

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

JUST to show that the Busy Bees thrive in all sorts of climates and have hives in the old world as well as in the new, the editor publishes in this issue a letter from far-away Copenhagen. The editor is gratified to know that the Busy Bees are so numerous and that they do not forget to write to the home hive. This is the first word that has been received from this little friend in distant Denmark.

The prizes were awarded this week to Mildred Jones of North Loup, Neb., on the blue side, and Marguerite Ludwig of Council Bluffs, Ia., on the red side. Honorable mention was given to Bryan Weekes of Fremont, Neb., also on the red side.

The popularity of the Postal Card Exchange continues unabated. Some more Busy Bees have written this week that they wished to join and the list now includes:

- Mayer Cohn, 585 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
- Gail Howan, 472 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
- Janita Innes, 709 Fort street, Omaha.
- Edna Morris, 254 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha.
- Edith Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street, Omaha.
- Louise Hoabe, 599 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
- Emma Carrathers, 231 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Emma Kostal, 1310 O street, South Omaha.
- Jean DeLong, Alnsworth, Neb.
- Lillian Merwin, Deaver City, Neb.
- Vala Cheney, Fremont, Neb.
- Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
- Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.
- Edna E. Hahn, Fairmont, Neb.
- Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.
- Ethel Hood, Fremont, Neb.
- Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Clara Both, 605 West Koenig, Grand Island, Neb.
- Alice Grassmeyer, 1845 C street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Florence Pettijohn, Long Pine, Neb.
- Louise Miles, Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Mildred L. Darnley, Ord, Neb.
- Heater Rull, Octavia, Neb.
- Zola Beddoe, Orleans, Neb.
- Leticia Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
- Earl Perkins, Rockington, Neb.
- Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.
- Clara Miller, Union, Neb.
- Mrs. Grunk, West Point, Neb.
- Edna Bandy, Wilber, Neb.
- Alla Wilton, Waco, Neb.
- Faustine Parks, York, Neb.
- Edna Bellamy, York, Neb.
- Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
- Ethel Mithelland, P. O. box 71, Malvern Ia.
- Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
- Katharine Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
- Mildred Robertson, Marilla, Ia.
- Ruth Robertson, Marilla, Ia.

Spring Day on the Farm



THE LOAD OF HAY.

Little Pauline Rogers

By Helena Davis.

PAULINE ROGERS was a quiet, sweet-tempered girl of 14. Her mother was a widow and kept a few boarders to help out with the living expenses of her little daughter and herself. After the death of Pauline's father—which occurred a year before this story opens—many of the little girl's former friends became rather cool in their manner toward her, feeling that the daughter of a boarding house keeper was not their social equal. Pauline's father had fallen in business just before his death, his financial loss probably being the cause of his sudden illness, which ended so sadly for his wife and daughter.

At first the changed attitude of her friends caused Pauline many very unhappy hours, but her mother's consolation and council helped her to get over the loss of friendship of such girls who looked more at the social position and financial standing of the parents of their associates than at the little comrades themselves. One girl especially that Pauline had been very fond of, Grace Van Horn, had openly cut Pauline soon after the news of her father's failure in business had been spread abroad. And even after the poor man's death, and when a kind word was so much appreciated by his widow and orphan daughter, the vain little Miss Grace Van Horn did not show her old school friend enough respect to come and offer her consolation. The other girls of her acquaintance were very kind to her during the first few weeks of grief and worry; but even they soon cooled in their manner toward Pauline, their mothers setting the example by striking the name of Mrs. Rogers from their visiting lists.

"Of course, the poor thing," meaning Mrs. Rogers, "can't expect to go in society now, for not only is she in mourning, but is financially ruined. They say Ben Rogers didn't leave hardly anything for his wife and child. So, under the circumstances, she can't possibly expect to continue in our set." So spoke Mrs. Van Horn, mother of Grace.

And so Mrs. Rogers opened her beautiful house to strangers, taking boarders to help defray expenses. Among the boarders installed in Mrs. Rogers' house was an old man, a stranger in the town. He had heard of Mrs. Rogers' house upon his arrival in town and had gone there directly. Although he brought with him no references as to character Mrs. Rogers declared that his kind old face and low, sympathetic voice were quite enough to warrant her in admitting him as a guest into her house.

"Why, the poor old man is crippled," exclaimed Pauline when she came in from school on the day of the strange boarder's arrival. "See how he limps, mamma, and his hands tremble so on his cane!" The old man alluded to was walking about the front yard and Pauline had caught sight of him from her mother's room window.

"Yes, he seems quite feeble. I asked him if he were alone in the town, if he had no friends or relatives here, and he replied that he was not only alone in this town, but in all this big world."

Pauline's sympathies were roused at once in behalf of the old man, and that evening she went into the library, whither the old

man had gone after dinner, and offered to read to him if he wished her to do so.

"Ah, come here, little daughter," said the old gentleman, smiling at Pauline. "Come, tell me your name. What? You are the daughter of my hostess? Well, then I shall see much of you, shall I? I hope we will become great friends this summer."

"Then shall I remain in town all summer?" Pauline asked the question with some surprise. All her life she had thought that to remain in town all summer would be very, very hard to bear on account of the insufferable heat. Of course, she and her mother had remained at home all the previous summer, but their circumstances would not permit of their going out of town. But Pauline could not conceive of anyone stopping in town during the hot season unless obliged to do so.

"Yes, I shall stay right here unless—"

And the old gentleman paused. "Yes, I think I shall remain in town right along—indefinitely."

"Oh, there is always a nice, cool place on the east side of the house, 'way round under the trees," said Pauline. "And we have a nice rustic bench. But an easy rocking chair would be better for you; the rustic bench is only comfortable to look at."

And Pauline laughed merrily.

"I am sure we are to be great friends," declared the old gentleman. "Come, read to me from this volume of verse. I know you can read with expression."

Pauline drew a chair close to the old gentleman and read aloud to him for half an hour, after which he thanked her earnestly and said he must retire to his own room, as very old people were like very young ones—they must go to bed early.

"Mamma, what's our old gentleman's name?" asked Pauline, joining her mother in the sewing room. "Well, child, what will you say when I tell you he did not give me his name?" replied Mrs. Rogers. "When he came to see about room and board he paid me in advance for a week's accommodations. I said I would give him a receipt, but he shook his head, saying he never had business transactions with people whom he could not trust. Then, as he was going out, I asked whom I had the pleasure of enrolling in my register. He turned and looked at me with such a quaint smile, saying: 'Just call me the Old Man, for I'm quite sure you will not have another boarder as old as I am.' Well, I felt so sure of his honesty that I made no objection to his coming in without a name. He is doubtless a bit eccentric, but a man of fine character."

"Maybe the dear old man is in some sort of trouble," said Pauline. "I do hope we can make him happy and comfortable during the summer."

The days wore on and Sunday came. As Pauline was going to her room to dress for Sunday school and church she heard the Old Man call to her from the porch.

"Yes, he seems quite feeble. I asked him if he were alone in the town, if he had no friends or relatives here, and he replied that he was not only alone in this town, but in all this big world."



Little Stories for 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 300 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.

The Good Fairy, "Love"

By Mildred F. Jones, Aged 14 Years, North Loup, Neb. Blue.

Ned had just thrown himself in the hammock to take a nap before 8 o'clock p. m. At that time he, with five other boys, had planned to run away and go to an island off the Indiana.

Ned was just 11 years old. His mother did not know they were going and he did not intend to come back. He felt just a little bit sorry to go, but thought of all the fun they would have. He had just gone to sleep when a small fairy came

to him and he beheld the fairy. "Love," she motioned for him to follow and he followed her into a wood, where it was dark. Pretty soon they came to a house all lit up and they went in. He found it to be his own home and saw his mother crying over the note he had left to tell her he was going away. Ned wished now he had not planned to go. Then the fairy led him home and he woke up. It had all been a dream and he told his mother of his plan.

She cried, as he had seen her do in the dream, but he promised her he would not go away. He then went to tell the boys he would not go and of his dream. They thought of how their mothers would feel and gave up their excursion. "I am glad I took a nap," Ned afterwards told his mother.

What Patience Does

By Marguerite Ludwig, Aged 11 Years, 481 Park Avenue, Council Bluffs, Ia. Red.

One day Mr. and Mrs. Wood Pecker had a quarrel over which was the strongest. Mr. Robin chanced to come to visit the next day and so they decided to ask advice from him and find out which was right. Mr. Robin said he knew a fine plan and so they told him to tell them what it was.

"Well," said Mr. Robin, "here are two fence posts. Each of you take a post

mind, for so often when Pauline was reading to him he would stop her in the middle of a sentence to ask her to go over the passage again. Then, he had not paid his board, except for the first week, and twice he had borrowed small sums from Pauline, who had gladly loaned to him what little money she had saved toward some shirt which she wished so much to buy.

One afternoon Pauline was reading to the Old Man in the library. Suddenly he put out his hand and stopped her. Then he said: "Pauline, what would you and your mother do were I not to find the money to pay my board? Would you turn me out? Speak plainly, for I must know the truth—and at once!"

Pauline laid aside the book and drew her chair close to the Old Man.

"No, sir," she said in a voice full of tenderness. "You are welcome here as long as you wish to remain. If you have no other friends in the world but mamma and me, you may call our house your home for—always."

"But the money, child? Do you mean to say I can stay without paying?"

"Yes, sir, you may stay without paying if you have no money. You are old and alone, and mamma and I are very fond of you. If you are in need, do not worry about your board and room. Mamma will tell you that under no conditions would she have you fret over the small sum you are indebted to her for. You shall be one of the family, sir, and mamma and I shall do all that poor people can do to make you comfortable."

"But suppose the other boarders should make an objection to your keeping me—a namesless beggar, one might say—in your house?" asked the Old Man.

"No one but mamma and I will ever know your circumstances," said Pauline. "It's very hard to be poor, sir, and as mamma and I have had a taste of poverty we know all the more how to sympathize with another fellow creature in distress. You shall have all the attentions that we have been in the habit of showing you, sir. Somehow, I think of my own

and the one which has his post down first is the strongest. They agreed to start the next day on their task. Mr. Wood Pecker got tired and went home, but Mrs. Wood Pecker kept on and by the second night she had two-thirds of her pole pecked down and Mr. Wood Pecker saw this and tried to catch up with her. But it was of no use. Mrs. Wood Pecker had beaten. But after that Mr. Wood Pecker always did his work and then rested.

The Reward

By Bryan Weekes, Aged 11 Years, Twelfth and Broad Streets, Fremont, Neb. Red.

May Collins came home from school very unhappy. Her mother was a widow and couldn't afford to buy her a new hat for Easter. Marie and Bertha were both going to have pretty hats.

"May, I want you to go to the store and get some sugar," said her mother.

On her way to the store she found a pocketbook. She picked it up and looked in and there was \$10.

"Now I can buy this money and buy a new hat," she said to herself.

Then she thought of her mother and knew that she would not want her to do it. She ran home to her mother and told her about it.

"I would rather you would never have a hat than to have you be dishonest," said May's mother. "I think Mrs. Stover lost it; she was over here this morning and told me that she had lost some money."

May took the pocketbook to Mrs. Stover. She gave May \$10. On Easter May had as good a hat as Marie or Bertha.

A Lesson

By Irene Abel, Aged 12 Years, Pilsaalleen, No. 4 Sth., Copenhagen, Denmark. Blue.

Once there was a little girl whose name was Ellen. She was always selfish and unkind. She was always telling things which were not true. One day she got 13 crowns from her aunt. She was very glad, but she did not know how to buy a new hat or coat. Her mother told her to go down and play and not keep thinking of her 13 crowns. So she went down to play, but she soon got tired and came up and rang the door bell, but the servant girl would not open the door. So she got angry and broke the glass in the door. She thought her servant girl would have to pay for it. Then her mother said: "I must teach you a lesson; you shall pay for it with your 13 crowns."

How a Little Girl Surprised Her Mother

By Miriam Devries, Aged 11 Years, Fremont, Neb. 509 Millitary Avenue. Blue.

"Look, mamma, Cousin Ruth got honorable mention for writing to The Bee," said Gertrude.

"Yes, isn't it nice," said her mother. "Why don't you try?"

"That afternoon Gertrude took no interest in stories. The next Sunday's Bee showed two more stories written by her cousin. But something again interrupted.

One day in school she thought of her cousin's stories and resolved to try. At noon that day she mailed some packages and there was a 2-cent stamp left. This she put into her pocket. That afternoon in school she wrote a story entitled "Helen's Lesson," and going home from school she discovered the stamp. This was soon on the envelope which enclosed the story.

Her mother knew nothing of this. Every Sunday for three weeks Gertrude looked in the paper. She decided that if it did not appear she would wait no one. But the third Sunday as she opened the paper her story had won second prize. And as she showed her mother she said: "It is worth trying."

The Magic Wand

By Letha Larkin, Aged 11 Years, South Sixteenth Street, Norfolk, Neb. Blue.

Once there was a little girl named Pearl Fulton. Her parents were very poor and worked hard for a living. Pearl had a little rose bush in the front yard which bore large white roses every year. It was the prettiest plant of the Fulton home.

One day when Pearl was in the yard someone tapped her gently on the shoulder, turning around she saw a tiny fairy, and, handing Pearl a tiny silver wand, the fairy said: "Whenever you wish anything, touch the leaves of your rose bush with your wand, the wand works with wonderful rapidity!"

With that the fairy disappeared, leaving Pearl in great amazement. Pearl took the wand and touched a leaf, and said: "Bring me something to eat." In an instant plates of steaming soup and everything one could desire was handed to her by a little fairy in one of the leaves.

"This is enough," said Pearl, as soon as she had so much that it would last her

dear old grandpa, who died several years ago, when I look at you. It would have been very hard to bear had anyone been unkind to him because he couldn't pay his way. Dear old grandpa, he was very poor, so for he gave all his wealth to his sons—my papa being one of them. And papa gave him a home till he died. Then dear papa made some unwise investments and lost all he had gotten from grandpa. So, you see, I know that it is very hard to be poor. But let us not talk of it any more, for the day is so warm and you need a nap under the tree. Come."

"Yes, the day is warm," said the old man, "and I've decided to go into the country for the remainder of the summer." Pauline looked at him in astonishment, and saw him smiling a most gentle and glorious smile. "Ah, my little treasure, with a heart of gold, I'm not a poor old man at all; I'm your old grandpa's brother, and have more money than I need for myself. So, hearing of your poor mother's dilemma, I decided to come here incognito and study her worth and yours. I have relatives in the west, who are after my money, but I don't want to go. When I was poor today they'd turn their backs on me tomorrow. This morning I had the same conversation with your mother that I've just had with you, and she assured me of her love and protection just as you have done. You both thought me a namesless old tramp."

"No, no," cried Pauline, "we both knew you to be good and noble, and pitied you because you were friendless and poor."

"Ah, but I have the truest friends in the world, my little one, and now we're all three going to enjoy the good that the money I have been piling up these many years is going to do. Your mother does not know my secret; I wanted to tell it to you first, Pauline."

"Ah, then you are Granduncle Dan, and not poor and friendless at all!" whispered Pauline, tears of emotion and happiness in her eyes.

"Yes, I'm that old chap, and I've come to take care of your brave mamma and yourself. And now just let these upstarts in town try to snub you, my little one."

A Busy Bee's Wish

By Ruth Manning Aged 13 Years, Westington Springs, S. D. Blue.

One day a sad little girl
By the side of a brooklet sat,
Pining away the minutes of pearl,
In the golden hours set.

"I have to work all the time," sighed she;
"I never have time to play.
I wish I was a busy bee,
That loves to work all day."

"I'll tell you how," a soft voice said;
"I'll tell you how, Marie."
Marie turned around her curly head
But nought could she see.

"Invisible being, how?" asked Marie;
"Oh, how?" was her eager cry.
"Write stories for 'The Omaha Sunday Bee,'
The invisible said, "Just try."

Marie set to work a story to write,
To become a busy bee.
When the paper came she a prize had won
And now is the busiest of bees.

Ruth's Honesty Rewarded

By Eleanor Mellor, Queen, Aged 12 Years, Malvern, Ia. Blue.

"Come here Ruth and see the pretty prize I won for writing an essay," said Mary.

Ruth heard her and ran to see what it was. When Ruth reached her she saw a gold locket and chain around Mary's neck.

"What was the essay about, Mary? Bring it here, won't you?" Mary got it and then showed it to Ruth.

Ruth glanced at it and said, "Why, Mary, you have copied that, because I read it just a few days ago."

Mary's face grew red, because she knew she had copied it and put on it "original."

"I didn't copy it, Ruth, because I received a prize."

"Yes, that was because you put on it 'original,'" said Ruth.

Ruth went home and wrote an essay without copying a word and sent it in. Next week she received a gold watch with her name engraved on it. She showed it to Mary the next day and Mary said, "I did copy that essay, Ruth, and am sorry I did. I wish I had taken your rule, 'honesty.'" Ruth told her to always do it and she would be rewarded afterwards. Mary said she would try it and has kept Ruth's rule, "honesty," in her heart in large letters ever since.

How We Came to Have Flies

By Ruth Temple, Aged 10 Years, Lexington, Neb. Blue.

Hundreds of years ago there were no flies. So I will tell you why we have them now. There was once a nation of dwarfs who were very rich and very wicked, and tormented all the fairies. One day the dwarfs went to the fairy queen's palace and stole most of her jewels and then blamed it onto the maid. The queen thought they spoke the truth and discharged her maid for dishonesty. She had a dog named Bruno who was very wise. He told the queen who it was that had caused her so much trouble. She was very angry and changed them into flies. And now every once in a while you will see a fly buzz very loud move his front feet very fast. Well, he's asking pardon from the queen.

Jenny Kay

By Aleda Bennett, Aged 10 Years, Elgin, Neb. Blue.

One day when Jenny was coming home from school she saw something lying on the sidewalk. She picked it up and saw it was a purse. Just ahead of her was an old man. She took the purse and ran up to him and asked him if it was his. The man said: "Yes, it is mine." He took her home and gave her some money, and after that she always called him Grandpa. One day when Jenny was home she got a letter telling her that her grandpa was very ill. She put on her hat and went over to his house. She read him stories, but soon he died. Before he died he left her a big farm.

Illustrated Rebus



"GRACE, I'M SORRY TO DISCOVER SUCH A WEAKNESS IN YOU."