

BUSY LITTLE BEES IN THEIR OWN PAGE

THE Little Busy Bees have taken such delightful trips and told them in such an interesting manner that I am very proud of them, and find it so hard to really select the two best ones each week that I am going to continue to give two prizes for the best stories and the two next best I will give honorary mention. Next week will begin the original stories. Many have already been sent in, so each Little Busy Bee must hurry and think of a subject to write about and have it in "The Busy Bee Department" by Wednesday, otherwise your story cannot go in for another week. Many of you may find it hard to think of anything to write about at first, so I will suggest a few subjects which you may use or they may aid you in thinking of some better subject: A Broken Doll, Santa Claus, A Red Top, Our Pet Dog, A Kind Fairy, Winter, Mud Pies, The New Play House, A Lucky Day, John's New Horn, My First Party and Coasting.

Some of the Busy Bees have sent in poetry, and it is splendid. There have not been enough of these verses, however, to use separately, so the editor has decided to use them as they come in and award a prize every month. Now let's see how many of us can write poetry.

And now here is something to do: Let every Busy Bee close his eyes right now, and, without looking, see if he or she can repeat the "Rules for Young Writers." How many could do it the first time? Tell me next time you write whether you can repeat every single rule without making a mistake and which one is hardest to remember.

The prize winners for this week are Alice Temple, age 8 years, Lexington, Neb., and Albert Sibbernson, age 11 years, 140 North Thirty-first avenue, Omaha.

Those receiving honorary mention are Chester E. Hart, age 9 years, 305 East Seventh street, Grand Island, and Lulu Pritchard, age 12 years, 2731 Charles street, Omaha.

Those who sent in correct answers to Sunday's rebus of January 20 were Wilson D. Bryans, age 9 years, 2125 Spencer street, and Miss Eva M. Allen, age 10 years, York, Neb.

Answer to Sunday's Rebus of January 20.
Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey,
When a great big spider sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Little Fritz and the Sea Fairies

By Maud Walker

FRITZ was a little German boy, an orphan without friends. After the death of his parents he went to live with an old sailmaker in a city by the sea. Both the old sailmaker and his old wife ill-treated and beat little Fritz, imposing heavy tasks upon the child and allowing him only half enough to eat and a pallet of straw in an outhouse to sleep on.

As the days wore on the heart of little Fritz became very heavy and sad and he began to plan on some mode of escape. He knew that to run away meant to be overtaken and beaten by his master, so he must make his escape in a different manner, a manner in which there could be no possibility of his again falling into the hands of the cruel sailmaker and his ugly old frau.

One day a skipper came to the little shop of the sailmaker to buy a new sail for his craft. After bargaining for it he told the old sailmaker that he would return within several of his sailors that evening and get the sail, which should be duly wrapped and tied in shape to be carried on board the ship.

All day long Fritz planned and planned, going about his work in such an abstracted way that the old frau fell upon him and beat him several times. But the child did not murmur against the bad treatment on this day, bowing without begging for mercy and taking the punishment, whispering to himself all the while: "I'll soon be away from this, so must do nothing today to cause the old woman to have any suspicion of my intention."

That evening as soon as Fritz had finished his supper—some crusts of black bread and a scrap of cheese—he crept from the kitchen corner while the sailmaker and his wife were gay over their plentiful supper of meat, sauerkraut, potatoes, cheese and beer, which was spread on a wide deal table near the cheerful fireplace. In the enjoyment of the meal the wicked pair did not notice the little orphan's absence till a heavy knocking came at the shop door. Then the sailmaker turned towards the dark corner where Fritz always sat on the floor to partake of his scanty fare and called out harshly:

"Go to the shop, thou young fool, and don't be all night about moving your lazy bones!"

But scarcely had he given the order when his eyes, searching the darkness of the corner, discovered it empty. "Where's that fool?" he roared, leaping from the table and hurrying to the outhouse where Fritz slept. But he came back immediately, declaring that the "beggarly brat" was not to be found.

"You go to the shop and I'll attend to the young fool as soon as I lay hands on him," said the old woman; for the knocking at the shop door was becoming strenu-

Transformation of Carrie Lou When the Man Left the Moon

Last week I was a little child,
My dresses to my knees,
They had to teach me manners,
"Thank you" if you please,"
I had to say, "Excuse me."
If I got in the way,
I now say, "Beg your pardon."
For I'm just fourteen today.

Good bye to dolls and playthings,
They interest me no more,
I'm busy training my front hair
To stay in pompadour;
No more shall I go slidin'
With little sister May,
She's only ten, you see, and I—
Am just fourteen today.

My mother's just as busy,
She sews and never stops,
A-din' over my growing-up mind,
That'll grow to my shoe tops;
And I've grown out of all my waists
And in summer I'm too thin,
My friends now scarcely know me
Since I've become fourteen.

But with the added dignity
That comes with altered dresses,
There's something out of harmony
And much I'm distressed;
My name you see is Carrie Lou—
I'll change that if you please,
In keeping with my fourteen years,
To Carolyn Louise.

Have I seen the funny papers?
Well I should say I've not,
I don't read my growing-up way
A-din' at such rot;
The social whirl attracts me
And the gossip of the stage,
The affairs of grown-up people,
For I've reached a grown-up age.

No fairy tales to charm me,
I've outgrown all that kind,
The tragedies of Shakespeare
Now suit my growing-up mind;
What's that 'bout grown-up outlets?
Now mother, dear, don't scold,
When it comes to things of that kind,
I don't feel quite so old.

RAYLON NE TALLE



Then away through the air
The earth's people say,
The moon is quite dead,
But how many know pray,
That her poor heart did break
When her man went away
In that little balloon
On that far gone day. —M.W.

Snow and Sleet and Ice Abound Yet Joy for Boys and Girls is Found



AN ICY SLIDE IS LOTS OF SPORT.

MERRY SMILES ON A WINTER MORNING.



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, Neb.

(Second Prize)

A Trip to Chicago

By Albert Sibbernson, age 11, 140 North Thirty-first avenue, Omaha.

We started about 7:30 at night and we rode all night, arriving in Chicago about 8 o'clock in the morning. I was with my two brothers and my mother. We were met by our relations at the depot and we were taken to one of my uncles. We got there about noon and we had our dinner. In the afternoon we went driving on Lakeshore drive, which was not very far from my uncle's house. Along the lake there were always boys and girls and sometimes men and women fishing. We drove into Lincoln park one day and there they had all kinds of animals, such as the monkey, seals, elephants, bears, and so on. My uncle had a summer house, which was on the Fox river. We got there at McHenry a noon; then we took a buggy and drove out there, for it was about two miles. I got at the place about half past 2. I played around all afternoon. The next day I went fishing. We stayed out there two weeks and then we went home. On the

(First Prize)

Trip to Kearney, Neb.

By Miss Alice Temple, age 8 years, Lexington, Neb.

Last summer some of my friends in Kearney, named Pratt, invited my cousins, Paul and Ruth Temple, and my brother Harold and I to come to visit them. Mamma and papa did not like to let us go at first, but at last consented. I was very glad to go. When we started we had to run, for we heard a train, but when we got to the depot we found it was only a freight train. On the way I got a cinder in my eye; it hurt very much. A man to whom my brother Harold and Paul were talking helped to get it out.

When we got to Kearney we looked around a little to see if Pratt's were there to meet us. We could not find them, so we started to go up to their house, as Harold knew the way. We had just taken our

way home there had been a washout; the bridge had gone down, and if we had wanted to get home that day we would have to go clear around down by Missouri and then up home to Omaha.

Eureka Springs and Kansas City

By Chester E. Hart, age 9 years, 305 East Seventh Street, Grand Island, Neb.

Thank you very much for printing my story. I will write a short one this time. I'm going to tell you about last summer, when mamma and I went to Kansas City and Eureka Springs, Ark. My grandpa lives in Kansas City, and he took us to the Electric park, where there are so many alligators. They look very fierce. There is one big one called Alligator Joe. He does tricks. A man gave them meat for their supper and two alligators got to fighting over a big piece of meat. They tore it all to pieces. Mamma said that is the way they would do with me if I fell off the fence. Then I went to see the otters. They are real tame. Some of them climbed up on the side of the fence to get bread and crackers from people. When they didn't get anything they would jump into the water as quick as a rat. We stayed in Kansas City two weeks, then we went to Eureka Springs. I rode a horse down there out to a big rock called Pivot rock. It is about two miles from town. We stopped at all the springs to get a drink. One day we rode on a street car up to the Crescent hotel. The road is very crooked and we passed lots of springs and people on horseback. I don't like Eureka Springs as well as Colorado Springs, because there are no burros to ride.

The Picnic

By Allan Robb, age 11 years, Lexington, Neb.

Last summer the Sunday school had a picnic at Buffalo creek. We went out in a hay rack. It was a very nice day. We went out there about 11 o'clock. Then we went fishing in the creek. We caught about eight fish. There were lambs out at Allens. We had to go over a board to get across the creek. We played base ball out at the picnic. The big boys ate our chicken and the small one had none. Alice climbed up into the tree. She stepped on a rotten branch and fell down from the tree and hurt her wrist and then we went home.

Ruth Among the Mormons.

By Ruth Thompson, age 8 years, 324 North Sixteenth street, Omaha, Neb.

We started about five weeks after school was out. It took us from Tuesday night till Thursday morning to get there. We then went to the hotel to papa, as he was travelling out there. We stayed at the hotel about two weeks. We then went to my aunt's. She lives out in the country. I had more fun jumping off the hay stacks. I would go hunt the eggs and pick the wild flowers. One day we took our lunch and climbed to the top of a great big mountain to hunt flowers.

One day my cousin and I went down to get the mail by a beautiful creek that came from the mountains. We saw a chicken sitting on about twenty-five eggs. My aunt had missed these eggs. We gathered them in our aprons and surprised her. I hope to visit there next summer, so I can write for the busy bees.

Hazel on a High Building

By Hazel Hidding, Age 10 years, South Omaha, Neb.

I am interested in the Busy Bee class and have read many of the letters and thought them very nice, so I think I will write one, too. I will tell you of when I was in Chicago. It takes one day and a half. When I got there I was very tired and hungry until I got to my grandma's. My two aunts live in Chicago, too, and I was very glad to see them. I went to town with my uncle, and I went on an elevated railway and saw a building twenty-two stories high. I was on the roof and there was a beautiful garden on top. It was all poles. I was very dizzy while I was on top, but soon got over it. Well, this is all I have to say for this time, so I will say goodbye.

From De Soto to Omaha

By Frances Seltz, Age 9 years, DeSoto, Neb.

This is the first time I have ever written to you, but I am going to join the club and am going to write you a story of a trip I made to Omaha last summer. I had a very nice time. I went down with my uncle. We got down to Omaha at 9 o'clock at night and had a mile to walk. "I was going down to Omaha" had always been my word, and at last my mamma said I could go if I would not get homesick. Well, of course, I said I would not.

So I went down with my uncle. My grandma did not know I was coming, but she knew my uncle was coming, so it took her by surprise. When we got there I went ahead, she was sitting on the lawn. I came up to her and said, "Hello!" She turned around and asked who I was. Then I told her who I was. She was much surprised and didn't even believe me then. Well, then she laughed and Uncle Fred came up and told her all about it.

A Day in the Country

By William Doway, Age 9 Years, Omaha.

Howard and I started out to go to Simpson's, on a farm in Pencon. We took the Benson car to the end of the route and then we got out and walked about two miles.

When we got there they were not there.

We went over and found them making hay in a field. We made hay until noon, and then we went over to the house and ate dinner. After dinner I saw them milk a cow. Then we went out to make hay again. When we came home we went out into the tomatoe patch, and then we picked some beans. Then it was 5 o'clock and we went home. We had an awful nice time.

A Trip to Mount Vernon

Ruth Zittle, Age 12 years, 205 Leavenworth Street, Omaha, Neb.

I want to belong to the Busy Little Bees. I like the Buster Brown page best of all. When I was 9 years old my mamma and I went east to visit my aunt and uncle, who live in Washington.

We stopped in Chicago to wait for our train and while we were there we saw a drowned man taken out of the Chicago river.

Helen's First Matinee

By Helen Colgate, Age 9 Years, 2833 Parker Street, Omaha.

The Friday before New Year's my aunt and a friend of ours came to visit us. On Wednesday she took me to my first matinee. I enjoyed it very much. I have been with my parents to hear Inner's band at the Auditorium, but had never been to a matinee before.

Conundrums

- Why is a dentist like a man swimming in a river?
- He is always on the outlook for snags.
- When is a man's heart like a cat's slumber?
- When light.
- What is it that is black and white, and still is read (red) all over?
- A newspaper.
- When is a stream of water like a man's nose?
- When bridged.

The Forest

- I. In the forest green and cool, Where the limpid, rippling pool, Dances in the sun's gold rays, On a drowsy summer day's.
- II. I sit and listen and look, Reading nature like a book, Listening to the wild bird's call, To the breeze rise and fall.
- III. There in grasses green and soft, Flowers hold their heads aloft, Violets, purple and blue, Pink and wild roses, too.
- IV. Graceful by twines the trees, Feathered forms waft the breeze, Luscious strawberries red and sweet, Lie in the grass at our feet.
- V. Up in the oak tree so tall Is a pretty nest so small, Twined together with grass and hair, 'Twas made by a cunning pair.
- VI. But soon will come a sad day, The dear birds will fly away, The flowers will fade and die, Winter winds will rudely sigh.
- VII. Winter snows will softly fall, Shrouding the woods so tall, But after winter comes spring, That flowers and birds will bring.

An Illustrated Rebus



Letter Enigma

My 1st is in little, but not in big.
My 2d is in long, but not in pig.
My 3d is in live, but not in die.
My 4th is in laugh, but not in cry.
My 5th is in oven, but not in bread.
My 6th is in brains, but not in head.
My 7th is in eat, but not in food.
My 8th is in anger, but not in mood.
My 9th is in narrow, but not in tall.
My 10th is in ocean, but not in stall.
My 11th is in time, but not in clock.
My 12th is in horse, but not in stock.
My 13th is in earth, but not in sun.
My 14th is in side, but not in gun.
My whole is a motto.

For all who do live,
And if practiced by all
'Twould much happiness give."