named Mrs. Brown came in the store to buy a birthday present for her little daughter Ruth. She said she would take me, so I was put in a little box and carried home. In the morning Mrs. Brown presented me to Ruth and she was very much pleased with me. I was laid away in a drawer and only used when they had company. When Ruth's next birthday came she got another beautiful spoon, so I was put on the tray with some common spoons and used every day until I was bent and all worn out. Then Ruth used me in her sand pile. One night when she brought me in she laid me on the table with some newspapers. In the morning Mrs. Brown threw the papers in the stove and I was among the papers. That was the end of my life.

Jocko

By Ruth Temple, Aged 9 Years, Lexington, Neb. Blue.

I am a monkey. My name is Jocko. I lived with my brothers and sisters in Africa. One day we were playing hide-and-seek when I hid something tight around my foot and knew I had stepped into a snare. In spite of my efforts to get free some men put me in a box. After a long journey they put me in a dark room. Then a man took me out in the fresh air and I saw water all around. Pretty soon the boat stopped and the men lifted me on the ground once more. We were going through the streets of a town when a little girl saw me. When they were counting the money I slipped away and ran up a tree in the park, but a man caught me and gave me to her. She took me home and fed me and we became great friends.

Henry Brown

By Marcellus Rusland, Aged 13 Years, 2923 Charles Street, Omaha, Neb. Red.

"Henry," called a sharp voice, "is that wood cut?" "Yes, ma'am," was the reply. Let me introduce Henry Brown, a fatherless lad of 12, with a frank, open face and tall for his age. About a year ago Henry had a good, kind father, but fever came their way and the father was stricken and soon died. Before he died he told Henry to take care of his mother. Henry did his best. He obtained a place doing errands. His employer was a rich, kind man, whose wife was just the other way. Mr. Smith was his name. Ten years have passed. Henry is now enjoying a reward with his mother. He earns \$200 a day.

The Bird's Cyclone

By Edythe Mastina, Aged 12 Years, Wilber, Neb. Red.

One night last week one of the heavy storms we had blew a bird's nest out of a tree, which caused great annoyance among the birds. They then made their home on the ground, where the nest had fallen, thinking they would have peace till their birdlings grew old enough to fly, but before they were settled down comfortably again some men came along to work down water. This was the first time they did not know the nest was there, and to their great surprise, struck the nest with their scythes, which scattered the birds in all directions. The mother bird cried pitifully for help and soon had many birds of her kind siding her. They all were very busy building new nests, and the scolding men most terribly. It was quite late before the mother had her little ones at rest. Then all sat in peace and rejoiced that they had escaped injury.

Baptizing the Dolls

By Blessing Seidel, Aged 12 Years, Phillips, Neb. Red.

One warm summer day three girls were going bathing. Said one of them: "Let us take our dolls." "All right," said the others, and they got their bathing suits and were soon at the water edge. They put on their suits and it was not long till they were in the water. This was the first time the dolls had ever been in the water and they played baptizing. They baptized the dolls and the dolls' hair came off, and they went home without any hair, but they got some new hair and were ready to be baptized again.

Caring for Babe

By Ada Nou, Aged 11 Years, Nebraska City, Neb. Blue.

Taking care of baby, girls, what a beautiful subject to write on. Surely most of us know some little things to do to help make the little darlings happy and comfortable. What brings more joy to the home than a sweet little baby? First it must have its morning bath; next it must be dressed in a long, loose kimono and not to sleep for its morning's nap. When it wakens have the baby carriage padded, then put the baby's suitable dress on and its hood, lay it in the carriage and get ready for its morning ride for health. (A small baby's face must be covered with a very fine veil or baby cloth.) Now have the parasol ready. The baby should have this ride before it gets hot in the morning. A good time would be about 9:30 or 10. If you live in a town it would be favorable to go to a park. If you live in the country take it a ride down the road or in the woods (if there is a small piece of woods close by, that is, if there is grass under the trees). Of course, after returning home the baby will be apt to be hungry, and mother should see to that. We should play with the little darling and try and make it happy.

Of course, about the only thing we can do for the baby is to take it for its morning ride, put it to sleep and play with it so it don't cry so much, for crying makes baby feel bad. Mother is to bathe it and see what it gets to eat, as mamma knows best.

Ruth's Thief

By Mary Marston, Aged 11, Omaha, Neb. Red.

Once upon a time there lived a poor widow who had an only daughter named Ruth, who was 3 years old. One day Ruth was out in the yard playing when a man came to her and said that he was her uncle and asked if that was where she lived. She took him up to the house and left him in the parlor while she got her mother. When her mother came in there was no one there and she grew cross and said Ruth had told a story. But one day she started to go down town, but when her mother tried to find her pocketbook and her money it was gone, and so it came out that her mother had been wrong when she said Ruth had told a story, and that the man was a thief.

Naming the Kitten

By Marian Norris, Aged 10 Years, McCook, Neb. Red.

Last spring my friend Mabel found a small black kitty, about 4 weeks old. She was going away soon and promised to give me the kitty when she went. The night before she was to go she brought me the kitty. We had named it, yet, so our sisters helped us suggest. Edna, Mabel's big sister, said name it Puss. I thought she said, Curious, so Mabel and I decided to call it Curious. She ran away in the fall and I have not seen her since.

The Picnic

By Mary Husted, Aged 13 Years, Phillips, Neb. Red.

One fine day last summer a party of girls thought we would have a picnic. We started about 1 o'clock with fishing rods, bathing suits and supper. It was the Platte river that we had chosen as a place to go. It was two miles from Phillips. We were soon there. We fished, but did not have very good luck, and then we tried swimming, but that also was a failure. So we tried eating lunch. Then we started home, but a freight train met us, so we sat down on a log and waited till it had gone by. There were fifty-one cars and one engine. Then once more we started and reached home about 7:30.

What Happened to Bessie

By Gertrude Hodgson, Aged 10 Years, 2291 Woolworth Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red.

One day Bessie asked her mother if she might go to see her little friend Elizabeth, and her mother said "No." But Bessie ran away and Elizabeth was delighted to see her, but while they were playing with Fat, the dog, he snapped at her and made her wrist not only bleed, but hurt her badly. Bessie did not go home, but pretty soon it began hurting her so badly that she had to go. When her mother saw it she did not say a word, but washed it and bound it. When she had finished she took Bessie by the hand and led her upstairs and put her to bed. Bessie never ran away again and Elizabeth was very much ashamed of Bessie when she found it out.

Paul's Thief

By Willie Findley, Aged 12 Years, Bellevue, Neb. Blue.

Paul lived in a small town where there were only two stores and a postoffice. His father was dead and his mother worked hard for a living for herself and Paul. One evening Paul's chum, George, invited him over to spend the evening. He stayed till about 9 o'clock and then started home. As he was passing the postoffice going home he saw a light there. As it closed at 6 o'clock he knew there was something the matter. He crossed the street and looked in a window. At the money drawer there was a man who had been begging that day. What would he do? Just then the man started toward the window to go out. Paul drew back a little ways and he saw the man close the window and go down the street. Paul followed, staying a little ways behind him. The tramp turned in at an alley and went into

Telling the Truth

By Lulu Mae Cox, Aged 12 Years, Florence, Neb. Blue.

Helen was as sweet a little girl of 8 years as you could find in the village of Co., Neb. But she had one fault—she sometimes told an untruth. When Helen was a baby her mother died and Helen was left in the care of her bachelor uncle Jack. Now Uncle Jack tried to cure her of this fault, but it was not like a mother that was there all day. Helen did not mean to tell falsehoods, but one day Uncle Jack came home with glorious news that the circus was coming to town. Uncle told Helen that he would take her if she did not tell a falsehood for the two remaining weeks. Helen tried all day and it seemed to her all night, to tell the truth, but one day Bridget made some apple pudding for dinner, and when she came down later she found a good many raisins gone out of it. "Do you know where those raisins are?" asked Bridget. "No, ma'am," said Helen. When Uncle Jack came home that night he was not so disbeliever as that brought this on. Helen is an old lady now and much beloved by all who know her, but she will never forget the day when she lost the circus by a falsehood.

The Sugar Dog

By Velma King, Aged 11 Years, 2624 Fort Street, Omaha, Blue.

Once upon a time there lived a little boy named Charlie. He lived in a large white house, which stood out on the farm in the country, just the other side of the town of Valley. His birthday was on April 12. It happened that his Aunt Sarah was there the week of his birthday and she bought her nephew a candy sugar dog. The dog was white, with pink ears, and a pink nose, and a pink tail that curled over his back. "Now, see how long you can keep your little pink and white dog," said his Aunt Sarah. "Oh, I shall keep him ever so long. I shan't want to eat a dog," said Charlie.

"What are you going to name him, Charlie?" said his aunt. "Charlie," said Charlie. "Auntie, don't you think that dogs would look better if their tails were a little shorter?" "No, indeed," she answered. "Instead of having a shorter tail his feet ought to be shorter."

The next day he bit off his dog's feet and then he ate it up.

My Dog Rex

By T. Earl Clark, Aged 10 Years, 511 North Twenty-third Street, Omaha, Blue.

About five years ago, when we were moving into a house near Twenty-fifth and Sprague streets, I saw a dog out in the street. He was a pup and black as coal except his neck, where there was a spot of white. I brought him in the house and showed him to my mother and asked her if I could keep him. She said no. Of course I could not keep him, so I let him out to see if he would stay. Well, he stayed all night and when I got up in the morning there he was in the same place I had left him. I asked my mother again if I could keep



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.

long before Mr. Thorn and Martin were friends again.

A Ghost Story

By Gall E. Howard, Aged 12 Years, 4722 Capitol Avenue, Omaha, Red.

There was an old house down in the outskirts of the village, and the people said that this house was haunted. An old man and his grandson—they were the only ones left from a large family—said that they were not afraid to live in there, so the neighbors—there were not very many, because they were afraid of this house having ghosts in it—said that they would gather up \$100 and give it to them both if they would live in the house at least four nights. So they moved in and got settled, and when they went to bed everything went all right. The second and third nights they heard someone cry, "My leg! my leg! my leg!" but they said that it was someone in the street got hurt. When the old man heard it the fourth night he woke Herbert up—for that was the boy's name—and said: "Herbert, that sounds like it was down in the basement," so they lit the lantern and went down, but they could see nothing. But again they heard, "My leg! my leg! my leg!" and the man said, "Who hurt your leg?" But the only reply was the same as before, "My leg! my leg! my leg!" and again the man said, very crossly, "Who hurt your leg?" Then the ghost jumped out from behind a tub and said, "You did, and disappeared." The man and boy both got their \$100 and they stayed in the house until death started the old man on to his long journey, and the boy was old enough to take care of himself then.

The Fairies' Picnic

By Louise Raabe, Aged 11 Years, 2626 North Nineteenth Avenue, Omaha, Blue.

The fairies were going to have a moonlight picnic. They lived in a wood on a little island in a shallow brook. The picnic was to be in a beautiful grove a little further down the brook, and the fairies were to go in boats of leaves and nutshells with paddles made of stems of flowers. They were to return in coaches drawn by fireflies. When their neighbors, the frogs, heard all about the picnic they wanted to go, too, and offered to furnish the music. The fairies did not like to have the frogs for their orchestra, but at last consented for fear of offending them. The frogs donned their white vests and were soon ready in the canoes made of

Martin's Revenge

By Alice Weyrich, Aged 8 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb. Red.

"Oh, mamma!" cried little Martin Goodwin, "old Mr. Thorn has shot my dear Mitty." "Why did he shoot her?" asked his mamma. "He said she was after his doves, but I don't believe it. Oh, mamma, I loved my kitty so!" "I am very sorry he shot her," said mamma. "He was very unkind to do so." "Never mind," said Martin, angrily. "I'll get even with him; I'll hurt some of his pets." "But, Martin, you must not do evil because Mr. Thorn did," said his mamma. The next day Mr. Thorn's beautiful peacock flew into Mrs. Goodwin's yard and into the henhouse. "Oh!" exclaimed Martin, quickly shutting the door. "Now I'll have my revenge; I'll pull out every feather in that peacock's tail!" So he seized the big bird and pulled two beautiful feathers out, but the bird was so frightened that Martin took it in his arms, saying, "Poor birdie, I won't hurt you to spite old Mr. Thorn," and soon he was at Mr. Thorn's door with the peacock in his arms and said, "Mr. Thorn, I'm awful mad at you, because you shot my kitty and I can't ever love you again. I started to pull the feathers out of your peacock's tail, but I thought I wouldn't be so mean." The next morning Martin was greatly surprised when Mr. Thorn came to his door with a pretty Maltese kitty. "Martin," he said, "sometimes little folks act better than old folks." The kitty was a beauty and it was not

in a fix, we are.

Mr. Snider—that keeps the market-bought that lamb yesterday he has sent us out here to—bought it. Now, what are we to do?" Lalla straightened up in the wagon, tossed back her flaxen hair, and, looking squarely in the speaker's face, said: "My name's Lalla Gardner, and I live in the country. This little lamb was on our farm when I left there two days ago. It must be that papa sold her—for otherwise how did the market man get her? But she shall not be butchered. You must take me and my lamb back to town and I'll get grandmamma to take me home in her buggy. I'll tell papa that he must send a wagon for Sunshine right away. And he'll pay the money back to the market man—the money that he paid my father for Sunshine." The butchers looked at one another with puzzled faces. "Now, what'll old Snider say?" asked one. Snider was the proprietor of the city meat market. "Well, I'll not lend a hand at killin' this little girl's pet," he went on. "So the only thing to do is to get into the wagon and go back to town and explain everything to Snider."

"Yes, I guess that'll have to be our move," acquiesced the second butcher. "Well, the old man ort n't to have sold his gal's pet anyway. I may be nothin' but a butcher—but I wouldn't touch that child's lamb if I starved for meat." Lalla was quite overcome by the rude sympathy expressed in the butchers' words, and leaning over she offered her little hand to them. "You are good men—if you are—butchers," she faltered. "And I hope Mr. Snider won't be hard on you for not

Lalla's Run For a Life

By Helena Davis.

Lalla Gardner was a little country girl and lived with her parents on a farm in a western state. As she was an only child she had to find her playmates among the young animals on the farm. Therefore the calves, pigs, colts and lambs were her play-fellows, and they all loved Lalla, for she treated them with so much kindness and friendly attention. Indeed, wherever Lalla went a certain little lamb would follow her about, for all the world like the story of Mary and the little lamb. And would you believe it?—Lalla had taught the little lamb to perform certain little tricks, which were a pretty sight to see. And she also taught the pigs to do certain tricks—the trick of standing with front feet on a trough while they ate milk and rich kitchen slop. But pigs were not such apt pupils, so Lalla devoted most of her time to the pretty lamb, whose name was Sunshine.

"Now, Sunshine, what would I do without you?" Lalla would ask as she and the lamb took their long morning walks through the big pastures that bordered the river. And Sunshine would wag her little tail and say, "Ba, ba," in the sweetest manner possible. And when she said "Ba, ba," she meant "Certainly, Mistress Lalla, you could not do without me." But there came a time when Lalla and her little four-footed friends had to part for a few days. Lalla was going to town to visit with her grandmamma and grandpapa. The little four-footed friends were to remain at home. It was a sad parting the morning of Lalla's leave taking, for somehow she made her playmates understand that she was going away for a time. The pigs ran and squealed, the colts frisked about uneasily, and the lambs kept up a bleating, as though they were about to lose their best friend. But Lalla bravely assured them that she should soon return to her home and to them and that then all would pass along as before.

The day following Lalla's departure for town a man came to her father's farm on business. He was there to negotiate for live stock and as Lalla's father raised cattle, sheep, horses and hogs for market the man made satisfactory arrangements to buy all the stock that Mr. Gardner had for sale. And, sad to say, this included the little lamb, Sunshine. Not that Mr. Gardner had a thought of Lalla's grieving over the loss of the lamb. He was a busy man and had taken little notice of the companionship between the young animals on the farm and his little daughter, and never once did Lalla enter his mind as he made the sale of stock that day. And Lalla's mother was too busy with her household affairs to pay any heed to her husband's business transactions; therefore, Sunshine, with a lot of other lambs and sheep, was driven away from her happy home, thinking perhaps that never again would she see the young mistress she loved so tenderly in her own dumb way.

But something happened two days later. As Lalla was dressing on the second morning after her arrival at her grandmamma's



THEN, DRIPPING, SHE ASCENDED THE OPPOSITE BANK.



Illustrated Rebus