

# BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

I CAN hear a buzzing around the hive, and one after another of the little bees asking for admission.

We might put "Welcome" in holly and mistletoe over the door and set out a plate of sugar or honey to attract the backward ones, but that is not necessary, I am sure, for the little folks know they will be gladly received. We surmise that the hive will soon be swarming with Busy Bees in the shape of contributions to brighten up our page.

How many of the boys and girls write stories, just natural every day events about real people?

How many have heard cute and bright remarks that have never been put in print?

Perhaps some of you have tried making rhymes and hidden them away or torn them up, for fear one might laugh at your first efforts.

Write any of these out and send to this department. We may not use them all, but if there is merit in them, you may see them in print some time. The children's department is for you and its editor ready to lend a helping hand to all its members.

While encouraging our young folks to write and study, don't think that we advise giving up your outdoor sports and amusements. On the contrary, get out and romp awhile every day in the crisp, wholesome air of winter. Coasting and skating are fine exercises to develop the lungs. The blood circulates more freely and the brain works quickly after such outings.

Next best to this, doing errands and chores around home, yes, even washing dishes and sweeping the floor, helps mother and makes a variety from the routine of school work. Do you realize what a splendid thing it is to be a schoolboy or girl and able to do these things.

Now, I want to tell the Busy Bees about a small boy who sent in a very pretty story, nicely written and punctuated—but what do you think?

The story sounded so familiar that we began to wonder where we had heard it before, and then to our surprise discovered it had been taken almost word for word, from an old reader, with only the names changed. We do not usually tell "tales out of school," but perhaps this will prevent such a thing happening again.

Our page is not for the purpose of reprinting old stories that every one has read, but your own real thoughts and experiences. Try again, little boy.

## Story of Wise Old Gray Tail

BY MAUD WALKER.

OLD GRAY TAIL sat on a limb near to the door of his house. It was a round little door, just big enough for Old Gray Tail to get through. It led into a big tree, whose interior was hollow to quite a depth.

At the bottom of the hollow place—which was Old Gray Tail's house—there was a fine store of nuts which Old Gray Tail had put there early in the fall. He was a wise old squirrel, was Gray Tail, and his knowledge was a theme of conversation among his neighbors, who always came to him for advice.

On this winter morning he had come out of his house to get a breath of fresh air and enjoy the bright sunbeams that stole through the bare branches of the trees. Seeing him there, several of his neighbors came to call on him, for he was a great favorite in the woods.

"Ah, my friends, good morning to you. One and all," said Old Gray Tail, waving his luxurious tail in greeting, as his visitors came up the tree merrily. "How goes the world with you this severe weather?"

"Well, Wise Gray Tail," said Mrs. Brown Fur, "I've almost run out of food. Since this terrible snowstorm my children and I have not been able to find a bite on the ground; everything is buried so deeply with the thick blanket of white that our paws must have frozen before we could have scratched through to the leaves on the ground."

"I told Mrs. Brown Fur to call on you and ask for a few nuts to help her and her family out should she run too short before a thaw," remarked a jolly squirrel, who was known as "Master Gay," he was always so lively and reckless in spirit.

"Why didn't you lend some of your winter's supply to Mrs. Brown Fur?" asked Old Gray Tail, turning a keen eye on Master Gay.

"Well, to confess the truth," said Master Gay, lightly and laughingly, "I have just about enough to run me through the winter. And I've got to eat judiciously at that or I'll find myself in the same straits that our lady friend and her family are in—that is to say, short of food."

"I thought as much," said Old Gray Tail, dryly. "I haven't forgotten last fall when I was so busy putting up nuts and you were frisking about and flirting with the gay misses. I told you then that every day would not be a holiday, with plenty of strew on the ground under the sheltering leaves. That was the time when you should have been judicious, my young and thoughtless friend. And as for our mutual friend, Mrs. Brown Fur, she should have put her children to work gathering nuts instead of allowing them to play from

morning till night. If I remember rightly she was the only worker in her family. And one cannot lay up the provisions for five. Each member of a family should do his share of the work as soon as he is large enough. No idle ones, no hunger and want, you know."

"But, dear Wise Gray Tail," put in Mrs. Brown Fur, "I had no idea that we would have such an early winter. And who could foresee such snow as fell three days ago? Why, every day till then we've found our food mostly on the ground, not having to touch what I had stored up. But now that we are cut off from the ground, so to speak, we are eating an awful hole in our pile of nuts. Really, if we do not have a thaw before another month I see nothing but starvation ahead for my children and myself—unless you loan us some food, dear friend."

"And suppose I lend to you and to everyone else who has been, like the grasshopper, idle during the season of work?" asked Old Gray Tail. "Who would feed me when my neighbors had eaten my last morsel of food, pray? For I do not know a single squirrel who has provided himself with more than enough to run his family, let alone giving to his neighbors. Nor but that there were nuts enough on the ground to lay up a five-year supply had all been industrious during the fall days of plenty. No, no, my gay and pleasure-loving friends, I cannot furnish food for a whole community, even though I were disposed to do so, which I am not."

"Why should I work overtime that others might be idle always? Those of us who would live in peace and plenty during the long winter months must prepare when the harvest is ripe. Sorry as I am, my friends, that any of you should be obliged to go on short rations, I am not touched so deeply as to starve myself to feed you. Had I not wanted away this long time ago I might feel quite differently about it, but I gave a free lecture on the necessity of storing up food while the weather was fine and the nuts were abundant. Many came and listened to my talk, chattering wildly and saying, 'He is right, is Gray Tail.' Then all went away to play and frolic till the winter came on. A few there were who worked diligently, but the greater number played. Those workers are now enjoying the fruits of their labors, while those who played may continue to play—as long as fun can be had without eating."

Just at that moment a strange noise was heard, sharp and loud. It made Gray Tail turn quickly to his visitors and warn them. "Go home as fast as you can, my friends, and hide away in your houses. Don't so much as peep out while those noises are sounding through the woods. I've seen

## When Winter Covers Ponds With Ice Boys and Girls May Go Skating



GROUP OF LITTLE SKATERS AT HANSCOM PARK.



ON THE POND AT RIVERVIEW PARK.



### 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.

### Visit to St. Paul

By Hope Hutton, age 9, 409 William Street, Omaha.

I am going to be a Busy Bee and write as often as I can. I enjoy the puzzle letters and stories. I like to read them. I will tell a story entitled, "My Visit to St. Paul, Minn."

My mamma, sister and I left Omaha about 7 p. m. one pleasant evening in August over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad. I enjoyed my journey very much. We arrived about 9 the next morning. As we had no relations or friends in the city we had to stay at a hotel. We rose every morning, had our breakfast and planned to visit different parts of the city. Seventh street was much like our Tenth street, but it has not a viaduct. There are a great number of schools and churches, which are

many of our kind fall from the branches after one of those terrific explosions. It is some sort of a death instrument in the hands of our big two-legged enemies, so take warning before it is too late. Excuse my seeming rudeness in sending you all home, but you know my house is too small to accommodate more than one besides myself. So, not wishing to show a favor, I must needs ask you for your own safety to depart as quickly as possible and make yourselves safe within your own trees. Come again after the danger is over. Goodbye for the present." And so saying Old Gray Tail turned round and immediately disappeared within his house. The visiting squirrels went down the tree, but did not hasten home, as they had been warned to do. Mrs. Brown Fur stopped to express her opinion of a neighbor who would refuse to lend food to others in need, and Master Gay seconded everything she said, adding, "Oh, he's a stingy old chap. But if the worst comes to the worst, we'll just go to him and demand some nuts; he's got enough stored away to last him

beautiful. We visited a number of the large stores, one called the "Golden Rule," which is much like the new Brandeis store. We went to the State Fishery. We saw large tanks, each having a different kind of fish; also many stuffed birds and animals. Not far from this was the Indian Mound park, a beautiful place, about 150 feet directly above the Mississippi river. This park contains seven large mounds, where the Indians are supposed to have buried their dead. We also went across the river to Minneapolis. This is a very busy city. St. Paul and Minneapolis are called the Twin Cities. They are the shipping centers for the wheat that grows in the northern section. I like St. Paul better than Minneapolis, but neither as well as Omaha.

### Day at the Atlantic Coast

K. Fradenburg, age 9, 1355 Burdette Street, Omaha.

There is nothing more delightful than a day spent at the Atlantic coast. I visited it three years ago when I was only 6 years old. I still remember the huge waves as they rolled upon the shore bearing shells and seaweed. The seaweed is sometimes five or six feet long and as clear as amber. The sea may be very cruel at times. We went to see a wrecked ship which had run against the rocks, thinking that a bonfire on the beach was the lights of Gloucester. The captain's wife was tied to a mast to keep her from drown-

ing. She was rescued and after a month was well enough to go back to her home in Nova Scotia.

### A Little Journey in Iowa

Ruth Dutcher, aged 12 years, 228 Erskine Street, Omaha.

When I was 10 years old my brother and I took a trip to Sidney, Ia. We left the Burlington depot at 4 p. m. and crossed the Missouri river and changed cars at Hastings, Ia. The train waited there for forty-five minutes. Then a crowd of people who had been to a race got on the car. The train started and we arrived at Sidney at 8 p. m. We went to my cousins'. There are three boys and no girls, but I did not care. I got acquainted with a number of girls. They took me through the school house, the only one in the town. It was a large building, as it had all the grades, and all the children in the town go there. Well, we stayed two weeks and when we started the youngest boy almost cried. We had to transfer three times and arrived in Omaha about 11 a. m., but no one was there, so we came home and got here in time for dinner.

### A Trip to Wall Lake

By Ruth Askey, aged 11, Fairmont, Neb.

When we were at my aunt's she took us to Wall Lake.

At about 5 o'clock Monday morning we started. It was cold and there was frost on the ground, though it was August. At the depot we found Teddy, the dog, had come along. So we took him with us.

At Wall Lake it was so cold that we built a fire in the waiting room. Teddy got loose and we had a lively time chasing him. There was a little monkey in a cage and Teddy tried to get loose to catch him, but he didn't succeed. At Lake View we got into the steamer and went across the lake to our cottage.

Though it was cold, we children took off our shoes and waded. We had not been there five minutes when

Teddy caught a muskrat. After dinner we went in bathing, but it was too cold for enjoyment. That afternoon aunt, uncle and myself went out fishing. I caught six croppies.

We got very thirsty and aunt declared that she never would go out fishing again without a can of water. On the way home we met my cousin coming from the other side of the lake. He had some frogs. That evening we cleaned the frog legs.

After we had finished and washed them aunt spread them in a dripping pan to salt them. She put some salt on and they all began to wiggle. They looked very funny.

The next day we went to Lake View in a sailboat. We were very late and had to run to catch the train.

(We will be glad to examine your other story, Ruth, and if suitable may use another time.—Editor.)

### A Visit to Colorado

By Floyd Hildebrand, age 11, 109 Fourteenth Street, Beatrice, Neb.

Last year papa, mamma and I went to Colorado. We had a fine time. We bought a burro. He was black. He was the prettiest little donkey you ever saw. We called him Joe Joe. He is so fat he can hardly gallop.

When he tries to he puts his ears back, his head down and his tail straight out. He has got to go just as fast as he can or else he can't go at all. One time papa said to mamma: "I tell you, he likes good things to eat in his mouth, because he eats onions. He thinks they are good."

We came in a burro wagon. Before we came we bought another burro. He was gray. We called him Jumbo. Not because he was big, because he was littler than the other. So we started, and on the way we got two more. One we called Tiny and the other was Maud.

One time Tiny went "He Ha" and scared all the horses in the pasture. Now I am going to write a conundrum:

Say, guess what I saw the other day? It was nothing but a horse going along the road as fast as it could and a little dog sitting on its tail. Do you know how it happened? Well, the horse was running as fast as it could and a little dog sitting on its own tail.

### A Letter to All

By Maxwell Lanyon, age 11, Little Sioux, Ia.

I take The Omaha Sunday Bee and I hope to join and be a writer for the "Busy Bees." I will try to amuse you by writing all sorts of stories. I will describe myself: I have white hair, blue eyes, I am four feet ten and weigh about sixty-five pounds. Well, I'll quit now and you go on.

(Several letters have been received from Busy Bees which will be published later.)

### Conundrums

When is the ardent lover like a tailor? When pressing his suit. How can a person fall up stairs? When in the second story. There was a bad kid with a ball.

### A Bad Boy's Fate



Made up out of snow, hard and small. An old gent, passing by. Caught the ball on his eye. He collared the kid—that is all.

### Queens of England

Isabella of France, queen consort of Edward II, was born in France in the year 1290. She was the eleventh queen of England, counting from the Norman conquest, and with but one exception was of a higher rank than had ever before occupied by a king of England, her father being Philip le Bel, king of France, and her mother, Jane, being queen of Navarre.

When a lot of Isabella's fatal marriage with the young Prince Edward of England was arranged for by her parents and Edward's father. The betrothal ceremony

was solemnized when the little princess was 9 years of age. At this time Edward was prince of Wales.

When Isabella had just completed her thirteenth year Prince Edward had become king of England through the death of his father. With unseemly haste the young king urged forward his marriage with Isabella, anxious as he was to place the beautiful princess on the throne beside him.

Thus, at the tender age of 13, Isabella became wife and queen. But the union proved to be a most unhappy one, the queen being a woman devoid of virtue and truth. She soon became estranged from her husband, and with deceptions and lies, turned her powerful family of France and Navarre against him. She even lived apart from him, spending some time in France, where she let no opportunity pass to do her royal spouse injury and exalt herself. Then, raising an army, she marched against him in his own realm, taking him and his most powerful advocates prisoners.

For a time Edward was held as a royal prisoner, but Isabella, fearing lest the king's party might raise an army and set the king once more on his rightful throne, had him secretly killed by torture and her son made ruler in the right of his succession.



ISABELLA OF FRANCE

## Little Bad Bill's Doleful Winter Adventure

Little Bad Bill was naughty, you know. Played hockey from school one day. Hid round the corner when the bell rang. Then skipped off alone for to play.

He saw in a yard a beautiful dog. Going in he said, "Huh, fellow, come! I'm out for a jolly good time, don'tcher

know. But I don't like playing alone." But the worthy old bull dog snarled, then bit!

Bad Bill ran away for life's sake. He thought he surely would fall in a fit. For a part of his clothes Bill did take!

But soon he had traveled away from his fear. Forgotten his recent great harm. So on, he went toward the far country. To find skating some place on a farm.

The day being warm the ice 'gan to thaw. But Bad Bill, unwise, didn't know. So he ran on a pond, all frozen o'er. Soon to find himself struggling below.

The ice cracked and broke, and freezing, he Quite loudly called out, "Murder! Fire!" An old farmer came, and seeing him said, "Gee whizz, son, you might be some drier."

"For, I swan, you're wet from yer top to yer toe. Come, git out o' there—quick, too! Git yer fer home fast as yu' can go. An' don't let me again see you."

"A-folkin' 'round' where you don't belong." Then away the old farmer stalked; While Bad Bill floundered out of the pond.

And homeward like icicle walked. When he entered his own beloved home, Where a grate fire glowed warm and bright, His mother, smiling, with slipper in hand, Thawed and warmed him with all her might.

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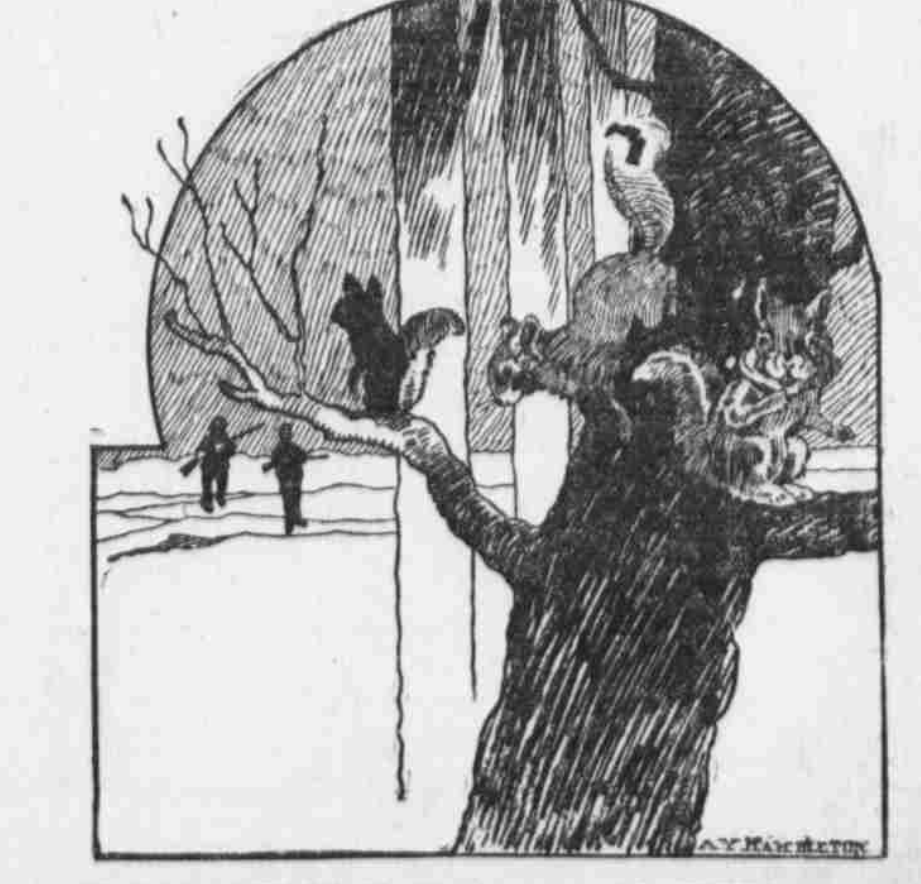
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"SURE, I'LL BE WITH YOU IN CHASING THAT OLD STINGY-BONES FROM THE FOREST," AGREED PEET-BOO.