

BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

By this time the Busy Bees must be in school and well started on their year's work. Of course, the entering school after a summer vacation devoted to play was so absorbing for the time being, that little time was left to writing letters and stories for the Busy Bees' page. But now that the novelty has worn off, the editor will expect an unusually large number of good original stories from both the boys and girls in this week's mail.

Don't forget that this is the last month for Miss Augusta Kibler of Kearney and Mr. Ernest Nellor of Beemer to reign as king and queen. A good many votes for the new rulers have been sent in and so far Miss Gail E. Howard of Omaha and Mr. Lionel Brown of Fairmont have received the most. Votes have also come in for Miss Alice Grassmeyer of Riverdale and Miss Marjorie Pratt of Kearney.

One of two trips were sent in this week. They were interesting, too, but "trips" if the boys and girls will stop to think, was the only subject excluded from this particular contest.

A nice letter was written to the Busy Bees by Ruth Ashby and is published today, in which she suggests an exchange of postal cards. After reading her letter those who would care to do this send in your names and they will be published. In this way those who care for these cards can soon have a collection to be proud of.

The rules that seem hardest for the little writers to remember: "Mark all stories 'original'" and "State which side you wish to be on, Red or Blue."

The first prize was awarded this week to Miss Alice Temple, age 9 years, Lexington, Neb.; second prize to Miss Florence Pettijohn, age 14 years, Long Pine, Neb. Honorary mention was given Miss Alice Grassmeyer, age 13 years, Riverdale, Neb.

This Midsummer Flower Parade Was a Sure Winner



HOW SOME OMAHA BUSY BEES ENJOYED THEMSELVES ONE DAY DURING THE SUMMER.

Sammy's Escape from Indians

By William Wallace, Jr.

A GREAT many years ago when the states lying west of the Mississippi river were still in a very wild, uncivilized state, there were many venturesome men who took their families into the new country to find homes. They remained close to the outer line of civilization as was possible, but that did not make them secure from danger, for to the westward were roving Indian tribes that occasionally went on the warpath, raiding the frontier settlements and often massacring the entire population, even to the children and infants.

Among the early settlers of central Kansas there was a family by the name of Green. Their only child, a little boy of 10, was named Samuel—Sammy for short. Their home was a rude log cabin on the bank of a very pretty and well wooded river, and much of the time was spent by Sammy and his mother fishing. Their table was supplied by game and fish, the only meat the settlers had except for an occasional side of bacon brought from the "trading post" (a small town of a few dozen houses situated on the old Santa Fe trail).

And so the summer days passed, Sammy and his mother fishing, working the garden, and picking wild grapes and gooseberries, while Sammy's father worked in the fields, preparing provender for the family and the horses and cow for the coming winter. And throughout the entire spring, summer and first fall months, there was not a sign of an Indian. Indeed, the settlers now supposed themselves safe from the red men, for the government had taken a strong stand in regard to the Indian, his territory and his annuity, and amicable relations were supposed to exist between the peaceful and his red brother.

One day late in September Mr. Green decided to go to the "trading post" for some necessary farming implements. As the town was some distance away he could not possibly return before evening. He made an early start, being well on his way before the sun was up. Sammy and his mother got through with their small household duties, picketed the cow in fresh grass, placed a trough of water near her, gave feed and water to the chickens and pigs for the day, dressed themselves in their Sunday best and started for a neighbor's farm some three miles distant. It was their intention to visit there for the day, Mr. Green coming to them with the wagon as soon as he should return home.

The forenoon passed pleasantly enough. Mr. Green and the neighbor talking while they sowed and the boys playing "Indian" in the yard. But they found the confines of the yard too small for their exciting game and wandered off toward the river, which was about half a mile distant. They had played for some time when suddenly George, one of Sammy's young hosts, stopped in the midst of the game, and shading his eyes with his hands, looked toward the west. "An sure as I am a foot high," he exclaimed, "there are Indians! See 'em coming over that rise yonder? And I do believe they've got war paint on, too!"

Sammy and Fred, the latter being George's brother, looked in the direction of George's pointing finger. And there, sure enough, coming over a slight rise of ground were a dozen or more Indians, riding single file. But at that distance it was quite impossible to ascertain about their paint. George had a vivid imagination and fancied he could see the signs of war on the faces and half-naked bodies of the red men even at a distance.

"We must run for our lives!" cried George. "We've got to go like greased lightning, too, for if they see us they'll whip up their ponies and come like a prairie fire."

There was nothing more said. George making the start for home with Sammy and Fred following. They ran, half-blind, through the rank grass and tall sunflowers,

holding their forms low that the grass and flowers might hide them from the view of the Indians. But the Indian's eye is a mightily trained one, and it is said he can see a ground squirrel running through the grass a mile away. However true or untrue this assertion may be, it is a fact that no human being of any size can hide himself from the keen and watchful eye of a red man unless he is covered by something more than prairie grass and sunflowers. So it was that the three boys had scarcely some a dozen steps, dodging from clump to clump of sunflowers, and half-crawling in the grass when the eyes of the Indians caught them.

And the boys, now thoroughly frightened, saw that they had been discovered. "What are you doing?" the chief whispered, lying flat on his belly and beginning to crawl toward a bunch of protecting sunflowers.

"Git for the house as fast as we can," answered George. "We've been seen, so there's no use wasting precious time trying to hide ourselves. Come, let's run as fast as we can in the open!"

Sammy, to his horror, saw George straighten up and start afresh toward the house, and Fred followed his example. But not so with Sammy. He could see that the Indians were urging their ponies to swifter speed and were making a direct line toward them and the house. Sammy remained on his belly, crawling from bunch to bunch of sunflowers, but instead of going after his fleeing comrades he wended his way toward the river about an eighth of a mile distant. His one thought now was to hide himself in the bank of the river, a rock which overhung the bank like a ledge of rock which reached out over the water. The place was not far away and he felt that he could reach there and be secure, for the Indians would turn their attention to his running comrades and doubtless forget that there had been a third boy. But in the event of their remembering him, and trying to pursue him, they would search about in the weeds and grass, never thinking to look for him at the river.

Sammy succeeded in reaching the ledge of rock, and before creeping into the cave—which had always been a source of mystery and menace to him till now—he turned and peered through the underbrush at the house of the Indians. He could see the house of the Indians very plainly, and knew that his mother and Mrs. Friends had seen the approaching Indians, for the door and windows on the side of the house that he could see were closed. And pretty soon he caught a glimpse of his mother and George and Fred went on homeward, but the Indians were gaining on them and threatened to cut them off from safety.

Seeing his poor distracted mother running right into danger brought Sammy to his senses, and he quickly came out to a point where she might see him. With a loud whistle he called her attention to his location and waved his arm for her to go back to the house. But this the mother did not do. She came on and on toward the spot where her precious boy was hiding, although she must have known that that would be overtaken within a few minutes—even before she could reach him—by the rapidly riding Indians. George and Fred in some miraculous way reached their house and Sammy could see the door open to receive them, after which it closed quickly.

So now there was Sammy's poor mother alone exposed to the real danger, for Sammy was so near to the cave that he could slip from sight instantly and crawl back around the cave's curve and be safe from prying eyes. And George and Fred were safe within four walls with their

mother, who had a shotgun, which she knew how to use, if called upon to do so, to protect her children, herself and home.



AND THERE, SURE ENOUGH, COMING OVER A SLIGHT RISE OF GROUND, WERE A DOZEN OR MORE INDIANS

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 will be used.

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.

Poor Jo

By Alice Temple, Aged 9 Years, Lexington, Neb. "Papers, Miss," said poor Jo to a very rich lady. The lady passed by with a rook which overhung the bank like a ledge of rock which reached out over the water. The place was not far away and he felt that he could reach there and be secure, for the Indians would turn their attention to his running comrades and doubtless forget that there had been a third boy. But in the event of their remembering him, and trying to pursue him, they would search about in the weeds and grass, never thinking to look for him at the river.

Sandyclus come to our house and bring me a tin horn, An a spinin' top. My names Jake Honea, Tenement Alley 19 in top of funny buldin' as has windin' stairs out side.

"Pies bring ma a shawl, her's is wore out. Elsie wants one those dolls as shets their eyes.

"Jake Honea." "Queer boy that; but he'll have what he wants," Mr. Warrenton muttered and wrote down the desired articles. He reached another one read it through, but perceiving the address, tossed it into the waste basket. "She'll get more than she wants anyhow."

"Did you ring, sir?" "Take these to Jackmanns. Tell him to pack each list separately.

Xmas eve came. Two loaded drays rattled down the street. Every few minutes they were halted and some articles snatched to tenement door steps.

Xmas dawned, with it happiness for Mr. Warrenton. "I believe this is the happiest Xmas I ever spent," he said, "for I know others have been made happy by the spending of a little money for the poor."

Eugene's Reward
By Alice Grassmeyer, Aged 13 Years, Riverdale, Neb. Blue.

Eugene Barter was a poor boy of 13 who lived with his mother. He had to work hard for a living. He often wished for a better education. His mother told him to be patient and he would be repaid some day.

The next day he was fishing at the river when he saw a horse coming down the road at full speed. He closed his eyes, but the only occupant was a young lady. He grasped a long pole and waved it frantically which stopped the horse.

The father of the girl came up about half an hour later and told Eugene that the horse had become frightened at something when he was absent. He had to work hard for a living. Eugene sent his earnings to his mother each week and grew up to be an honest and wealthy man.

Major's Party
By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Red.

"Mamma, everybody in our class at school has had a party but me," cried Marjorie Deane, rushing into the sitting room and slamming the door behind her. "Can't I have one?"

"Well, dearie, speak to Mrs. Alton, and then run over and play with Dorothy. We'll talk about the party later."

Marjorie ran across the street to Dorothy's, where they played until Mrs. Alton came home and said Marjorie's mother wanted her.

Marjorie Deane was 12 years old, very small for her age, and her black curls

were pushed carelessly back from her bright, brown eyes. That evening after the dishes were wiped and put away Mrs. Deane said, "Marjorie, did you say you wanted a party?" "Yes, please."

"Well, let's see, we'd have it in the afternoon, for I don't approve of children's parties in the evening."

Finally it was arranged that Marjorie should have a party on the following Saturday. Invitations were sent out which looked something like this:

Please come to my party Saturday, November 3, 1907. Your friend, Marjorie E. Deane.

Saturday afternoon arrived and with it the little guests. Marjorie took them into her bed room to take off their wraps. Then they all went into the parlor and played "drop the handkerchief" until Mrs. Deane came in and told them that peanuts were hidden all over the house, and they were to hunt for them. Finally Mrs. Deane rang a bell and they went to the parlor to count the peanuts. Dorothy Alton took the prize, which was a little workbag.

Mrs. Deane then put a piece of string into each one's hand and told them to follow it "upstairs and downstairs and in the lady's chamber." Which they did. At the end were pretty prize dolls, doll dresses and books for the girls, and knives, games, candy, etc., for the boys.

They went out to supper next. After supper they put on their wraps and went home, each saying it was the nicest party they had ever been to.

The Quarrel of the Giant and the Dwarfs
By Agnes Tool, Aged 13 Years, 312 West Twenty-ninth Street, Kearney, Neb.

A giant and dwarf lived in the same town. They were disputing one day about which one could keep from being killed by his enemy the easiest.

The giant said, "You have not much power and could not defend yourself, while I am strong and with one blow could slay my enemy."

The dwarf studied a moment, then said, "Though I am not as strong as you and would have to give many more blows to slay my enemy, neither could you defend yourself by hiding in a place very small which would not be noticed."

This made the giant very angry. He up with his fist and struck at the dwarf, but the dwarf suddenly darted into a mole's hole. The giant, by this time was raging with anger and waited for the dwarf's return. The giant got impatient waiting and went away very angry.

The giant didn't know whether he came out or not, but they never saw each other again.

The Close Escape
By Gladys Bae, Aged 12 Years, Anselmo, Neb. Blue.

Rosie Davey was a very poor little girl. She had hardly anything to eat or wear. They had not a large family, only consisting of four. Rosie's father was an invalid.

Rosie was very kind hearted and brave and would do all she could for another. About in the middle of November Rosie was delivering some sewing for her mother and she had to go over the railroad track.

The snow was quite deep that laid between the rails. Rosie was very kind hearted and brave and would do all she could for another.

Pushing a small child of 2 years in between the tracks, Rosie snatched the child from the very jaws of the train. She hunted up the mother and told her of her baby's close escape. The mother was very grateful to Rosie and gave her \$50 in gold.

Rosie went home and told her father and

river and stopped not twenty feet from his cave. In fact, one Indian dismounted and came right to the cave's entrance, jabbering in his strange tongue as he thrust his head inside to look about. Sammy, lying prone on his face, held his breath. He was cold with fear, for he was afraid that his feet might still be in sight. But after a few minutes he had the satisfaction of hearing the savage hand ride away, fording the river at a point a little above where he lay. Then he could hear them going on southward, and knew they must be bound for the Indian Territory. But though Sammy knew the Indians were now far away and could not see him should he come from his hiding place, he was so frightened that he remained in the black, close little cave till a dearly loved voice called at the entrance: "Come out, darling. It's only mother!" And then, stifled in every joint, Sammy crept, feet foremost, from his hiding place, and, "That's what I call a hairbreadth escape," he panted to his mother as she kissed him greedily.

mother, also her little brother. They all were glad for their money, also Rosie's bravery.

But the next day there came a box of things for all the family, containing things to eat and wear and a note saying that the giver was the mother of the child that Rosie saved, and that she had bought a small, but very pretty cottage, consisting of six rooms, for them, and once more she would say she was very grateful for Rosie's bravery.

There was not a happier family in that city that night than Davey's.

Learning to Walk
By Grace King, Aged 9 Years, 40 East Ninth Street, Fremont, Neb. Red.

Once there was a lady who lived across the street from our house. She had a baby just 1 year old.

One day when I was over to the lady's house the baby's mamma was trying to teach it to walk.

The lady put two chairs a little ways apart, and then she would have the baby crawl up to the chairs and walk as much as the baby could in between the chairs, saying, "Come, come to mamma, baby."

She finally got the baby so she could walk all right. The baby could walk just the same as any one could.

Some months later the baby was taken sick with typhoid fever and in twenty days had died, leaving the father and mother in sorrow forever.

Frances' Trip
By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Red.

The mail carrier drove his horse down to a walk as he came up to a mail box marked "Baker." A bright faced girl was standing beside it, holding a pony.

"Here's a package for you, Mr. Graham. Eat it with your dinner."

"Thank you, Miss Frances," pulling one of her long brown braids, "and here's something for you in return."

"Thank you," cried Frances. Taking the letter, she jumped on the pony's back and galloped off. She drew up in front of a little cottage and went in the house.

"A letter for me, mamma, from Cousin Margaret Lashburn inviting me to her house party in New York, and she's enclosed a ticket."

"When are you to go?" asked Mrs. Baker. "Tomorrow at noon."

The next noon Frances Baker boarded a train bound for New York. She arrived safely and her uncle and cousin took her to a hotel for dinner. Frances found four other girls there besides herself and her hostess. The girls were introduced as Dorothy Gillmore, Annette Hallard, Evelyn Porterfield and Marjorie Cunningham.

"Papa got a box for the theater tonight, girls," said Margarita.

Frances thought the theater was lovely, but the next morning she was rather tired. Dorothy proposed shopping, so they went down town, got their dinner at a cafe and went to a matinee. That night Margarita gave a party for them. Frances was home the next night, and though she had a good time, acknowledged she would rather live in the country.

The Orphan
By Mary Tool, aged 11 years, 312 West 29th street, Kearney, Neb. Red.

There was a little girl. She thought her father and mother were dead. When she heard little children, talking about their fathers and mother she wondered what they meant. She would sit down and cry, for she had no father or mother.

She would go around from place to place, begging and asking for something to eat. She would sleep out of doors in a shed or any place. Sometimes she would pull grass

river and stopped not twenty feet from his cave. In fact, one Indian dismounted and came right to the cave's entrance, jabbering in his strange tongue as he thrust his head inside to look about. Sammy, lying prone on his face, held his breath. He was cold with fear, for he was afraid that his feet might still be in sight. But after a few minutes he had the satisfaction of hearing the savage hand ride away, fording the river at a point a little above where he lay. Then he could hear them going on southward, and knew they must be bound for the Indian Territory. But though Sammy knew the Indians were now far away and could not see him should he come from his hiding place, he was so frightened that he remained in the black, close little cave till a dearly loved voice called at the entrance: "Come out, darling. It's only mother!" And then, stifled in every joint, Sammy crept, feet foremost, from his hiding place, and, "That's what I call a hairbreadth escape," he panted to his mother as she kissed him greedily.

"And now we'll go to the house and enjoy the good dinner Mrs. Friends is preparing for us," said Mrs. Green. "I fancy we'll all eat with a good appetite, now that the excitement and danger are passed."

"I'll not eat with an appetite till papa comes with his gun," said Sammy. "But, by cracker, mamma, it's too too bad you'd give that old Indian your pretty ribbon bow. We'll have to get you another one when we go to the trading post."

and make a bed to sleep on. Some of the people wanted to take her to raise, but she did not want to stay. She came to a big white house she went in and ate breakfast. The lady asked her what her name was. She did not know. They kept her there until they found out all about her. It was their little girl, who had been stolen and escaped. She at last reached home.

Robert's Visit to the Farm
By Ethel M. Ingram, Aged 12 Years, Valley, Neb. Blue.

Robert was a little city boy, about 8 years old. Next week he was going to visit his grandpa in the country, and it seemed as if the time would never come. But at last he was ready to start.

He went on the train for a half hour, and then his grandpa met him and took him to the farm.

When they reached the yard grandpa's dog, Spot, came running to meet them, and then came the cat and her kittens. Robert jumped out of the buggy and played with the kittens till noon, and then grandpa called him to dinner.

After dinner he went to see the pigs and chickens and he rode on the hay wagon till about 2 o'clock, and then grandpa fed the animals and Robert watched him and he thought it great sport.

After that grandpa took him to see the peacock and Robert thought him a wonderful creature.

Robert stayed a week with grandpa and when he left grandpa gave him the prettiest kitten he had.

When Robert got home he told his mamma that grandpa's farm was the finest place on earth and she promised him he could go again next summer.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
Start of School.
Dear Editor: Here I am again, trying to write a letter and a story which I hope will be good enough to publish.

Well, school commenced here today, but we had no studying or recitations, only the numbering of our books. Then we were dismissed.

How many of the Busy Bees enjoy going to school? I do, and hope the rest all agree with me.

As you said you would like to publish my photograph, I will send a snapshot of myself and kittens. This was taken about three years ago, but as my later ones are not good I am obliged to send it.

Now, dear Editor, last, but not least, I want to thank you for the nice book which I received. I enjoyed reading it very much, and have put it in the front row on one of the shelves of our bookstand.

Hoping my story this week will receive the prize, I close. Very truly, your Busy Bee friend, FLORENCE PETTIJOHN, Long Pine, Neb.

Values Her Prize.
Dear Editor: I received my beautiful book and want to thank you a million times for it. I am starting a library of my own and have many nice books in it, but none as nice as my two prize books. We spent a year out here on our ranch and had delightful times. We are going to move to Lincoln in about three weeks. I will go to the Capitol school then. We have a new automobile now and will have some more and have many delightful rides. I would like to give the editor and Busy Bee a all a ride at once in it. The king, queen and editor would occupy the seats of honor. The Busy Bees certainly do write fine stories for the page from time to time. With love to all, I remain, your Busy Bee friend, ALICE GRASSMEYER, Riverdale, Neb.

Exchange of Post Cards.
Dear Editor and Busy Bees: I read the letters each week and enjoy them very much. I think Helen Miller would be a nice queen. I know her very well. I wish the boys would write more letters, for if boys try to write stories they can do it very well.

I wish some of the Busy Bees would exchange post cards with me. I have a collection of 175. Would you like to see if we could have a post card corner, where those who have collections could write and tell about their post cards? I mean if they have any foreign ones, and those who wish to exchange postals would send in their names and then if anyone wants to exchange they can. Well, goodbye, Busy Bees, for this time. RUTH ASHBY, Fairmont, Neb.

P. S.—I want Lionel Brown of Fairmont for king.

Conundrums.
Why cannot you send any more letters to Washington?
Because his is dead.
What sort of a coat is finished and put on wet?
A coat of plaster.
Why isn't the government going to have the bayonets any longer in the army?
Because they are long enough.

Sammy Tankee
He was a queer little Chin-ee. He wore a long cucur down his back His name was Sammy Tankee. And his shirt hung loose like a sack.

His papa did wash-e-wash, wash.
In his day at a very early hour. The suds would splutter and foam As the elder Tankee would rub-rub.

And little Tankee said each day: "I shall grow up as fast as I can. And soon be big like papa." And become a rich wash-e-wash man."

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