

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

NOW I am very sure the Busy Bees really enjoy their department. The skating was fine last week and the coasting, too—the best we have had this winter—but the letters have come in just the same, and such good letters, too. But several of the boys and girls have forgotten the rules and that makes the editor a great deal of trouble. Some wrote on both sides of the paper and some used lead pencil instead of pen and ink, and one little girl forgot to give her address. Perhaps if I tell you some of the reasons why we must insist upon these rules they will be easier to remember. Have you noticed how short your three or four pages of writing look in print? Well, everything that is used in the paper has to be written out plainly so that the printers can read it and set the type from it. Just think how many, many sheets of paper that makes and how much time it must take to read them all over and correct them and set the type. The busy men who do this work have no time to puzzle over poor writing or writing that has become blurred rubbing among all those sheets because it was written with lead pencil, or that is hard to read because something has been written on the other side of the paper and shows through. And, too, it takes more time and is confusing to turn all these sheets. But when a Busy Bee forgets to add his name or address he is the one who suffers, for if his letter should happen to win a prize the editor would not know where or to whom to send it. So you see there is a good reason for following every one of these rules.

Several original stories have been contributed and they are all so good that the editor has decided to hold them a week, or possibly two weeks, until more come in that they may be judged with others of the same class. This will be more fair to the contestants and I hope all will understand the delay. Can we not have a great many original stories this week?

Some Busy Bee has contributed a skating party story, but it is incomplete. As the page received has neither name nor address no credit can be given for the story. It was very good, however, what there was of it. Won't the writer try again?

So many good letters were sent in last week about trips that the boys and girls have taken that it was hard to decide which deserved the prizes. But only two can win each week so do not be discouraged and try again. Either write another story about another trip or better still, try an original story. These will probably not be used until February, but be thinking about them and perhaps they will be more interesting than the "little journey" stories have been. Several have asked if they may contribute stories by chapters. Not just yet, so please do not send any more that way. "A Visit to the Country," by Nellie Wood, was awarded first prize this time and "A Trip to the Canneries," by Sievers W. Susmann, the second.

School Time Has Its Occupations and Holidays Their Joys for Little Ones



WAITING FOR THE TAP OF THE BELL AT SCHOOL.



ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON IN JANUARY.



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 w.c.s.
 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.

berries and red raspberries. We had fun gathering eggs, too, and jumping off of the hay. The orchard was full of lovely apples and one day I ate ten. But the most fun was threshing. My brother and I watched them all the time they stayed at grandpa's.

We had two little kittens. Mine was black and white and I called him Beauty. My brother's was a Maltese and he called her just Kitty. My cousin Arthur, my brother and I got sticks, tied a string on the end, put a pin for a hook and went fishing. We caught three minnows, but we put them back again. On rainy days we went out to the corn house and shelled corn with the cornsheller, then we would shell it with our hands. I got a blister, but I didn't care. We spent two months in the country and I never had a better time in my life.

Trip to the Canneries

By Sievers W. Susmann, Age 12 Years, 128 North Thirty-First Avenue, Omaha. Last summer I took a trip in Iowa and visited five canneries. Four of these were corn canneries and the fifth one canned tomatoes. The sugar corn is brought in by

farmers in big wagons. The wagon-load with the driver is weighed and then sent on to the shucking shed to be emptied. The corn is shucked by country boys and girls for 2½ cents a bushel. The shucks are thrown on a broad belt that carries them to a high point on the building and from there dropped into farmers' wagons to be fed to stock.

The corn after being shucked is passed to women who cut out the bad parts. Then the ears are thrown on a belt that carries them to the second story, where they are put through a machine that cuts off the grains.

Next the corn is put in a wire machine that moves around in such a way as to take all the silk out and drops the corn down a chute into a room where it is mixed with hot syrup. Then it is sent into the canning room, where the corn is canned.

After the top is soldered on the cans are put in open steel baskets and put in the retorts, where they are steamed for seventy minutes. Then the baskets are plunged into a tank of cold water to cool and whiten the corn.

After the labelling the corn is ready for shipping. All this is very interesting to see.

The Mask

By Alice Temple, Age 8 Years, Lexington, Neb. The other day papa brought a very ugly looking mask home. My sister Mary and I were in bed and mamma said Philip, my little brother, could get into our bed, too. Papa called me to come out where he was. Philip got out of bed before me and got there first and when I got there he was beginning to cry. And what do you think? There was my big brother,

Harold, all fixed up with a fur lap robe around him and that mask on and a hat on, too. Philip was very frightened and ever since he has been afraid of the mask.

A Trip to Valparaiso, Neb.

By Jennie Hansen, Age 10 Years, 4304 Patrick Avenue, Omaha. We left Omaha the 24 of August and it was raining very hard. Everything went all right till we were just one mile from Elkhorn, when the train stopped. Then the brakeman passed through the car and we asked him why the train stopped, and he said the tracks were washed away. There were five other trains besides ours. After we had waited for some hours the train pulled out and we did not reach Valparaiso until 12:30, and I was very tired, but had had a nice time.

A Trip to Lake Francis

By Walter Johnson, Age 9 Years, 715 South Nineteenth Street, Omaha. Two summers ago, when I was 7 years old, my two brothers and I and a party of friends went for an outing to Elysian, Minn., on Lake Francis. We left Omaha about 7 o'clock in the morning on the Great Western railway and arrived there at 9 o'clock in the evening.

Mr. Wilcox, who owned the place, met us at the depot. His little grandson was there and we had a fine time together. I learned to row a boat. We went boat riding, fishing and bathing every day. My two brothers and I slept in a tent. We all had nick-names and I was called the "Mascot." One Saturday we hired a hayrack and rode to a nearby town called Waterville. Every evening we had big

camp fires, and one evening another party that was there brought over a big watermelon and we had a good time eating it.

A Trip to Cedar Rapids

By Bertha A. Thies, Age 11 Years, Avoca, Ia. Last summer my mamma, sister and I were visiting an uncle near Lone Tree, Ia.

While there we went up to Iowa City, and after having dinner we took the interurban to Cedar Rapids. We went at a very swift rate. It did not take us but about an hour to go, and when we arrived there we went up the street a short distance and had a dish of ice cream.

As we were coming back our car stopped and I looked out to see what the matter was, and there coming down the hill were two women with a tub between them and quite a few following. Then the men threw out some great pieces of ice and these people came after them, for they were out camping.

At another place we set off an ice cream freezer. I do not know whether there was any ice cream in it or not. Then we went back to Iowa City and had a nice cool ride going home. It was getting rather late.

A Trip to Chicago

By Maurice Johnson, Age 13 Years, 1627 Locust Street, Omaha.

We started about 7:30 in the morning and rode all day, arriving in Chicago about 11 o'clock in the night. We were met by our relations at the depot and taken to one of my aunt's home. The people do not ride around the city in street cars as much as in Omaha. They generally take the elevated road; it goes much faster than the cars below, stopping only at stations where the people get off and on. This goes nearly all over the principal part of the city. Our aunt took us to Lincoln park, where we saw many varieties of animals and birds from all parts of the world. We also went through a museum in the park which had many stuffed animals and birds and other rare specimens.

We also went to the top of the Masonic temple, one of the highest buildings in the country, it being about twenty-three stories high. From there we could see far out into the harbor, which was dotted all over with ships of all sizes. We could not see much of the city on account of so much smoke.

We were to have gone bathing in Lake Michigan, but the water was not warm enough. We had quite a pleasant visit and a nice return trip. Wishing success to the "Busy Bee League" I will close.

A Western Visit

By Mary Husted, Age 12 Years, Phillips, Neb.

When I was 11 years old my father, mother, three brothers and myself took a trip to the west. We went by the Burlington route to Billings, Mont., then on the Northern Pacific to Seattle, Wash. From Seattle we took the steamboat State of Washington to Bellingham. Then from there on the Rosa Lee to Blaine. We visited my grandpa and grandma for two weeks. We came back by way of Seattle and visited the battleship Nebraska. We then went to Portland, then to San Francisco, where we visited the Cliff House, Golden Gate park and Chinatown. We stayed one day there and drove out and saw the fruit ranches in the famous Santa Clara valley. Our next stop was Los Angeles, from where we visited Long Beach and various points of interest. Our next stop was Sacramento. We stayed one day there. On our homeward trip was the forty miles of bridge across the Great Salt lake. Crossing the Rocky mountains over the Denver & Rio Grande we went through the famous Marshall pass, stopping one day at Colorado Springs, visiting Manitou and the Garden of the Gods. We made a short stop at Denver and then came home.

Little Flossie's Birthday Party

By Maud Walker

IT WAS Flossie's birthday and she was full of excitement. Mamma was preparing things for a great party which would be given at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. About twenty little guests were invited to attend, and all would be sure to be there on time, for Flossie's comrades knew that a party at her house meant more than the usual good cheer enjoyed at the regular birthday party.

While mamma was busy decorating the parlors and dining room Flossie decided to make her own little room more attractive by adding some odd bits of furniture and bric-a-brac from the store-room in the attic. She did not say a word to her mamma about it, but decided to surprise her when the little guests should be taken into her room to lay off their hats, hoods and wraps. The room was already pretty enough to suit the taste of any little miss, for it was all in blue, white and gold, with the daintiest of curtains and the softest of rugs. But on a special occasion like one's birthday Flossie felt that some extra touches were needed here and there. She had seen in the store-room a great gray fur rug which mamma had said was "shabby" and unfit to longer hold its place in front of the library grate. It could not do any harm for one afternoon lying on the floor of her room, just in front of the little white iron bed on which her small guests would put their wraps. Then there were a pair of huge old candlesticks which her papa had picked up at a curio shop, but which her mamma always laughed at and had relegated to the attic as unsightly things. But to Flossie they were "perfectly elegant" with their gilt bands and gay red flowers twining up their narrow stems. On her white mantelpiece they would look most artistic, so thought the little Flossie.

After running on some errands for her mamma, Flossie slipped from the dining-room, where mamma was still busy with the table, and went up to the attic store-room. It was cold and dusty and dark, for seldom did anyone save the servants go up there. Old carpets, broken pieces of furniture, battered boxes and trunks and

cast-off picture frames and bric-a-brac littered the place.

Flossie began to search about for the desired candlesticks which she remembered having seen on top of a packing box, but nowhere were they to be found now. The fur rug was there, but more than anything else Flossie wanted the candlesticks. After searching in every box and trunk and tearing up things in general in her hunt for them, Flossie remembered that there were many things packed in a great closet which was built in the dark end of the store room. Thither went Flossie, climbing over boxes and heaps of debris to the peril of her little neck, but reaching the closet in safety. A heavy door shut the contents from sight, but Flossie lifted the rusty hook which secured it from the outside and pulled it open.

Ah! There on a high shelf stood the longed-for and much-admired candlesticks, a goodly covering of dust hiding their gilt bands and red flowers. But some soap and water would make them as beautiful as new again. Flossie climbed on a box to reach her prizes, when the heavy door swung shut with a bang. Flossie was in total darkness, and was obliged to get down from the box carefully lest she step into a basket of old-time glassware. When she reached the door she pushed against it in vain. The rusty hook which she had lifted—and which she had left in a raised position, it being too stiff with rust to be dropped backward—had fallen into the iron staple which had held it secure.

Flossie vainly threw the weight of her little body against the door; it did not shake it in the least. Then she began to call out as loudly as she could, but her weak and frightened voice died away faintly inside the great, thick-walled closet that was most terrifying in its darkness. Oh, what should she do? Away up there in that attic where no one would ever dream of her being, and locked in the close, dark, cold closet whose thick door would not allow her feeble voice to reach those on the first floor. She knew her mother would call her, and receiving no response would go to her room to look for her. Not finding her little daughter the poor woman would become uneasy and

search the other living rooms for the missing Flossie. Then, in distress, her mamma would telephone for her papa to come home, telling him that their little girl was missing from the house.

Flossie sat on the box and wept, wept from fear and anxiety over her terrible imprisonment. Would she ever—ever get out? Would the invited guests arrive for the party and no Flossie to meet them? Would her tenth birthday pass in this terrible dark place without food or water, when downstairs were all sorts of goodies awaiting the hour of the banquet? "Oh, oh!" wailed the little one. "Oh, oh!"

Then came an idea. She must make some dreadful, unusual noise to attract attention since her voice failed of its purpose. She would remove a shoe and with the heel beat as hard as she could on the door, crying out all the while, "Help, help, help!"

Meanwhile in the dining room Flossie's mamma was so busy with the banquet table that she did not miss the presence of her little daughter in the living rooms. After a while, when all was in readiness for the spread, she went to the library to call Flossie. She wanted her to see how

daintily the table looked. Not finding Flossie there she supposed she had gone to her own room to dress, for it wanted but half an hour before the guests would begin to arrive. Knowing that she had not a minute to lose the good mother hastened to her room to make her toilet, feeling sure that if Flossie wanted her assistance in dressing she would come to her.

She had just begun to comb her hair when a queer noise fell upon her ears. It was faint—a human voice mingled with a strange pounding noise coming from some remote corner of the house. Flossie's mamma put down her comb and brush and went into the hall to listen. The sounds certainly issued from the upper floor, possibly from the attic. But what could it mean? No one was there—Bridget, the cook, was in the kitchen and Flossie in her own room dressing. And she was the only other person in the house.

While the good mother listened, trying to locate the source of the noises, they became more vociferous and distinct. The cry "Help, help, help!" came plainly from above. Wondering at so strange a happening, Flossie's mamma hurried to the attic store room. Once inside she recognized her own little girl's pleading voice, which

rose above the din of pounding on the great door.

Over the boxes, trunks and piles of debris she hurriedly clambered and reached the closet, when she opened. There, with tears streaming down her face, a shoe in one hand, stood little Flossie, a most pitiable looking object.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" she cried, springing into her mother's open arms. "I was afraid I'd never make you h-e-r-r. And I t-h-o-u-g-h-t I'd be n-e-v-e-r get out—of—h-e-r-r!"

"My sweet child," soothed mamma tenderly. "How came you in there; locked up, too?" she asked.

Then, with her shoe unbuttoned on her foot, Flossie went down to her own room to dress for the party, explaining to her mamma as they descended the stairs how she happened to be locked in the closet of

the story room. "But," she added, with a happy little laugh, "my room is pretty enough as it is, and never do I want to see those old candlesticks again. They got me into prison, so they did—and on my birthday, too!"

But half an hour later, when all the happy little guests were assembled Flossie took great pleasure in telling of her late imprisonment, even going into details about her weeping and wailing and pounding with her shoe on the door. "But it's an experience I do not want to repeat unless I am quite sure mamma is within sound of my voice," she added, laughingly.

And all the little friends laughed also, thinking, however, that Flossie had suffered a terrible ordeal—and on her birthday, too, which made it much worse, of course.

Queens of England

Marguerite of France, second queen-consort of Edward I. of England, was early orphaned by the death of her royal father, Philip le Hardi, King of France. She was a sweet-tempered, high-minded queen, and retained these fine traits of character throughout her life. She was a thoroughly educated young princess, being as virtuous as she was refined and cultured.

While Marguerite was still very young her elder sister, Princess Blanche, became the reigning beauty and favorite of Europe. Edward I. of England, having heard her praises sung from afar, sought her hand in marriage. At this time he was a grief-stricken widower, still mourning the loss of his beloved Queen Eleanor. But he hoped to banish his heavy sorrow in the smiles of a second beautiful queen.

These negotiations for the hand of the beautiful Blanche were begun by the King of England, and the historians of those times declare that the Princess Marguerite was substituted in the marriage treaty in the place of her more favored sister Blanche by a diplomatic measure unequalled for craft since the days of Leah and Rachel.

However this may be, the name of Marguerite appears in the marriage treaty where that of Blanche was supposed to be. At the time of her betrothal to Edward the Princess Marguerite was just entering her twelfth year, but the final arrangement by which she became Edward's consort was not consummated till many years later, as both Edward and his brother the Duke of Lancaster, bitterly resented the substituting of the plain child, Marguerite, for her glorious and beautiful sister, Blanche, who was in the full bloom of her young womanhood. This piece of "diplomacy" was the work of Philip le Bel, mother to Marguerite and Blanche and King of France, who

had other and higher plans for the disposal of his sister Blanche.

The misunderstanding between the two kings seems to have been righted, for on

the 8th of September, 1299, Marguerite of France was married to Edward I. of England.

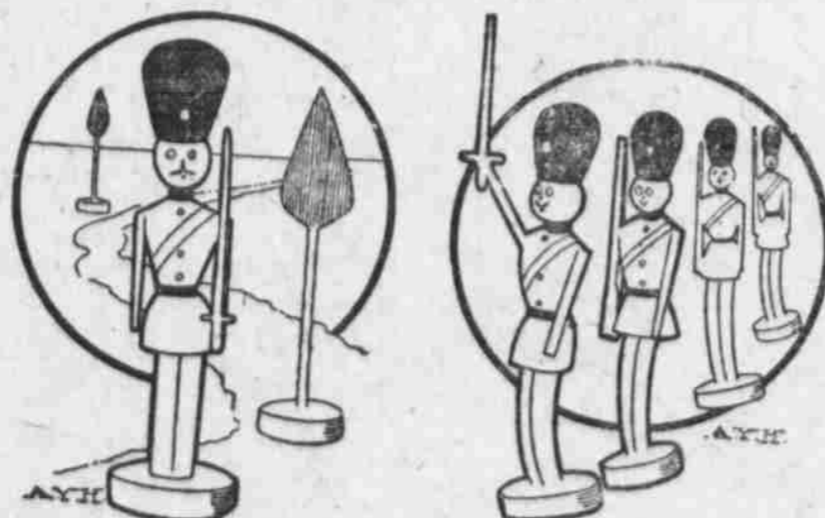


MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.

To quote from a record of the times: On Tuesday, the day of our Lady's nativity, in the twenty-seventh year of the King, arrived Anne Merzicott, the daughter of King Philip at Dover, and proceeded the following day to Canterbury, where that of Blanche was supposed to be. At the time of her betrothal to Edward the Princess Marguerite was just entering her twelfth year, but the final arrangement by which she became Edward's consort was not consummated till many years later, as both Edward and his brother the Duke of Lancaster, bitterly resented the substituting of the plain child, Marguerite, for her glorious and beautiful sister, Blanche, who was in the full bloom of her young womanhood. This piece of "diplomacy" was the work of Philip le Bel, mother to Marguerite and Blanche and King of France, who



WITH TEARS STREAMING DOWN HER FACE, STOOD FLOSSIE.



Oh, he is very, very bold;
A soldier most brave to behold.
He wears a sword sheathed at his side;
But the blade of steel hath ne'er been tried.
Of the enemy he feels no fear;
To him the battle's roar is dear.
He loves the din, the drum's beat, beat,
And tramp, tramp, tramp of comrades' feet.
'Tis safe for us to think and say
Of him, our soldier brave and gay,
That he will yet a general be
And lead his men to victory.

ANNIE JAMES.