

# BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

THE BUSY BEES have done wonderfully well with the original stories, so well, in fact, that the editor found it hard to decide which deserved the prizes. The first of these stories appear this week, but so many have come in that there is no room for all and some will have to wait. The boys and girls who keep sending in stories of trips they have taken must remember that the prizes this month are to be awarded for original stories and these will be given preference, so do not be disappointed, but try writing a story.

Some of the Busy Bees who won prizes on the journey stories have sent in original stories and they are very good. But what do you think? One of these very same writers would have gotten the prize this week if his story had not been too long. I am afraid all the boys and girls cannot say the Rules for Young Writers, for several stories exceeded the limit of 250 words and so could not be used at all, for there is no room. The next best story this week was written by a girl, but she forgot to give her age, so her story could not be used either. Wasn't that too bad? Everybody, however, remembered to use pen and ink and no one wrote on both sides of the paper, which was a great improvement, and I hope everyone will continue to be careful.

The first prize was won this week by Louise Raabe, age 11 years, of 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; second prize was awarded to Rosamond Temple, age 13 years, of Kearney, Neb.

Those receiving honorary mention were Maurice Johnson, age 13 years, of 1627 Locust street, Omaha, and Helen Goodrich, age 12 years, of 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha.

Those who had the correct answers to Sunday's Rebus of February 3 were Emma Ring, 2526 South Eleventh street, Omaha; Wilson D. Bryans, age 9 years, 2125 Spencer street, Omaha; Myrna Hall, age 10 years, York, Neb., and Bruce Calder, age 9 years, Wymore, Neb.

The correct answer to Sunday's Rebus of February 3: "Ben was sick in bed and could not play with his blocks, top and ball, but his mother gave him some medicine and then he got well."

## One Bright Winter Day Makes Lots of Difference in Childhood Life



A SPILL AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL.



BUILDING THE SNOW MAN.

### Tommy's Valentine Troubles

By Maud Walker

FOR several days before St. Valentine's day Tommy was about the busiest boy in town. In a way Tommy was an artist, often making sketches of his friends, which, according to his fond mother, were "speaking likenesses." To be sure some of these friends declared the portraits drawn by Tommy were not true to life, pointing out that sometimes the eyes in a picture did not exactly fit, or that other features were "out on the bias." But these small errors were due to a nervous hand or a badly sharpened pencil, as Tommy would explain after listening to a criticism of his work.

But the week before grand old St. Valentine's day found Tommy up to his chin in work-work that was to mean something, if one were to be guided by the many remarks made by Tommy to himself. They sounded like this: "Ah, ha! now I've got old Jim's legs just r-i-g-h-t! He's bow-legged and has very large feet. I'll not make his face, for his nose and mouth are too ugly for an artist to draw and do him- self justice. I'll just have the back of his head showing."

Then again he muttered, smiling to himself, as he worked: "I'm getting Annie Bell's portrait just out of sight; her eyes match beautifully and her white frock has the correct number of tucks, for I counted them last Sunday at Sunday school. Tommy was doing the portraits of his family, friends and the old family servants, Jim and Nancy. These portraits, done in pencil, were to serve as valentines, little appropriate verses, composed by Tommy, to go with them. The list was a long one, consisting of Tommy's parents, his aged aunt, his young uncle, his school teacher, his best girl (Annie Bell), their cook (Nancy) and their man of all work (old Jim). It was the bow legs of the last named that had caused Tommy so much trouble in the drawing and so much pleasure when at last the outlines were finished to his own satisfaction.

The matter was to be kept a secret, even his own mother not having been taken into his confidence. Then on St. Valentine's day should be the surprise! Tommy worked and smiled, happy in anticipation.

The valentine of his "best girl," Annie Bell, required the greatest care. After it was completed Tommy conceived the idea of making a caricature sketch of a little miss who had "snubbed" him on a certain occasion. To this piece of distorted outline Tommy bent all his skill, giving the tip-titled nose a terrible end, pointing heavenward; the eyes he widened; the mouth he made quite hideous by showing crooked teeth and a protruding tongue. Oh, it was quite terrible to see, this caricature of the little miss who had dared to snub Tommy. Now he would get even, EVEN!

The verses proved to be a very difficult piece of work, far more difficult than had been the portraits and one caricature. 'Till 10 o'clock at night did Tommy fume and sweat over the rhymes which seemed bent on not coming to mind. He would bend one line elegant and expressive, but to fit a second or a third line with good sense and rhyming end proved to be the problem. However, Tommy was not the boy to give up. The more difficult the task the closer did Tommy stick and the harder did he fight to master it. This splendid determination helped him over many stumbling blocks, particularly the verse writing one, and when at last he laid his pen aside on the night of the verse writing agony he felt fully repaid for the labor of mind and body. A few minutes later he was in bed, slumbering sweetly and dreaming not once of the several blotted and laboriously scribbled "poems" that lay spread about on his writing desk.

The next day (the last one before St. Valentine's) Tommy went over his work of drawing and verifying very conscientiously, retouching here and there wherever a bit of finish was needed. Then he read aloud the verses, one by one, placing them with the pictures to which they belonged. The verses to his parents were sweet and full of dutiful love of a good little son. The one to his school teacher spoke flatteringly of her great intellect and learning. Annie Bell had drawn from him a confession of deepest admiration and love in rhyme. The aged aunt was assured of his esteem. The youthful uncle was told of his charming personality and fine form.

The verses ran as follows: (To his mother.) Dearest mamma, here's from Tom And I worked a long time on it. And hope you'll think it fine. (To his father.) Well, papa, you good old chap, You're my bestest chum. I send you here a valentine, But fear it's on the bum. (To his "best girl.") I admire a dear little girl, Whose eyes are blue so in curl; Whose frock is so neat, Who has such small feet. She's the prims and daintiest, And who sets my poor heart a-whirl. (To his aged aunt.) A lady I know who is stately; And I have seen her just lately. She's the prims and daintiest, From her head to her feet. And she smiles on her Tommy so sweetly. (To his school teacher.) You're very, very brilliant; And did you tell all that you know A lifetime it would take. (To their cook, Nancy.) You were most surely, surely born Our family kitchen to adorn. A woman strong and good to see; Please bake a jolly cake for me. (To the little miss who snubbed him.) My, but you think you're beautiful! Well, look at this and see— The way you look to others. And the way you look to me.

Then Tommy addressed some envelopes and folded the valentines and verses very carefully, putting them inside the addressed envelopes. But this finished piece of work—thoughtless as it was—was the thing that caused all the trouble on the morrow, for carelessly did Tommy slip the precious valentines into the wrong envelopes. Only two—his dear parents—were sent right. The school teacher received the aged aunt's valentine and verse, and, being anything but "stately, prims and neat," she resented what she thought to be presumption, not to say impertinence, on the part of her young pupil, for Tommy took great care to sign his name to his work. The gay young uncle received the valentine intended for Jim, and grew red in the face when he viewed the bowed legs and stooping shoulders. The verse only added fuel to the fire of his indignation. He declared he'd get even yet with that "amazing young kidman."

"Poke fun at his figure! Bah!" And, on the other hand, poor, crooked-shape Jim was hurt when he received the valentine which should have gone to the young uncle. "It's bad 'nough to be ugly an' common dirt without young Tom tryin' to hurt me feelin' by sendin' me a fine pickler what don't look a bit like me, and, by contrast, makes me know I must be a awful object," he moaned. "Ah! he knows no girl would say as I was 'out o' sight'—meanin' beauty, of course."

The aged aunt got Nancy's valentine and verse. "What! Born to adorn the kitchen of a relative! Well, such an affront—and from one so young!" He should get what he deserved for that little insult! And the picture! She threw it into the fire and had her carriage ordered at once. She would go to Tom's parents and lay the matter against them. She was too dignified—too advanced in years, to be made a joke of by a youngster.

But the most indignant of all was Annie Bell, into whose home came the valentine intended for the little miss who had snubbed Tommy. Annie, all expectation, had opened the envelope and—tears came into her pretty eyes and she stamped her foot angrily. "Oh, the mean, m-e-a-n thing!" she screamed out. "I'll never speak to him again! Oh!"

At the same minute the little miss who had snubbed Tom was opening the valentine intended for Annie Bell. She glanced at the flattering picture and read the loving verse, then she tossed her head high and sneered: "The l-d-e-a! He has no pride—to try to make up with me, and after the way I treated him, too. I was cool enough to freeze him, and here he sends me this—TRASH. The simple!"

In the kitchen of Tommy's home Nancy got an envelope containing the valentine and verse meant for the school teacher. Nancy was dazed. Why should her Tommy—for whom she always made special jelly cakes—ridicule her poor ignorance, her lack of education, by this verse, which dwelt upon that which she did not possess? Tears stood in the honest eyes of Nancy, and she hid the valentine under the cake box, not wishing to see it again. Just then Jim came into the kitchen, and, still suffering from the hurt Tommy had so unwittingly inflicted, told his trouble to Nancy, who, in turn, became confidential. Then it was that Tommy came running in to receive his thanks for the pretty valentines and appropriate verses. It took some minutes for him to get the tangle straightened out,



### 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.

### The Bumble Bee's Death

By Louise Raabe, Age 11 Years, 2508 North Nineteenth Avenue, Omaha.

Once upon a time there lived the queen of fairies in a large lily. One day she received news from the Bumble Bee to come at once, as Mrs. Bumble Bee was very sick and wanted her to come, thinking the fairy might cure her. So she took up her medicine chest and some fresh honey and with one of her attendants got in her chariot, which was a leaf driven by two butterflies, and drove off. They had to go through the forest. A big bear which they met gave the chariot a blow with his paw, for he wanted the honey which he smelt. The fairy had to step to mend one of the butterfly's wings which was broken by the blow.

After this was done they continued their journey, but could not go very fast, as the butterfly's wing was a little lame. At last they came near Mrs. Bumble Bee's house. What did they see but a black creak fastened on the door. The Bumble Bee was dead. The fairy went in the house and there sat Mrs. Bumble Bee in despair. She was very sorry that she had come too late, but said they had been detained by an accident. She left the honey, as she thought it might help Mrs. Bumble Bee over her sorrow and bid him farewell and went home again.

### Rosamond's Temper

By Augusta Kibler, Age 13 Years, Kearney, Neb.

Rosamond was a good little girl; only one thing was wrong with her and that was her temper. If everything didn't go her way she would get very angry and say naughty words and act very naughty. One day Rosamond's mamma called her

before them. She was too dignified—too advanced in years, to be made a joke of by a youngster. But the most indignant of all was Annie Bell, into whose home came the valentine intended for the little miss who had snubbed Tommy. Annie, all expectation, had opened the envelope and—tears came into her pretty eyes and she stamped her foot angrily. "Oh, the mean, m-e-a-n thing!" she screamed out. "I'll never speak to him again! Oh!"

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lovely doll carriage, and on the doll's dress was pinned a paper on which was written: "For the little girl who has learned to keep her temper." For her mamma had seen it all.

### A Lucky Dollar

By Helen Goodrich, Age 12 Years, 4010 Nicholas Street, Omaha.

One morning John Grogan arose earlier than usual and started to walk to work, which was about nine blocks. He had to pass a good many large buildings and he saw other men going into some of the buildings.

When he had gone about six blocks he saw something shining in a corner of a building. Going closer he found it was a silver dollar. Picking it up and putting it in his pocket he said, "Well, I will keep it for good luck, as my grandma used to say." Then he walked on and soon came to the large stone building where he was the bookkeeper.

"Well, you are earlier than usual," said his employer, "and so you can go an hour earlier this afternoon." So here was the first piece of luck for John Grogan. He got along better in his work that day than he was wont to do, and he owed this to the dollar he had found that morning. Going home that afternoon about 4 o'clock he met George Grenval, who met him with a cheerful smile and said, "Say, Grogan, you are the very man I am looking for. You see, I bought four theater tickets for the theater this evening and Sam Clark and his wife were unable to go, so I thought you might be able to use them."

He then produced two theater tickets for a well known theater in Clay Center and handed them to John Grogan. "Thank you very much for them. I am sure we will use them," replied John. "I am sure I will use them," said John, as he walked on, "and can afford to buy a 75-cent box of chocolates to eat at the theater." So he entered the store, in front of which he was standing, and saw the 75-cent boxes of chocolates on sale for 35 cents, so he bought two boxes instead of one.

Arriving home his wife met him at the door with a letter bearing the postmark of Delhi, India, where a rich uncle lived. Hastily tearing it open a 200 bill fell to the floor. "This is luck!" ejaculated John Grogan, and he then told his wife the story of the lucky dollar.

### Fred's Helpful Valentine

By Maurice Johnson, aged 13 years, 1627 Locust street.

Fred was the youngest child of his mother's family. His mother was a widow and the oldest son George, who was about 20 years old, was the only one to support the family, now that his mother was sick. Fred's sister Norma, 14 years old, acted as nurse to the sick woman. It was the morning before Valentine day, and Fred was going to earn enough money to buy a fine valentine for his mother. If he could. All morning he tried, but every place he asked they said he was too small. About 2 o'clock, when he was going down the street, he was hailed by a man.

"Sonny, can you take me to the Northwestern depot?" he asked kindly. "Certainly," said Fred, glad of the opportunity. "I'll give you a quarter," he added. "I left the hotel with my grip, which is all

### DOLLY-DOLL



Dear little dolly-doll, Quiet all day. Why do you always have Nothing to say? Why don't you ever grow Angry and cry? Why don't you laugh a bit When I am nigh? Why don't you run and leap Over the door? Why don't you hide yourself Behind the door? Why don't you eat a bit? And drink some, too? I'm sure that I would If I were you.

ANNIE JAMES.

### When Greek Meets Greek

(The Toy Boy.) "Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall I do? I know that dog will bite. He's watching me with all his eyes, And aching for a fight!"

"If I could only get away And hide myself somewhere, Inside the closet on the shelf, Or underneath the chair."

"I'd go at once and ne'er come back, For of dogs I'm sore afraid; They are such horrid, horrid things! I wonder why they're made?"

(The Toy Dog.) "Gee, looks at that awful kid! How fierce he stares at me! He's frowning and he's scowling, Most terrible to see."

"I wonder if he'll kick me? What would I better do? I'm scared to death at sight of him, For he looks me thru and thru!"

"Perhaps I'd better bluff him; Make believe I mean to stay; But if he comes much nearer I'll break and run away."

Tommy soon made an explanation, begging her for the valentine that he might take it in person to the little miss who had snubbed him and get in exchange the beautiful one intended for "his best girl."

And most of that day—good, old St. Valentine's—was spent by Tommy in undoing the carelessness of making the wrong valentines to his friends.

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### Grace's Garden

By Mildred Titziel, age 11 years, 2215 Oak street, Omaha.

There was a little girl whose name was Grace. She lived in the city with her mother and father. Her father had a nice garden where he raised vegetables and fruit. Grace took a great interest in the garden and thought she would like to have one of her own. So her father gave her a little place where she could raise whatever she liked. Grace spaded up the ground and raked it and then got some flower seeds and planted them. Grace took care of them and watered them every day and in a few weeks the plants were coming through the ground. She could hardly wait for them to bloom. She kept the weeds out of the garden and pretty soon the plants were blooming. Grace gave the plants to the poor and sick people and carried a bouquet to her school teacher every day.

### Nonsense Valentine



There was a small boy who was dressed All up in his fine Sunday best. To his sweetheart did say, On St. Valentine's day, "Have the heart, miss, that's under my vest!" M. W.

Very sweet, and very neat,  
And pretty as can be,  
Lends the lovely valentine  
Diddie sent to me.  
New and nice and dainty,  
Five knots of ribbon blue,  
Love to get such valentines,  
Now listen! would n't you?  
Enough is said, I'm certain,  
So I'll bow and say adieu.



TEARS CAME INTO HER PRETTY EYES.