

# BUSY LITTLE BEES & THE ROWN PAGE

**ERNEST NELLOR** of Beemer and **Augusta Kibler** of Kearney have been elected King and Queen of the Busy Bees for the month of July, Ernest of the red side and Augusta of the blue, succeeding Chester Hart and Edith Martin.

The suggestion has come from several of the Busy Bees, and the editor thinks it a very good one, that the reign of the King and queen is too short and ought to be extended to two or three months. This plan would not only increase the interest of the boys and girls, but the spirit in the contest as well, and would enable a king and queen to secure better support from their subjects. Will every Busy Bee write at once and tell the editor what he or she thinks about this plan, for it remains with you to decide. The present plan of changing the subject every month will be continued.

One of the boys writes the editor that boys can't write fairy stories as well as girls. Perhaps this is the reason that the boys have not won a single prize this month. Now, the editor has decided that everybody shall have a chance to do his very best this month, and instead of assigning a subject every boy and girl is to be allowed to write a story on any subject they like, excepting a trip. Surely this ought to bring out the very best lot of stories the Busy Bee page has ever had, and the editor hopes that the boys will do as well as the girls have done. A few months ago they got more prizes than the girls did. Now, here is your chance to redeem yourselves.

The prizes for the best fairy stories were won this week by Eunice Bode, Falls City, and Lulu MacCoe, Florence, Neb. Both of these are on the blue side, so the red team must hurry and get more subjects on their side. Honorary mention was given to Pearl Smith, Beemer, Neb.

Those who solved the puzzle correctly were Mary Sietek, Omaha, Neb., and Mary Abta, Columbus, Neb. Answer: Scold, cold, old.

## Fred and the Funny Skyrocket

By William Wallace, Jr.

Master Fred was a most patriotic little chap, especially on the Glorious Fourth. Early on the morning of the Fourth of July he sallied out to celebrate. His papa gave him 50 cents with which to buy the necessary ammunition used on such an occasion. Fred supplied himself with the huge skyrocket, a Roman candle and several pocketfuls of firecrackers. Then he proceeded to the picnic grounds, where a right royal celebration was to be held by all the village folk, young and old, little and big.

After reaching the picnic grounds, Fred fell in with several of his young comrades who had preceded him there. They began celebrating in the most expressive manner by shooting off whole bunches of firecrackers at a time. This may have seemed rather extravagant behavior; but Fred said, "What does a little noise amount to, anyway? It's a big blow-out a feller wants; and if it takes all our ammunition at once, why let us go while it makes everyone sit up and take notice, while if we just let off one little cracker at a time—no, keep it going all day—nobody pays any attention to it."

"You're right, kid," admitted Sammy, Fred's chum. And so it came about that pretty soon all the firecrackers of the crowd were used up and only the "big ones" were left for the final "wind-up." "Now it's time to let off the Roman candles," said Fred the self-appointed master of ceremonies.

"Yes, the Roman candles," cried Sammy and all the other little chaps together. "The Roman candles next!"

"Yes, fellows," said Fred, meditatively. "I've just recollected that all such things as Roman candles and sky-rockets should be sent off at night. Then they show off finer'n milk."

"Sure," acquiesced Sammy. "We'll save 'em till night. Then we'll fire 'em off in a bunch, an' the noise will sound like the cannon did at the battle of—"

"Of Bull Run!" supplied Jim, a freckle-faced boy of 10, who was considered the "crack" historian of his grade.

"Yep, of Bull Run," said Sammy. "That was the battle that decided our—our—liberty, wasn't it?"

Here all the boys maintained a discreet silence, Freddie excepted. He shook his head doubtfully and said: "Well, where did Bonker Hill come in? I thought it had something to do with—the war."

"Sure, it did," admitted Sammy. "All the battles did. But we'll have to give it up till next fall when we'll find it all out in our history class. But now, as this is the Glorious Fourth there's no time to be in talking 'bout battles an' war. We're celebratin', we are."

"Well, I think it best to wait till dark an' set off the big guns," said Jim, the freckle-faced historian. "Night makes things look so big an' bright an' scary."

So it was decided by the boys to wait till nightfall to make a display of their Roman candles and sky-rockets. The rest

## A Guest at the Lawn Party



SPOT GETS HIS SHARE.

### 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: **OMAHA BEES' DEPARTMENT, OMAHA, NEB.**

#### Tommy's Dream.

By Eunice Bode, Aged 10 Years, Falls City, Neb. Blue.

Tommy was a cruel boy. He took delight in killing birds and destroying their nests. One night when Tommy was in bed, he heard a voice say:

"Tommy, I have something to tell you."

Tommy saw a fairy, dressed in white gauze. Then the fairy said, "My name is Mercy, and I came to tell you some stories about the birds you have killed and the nests you destroyed."

"All right," said Tommy. "The wren you killed yesterday had five pretty eggs in her nest. If you had not killed her, the eggs would hatch and make some pretty little birds, who would help to make the world beautiful, and who would kill many insects and worms that destroy the crops. Then there was that pretty robin, whose little babies were left to starve because you killed their mother."

"You robbed a turtle dove's nest of its lovely fountain of cold water. Fred drank his fill and waited till the skyrocket stick dipped his head into the cool trickling stream. Then away they went to a green grove that appeared in the distance. 'Inside that grove dwells the Man of the Moon,' explained Fanny Stick, as Fred called the skyrocket that now appeared possessed of human intelligence. 'We'll tap at his gate and ask for some refreshments.'"

In response to Fanny Stick's tap on the gate a loud voice roared from a flowered bowler: "Who's there and what's wanted?"

"It's Master Fred and Fanny Skyrrocket."

But Fred's attention was called to the fact that he was being drawn very rapidly to the planet just above him. "Ah, this is the moon," Fred said to himself. "Teacher has told us how it is a dead planet without any water or atmosphere. But how do I breathe so nicely if there ain't nothin' to breathe? Pahaw, I reckon teacher don't know quite so much about the moon as she pretends to. Then, I'll look about for something to eat and drink."

"Come this way, then," said a voice that sounded so much like a squeak that Fred had to laugh. Turning he saw that the skyrocket had become animated with life and was jumping about in a very jolly manner.

"Well, Fanny Stick," smiled Fred, "so you've come to life, have you? Gee, I'm glad that for I was getting awful lonesome. I was. But did you say you can take me to some place where we'll find something to drink an' eat?"

"Follow," was the stick's reply. Then he danced off over the moon's surface like a dancing master giving a lesson. Fred followed in the same lively way, laughing as he went. Pretty soon they came to a

not stop; for the queen of the clouds, Buttercup, wisest to see you."

They hurried on and soon came to a beautiful field of gold. They entered and there was a smaller cloud within, which was the queen's palace. They entered the palace and were shown to the queen, who received them very graciously. This throne would dazzle any person, for it was made of snow-drops and the queen wore a dress of sparkling, dancing rain-drops. She looked so lovely that Mae wished to touch the gown, but that was against the rules of cloudland, to touch the queen's gown. You know the cloud where Queen Buttercup lived was not very large. All at once many people came by looking very fierce in black caps and coats. The fairy Sweetpea told Mae it was going to rain.

Mae was so frightened that she ran down the steps, and to the edge of the cloud and tumbled off and went down, down, down.

She awoke with a cry of alarm only to find papa touching her on the arm and calling her to dinner. Her fall had been that the incoming tide made the rocks wet and slippery and she had slipped from one to another.

Mae was a girl of ten before you could make her believe that she had fallen asleep on the rocks and was dreaming.

#### The First Toad

By Pearl Smith, Aged 12 Years, Beemer, Neb., R. F. D. No. 1. Red.

A great many years ago a young prince was on a long journey. One day he could not find food or water.

While he was wandering about looking for food and water a fairy appeared before him and said: "If you will take this watch and wind it up every day you will have great fun to live off a sky-rocket and find food and water; but if you forget to wind it you will be turned into a toad. But the very next day he forgot it, and when he awoke the next morning he found himself not a prince but a toad, and that is how toads came into this world."

#### Janey's Present

By Mab Grunka, Aged 13 Years, West Point, Neb. Red.

Janey had been very sick. She had not left her room for a month. But she was much better. Why, she was really hungry this morning. And here comes mama with a nice breakfast! She looked at the pleasant room while she ate her toast and drank her milk.

"It isn't such an old headache place now," she said. "But please open the windows and let all the sickness out." Then mamma put on the soft red wrapper and knitted slippers that auntie had made for her to wear on this very day. How pleasant it was to be on the lounge with her own dearest doll, Beinda. Button, tucked away under the afghan! She could see the children at play through the open window and hear their merry laughter.

"Mamma," she said, "I am so glad to be well. I want to make a present. May I give some things to Bobby's lame sister? Not Beinda. She knows how sick I have been, and would not leave me. But I want to give her my red leather hat, and white rabbit and the picture book Cousin George sent me. And, mamma, will you buy a new doll who has no mother, for Nellie?"

Was not that a kind thought of Janey's? And you may be sure Nellie had them.

#### Mae's Visit to the Clouds

By Lulu MacCoe, Aged 12 Years, Florence, Neb. Blue.

One day in summer Mr. and Mrs. Clarke and their daughter Mae went to the Atlantic coast. Mae was a dreamy child and liked fairy stories very much. One morning Mr. and Mrs. Clarke went out for a drive on the beach, leaving Mae at home. Mae wandered down to her favorite pile of rocks on the beach and sat down.

After a while she looked up at the pink and white clouds going past.

"Oh, dear me," she sighed, "I wish I could go up there."

She fell asleep, after watching them for awhile.

"Did I hear you wish to see the clouds?" said a soft voice next to her.

"Oh, yes! yes! I would," said Mae, "but I am so large."

"I will tend to that," said the fairy, whose name was Dewdrop. So Mae found herself growing smaller under the fairy's words, "A. C. G. A."

Then in a moment Mae was whirled away. Soon they struck a pink cloud, and their journey ended. Mae looked around her with wonder. Dewdrop, however, hastened her on, saying, "You must

#### Eva's Visit to Fairyland

By Mable Witt, Aged 11 Years, Bennington, Neb. Red.

One day as Eva was sitting on the bank of a river, two fairies came along and asked Eva if she wanted to see fairyland. Eva wanted to go. These fairies had large leaves for a boat. Eva was very much afraid that the boat would sink. So Eva told the fairies that she was afraid that the boat would sink.

One of the fairies told Eva to look in the water, so Eva did it, and the fairy touched Eva's head and she was as small as the other fairies. These fairies were as big as your finger. Eva got on the boat and they went to fairyland.

Eva was very much surprised to see all the little fairies busy.

#### The Land of the Busy Bees

By Margaret Leake, Aged 14 Years, 466 West Sixth Street, Fremont, Neb. Blue.

One night I was very unwilling to go to bed, so I sat by my window, which was open, and watched the moon as it seemed to sail around the sky. I thought what a fine time the fairies were having up there, when suddenly I lost my balance and fell out of the window, but instead of falling to the earth I was floating around, and then went up, up to the moon, but I knew it wasn't

#### On the Glorious Fourth

Then to the Celebration Grounds I marched with gallant tread. And listened while a Wondrous Man "The Declaration" read.

Then came the picnic dinner Spread 'neath a great oak tree: And little Billy ate his fill While the band played "Liberty."

And all the rest the day was spent In making fun and noise; Shouting lots of firecrackers off With all the girls and boys.

And when at eve he wandered home, As tired as he could be, He said, "I love the Glorious Fourth, 'Tis a day what jest suits me."

MAUD WALKER.



because I couldn't see "The man in the moon's" face. Then I stopped.

I saw a beautiful garden and what seemed to be a courtyard. Then I heard music, and an aged king and queen walked forward, and somebody told me this was the land of the busy bees, and they were going to crown a new king and queen to rule.

They elected their king and queen every month, while they wrote wonderful tales.

The old king and queen I recognized as 150th Martin and Chester Hart. They were very feeble and tottering.

The new king and queen, I learned, were bothered by others who pretty nearly had the throne—that is, they had nearly as many votes. You have found out who they are this time.

#### The Travels of a Dwarf

By Leslie Ragan, Aged 13 Years, Woodbine, Ia. Red.

Once upon a time a young dwarf ran away from his home in the ground to see the world. He would not listen to his mother tell him about the awful things upon the earth or about him getting lost. He just wanted to see the world.

The first night he got afraid of the owls and began to cry. The next day he saw a lion and asked him to show him the way to the sea. The lion said, "Follow me," and so he led him right up to his cave.

The dwarf heard him tell his wife to start the fire and put on the pot, and so he turned into a bird and flew away.

He flew so high he could see the sea, and by night he was to it. He turned back into a dwarf and fell to the water, but couldn't swim, so he turned to a small fish and started to swim away, but a great whale came by and swallowed him. He staid in the whale two days, and on the third day he turned into a dwarf again, and climbed on a great man of some kind, which he found was a giant.

They traveled four days and then came to land. The dwarf got off and ran home, never wanting to see the world again.

#### The Leaves

By Vera Dawson, Aged 9 Years, 133 North Irving Street, Fremont, Neb. Red.

Four little leaves, Said Mother Nature, As she saw them falling, As they were being felt. At last they have gone, The poor leaves the children But the next spring, And her children were bright, Just as the year before.

#### Robert's Prize

By Anna McCarthy, Aged 11 Years, Avoca, Iowa. Red.

"Robert, if you pick these berries you may have 10 cents," said Mrs. Love to her son one bright morning in summer. Mrs. Dove, I am sorry to say was not a very refined woman, and her son Robert was exactly the opposite. He loved to read books, but his mother could not see what good reading books did. Robert, on this morning was very much delighted to have 10 cents, so after picking the berries he went down town and bought a paper called The Omaha Bee, and quickly opened the paper to the children's page. Then he looked at the stories written by the girls and boys, and the prize. The cost of this paper, that he wrote a letter to The Omaha Bee and wonders if he would win second prize. My son cannot describe his joy when he received his prize, nor when his mother looked at the book and said: "Well, Robert, here are 10 to buy books in the morning. I like that book you got for the prize, and be sure and be as wise as the editor was when he bought that book."

#### The Fairy's Money

By Ida May, Aged 5 Years, Central City, Neb.

There was once a pair of little twins. Their names were Bessie and Jessie Brown. One day as they were walking up the avenue Bessie found a dollar. So they thought if they could not find the owner they might divide it between them, each having half a dollar. They walked a little bit farther than their mother gave permission. So they were a little bit late. The little children gave their cause, so their mother did not care. Mrs. Brown took the money and the money belonged to her. Mrs. Brown did not find the owner. So Bessie and Jessie had the money. The little children bought toy images, as cows, horses, lions, dogs, and all kinds of animals. Mrs. Brown had been planning to have a party for them. Mrs. Brown had sent out the invitations a few days before, but something strange happened about the noon of their birthday. The toys all came alive. They were making such a noise that they rushed in to see what was the matter. They were very much astonished. And when the children came to the party

it they all enjoyed it very much. Of course, it was the fairy's money that made this funny surprise.

#### Lillie's Fight

By Susie Scott, Aged 12 Years, Kearney, Neb.

Mrs. Jones was going away to spend the evening with an old friend. "Now Lillie," she said, "as she started, 'take care of Helen, and you had better go upstairs and get her toys for her.'"

When they were left alone Lillie told Helen to stay in the room a moment while she went and got her toys.

When Lillie was gone Helen sat and looked at the lamp. How pretty it looked, she thought. "Wonder if I can turn it up and down, like Lily does." So little Helen pulled a chair up to the table and put her hands on the lamp, and just then the chair slipped out from under her and Helen, chair, lamp and all fell in a heap. In a moment the room was in a blaze.

Just then Lillie came running down stairs. When she saw what had happened she tore off her skirt and began beating the flames so as to put them out. In a short time the fire was out. Just then in came Mrs. Jones, who caught Lillie just as she was falling, for she had fainted. "My brave daughter," was all the mother said, but it was your sister. Would you risk your life for your sister?"

#### Encounter with a Lion

By Helen Koepfing, Aged 11 Years, Bancroft, Neb. Blue.

Not long ago a government ranger in the Transvaal had a fierce struggle with a lion. He was riding along when he heard his dog barking at something and in the path was a lion, rouching at him ready to spring. He turned his horse and the lion missed his spring, but the ranger was thrown from his horse. He had just touched the ground when another lion pounced upon him while the first one ran after the horse. The lion seized him by the shoulder and put him in the path. The animal growled very loudly and the man was very much frightened. The lion had dragged him about 200 yards when the ranger remembered that he had a sheath knife. He drew his sheath knife with his left hand and stabbed him twice in the right side. The lion jumped back and walked away growling and moaning as he went. The ranger climbed up a tree and tied himself to a branch so that he should not fall. The lion's body was afterwards found. It had been pierced in the heart by his sheath knife. The lion was an old male and his empty stomach showed he had been rendered fierce with hunger.

#### Feeding the Pig

By Margaret Langdon, Aged 8 Years, Grenada, Neb.

There was once a little girl and her mother, and her grandmother lived next door. Her grandmother had a large pig and a small pig. The little girl asked her grandma if she might not feed the little pig. Her grandma said "Yes," so she took the bottle and went to feed the little pig. The big pig ran to the gate and grabbed the bottle. The little girl began to cry. She went and told her grandma, and her grandma said she ought to take a big stick and hit the big pig. And the next time she fed the little pig she did what her grandma told her to do.

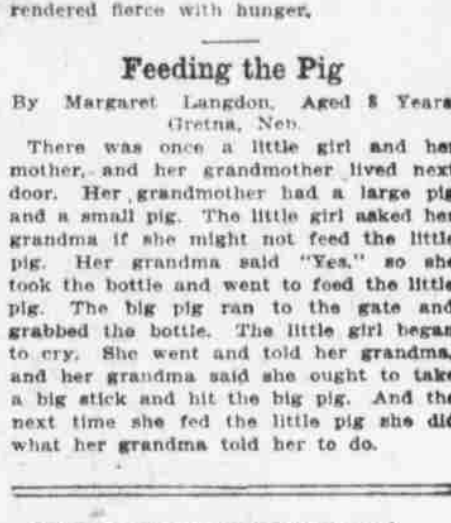
#### Little Towhead

Little "Towhead" crept, tip-toe, into the library after breakfast, closed and locked the door and sat him down in front of the writing desk. His freckled face—that was stained about the mouth and ears with egg and jam—wore a happy and patriotic smile.

"Now for mah essay on the Glorious fourth," he said dipping pen in ink and beginning to write with painstaking care. The following is the result of half an hour's energetic work:

"Many, many hundreds of Years ago George Washington started a War. It aint at all fair," said George, for she wanted to be ruled by a Furin King. We will take the Rights of government in 2 our Own Hands, said George. All this happened on the Fourth of July, and that's why all of us still Salibrait the Glorious Fourth. George was as brave a Man as Shurlock horses or any Detective what ever drue the breath of Life. He waiced three hund 2 his boot tops without ever Gsumbing about it. He could manage a whole Cannon by his self, and he was never known 2 tell a lie. If he played Hokey he fessed up 2 his Teacher as soon as he set foot in the School House. If it hadnt bin for George, where woud We all be now? In China mahy, or in the Silipines. Or mahy We woudent be at all, for Likely the Indians woud have Rkilled us all. So on the Glorious Fourth we must Shoot off mahy crackers and yell hip hip hurraw till we petty near burst our throats. George Washington and the Glorious Fourth are like Twins, they always go Together, they are Our American Heroes and we mustnt forget to hold them in Reverence. Its only Folks what have no love of this Country what dont feel Revenge for our Herows George and the Fourth of July. The nisset place to Salibrait is Down by the River. If you get tired and hot, shooting off Fireworks you can jump in 2 the Swimming-pool and cool off. But you mustent forget to yell hip hip hurraw good and Plenty on the Glorious Fourth, the Day when all royal Americans carries a flag and buys fireworks."

"Hip hip hurraw for George Washington that invented the Glorious Fourth, say L!"



WHEN AT LAST HE AWOKE HE WAS GOING THROUGH THE MILKY WAY.