

BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

THE long reign of Miss Augusta Kibler of Kearney, Neb., and Mr. Ernest Nellor of Beemer, Neb., who have been very popular rulers as King and Queen of the Busy Bees, closed last week. Ernest Nellor, as captain of the Red side, proved the victorious ruler, as his team won fifteen prize stories and the Blue only eleven. Those who won prize stories for the winning team were: Miss Florence Pettijohn of Long Pine, Neb.; Miss Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.; Miss Alice Grassmeyer, Riverdale; Miss Gail E. Howard, Omaha; Miss Alice Weyrich, Plattsmouth; Miss Ruth Ashby, Fairmont; Miss North Schulof, Plattsmouth; Miss Helen Spevacek, Ravenna; Miss Adeline Specht, Omaha; Mr. Maurice Johnson, Omaha; Miss Lottie Woods, Pawnee City; Miss Juaneta Innes, Omaha. This list only includes twelve names, but Miss Florence Pettijohn, Miss Alice Grassmeyer and Miss Alice Temple won two prize stories each.

A great many votes came in this week and after carefully counting them it was found that Miss Gail E. Howard of 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha, and Mr. Albert Goldberg of Shenandoah, Ia., were chosen Queen and King for the months of October, November and December.

Now Busy Bees, commencing this week, there are new rulers on the throne, and it would be a nice compliment to them to have an exceptionally good page next week.

Several of the boys and girls have been spending their summer vacation out of town, so did not understand about the letters to the editor and the postal cards, so the explanation will be repeated again, so everything will be clear to begin the new reign. The editor had been receiving several very interesting letters from the Busy Bees and thought they might interest the other writers of this page, so the best of them were selected and published, as so many wrote how they enjoyed reading them the publishing of these letters has been continued.

About the postal cards, one of the Busy Bees wrote that she was collecting these postal cards and would like to exchange with anyone who was getting a similar collection. She further suggested that those wishing to exchange send in their names, with their address, to the Busy Bee page, when they would be published, and those interested could send postal cards to those addresses and receive a postal in exchange. Those who sent in their names this week were Miss Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.; Mr. Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha; Miss Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb., and Miss Pauline Parks of York, Neb.

No particular subject will be assigned for the next three months, so continue to write on any subject that proves interesting except trips; stories of trips will not be entered in the prize competition. Remember, no story will be awarded a prize if not marked "Original," and do not forget to mark which side the story is to be counted, Red or Blue.

The prize winners for this week were Miss Lotta Woods, aged 13 years, Pawnee City, Neb., and Miss Clara Bader, aged 9 years, 1120 North Broad street, North Loup, Neb.

Those who succeeded in solving the illustrated rebus were: Miss Madge E. Daniels, Ord, Neb.; Mr. Willie Nielson, 3206 Vinton street, Omaha; Miss Edna Ritter, Talmage, Neb.; Mr. Harry Oaks, Fremont, Neb., and Miss Ruby G. Denny, Casper, Wyo.

The correct answer: "It is time for boys and girls to get their books and slates and start to school before the bell rings."

First Day of School at Squirrelville

By Maud Walker.

IT WAS a most perfect fall day. The woods in which Squirrelville was located were full of autumnal tints most pleasing to the eye of man, child and squirrel. There were great oaks whose leaves, scorped the sky, filled with brown, yellow and red leaves. There were shrubs and saplings that died in color with the brilliantly-tinted gists about them. On the ground were scattered thousands upon thousands of fallen leaves of varied tint, giving the effect of a carpet of gold and red. The animal and boyking loved to tread on them beneath these leaves were hidden thousands of nuts which had been tossed from the trees by the playfulness of the fall winds. And so, as children must know, it was time for school to begin in the city, town, village and country. And also it was time for school to begin in the woods and the woods? you ask. Then you will doubtless say: "But where is the school house. And where are the children?" And, "Oh, where is the teacher?"

Well, come with me to Squirrelville, deep in the great woods, and you'll see the school house, the pupils and the teacher. And there, sitting in the leaves, is Old Master Greytail. He's just preparing to "call school." And from far and near, leaping from bough to bough, and then to earth, come dozens of pupils. And don't think that boys and girls are the only tardy pupils at school. There are lazy, indolent squirrels as well as lazy, indolent boys and girls. They love to play among the waving trees, both in and under them. They love to toss the leaves about, to hide in them and play "peek-a-boo" with each other. And when tired of play these same fellows usually love to sit with tails over eyes and sleep as lazily as you please. Indeed, were it not for their industrious parents and worthy teachers they would doubtless become very undesirable citizens, and either starve during the winter months or steal from their more industrious neighbors.

But there were wise heads in Squirrelville among the parents of the young squirrels. And these said: "It is not time. The children must be sent to school at once where they shall be instructed in the lessons of life." And one, old Master Grey-

tail, was selected from among his fellows to act in the capacity of teacher. And so on the morning of September 23 old Master Greytail took up his place in a pretty little hollow between two great ledges of boulders. Overhead was a network of trees through which the sky looked beautifully blue and fair. Underneath was the carpet already described, a carpet so soft that one's feet made no noise when treading upon it. This spot, so nicely located, walled by boulders and roofed by branches, was the school house.

At exactly 7 o'clock by the sun school was called to order by Master Greytail. "Early!" I hear several juvenile voices exclaiming. But the owners of these voices forget that all the inhabitants of Squirrelville are up and out before the sun shows his face. He who would sleep after dawn in Squirrelville would be sadly shamed by his kind, and would be held in bad repute in the village.

The calling to order of the pupils was done in this manner. Master Greytail struck his claws against a nearby rock, giving a queer call which meant: "Come one and all among the small. Learn while ye may, and afterwards play." (As the language of the squirrels is not generally known I shall translate their conversations in English for the benefit of my young readers.)

Immediately the industrious young squirrels gathered into a circle about their teacher, but there were many lazy squirrels that hated to learn lessons, and these hid themselves behind the rocks, hoping to be overlooked by the stern old teacher. But they reckoned without wisdom. Old Master Greytail had a list of all the squirrels of a certain age who were to attend the school. This list had been made the week before, and not one boy or girl squirrel was omitted. So, upon looking about him, and seeing that the school house was not half filled—whereas it should be crowded to the boulder walls—the old fellow began calling the roll.

And then it was that the most reckless of the naughty squirrels crept away into the crevices of the rocks, determining to miss the lessons if they possibly could. The other naughty ones—less disobedient than the first—felt called upon to come forward,

Some Country Children on Their Way Home From School



WATSONS GROUP IN MISSOURI.

pleading some feeble excuse for being tardy.

"I stopped to chase a bug," said one. "Was you and late, not pencil?" "Water," said another. "I paused to nibble at a nut," said a third.

Old Master Greytail looked sternly at the three "fibbers," and, turning toward the first, asked: "And did you catch the bug, sir?"

"Oh, no, sir, he was a big green fellow with pinchers on his face. He might have bitten me terribly. I let him go."

"Ah, ha, and so you wasted your time by merely chasing a bug for mischief." And then, turning to the second tardy squirrel, the master asked: "And did you see anything in the water worth while when you wasted time to stare at your own image there?" The questioned squirrel blushed at this hint at his own vanity and replied shamefacedly: "No, sir, I saw but my own face."

"Then you had better have seen your way to school over a quicker path, sir, and learned the important lessons of life as well as you already know your own foolish face." Then to the third tardy one the master turned, inquiring: "Had you not enough breakfast before leaving home, sir?"

"Oh, yes, sir, my mother always feeds me all I want."

"Then you stopped on your way to school to nibble a nut just through gluttony," said the master severely. "You three may remain in after school. I'll have something to say to you then. Just now we must proceed with our lessons."

Then the morning passed in questions and answers, the master making many wise remarks during recitations and giving sage advice. "Never waste a minute in the autumn," he said. "Every minute may mean the laying by of several nuts. Never go past a small nut in search of a bigger one; the small kernel is often sweeter than the large one. Never mix your hours of play with your hours of work. There is a fitting season for each. Watch your neighbors during the harvest season. Those that work diligently will not need to come to you in the dead of winter to borrow from your stock of provisions. Those that idle away the day while you are busy, will find your neighbors labor will come to you with the first heavy snow, declaring that they cannot now get to the nuts on the ground. You may then tell them that while you worked they played, and now while you eat they starve. It seems a hard lesson to bid you to learn, but it is a just one and will make the indolent repent of their shiftlessness, and if they manage to live through the cold weather they will not be so foolish as to fall in providing food for the next winter. And while you are young do not forget that some day you will be old and less nimble than you now are. Thus it behooves you to save your physical strength by abstaining from over-eating and over-indulgence in play. And now we shall have a few recitations. Youth Redfur, what is a squirrel's first duty in the autumn?"

"It is his duty to find a nice hollow in a big, strong tree where he may live during the long winter, sir," answered youth Redfur promptly. He was a bright squirrel with a promising future before him.

"Youth Softpaw, what is a squirrel's next duty in the autumn?" asked the master, turning to another bright squirrel.

"To begin storing up nuts just as soon as they fall, sir, so that his family and himself may not become hungry during the winter," replied youth Softpaw. He knew his lesson well.

And so followed questions and answers till all the pupils had been put through the mill, so to speak, as it was then noon and dinner time, the children were given an hour of recreation in which they might eat their luncheons and play a bit.

The afternoon session passed pretty much as did the forenoon session. And all the while the naughty, truant squirrels that had hidden away in the crevices of the boulders remained in their self-inflicted prison, for they disliked school so heartily that they gladly suffered remaining cramped up in their little stuffy cells rather than to study and learn. They were hungry and thirsty, and they became stiff in their joints from sitting all bent double during the long day.

And even after the school was dismissed for the day these suffering truants could not come forth till the master was through with the three "tardies" who were kept after hours. These last mentioned had to listen to a scathing reprimand from the master, after which they were obliged to review their day's lessons. Just as the master was dismissing the three "tardies" a cloud suddenly gathered overhead and blinding flashes of lightning were followed by rolling thunder, which almost rent the heavens. Old Master Greytail had but a short distance to go to reach his house, a deep and spacious hole in a huge tree. He reached his shelter and safety just as the first great drops of rain came with a furious gust of wind. Then the storm broke with all its fury, away trees to earth, filling the air with terrific thunder and blinding the eyes with lightning. The three "tardies" lived a long way from the school house, and when at last they succeeded in reaching home they were all but drenched to death. And when their parents (who had heard of their chil-



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.
6. 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.

Dorothea's Lesson

By Lotta Woods, Aged 12 Years, Pawnee City, Neb.

Yes, it was the first day of school and half past eight, yet Dorothea was not ready to start.

She was upstairs, turning everything upside down trying to find her hair ribbon. As she came downstairs she looked ready to cry, and in answer to mamma's question, if she had found it, burst into tears, exclaiming, "I do believe that kitten must have carried it off. I couldn't find it anywhere."

Mamma smiled as she drew from her pocket the missing hair ribbon. "Dear, your doll must have walked upstairs and tied it on for a snash. Don't you think so?" Dorothea took it, and after trying it on thought she was ready, but the rubber on her hat was broken. "Oh, well," she said, "I can pin it on." But she couldn't find a hatpin, so she started out hoping her hat, now it was a windy day, and as she was going across a crossing the wind blew her hat off and sent it whirling down the street. Well, Dorothea went after it, but just as she reached for it a big car ran over it, smashing the crown and getting it all dirty. Dorothea picked it up, but there were two big tears rolling down her cheeks, for she had been proud of that hat.

She had got within a block of school when the bell rang. She started to run, but she tripped, and down she went, hurting her foot so bad that she couldn't use it. Soon she heard someone coming and looking up saw Ella Dady. Ella tried to help her up, but couldn't, so she went for Miss Grey. Her teacher asked her how she did and, on being told said "It was too bad she couldn't have started sooner." But her ankle was badly sprained, and she would have to go home, so Miss Gray sent her home in a cab.

When she reached home Dr. Graham was sent for. After bandaging it he said she couldn't use it for a day or two, and then asked how it happened. On being told that it was too bad she didn't keep things in their places, Mamma and papa scolded a little and

might eat their luncheons and play a bit. The afternoon session passed pretty much as did the forenoon session. And all the while the naughty, truant squirrels that had hidden away in the crevices of the boulders remained in their self-inflicted prison, for they disliked school so heartily that they gladly suffered remaining cramped up in their little stuffy cells rather than to study and learn. They were hungry and thirsty, and they became stiff in their joints from sitting all bent double during the long day.

And even after the school was dismissed for the day these suffering truants could not come forth till the master was through with the three "tardies" who were kept after hours. These last mentioned had to listen to a scathing reprimand from the master, after which they were obliged to review their day's lessons. Just as the master was dismissing the three "tardies" a cloud suddenly gathered overhead and blinding flashes of lightning were followed by rolling thunder, which almost rent the heavens. Old Master Greytail had but a short distance to go to reach his house, a deep and spacious hole in a huge tree. He reached his shelter and safety just as the first great drops of rain came with a furious gust of wind. Then the storm broke with all its fury, away trees to earth, filling the air with terrific thunder and blinding the eyes with lightning. The three "tardies" lived a long way from the school house, and when at last they succeeded in reaching home they were all but drenched to death. And when their parents (who had heard of their chil-

and said: "My dear boy what are you thinking of, are you lost?" George answered as politely as he could, "Yes, I am lost and it is getting dark and I do not know who to go to." George began to cry. The little fairy said, "Don't cry. I will tell you what to do. Come with me."

She led him through valleys and over bridges until they came to a great cave. The fairy said, "Come with me into this cave and I will show you something." George did as he was told, until they came to a great iron safe. She had a key for it. She unlocked it and there was the most beautiful place George ever saw. His eyes got very big. There were fairies dancing with the most beautiful dresses.

The fairy said aloud, "Stop." The music stopped, the fairies stopped dancing. Then the little fairy said, "Here is a boy who's name is George. He is lost. I found him in the woods crying. He was afraid that he would not find a place to sleep. I told him that he might sleep here." And they all said aloud, "Why, sure."

They led him into some other part of the cave and gave him a room to sleep in. It was very pretty. Just as he was going to bed his mother called him. When he awoke he told his mother of his adventures.

Helen's Red Dress

By Adeline Specht, Aged 13, 517 South Twenty-fourth Street, Omaha, Neb.

"I think I ought to have a dress with red spots on it," Helen said one afternoon as her big sister came out of the house with a white waist with red polka dots on it. Little Helen liked anything red, so it was with envy that she gazed after her sister's departing figure.

As her mother was busy upstairs and no one else was around, Helen set out in quest of mischief. After roaming about for a while she saw something on the back porch that attracted her attention. Helen ran up the steps, and there before her eyes was a bucket of red paint with a brush lying invitingly beside it. "Oh! doody," cried the little mischief-seeker, "Helen is doing to have a dress with red spots on it now." So the brush was picked up by a chubby little hand and put in the pail. Then it was pulled out again dripping with shining red paint.

"I hope I'll get spanked, but I don't care," she said to herself. Soon the chubby little hand had the red brush "finished" the dress. But Helen was happy, even if they were not put on so evenly as her sister's.

When Helen's mother went out to find the little runaway she saw her sitting on the steps viewing her dress, and it hardly need say Helen "got it," as the saying is common among naughty children.

The Fairies Night

By Clara Bader, Aged 9 Years, 1220 North Broad Street, Fremont, Neb.

One night the fairies were singing in the meadows, where the leaves of bright colors were shining. It was a bright moonlight night in November, when all the fairies were to meet together, talking of how they should dress the earth.

They talked about it a long time until at last one old fairy, with a long, white beard, said: "Let us dress it in a white covering for the plants to sleep under." So it was decided the old fairy's name was Winter, and so they called it that, and all of them hustled around, changing things, so by morning the world was glistening with snow.

Harriet's Revenge

By Mildred Jones, Aged 10 Years, North Loup, Neb.

"Oh, my! I don't believe I can ever be good to Edith Harris any more," cried Harriet Ross, "because she called me a hussy, just because my dress was ragged." Harriet was a poor girl and Edith was a rich girl and both went to the same public school.

"You should always return good for evil," said Harriet's mother. "Well, I will try to be good to her, but I don't see why she should treat me so," said Harriet. The next morning, as Harriet was going to school, she heard a cry and, looking around, she saw Edith lying on the ground. She had sprained her ankle and was crying with the pain it cost her. Harriet helped her to her home, which was near, and then went for a doctor as she went to school.

At noon, as she was going home, she called to see how Edith was and Edith's mother told her to go see Edith in her room. When she got there she saw Edith was there but Edith and she lay on the bed, pale and white, for the doctor had had a hard time with her little ankle and it pained her very much. Harriet was with Edith took her hand, and with tears in her eyes, said: "I am sorry for what I said to you, Harriet." "Yes," said Harriet, "I know," and Edith drew her down and kissed her.

George's Funny Dream

By Helen Bartenbach, Aged 12, 79 West Division Street, Grand Island, Neb.

George one night was dreaming that he got lost. He had wandered too far from his home, the sun was setting low in the sky and George was thinking what he should do. He was very tired.

All at once a little fairy came up to him and said: "My dear boy what are you thinking of, are you lost?" George answered as politely as he could, "Yes, I am lost and it is getting dark and I do not know who to go to." George began to cry. The little fairy said, "Don't cry. I will tell you what to do. Come with me."

She led him through valleys and over bridges until they came to a great cave. The fairy said, "Come with me into this cave and I will show you something." George did as he was told, until they came to a great iron safe. She had a key for it. She unlocked it and there was the most beautiful place George ever saw. His eyes got very big. There were fairies dancing with the most beautiful dresses.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Planned With Prize.

Dear Editor: I received the prize you sent me and I thank you ever so much for it. I read it and found it was extremely interesting. I am not writing a story this time, but will do so before long. I am sending in my picture, which you requested me to do. Your faithful subject, Omaha, Neb. EDNA LEVINE.

From a Former King.

Dear Editor: I received my prize book this morning and think it a fine one. I have now five fine books which I have won and must thank you for them. I like this idea of having some of the letters of the writers published. I don't know much about the rules of it, because I have been away all summer on a delightful vacation in the east and had the time of my life. I don't fully understand about exchanging post cards as has been mentioned in some of the letters either. My letter is getting long so I had better stop. MAURICE JOHNSON, Omaha, Neb. Ex-King Bee.

Visit to Lincoln.

Dear Editor: I read the Busy Bee's page and enjoy its fine stories.

I went to the state fair at Lincoln this year and stayed two days. We went out to Capitol Beach at night and saw the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius and also went out on the lake in a boat. Then we went out to the insane asylum and penitentiary and to other large buildings and I think we saw nearly all of the city the next day. The first day we went to the fair.

I am going to get a collection of postal cards. A friend is going to send me some from China, Japan and Manila. I would like to trade postal cards with the Busy Bees. I close with love to the Busy Bees. LOTTA WOODS, Pawnee City, Neb.

More school for me; I've had enough!

So this was the last of her school until next year.

Mischievous Mattie

By Mabel Witt, Aged 10 Years, Bennington, Neb. Blue.

Once there was a girl named Mattie, who was only 2 years old. Mattie had a nurse to take care of her. If the nurse did not look after her all day long she was sure to get into mischief.

Mattie was a merry child, always laughing, and her favorite word was "fun." Mattie could not speak plainly, so she said "tun" instead of fun.

When she had pried her blocks up as high as she could she knocked them down and said, "Tun, tun" and clapped her hands and laughed to see them tumbling about. Some times she would pull nurse's cap off and cry out, "Tun, tun!"

One day when Mattie was sitting at the table with nurse, who was sewing and had her basket of work and workbox beside her the nurse went away for a moment to fetch Mattie's rock to mend and no sooner had she turned away than Mattie knickered over the basket, and all the stockings and handkerchiefs came tumbling on the table. Then she took nurse's workbox and held it up as high as she could, and all the cotton balls rolled out, and the tapes and buttons flew to every corner of the room. And Mattie shouted again, "Tun, tun!" as loudly as she could. But nurse did not think it fun, for it gave her much trouble to pick up all the things and put them into the box.

And you may be sure that she put Mattie into the corner and said, "You are a very naughty little girl today." So that was the end of Mischievous Mattie.

The Cooking Party

By Louise Raabe, Aged 11 Years, 249 North Nineteenth Avenue, Omaha, Blue.

Every year, the third day after Christmas, Aunt Sophie invited all her nieces and nephews to a cooking party. She said boys liked to cook, too.

On our arrival we were provided with an apron. Now, I will have to tell you that Aunt Sophie had a large toy kitchen, with shelves in it, and on them stood plates and pots of tin and copper, in neat rows, all polished up, shining like gold and silver.

That kitchen contained everything a big kitchen did. But the main attraction was a stove of sheet iron, with four tin kettles on top and a chimney. Inside was a little alcohol lamp. Each of us received a grater, some nuts and a small piece of dry rye bread. After that was grated and mixed with sugar each cook had to press it in a little mold of copper, and with a quick jerk turn it over on a plate. Some of the cakes were broken and eaten up, so they had to try again until everybody had a perfect one. They had to be sprinkled with sugar and placed on the table, which was set with aunt's doll china set.

While all this was being done aunt made up our arrival in two little frying pans on the dear little stove. She also made chocolate. Such a jolly time as we had eating! The little cups and plates had to be filled many times until everybody was satisfied, but all declared it was the best party of the year.

Brave Little Mary

By Marjorie Pratt, Aged 11 Years, Kearney, Neb. Blue.

Mary was 12 years old and Jennie was 5 years. Their father died about six months ago and now their mother was very sick. The family cared fell upon Mary. Mary knew she would have to do something and she thought she would try to get a place as a cash girl.

Mary went down to Johnson's store and asked if they needed a cash girl. She said she would try and do her duty. Mr. Johnson said he didn't want anybody, so she went into Mr. Gray's store and asked for the place as a cash girl, and he asked about her life, and when she told him he told her she could have the place.

She had a little money saved up from working day after day. Finally Mrs. Gray asked Mary if she could go and see her mother and Mary took her. Mrs. Gray gave them a large sum of money. Mary thought it over and decided to save this money to take her trip. She worked day after day and finally had enough money to go and room and board.

The morning came when they were to start. The train came, and in a few minutes they were spinning away for California. They reached California and now have been there five years. Mary was 17 and Jennie 10. They all came back and lived happily, for it was brave little Mary who did her duty.



BEING THE SCHOOL HOUSE WAS NOT HALF FILLED, THE OLD FELLOW BEGAN CALLING THE ROLL.

JOE GANOVER