

# BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

**N**OW THAT vacation time is here the editor is sure the Busy Bees will find a great deal of time which they could devote to writing stories for their very own page. Already more stories are coming in, but the editor was sorry to find that several forgot to say on which side they wished their stories counted. This was too bad, as the King and Queen are left in doubt as to who are their subjects and which has the best chance to win for the month of June. This week both sides won a prize story, making Edith Martin's team ahead, it having four prize stories, while Chester Hart's side has but two. This makes the third week that Edith Martin and Chester Hart have been on the Busy Bee throne, so with your next story be sure and send in your votes for your choice of King and Queen.

This week some of the Busy Bees' pictures will be published and it would be nice if we had more of them. If you will send them in, they will appear on your page very soon.

Those who won the prizes for the best fairy stories were August Kibler, aged 13 years, Kearney, Neb., and Margaret Lenke, aged 14 years, 406 West Sixth street, Fremont, Neb. Honorary mention was given to Miss Alys Martin, aged 14 years, Fairmont, Neb.

A very interesting letter was received from Alys Martin this week, writing her regret at not being able to contribute any more to the Busy Bees' page as she has just celebrated her 15th birthday, which excludes her in future. Alys will be missed from this department, as her stories have always been good and among the prize winners.

Those who succeeded in solving the puzzle in last Sunday's paper correctly were Alys Martin, aged 14 years, Fairmont, Neb.; Ruth Frankie, Fremont, Neb.; Paul Garver, Grand Island, Neb., and Bunice Bode, Falls City, Neb. The answer was: "A frog sat on a log that lay in the water; he saw a boy coming with a stone, so he jumped behind a stump."

## Frank Was Helped by Fairies

By William Wallace, Jr.

Once upon a time, in the Age of Fairies, there dwelt in the mountains of a beautiful land a Good Man with his Good Wife and Little Son. As their names were too difficult for the children of the Twentieth Century to pronounce I shall give them modern names. The Good Man's name shall be Thomas Higgins, his Good Wife's name Nancy Higgins and their Little Son's name Frank Higgins.

One day while Thomas Higgins was away from home gathering fagots with which to build a fire for the purpose of cooking, three approaching him three stalwart men riding great white horses. They drew rein at the spot where Thomas was cutting brushwood and asked: "Why do you toil so, Good Man? Are you too poor to hire others to do your work?"

"Aye, I'm a poor man, a husband and a father, but I am a happy man, for my wife is as thrifty as myself and our son is bright and promising. Together we live in a thatched cot at the foot of this mountain. We have a garden and fields full of growing grain. I have a flock of sheep that affords us meat and goats that give us milk. We do not mind doing our own work and ask for nothing more than we now possess, Grand Sirs." Thus spake Thomas Higgins to the three stalwart men who questioned him.

"But for your son's sake you should desire more than you already have," quoth one of the three. "Come, follow us and we'll put you in the way of finding a fortune whereby your son shall become a Great Man in his country. It is meet that parents should help their sons to exalted positions."

"But I prefer that my son should live the simple life that has sufficed for his fathers before him," argued Thomas Higgins. "He is strong and good. That is better than being Great, Sirs."

"Nay, nay," spake a second of the three. "You must know, Good Man, that the world is ever developing and our children must keep pace with its growth. It behooves us to see that they are educated and prepared to occupy places a step higher than their fathers hold."

This logic had effect on Thomas Higgins, and shaking his head he said: "Perhaps you are wiser than I and know better the way of the world. I hadn't thought of that way, Sirs."

"To be sure, Good Man," said the third of the three. "We are out for the purpose of assisting the poor and showing them a way by which they may better the conditions of their children. Will thou follow us, Good Man? We'll take thee but a short distance and then reveal to thee the mystery of Success."

Thomas Higgins threw down his bread-bladed knife with which he was cutting fagots, and said: "Perhaps it were the right thing to do, Kind Sirs. I'm a fond father, and I want to help my dear son all that I can. My main wish, be it known, is to have him Good rather than Great. But if he can be Good and Great at the same time I'll gladly have it so."

"Ah, now you speak words of wisdom," declared all three men in a voice. "Follow us and you'll not regret it."

Thomas Higgins followed the three stalwart men as they wended their way through a deep canyon. After some minutes of silence the leader drew his horse to a stop and said to Thomas: "Come, get thee on the horse in front of me. It is a wondrous walk and a slow one on foot. We'll make better haste if you ride."

Thomas did as asked, and was soon seated on the mighty horse's back in front

## Three Little Busy Bees From Kearney



ADA KIBLER.



ALTA KIBLER.



AUGUSTA KIBLER.



## 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.

### Where Water Came From

By August Kibler, Aged 13 Years, Kearney, Neb. Red.

There once started out upon a long journey, a long time ago, a young prince by the name of Clairmont.

After journeying about a week he found that his wine was all gone. Being a long way from any inhabited place, he could not get any more.

The prince was very thirsty when he found that the wine was all gone. By the next afternoon he was so thirsty he could not walk, so he sat down on a rock in despair. All of a sudden a little fairy appeared before him and said, "Prince, I will give you a gift there she handed him a silver cup. Every time you are thirsty this cup will fill with a sparkling liquid called water, but never let another person drink out of it, for if you do it will overflow and never stop overflowing." The fairy then disappeared. The prince tasted of the water and found it to be delicious, and so drank the cup dry.

The next day Clairmont came upon another prince who was almost dead for the want of drink. Forgetting the fairy's advice, he took out the cup and held it to the dying man's lips. But just then the cup overflowed, and in a minute the water was up to Clairmont's knees. Jumping up the two princes ran upon a hill, for the one who was dying had revived after having a drink. But the water came up over it and drowned them, and it made great lakes of water. And to this day the cup is overflowing.

But I think it was a good thing for us that the prince did forget and offer some one else a drink, for if he had not we would not now have any water.

### Influence of a Fairy

By Margaret Lenke, Aged 14 Years, 406 West Sixth Street, Fremont, Neb. Blue.

Once there lived a little boy with his

father, but his mother had died. Perhaps you know how children are without a mother, and perhaps you do not. Sometimes they are very unmanly, rude and mean; sometimes they are just the opposite.

This boy was very rude and mean, and, of course, his father, working every day, knew little of his actions. Once he conspired to kill the neighbor's cow, and now he has intended to set the neighbor's house on fire. What would ever induce a boy to do a thing like that? Early next morning he intended to do it, but as he closed his eyes that night he was lifted carefully and borne away. Suddenly he stopped and found himself in front of a band of fairies. They were the fairies of "Goodness," and "who was the queen?" His dead mother thought he in the distance he saw fairies of "All Evil" and their queen, and then he saw a vision of himself between the two bands, joining hands with the evil fairies, and his sweet mother beckoning for him to come back. That was too much for him. He asked to be carried away, and found himself carried away, and then, rubbing his eyes, heard the alarm clock going off, not loud, but enough to waken him at 3 o'clock to do his awful deed. Do you think he would get up and do it after that dream?

### Automobiling in Fairyland

By Roy Faverty, Aged 11 Years, 239 South Forty-sixth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red.

About four score and ten years ago, as I was going through the state of Flowers with some friends in an automobile we met an Irish-Dutchman walking to his country home. He was carrying an umbrella, and wore a straw hat about the size of a Nebraska hay stack. All at once we espied an alligator creeping upon him which he did not see. The alligator's mouth was wide open. We called to him, he turned, and seeing the alligator, in fright, dropped his umbrella. The animal sized it and it became entangled in his teeth. The man then tied a string to the alligator's ears and started to lead him to the town to be put on exhibition.

On the way a great windstorm arose and while passing a farm house the gale swept the man's hat from his head, unfortunately, striking a dog which had rushed out, severing the dog's tail from his back. The dog continued to bark, the tail kept wagging and the Irish-Dutchman kept peacefully smoking. The alligator kept creeping and panting with the umbrella in its mouth and the automobile ran into town and climbed a telephone pole. At that instant I woke up and found myself clinging to the bed post for dear life. Since then I have never had any experiences with Irish-Dutchmen.

### Meeting of the Flowers

By Ethel M. Ingram, Aged 12 Years, Valley, Neb. Blue.

One night the queen of fairies called all the other fairies together. She told them she had something very important to tell them.

Then all the fairies began to make excuses and tell her it was impossible for them to come. One said it had not finished all its work and it must be finished before dawn. Another said she had to stay with her mother, who was sick, etc. So the queen of fairies said she would excuse them, but that they could not hear her secret, because she said she was going to call the flowers together and tell them.

### The Fairy Queen Tita

By Edna Levine, Aged 10 Years, 342 Cummins Street, Omaha, Blue.

Far, far away, in a secluded island in the midst of the Pacific ocean there lived the Japanese fairies and their beautiful queen, Tita Tina. Their manners and customs resembled those of the Japanese human beings.

The lovely queen and her beloved subjects were very happy except for one thing. In one of the most popular cities in this section of Fairyland there was a magnificent palace. It was not the queen's, however, but it belonged to a wicked giant named Pili Yama. He robbed the fairies of their jewels and destroyed their crops perpetually.

The fairies tried many things to rid themselves of this pest, all of which were unsuccessful. They appealed to their queen for protection and she devised this plan: The dainty little queen changed herself into an ant, and going to the giant's palace, she concealed herself in the monster's garment.

When the giant and all his men were assembled in the vast hall, in which they talked over their wicked deeds, the queen heard this:

"Tomorrow," began the great Pili Yama in his thunder-like voice, "let us plunder the prime minister's castle, but I think we will succeed," continued the giant. "My plan," he went on to say, "is that I enter the castle alone, but you remain a mile or two from the building, ready to do as I bid you."

"A fine idea," responded his men in one breath.

Then, after bidding his friends good night, the giant retired and Tita Tina returned to her palace to think of some plan by which she might outwit the great Pili Yama.

The next morning at sunrise the queen was up and she told the prime minister all she had heard the night before, and of her plan to cause the giant's overthrow. Soon everything was arranged and the queen was happy at the thought of freeing her subjects of this pest.

That night Madi, one of the bravest

knights in the queen's court, stood concealed behind the great door of the prime minister's castle, with sword drawn and a long rope with a noose at the end of it in his hand, waiting for his opponent.

It was not long before Madi heard the wicked monster's footsteps. When he was within a hundred yards of the castle door Madi threw the noose around the ugly head of Pili Yama. Then he pulled at the other end of the rope with all his great strength. The giant was so surprised that he could do nothing except stare at Madi with his great stupid eyes, which were as big as tea cups. Any mortal would have been frightened to death at this fearful sight, but Madi, besides being a fairy, was given that night (from Tita Tina, of course) the power that every minute after midnight till sunrise the next morning he would grow ten times stronger.

Well, to make a long story short, Madi, when the giant's breath was quite gone, took his sword and with one blow cut off the huge monster's head.

Then a night shot rang out through Fairyland. "Our cruel enemy is dead," were the words that when they reached the ears of Pili Yama's men told them that their leader was no more, and they fled nobody knows where to, but as they were returned, the fair queen, Tita Tina, and her subjects never cared.

Plans of a Small Boy  
By Mildred Erickson, Aged 10 Years, 2505 Howard Street, Omaha, Blue.

There was a little boy whose name was Todd. He was 4 years old. Mamma was cleaning berries. He said: "When I get big and you get little I will buy you a doll and get a carriage. Then I will whizz you. And I will build you a gold palace with four windows and comb your hair, but you won't cry, will you?" Mamma said: "How could you love me so?" "O, mamma, you know I love you 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 13, 14." Todd said: "When I get big and you get little we shall go to Africa and kill every snake and tiger, but not the lions. I'll have them for dogs, Mamma, are you afraid of elephants?" "Yes," said mamma.

"I'm not. I will ride on them like horses. I won't kill the wild turkeys, would you, mamma?—but I'll kill the robbers." Mamma paused and then said: "That time will never come."

### Strange Powers of Fairies

By Lee Wells, Aged 12 Years, West Point, Neb. Red.

A young man on a stormy day met a beautiful woman out in the rain. He gallantly offered her his umbrella, but she did not wear a rainy day suit, but an elegant white silk gown, and the rain had not spoiled it in the least. He suspected it to be an evil spirit roving in that community for young chickens, which the people had noticed disappearing very fast. Drawing his sword and strengthening himself by a prayer, he aimed a fierce blow at her. The blow did not seem to harm her in the least. He struck at her the second time, and what was his amazement on looking to see the effect of his blow to find a goose running away.

### Rose's Sunshine

By Bert Kralie, Aged 13 Years, 1813 Center Street, Omaha, Neb.

"You must go out for a walk this bright morning," said mamma to little Rose one day. "I am so sorry that I cannot go, but I am too busy."

As Rose was walking along she saw a little boy and girl who were poorly dressed

wife, and to later force her to depart from court and live at some distance from him.

A year after her unhappy marriage Caroline gave birth to a daughter. The child occupied all her time and thought, but she was not allowed the joy of her little one's society long, for the prince of Wales ordered the child removed from its mother's residence and placed in a castle some miles distant from her. The grieving mother was allowed to visit her babe once a week. This arrangement continued till the daughter was grown. Then she was hidden by her father to come to London and be presented at court. The fond mother never again beheld her daughter, for soon after the enforced separation Caroline went to travel on the continent, hoping to ease the gnawing pain at her heart. Soon afterward her daughter was married to a young foreign nobleman, and a little later the sorrowing mother received the news of her child's untimely death. This decided Caroline to remain abroad indefinitely. She did not return to England till the death of George III. made her husband king of Great Britain and Ireland. Then she hurried home and insisted that she receive her rights as the queen consort. In vain she made her plea; George refused to see her or to lend ear to her prayer or those of her friends. He commanded his court to ignore her and bade none ever speak her name in his presence. Indeed, he heaped upon his suffering and rejected wife all the insults that a despicable monarch could.

When George IV. was crowned he gave orders that Caroline should not be allowed to enter the church during the ceremony. This last blow was too much, and three weeks after George Fourth's coronation the broken-hearted Caroline Wales to become cold toward his young

Caroline of Brunswick, consort of George IV., king of Great Britain and Ireland, was born at Brunswick in 1768. Owing to her robust health and fine constitution her mother declared that "Caroline was born for adversity, as nothing could destroy such physical strength as hers." And, indeed, it fell to the lot of Caroline to occupy a most trying position as wife to George IV., a position which he never acknowledged.

It was a few days after Caroline's marriage with the prince of Wales (afterward George IV.) that an envious woman of the court whispered into George's ear

the story that his bride had been deeply in love with a young German nobleman who had lost his life in battle. The story was verified by George's agents, who investigated the girlhood of Caroline. This was reason enough for the prince of Wales to become cold toward his young

Caroline, wife of George IV.

Behaved Word Puzzle



Number one represents what the old lady is doing. Number two tells how the little boy is feeling, and number three shows what the man is. The last three letters of each word are the same, can you guess them?



PRINCE DON LED FRANK THROUGH THE CANYON TO THE VERY OUTPOSTS OF THE STALWART THREE.