

BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

THE BUSY BEES no doubt are interested to know which side has won the most prize stories so far and which has the greater number of writers on their side, Augusta Kibler, captain of the blue side or Ernest Nellor, captain of the red side. The Busy Bees are pretty evenly divided, but the red side is a little ahead, having won nine prize stories, while the blue has only seven. The following are the prize winners since the beginning of the contest, July 7: Hulda Lundberg, blue; Alice Temple, blue; Marjorie Pratt, blue; Florence Pettijohn, red; Juaneta Innes, red; Alta Wilkens, red; Alice Grassmeyer, red; Hazel Hanna, blue; Gail E. Howard, red; Alice Weyrich, red; Ruth Ashby, red; Norine Schulof, red; Louise Stiles, blue; Agnes Lundberg, blue; Augusta Kibler, blue; and Alice Grassmeyer, red. In counting the number of subjects each ruler has, it is found that the Queen has six more than the King.

Augusta Kibler of Kearney, Neb., Queen of the Busy Bees, won the first prize this week and Alice Grassmeyer of Riverdale, Neb., won the second prize. Honorary mention was given to Mildred Foote, 1313 Park avenue, Omaha.

Only one correct answer was sent in last week to the illustrated rebus and that was by Ethel Grey, aged 12 years, Fremont, Neb. It was solved as follows: Now is the fishing season. When going fishing go to the river.

The rules were well observed last week and everyone remembered to mark their story "original" and also to mention which side they were on, red or blue. See if such a good record can be made this week and won't the boys think of some good subject to write about? It would greatly please the editor to have the boys as enthusiastic about sending in stories as the girls.

"Queen Elizabeth" Got Even

By Annie James.

May and Pearl and Junie, three dear little sisters, had a very pretty present given to them. The present was one that could run about and say "Meow!" And the little girls named this pretty present—which of course you must know was a kitten—"Queen Elizabeth." Queen Elizabeth was just 3 months old when she became the property of little May and Pearl and Junie, and she had just learned to sit neatly out of a saucer, if it was placed on the floor where she could get her pink nose into it. Milk was the favorite diet of Queen Elizabeth, and little May and Pearl and Junie were always very kind to her and kept the saucer filled with the freshest and sweetest milk they could get from the cellar, where many long shelves of crocks of milk were kept on long shelves. But never having had a kitten before these little girls did not know just how to treat Queen Elizabeth. True, they loved her very much and would smile every time they looked upon her; and would say, "Isn't she the cutest?" or, "Isn't she a little dear?" But they had a way of rousing Queen Elizabeth from her nest naps by jerking her up rudely and squeezing her ever so hard. Of course this was because they loved Queen Elizabeth, and they did not really know that they hurt her little soft roly-poly body when they hugged her so tightly.

And how could Queen Elizabeth tell them they were tormenting her? She had a pretty wee pink tongue, for it was quite necessary to possess one with which to lap milk; but this same little pink tongue could not say a word except "mew," or "meow," which, of course, is one and the same thing. But she had many ways of saying "mew" or "meow." Sometimes she said it very gently, meaning, "I'm hungry, if you please," and sometimes she would cry out lustily—when being squeezed—which meant, "Oh, you are hurting me. Please to loosen your big hard hands." Now, the hands of May, Pearl and Junie were not big nor hard. But as compared with the size and softness of Queen Elizabeth they were huge and strong indeed, and could inflict great sufferings on that poor helpless little four-footer.

One day, after having been so roughly handled and hugged by each of her three mistresses in turn, little Queen Elizabeth determined to do something in the way of self-protection. She had a set of fine sharp claws, and she felt that they were there for some purpose other than that of scratching her own little body or the soft bark of some shrub bushes that grew in the yard.

It was the luncheon hour for May, Pearl and Junie, and Queen Elizabeth was left alone for a while. What a joy to lie in the soft grass and nap or to run up and down the trees in play without those three young giants to grab her and hug her and pull her about as though she were a lifeless thing like their sawdust-stuffed dolls that had been sadly neglected by them since the advent of Queen Elizabeth. And as the little kitten ran about enjoying her brief freedom, she began to plan on some method of self-protection. She lay down and stretched out her paws, uncoiling the little sharp claws that were so nicely hidden away beneath the furry pads of flesh and muscle. "Yes, they are sharp and strong," thought little Queen Elizabeth. And she straightway tried them on the bark of a nearby tree. As she drew the sharp points through the hard bark she found she could cut through the outer skin or surface. Yes, there were little deep-cut marks left to show the places where her claws had scratched. And then it was that Queen Elizabeth made up her mind to use those claws whenever she thought it necessary to do so.

And it was not long till an opportunity presented itself to her to make good her resolution. After finishing luncheon May, Pearl and Junie came into the yard to play. They at once hunted out Queen Elizabeth from beneath the clump of shrubbery where she had hidden from their threatened attack upon her. Junie it was who reached a fat little hand in after the tiny prey, grasping Queen Elizabeth about the body and giving it a squeeze and a tug to draw it forth. She succeeded in bringing the little thing to light, but immediately dropped her with a cry of "Ouch-h-le!" Then she held up a hand and wrist bearing three deep scratches from which oozed tiny specks of blood. "Oh, see how Queen Elizabeth has scratched me!" she cried, showing her wrist to her surprised sisters. "Oh, the naughty kitten!" declared May. "She needs to be punished for that. I'll catch her and give her a good smacking on the ears."

And so saying, May ran after the kitten, which was now going up a tree as fast as her four little paws would take her. But she was still within reach of May's upstretched arm and was soon caught in a clasp of iron. Queen Elizabeth had made such a good stroke at the beginning that she now felt quite certain of herself, and squirming about in the squeezing hand she inflicted a series of scratches that made little Miss May drop her, and quickly, too. "Oh, you bad, bad kitten!" cried the hurt girl. "Won't I just give you a good whiplap, though, if I ever again get hands on you?" And May stopped in her pursuit of the scampering kitten to look at her wounds. "See," she said to Junie, "she's given me a worse scratching than she did you. Just look at the marks of her claws. Goodness, how it hurts! I'm going to the



WHY FISHERMAN JIMMY GOT NO FISH.

house and show it to mamma. You'd better come, too, Junie, and have mamma put something on your scratches." As Junie and May ran to the house to have their wounds dressed, Pearl decided she would teach the naughty, ungrateful thing how to behave. Running and catching up the feeling kitten, she gave her a sound slap on her pretty little ears. Now, Queen Elizabeth was not a bit surprised when she received the blows, which, considering her size, were pretty heavy ones, though not intended to be so. The truth is, Pearl meant to tap her very gently, just to make her understand she had been a naughty kitten and must suffer the consequences of her misconduct.

Squirming about in Pearl's hands, Queen Elizabeth gave her captor such a scratching on her wrists, and such a bite—she had just learned the use of her sharp teeth—that Pearl was glad enough to try to put her down. But Queen Elizabeth would not go down. She held on to Pearl's hands with her vicious little claws, digging them deeper and deeper every second. At last, in real despair, Pearl tore the kitten from her grasp and threw the kitten on the grass. Then away she went to the house to show her wounds to her mother, just as Junie and May had done. Left alone, Queen Elizabeth was happy. She frolicked and rolled on the grass, no longer hugging girls being there to annoy her and rob her of her freedom. But after a while she became sleepy and lay down in the cool shade to take a "cat nap." While slumbering softly, and no doubt

When City Children Have a Day of Fun



CHILDREN AT WISE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL PICNIC.



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, NEB.

Why the Elephants Went on a Strike

By Augusta Kibler, Aged 14 Years, Kearney, Neb. Blue.

There were fifty elephants in the menagerie of Wooling's circus. These elephants took part in the parade and the two performances daily. But although the elephants did all this work they were given very little food.

The elephants got to thinking, and then talking about the small amount of food they were given, and finally decided to go on a strike for more food.

One morning when it was time for the parade, and the keeper went for the elephants, they would not move. So they had to have the parade without them. It was the same way all day, when it came time for the elephants to perform, they would not move. So the strike went on day after day.

The crowds grew smaller that came to the show. For when the people saw the

How Belle Was Cured

By Alice Grassmeyer, Aged 13 Years, Riverdale, Neb. Red.

Belle Gibson was the daughter of well-to-do people. Belle had good manners and a sweet looking little face, but she had one bad habit. She always said, "I don't care."

Her parents were at a loss to know what to do with her, for they did not want their daughter to grow up that way.

Once she tore her nicest party dress, but she only said, "I don't care." And she did many more naughty things, but said the same thing.

One day Belle and her parents were visiting at the farm and Belle lost her little ring. She said, "I don't care." Her mother had tried a good many ways to make Belle stop this habit but had failed. This time she made Belle turn the grindstone for the hired man for a long time. It was rather severe punishment for a little girl of 10 years, but it cured her of that "don't care" habit. She said she didn't feel like saying "I don't care" after she

dreaming of mice, footsteps sounded on the soft earth near her. Opening one little blue eye (it is said that cats always sleep with one eye only, keeping the other awake to watch for danger), Queen Elizabeth saw May, Pearl and Junie creeping stealthily toward her. Instantly she was awake with both eyes and got up, her tail fuzed to a great size and held high above her back. She had suddenly become not only brave, but defiant. She assumed to say: "Now, no more handling, if you please. I have my rights as a living and breathing and feeling creature and I shall stand for no foolishness. My claws and teeth are sharp, as you are all aware. If you'd have liberty and peace, allow me to enjoy the same."

"Just see how she swells up her tail!" cried Junie. "My! isn't she a little beast!"

"Ah, don't be afraid of us; we're not going to touch you, Mistress Queen Elizabeth," declared May, shaking her head at the kitten. "We don't relish having our hands and arms bitten and scratched all to pieces, we don't. So, down with your tail and back and get behind a safe distance. We aren't going to ever handle you again."

"No; for mamma says we have doubtless been rough with you, which we didn't mean to be," explained Pearl. "If you hugged you too tightly it was because we loved you so much. But now we mean to admire you from a safe distance. So, come; down with your tail and behave yourself, my high and mighty queen."

Their conduct toward her was such as to assure Queen Elizabeth and gradually she drew her funny fat tail down to its normal size. Then she walked about her three mistresses, keeping all the while a safe distance from them.

But after many days and nights Queen Elizabeth became on better terms with May, Junie and Pearl, for she learned that they feared her claws and teeth too much to handle her roughly. So she became a pretty white ball that the little girls would toss to her. And pretty soon the little girls found there was much more fun to be had in playing with the kitten in this free and easy way than in handling and hugging the poor little thing till it cried "meow" with pain.

"You see, cats feel as well as other people," said Pearl. "And that's why Queen Elizabeth gave us back as good as we sent, scratch for squeeze."

him to a fine house, where he gave him plenty to eat and kept the boy ever after.

Anna's Lesson

By Alice Grassmeyer, Aged 13 Years, Riverdale, Neb. Blue.

Anna was a sweet and gentle little girl, but she could never remember to say "Thank you."

When she was five years old she went to school. At the end of the term the teacher stood before the class and said, "I hope all these little girls will have a pleasant vacation. As you have been so good I am going to give you a little present."

She opened a package that she held in her hand and took out a stick of peppermint candy. Anna's eyes sparkled, for she loved candy.

As each little girl received her candy, she said "Thank you, Miss White; good-bye." Little Anna rushed home and showed her mother what Miss White had given her. "Did you say 'Thank you'?" asked mamma. "I don't remember," faltered Anna. "Then run back to school quickly as possible and say it." Anna was very glad of a chance to repair her mistake, and kept saying all the way, "Thank you, Miss White, for the candy." When she reached the school house the teacher and pupils had gone and the doors closed and locked. (She looked at the door in disappointment and felt that she would never have a chance to thank Miss White.

It was the last time Anna ever forgot to be polite. When anyone showed her a kindness that schoolhouse door, locked against her, came into her mind and reminded her of what to say. When she became a young lady people would say, "What charming manners Miss Anna has!"

"He"

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 11 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Red.

Our hero is of medium size. He has black hair and brown eyes. He is not as ambitious as we would like to see him, and what ambition he has is all spent in a mischievous way. He never earned any money himself, but spends his time living off of others.

One day when his hostess was away two young women made some fudge for his hostess (who had a sweet tooth). They sat it on the table, thinking she would divide with our hero. When the hostess came in our hero, greedy as he was, had eaten it all.

He had a very unclean habit of going to bed without turning back the spread. This caused his hostess much annoyance. One day he went into a house without invitation and went up to the spare bed and went to bed without turning back the spread. But the next morning the maid of the house found him sleeping as calmly as if he owned the house. But we can forgive all these shortcomings, for our hero was a dog.

Rhymes for Our Little Readers

Well-Bred Little Polly.



She never soiled her pretty clothes; When she was told to stay indoors, She never did go out. If she would sit quite still Upon her little chair, You really might assure yourself That she would sit right there. If ugly children called her names She merely sat and smiled; She never talked to them; She was a well-bred child. Of course, she never worked a bit; She couldn't sweep or scrub. She couldn't cook nor make a bed, For she was a doll, you know.

MAUD WALKER.



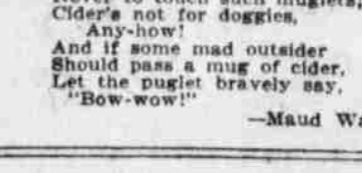
A Woolly Tale.

Little happy puglet, Drinking from a muglet, Drinking grandpa's beer, Don't you know? Older hard as bricket, Serves poor Pug a tricklet, Makes him full and lays him On the floor!

Little Pug gets crazy, For his mind is hazy, Never being drunk so, I'll confess; He thinks his tail a snakelet, And he dies in awful Drunken-ess!

Let this warn all puglets, Never to touch such muglets; Older's not for doggies, Any-how! And if some mad outsider Should pass a mug of cider, Let the puglet bravely say, "Bow-wow!"

MAUD WALKER.



Prattle of the Yonsters

"Can any little boy in the class tell me why the lions did not hurt Daniel?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"I guess it was 'cause he belonged to the circus," answered a bright youngster.

Teacher—We were given the different senses for a purpose, Albert, can you tell me why we were given eyes?

Little Albert—Yes, ma'am—to shut when we go to sleep.

Questions About a Tree.

Did you ever see a tree walk on its limbs? Are there interesting stories to be found between the tree's leaves? Does a tree's heart ever break? Did you ever hear the bark of a tree? Can a tree spin its top? What does a tree put in its trunk? Do fishes ever swim in the tree's branches? Should a tree get offended if you should call it nutty? Are trees sad when they sigh in the breeze? What is a tree after when it roots into the ground?

A Riddle.

Legs and arms and back, Yet it cannot speak, The only sound that it can make Is an ugly little squeak. (A chair.)

Bobby's Story



CAN OUR GIRLS AND BOYS READ BOBBY'S STORY? IT IS WRITTEN IN HIS OWN ORIGINAL STYLE.