

# BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

THE BUSY BEES have sent in so many good stories this week that we cannot print all of them, so we have saved some to print at a later time. The blue side is getting a little ahead of the red, but some of the new Busy Bees write that they are going to join the red side and help them out, which is showing a very good spirit, to help the side which needs it the most. One little writer would like to join the Busy Bees if he is welcome. I am sure that the king and queen and all the Busy Bees are glad to welcome all the new Busy Bees to the Big Hive of workers.

The prizes were awarded this week to Madge Daniels of Ord, Neb., on the blue side; Martha Davis of Fremont, Neb., on the red side, and honorable mention given to Anna Neilson of Lexington, Neb., on the blue side.

The answer to the illustrated rebus last week was: "A little girl started to market with a basket of eggs, she met a dangerous dog and ran so fast that all the eggs were broken." Correct answers were sent in by Elizabeth Hart, 2629 North Twenty-fourth street, Omaha; Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.; Bernice Perry, Cambridge, Neb.; Richard Page, 2514 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Arild Olsen, 2416 South Tenth street, Omaha; Howard M. Riffer, Glenville, Neb.; Robert B. Williams, Jr., 1901 Pinkney street, Omaha; Mabel Prosser, 4731 North Forty-first street, Omaha; Mae Girard, Fremont, Neb., and Dulcie Squier, Silver Creek, Neb.

Some of the new Busy Bees write to ask about the postal card exchange. Any of the Busy Bees may exchange postal cards with any of the boys and girls who have sent in their names and address for the postal card exchange list, which is printed every Sunday. It is especially good for those who have postal card albums or a collection of pretty postal cards. Three new names were sent in this week, and the list now includes: Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.; Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.; Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.; Claire Roth, 605 West Koenig, Grand Island, Neb.; Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.; Elsie Stastny, Wilber, Neb.; Kathrynne Mellor, Malvern, Ia.; Ethel Mulholland, Malvern, Ia., P. O. box 71; Milton Seltzer, Nebraska City; Harry Crawford, Nebraska City; Edythe Kretz, Lexington, Neb.; Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.; Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.; Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.; Emma Carrathers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha; Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha; Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.; Emma Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha; Florence Pettijohn, Long Pine, Neb.; Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.; Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.; Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.; Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.; Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean DeLong, Alnsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reeds, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gall Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Louise Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.; Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.; Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha; Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.; Pauline Parks, York, Neb.; Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Marguerite Bartholomew, Gotenburg, Neb.

## Busy Bees Who Take Life Seriously Sometimes



PLAYTIME AT AN OMAHA PUBLIC SCHOOL.

## Bert and Stella Pay the Penalty

By William Wallace, Jr.

THE mother of Bert and Stella Jackson was obliged to go to town on a shopping expedition, leaving her little son and daughter in the care of the old colored cook, the only house servant kept by the Jacksons. As the town was several miles distant, it necessitated Mrs. Jackson's remaining from home all day when making a journey there. She usually took leave of her little ones as soon as breakfast was over, and did not return till after dusk. But always before this day of which I am telling you Mrs. Jackson's maiden aunt had been of the family and had looked after the children during their mother's absence. But the maiden aunt had gone to visit relatives in a far-away city, and there was no one left at home to keep an eye on Bert and Stella save the old colored cook, Aunt Nancy by name.

"Now, Aunt Nancy, keep good care of my little ones," commanded Mrs. Jackson as she was about to depart. "Give them their luncheon at the usual hour, and see that they do not leave the yard while out at play." Then turning to Bert and Stella, she said to them: "Children, obey Aunt Nancy and remember mamma's instructions about your staying in the yard. Do not leave the premises while I am away. It is such a glorious day that you may spend most of the time about the yard or down by the old straw stacks at play. But remain within call of Aunt Nancy."

Then Mrs. Jackson kissed her son and daughter and departed toward the town, ten miles distant. For an hour or more Bert and Stella played about the big front yard, enjoying the games that two may participate in. But as the morning dragged toward noon Bert became restless. He missed the usual excitement that prevailed about the place when his parents were at home. But with their mother in town shopping, their father in another state on business, and the maiden aunt visiting relatives in a distant city, he found the country a most desolate place, indeed.

"Didn't mamma say that we might meet her at the railroad station?" asked Bert, tossing a rubber ball listlessly. "We didn't think of asking her about it," replied Stella. "Now, isn't that too bad? I fully intended to tell her that we wished very much to come to the station to meet her. Of course, she'll come home from the station in the same public hack that she went down there in. But there's room for us, too, for seldom are there any other passengers coming out so far as our house."

"Oh, mamma wouldn't have refused to allow us to meet her tonight," declared Bert. "She'll be so glad to see us standing on the platform when she alights from the train. And what a jolly ride we'll all have together coming from the station in that funny, rumbly old hack. I'm glad our carriage is at the shop for repairs, for I like the public hack lots better. That old driver is so funny and always entertains his passengers with some quaint yarns as his old horses jog along at about one mile an hour." And Bert laughed at remembrance of the old hackdriver, whose public conveyance was a most unique sight in that vicinity of carriages and automobiles.

"Well, and so you really think that mamma wouldn't object to our going to the station to meet her?" asked Stella, herself becoming a bit lonely and somewhat tired of the monotony of the yard. "Of course, she wouldn't," asserted Bert, emphatically. "She'll be only too glad to see us there waiting for her."

And so it was agreed by Bert and Stella that as soon as the clock struck five they would start for the little railroad station a mile distant. But the hours dragged and dragged so that it seemed the hands on the clock would never get round to 5. At half past four Bert suggested that they start earlier and spend the spare time at the station, as the time would pass more quickly there, watching the chance people who might be about the waiting room, than at home watching the small-like hands of the clock.

Stella agreed that Bert's plan was a good one, and ran to tell Aunt Nancy of their intention. As Aunt Nancy listened to Stella she opened wide her eyes, saying in a doubtful voice, shaking her head the while: "Lawsey, honey-lamb, I've not so marlin. I ain't 'bout 'lowin' you an' Marise Bert to go away off down yander to dat station. Ole Nance, she's bin tole by you all's ma dat she's not ter 'low you a's out o' de yard. Now, I'm not so shore dat you all's better go, honey-lamb."

"But don't you see, Aunt Nancy, we're just going to meet mamma. If we'd thought to ask her permission she'd have been glad to grant it. I know what I'm talking about, Aunt Nancy." And Stella spoke in a very convincing way. "Well, maybe you knows, honey-lamb, what you's talkin' 'bout, but ole Nance, she knows at de same time what you ails ma done tole her to do. An' though ole Nance hates to refuse you an' Marise Bert anything in the whole worl', still she done must refuse to give her consent to you ails goin' down dar to meet you ails ma tonight."

"All right Aunt Nancy," laughed Stella, "we'll tell mamma that we went away without your consent, and if she has any fault to find in the matter it will not be with you. And now we're off, Aunt Nancy." And Stella ran out of the house to accompany Bert, who was ambling off down the road toward the station. "Lawsey, honey-chile, please don't go!" cried old Nancy hurrying out of the house in pursuit of Stella. "Please don't go, for you ails ma done tole me—"

But Stella and Bert, laughing and waving their hands to old Nancy, were out of hearing of the end of Nancy's plea, and were soon lost to the old woman's sight by turning a corner of the hedge. As they went along they found many things to talk about, and the time as well as their feet flew, and soon they found themselves at the deserted little railroad station where they found seats on the edge of the platform.

And so two hours passed by, Bert and Stella being alone during the whole time. At last the station agent came to open the waiting room, saying that the train would be in from the city in half an hour. Then came a few travelers to take the train, and Bert and Stella took up their places on the platform, where the train would stop, to wait for their mother.

To their joy the train came puffing in on time, and eagerly they watched the few passengers alight from the coaches, hoping every second that their mother would step to the platform. But soon the train was slowly moving away, and their mother had not put in her appearance. In their disappointment and apprehension they stood looking after the slowly departing train, their minds not made up as to what they should do. Stella



## 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.

### (First Prize.)

#### Jean's Easter Lilies

By Madge L. Daniels, Aged 11 Years, Ord, Neb., Blue.  
"Ole Jean, where did you get those lovely lilies and what are you going to do with them?"  
"Where did I get them? I raised them myself and I am going to give them to Miss Lorne. You know she will be at the church to help us decorate this afternoon, and I am going to give them to her there. I know she loves lilies, and all the time they have been growing I have meant them for her Easter gift."

"Well, they are lovely anyway," Stella exclaimed. "It was Saturday afternoon and the city streets were thronged with people, for the Lenten season was over and the beautiful Easter tide at hand. Jean was very

### (Second Prize.)

#### How Edith Was Cured

By Martha Davies, Aged 11 Years, St. West Military Ave., Fremont, Neb., Red.  
There was once a little girl named Edith, who did not like to get up early in the morning. One morning her mother called her and told her it was time to get up for school. Edith thought nothing of it, but said in a very sleepy tone, "Yes," and rolled over and went to sleep again. When she was asleep, a little fairy named Wide Awake came to her and asked if she would like to visit fairyland, where all the fairies live and where all get up early in the morning. Of course Edith said that she would be very glad to go. One of the fairy guides showed her how the sky was painted in the morning and evening and how the mother bird fed her young; another fairy guide showed

her how the sparkling dew drops watered the flowers, and also showed her other beauties of the early morning. Now she had decided to get up early. Just then she was awakened by her mother, who was calling her again. This time Edith got up and jumped around, and by the time the first school bell was ringing she was putting on her coat and hat and getting her books ready for school.

"That night after school was out, she told her mother all about the sweet little fairy, Wide Awake, her trip to fairyland, and all about her promise.

"Oh, how can I thank you, Miss Wright?" said Jennie. And she ran home with a happy heart.

By Opal Nuss, Aged 9 Years, Sutton, Neb.  
One Easter morning after Pearl had come home from Sunday school she went into the house and had her mother read a little Easter story from the little Sunday school paper. She was but 4 years old and she believed in Easter rabbits.

All of a sudden she jumped up and said: "Oh, mamma, do you think the Easter rabbit has laid me any eggs? I am going out and see." "I suppose he has," mamma said. "Mamma bring a basket and come with me," said Pearl. "All right," said mamma. So both of them went out. She found one in each corner of the house, in flower beds, under bricks and leaves and when she came back there on the front steps was a nest of cobs with a red, a blue and a yellow egg. The red and the blue were side by side. One had "Easter" on it, the other an Easter lily.

When Pearl saw them she cried: "These are my prettiest ones. I did not see them before."

Her grandma had come up while she was hunting and had put them there. Then they went into the house and Pearl saw her grandma. She then threw her arms around her grandma's neck and said: "Oh, grandma, you gave me prettier eggs than the rabbits. I know you gave me these." And she held up the three, last egg she had found, "because they were not there when I went out."

"No, you didn't," said Tom, "I know he didn't," snapped Dick. "I know he didn't," snapped Dick. "I know he didn't," snapped Dick. "I know he didn't," snapped Dick.

Just then Dick's mother was seen at the window and the boys felt rather ashamed, for they thought she had heard them quarreling, which she had. "Dick," she called, "come and bring in your wood and coal, mamma, now, it's getting late." "Oh, mamma, no, no, no, I'll come in just in a minute."

His minute lengthened into hours and it was getting dark. Again the mother said, "hurry, Dick, it will be dark in a little while and then you can't see to do your chores." "Well," said Dick, "I'll be there."

He looked for the lantern, but failed to find it. At last he said, "mamma, where's the lantern?" Papa has taken it and has gone to sit up all night with Uncle Jack," she replied.

"And then will I have to get the wood anyway?" "Yes, Dick," said his mother. Dick went up to the barn and began to pick up the wood when a big rat ran out from under a piece of wood and ran up one of Dick's overall legs. He was so frightened that he could not scream. By frantically striking at the rat, it ran down and scampered away.

Dick never waited till dark again to bring in his wood and coal, for he was afraid of having the same experience again.

A Homemade Boy  
By Gladys Scott, Aged 12 Years, Burwell, Neb., Blue.  
Did you ever see a home-made boy? I never did. A home-made boy loves his father, mother, brothers and sisters. He loves his mother's cooking better than he does anybody else's; he loves to eat his mother's bread, cakes, cookies and other nice things. This boy dresses plain; he dresses in old-fashioned wooden shoes and clothes that his mother's dear hands have made for his father, but they are too small for him and he has given them to his boy. When this boy is in company or at home he never swears or uses profane language. This is the kind of a boy a few minutes he went to the house. He looked for the lantern, but failed to find it. At last he said, "mamma, where's the lantern?" Papa has taken it and has gone to sit up all night with Uncle Jack," she replied.

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His Mother's Hymn  
By Ruth Holson, Aged 12 Years, Burwell, Neb., Blue.  
One time a long string of wagons was getting ready to start to California. It was in the year 1849. There were ten families in all. It was not very long before they started a little baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. Brunster. When they started they took enough provisions to last

them on their journey. They took all their money, clothes and clothes they had to take to their new home in California. It seemed very lonely to see vast plains stretched out on all sides of them. When they all went to camp, they would all gather in a bunch and stay for the night. One day Jasper Brunster found that his sister and mother were very sick. When he went to her side and she told him she was going away, and she told him to sing her that old hymn. This is it: "Nearer My God to Thee." Then he stopped to speak. But she had passed to the land of joy and peace. He wept bitterly over the friend he had lost.

They had to bury her and the baby in this lonely place and go on to California. One day a little girl was stolen by an Indian. She was found behind a big rock, lying on a pile of rocks with leaves for a bed. She was very weak. They had spread over them for a bed. They had no more trouble getting to their new home.

The Robin  
By Ethel Girard, Aged 13 Years, 115 Platte Avenue, Fremont, Neb., Red.  
There was once a little house out in the deep forest.

There was a man and his son who lived there. The boy's mother was dead.

The forest was full of bears and other animals.

Mr. Brown (for that was the father's name) would sit up nights and guard the house. Johnny (which is the boy's name) would sit up nights and guard the house also.

It was winter time, for there was a white blanket spread over the earth.

One night while Johnny was guarding he fell asleep, and while he was asleep a white bear, who had been hiding behind some bushes, crept in. There was a nice warm fire in the fireplace, and the bear put all the fire out but just a little spark. After he had done this he crept out so no-body would hear him.

There was a robin sitting in the tree watching. After a while he went out to see what was the matter. He saw the white bear, and he saw the little spark. He flew in, and fanned and fanned the spark until it burnt his breast and this is why robins are called "Robin red breast." And the robins born after that had red breasts.

An Adventure with the Indians  
By James B. Dugher, Aged 11 Years, Wisler, Neb., Red.  
Mr. Brown with his son, came to America in 1776, and located on the frontier. One day he and his son Jack went out for a wild hunt.

While wandering through the forest they came upon a tribe of Indians. The Indians saw them and began to send up a war cry, and plunged directly toward the white men.

Jack and his father leveled their guns and fired, bringing four Indians to the ground, which aroused the fury of the red men.

The Indians then quickly seized the white men, bound their hands, and brought them to their camping grounds. They tied the elder one to a stake and began preparing to make a fire around him, which meant that they would burn him at the stake.

This aroused Jack into a great state of excitement, and in some mysterious way he freed his own hands, seized his gun which the Indians had placed near by, fired two shots, wounded two of them and killed one. He pulled the knife from out of the Indian's belt and cut the ropes which bound his father. And then they both ran into the thick forest. The Indians followed them, but lost the track.

Jack and his father quickly made their way to the fort, where the United States soldiers were camping and told of their adventure and the army did the rest.

Ethel's Wish  
By Mae Grunke, Aged 13 Years, West Point, Neb., Blue.  
Ethel was a very disobedient girl; she would not mind her parents. One day her mother and father were called away, because her mother's sister had been very ill and was worse.

"Now, Ethel, I want you to be very good, because I will worry about you. I have to go, and you cannot go because you have to go to school. I have a nice old lady here to take care of you, but you must mind her. Now be good," said her mother.

"Well, I don't see why I can't take care of myself or go with you," said Ethel. "No, Ethel, you must be contented," said her father. And they started for the depot.

A few days after Ethel said to the old lady, "I wish I could stay home alone once." "All right, my dear, you can; I will go home right away, because this about the fifth time you have wished it."

It was then about 6 p. m. So the old lady went away.

"I am glad she went away; I am old enough to take care of myself," said Ethel.

That night while Ethel was asleep some mean men broke into the house and took the money and silverware. They struck Ethel on the head, leaving her unconscious. In the morning the old lady came to see her. But her head was very sore. In a few days her head was better and she said she would be obedient to her parents, and she knew the men knew she was alone. And she was always better afterwards.

The Spoiled Child  
By Nora A. Cullen, Aged 11 Years, 2212 Webster Street, Blue.  
Rosalie was the only child left from a family of seven and she was encouraged by her parents in everything she did, so she had reason to be a spoiled child.

Rosalie got along well until her school days began, and then she found out she had to obey others, and that she could not do everything as she wished it done. She delighted in teasing her schoolmates. Many a child's feelings were hurt by her rudeness, and finally she came to be disliked by all.

The teacher chastized her and this made Rosalie and her parents very angry, but Rosalie was not to be blamed for her faults, because she was always encouraged and never punished. The teacher gave her two rules which she had to obey, the first one being, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." The second one was, "Obey your parents and superiors."

These rules were very hard for Rosalie to obey, but she finally succeeded in mending her ways and she came to be a well behaved, polite and unselfish child. She also learned that the world was made for her alone and that all creatures are equal.

When Rosalie grew older she was the most beloved child in school and in her whole neighborhood, because of her kindness to others. She learned to love her teacher very much and she always feels grateful to her for teaching her the lesson of obedience and kindness.



"LAWSEY, HONEY-CHILE, PLEASE DON'T GO," CRIED OLD NANCY, HURRYING OUT OF THE HOUSE IN PURSUIT OF STELLA.