

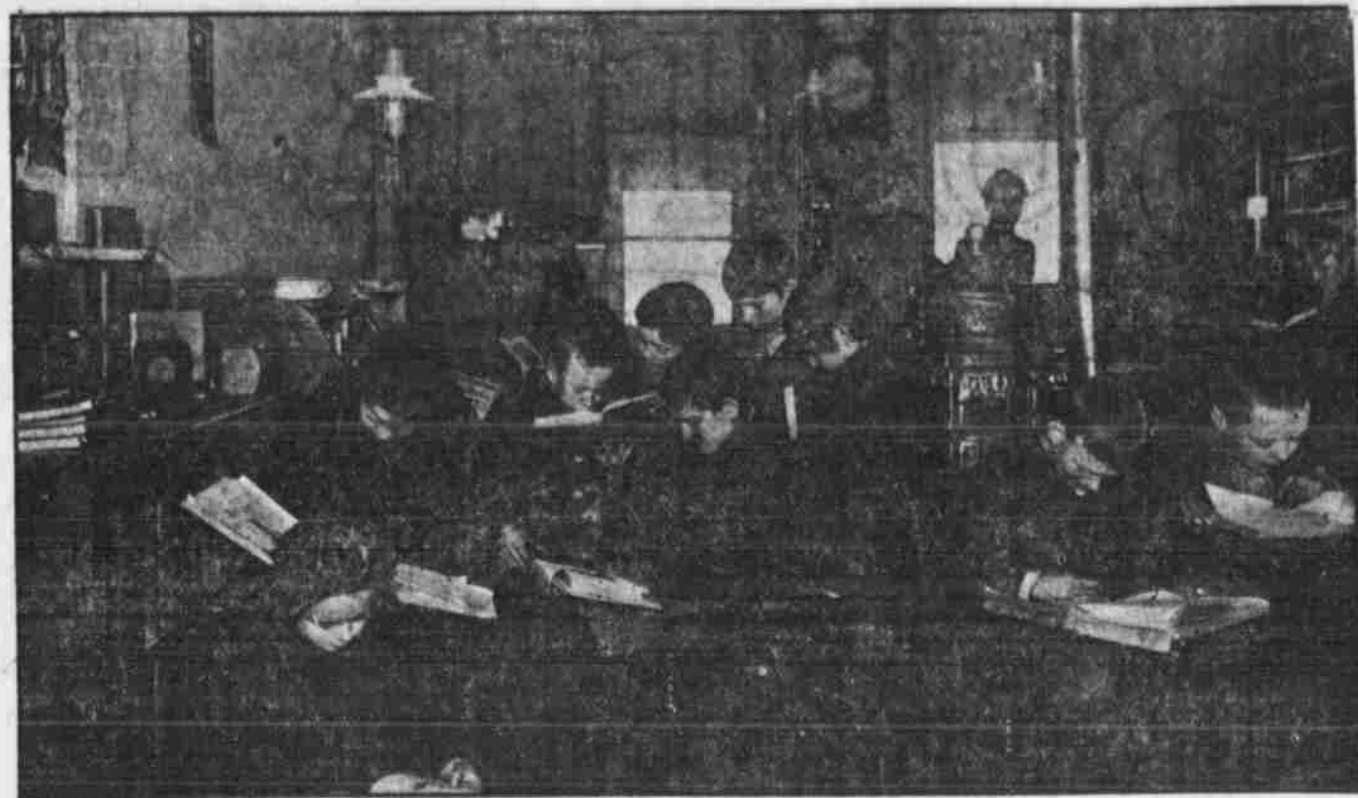
BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

THE BUSY BEES have done so very well with their letters and stories that the editor thinks it would be nice if we might know each other better. Of course, most of us live too far apart to really get acquainted, but it is possible for some of us to see each other. Can't some of the boys and girls send in their photographs? Suppose we begin with those who have written the prize stories. I am sure we would all like to know how these Busy Bees look. If you will mail the pictures to the editor of the Children's Department they will be returned to you in good condition as soon as they have been used. Be sure and write your name and address plainly and in ink, on the back of the picture.

So many letters have come in that they cannot all be used, there not being room, so the editor will use the best of them, and if your story is not used this week, look for it next week. Some of the good stories we are saving, and will use later on, so do not be discouraged if your letter is not published at once, but send us another one.

Both the prize stories and the two winning honorable mention this week were written by children outside of Omaha. Margaret Porter, aged 14, of Plattsmouth, gets the first prize and Eva Allen, aged 11, of York, gets the second, and Stanley Ives, aged 13, of Council Bluffs, and Clara Lundberg, aged 10, of Fremont, honorable mention.

When Day is Gone and Play is Done Books Help Out in Winter's Fun



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BOYS AND GIRLS GETTING BOOKS

Artie and His Teddy Bear

By Maud Walker

ARTIE got a great fine "Teddy Bear" for a birthday present, a bear that looked so real that sometimes Artie had half a mind to run away from him, fearing the fellow had come to life and that he might take it into his bear paws to hug his young master to death. But Artie was a brave little chap for his seven years and determined one day to never let Fear conquer him again. So taking his Teddy bear out for a walk, he said to him as they ambled along on the outskirts of a great park:

"Ted, I'm not going to be afraid of you, nor of anything human nor animal again. I'm going to be brave, and if it comes to the pinch I'll fight before I'll run."

Ted made no response, but from the expression of his eyes Artie knew he was not only surprised at the young master's words, but highly pleased that he had become so courageous. A bear, you know, is always brave, and Ted—while he was but a toy fellow—had the real bear instinct in his makeup. At the factor, where he was made a workman declared he had tried to bite him while he was putting in his teeth. And again, while Ted was lying on a big packing table, waiting to be boxed for shipment, he was on the point of hugging a pretty little girl who happened to come past him. Indeed, all who were acquainted with this particular "Teddy Bear" declared that he was a most ferocious fellow, not really safe to be at large.

Artie and Ted went along a path leading into the edge of the big park. Many children were out there playing, for the day was fine for the last of February, the sun shining and the wind still. Artie and Ted had not gone very far when they came to a bench that stood on the warm, sunny side of a long park building. Here it was almost like summer, and Artie, being a bit tired, suggested to his companion that they take a bit of rest before proceeding further. Ted was not averse to sitting down in the warm sunshine, for all bears young and old, real and toy, love the sunshine. In that they are like children.

So, down they sat on the bench close to a clump of leafless shrubs that shielded them from the view of the casual passerby. Artie, being a companionable little fellow, began to talk to his new friend and companion, Teddy Bear.

"How would you have liked being a real, r-a-a-l live bear what can eat people up?" he asked of the silent fellow beside him. Ted did not reply in words, but Artie vowed he would be a bear, and ears and wink an eye, showing his relish of the idea that he might be "real and eat people up." Artie felt a little shiver run through him at this unexpected demonstration from Ted. But he remembered a good resolve not to feel afraid of anything and taking hold of Ted's offending paw he said:

"Ted, don't try to get funny with me now. I'm your master, I am. You bought you for my birthday present you mustn't do anything what I don't like—frighten-me. Do you hear, my friend?" answered Ted. For a second Artie thought he must be dreaming, but looking at Ted he decided that he was very wide awake. Then he almost fell off the bench in his mingled astonishment and—shall I tell it?—FEAR! Yes, the expression of Ted's eyes and the movement of his ears and nose were quite enough to make Artie tremble and feel afraid. AFRAID!

"Stop!" he commanded in a voice he tried to make firm, but which had a decided quaver in it. "Stop trying to behave as though you were alive. Don't you know I don't want you to be real? I want you just as you were when papa bought you at the toy shop. So don't do-on-t do that again, or I'll take you right home. Do you understand?"

"I understand, Master Artie, but I don't know that I'm in the mood for obeying. Fact is, I'm no assy bear, I'm a fellow with nerve and fight in me. Do you remember, young chap, the person I'm named for? Aha, don't you give me any orders! I know what I'm about. Now, get on your paws and come into the woods with me. I'm going to show you the metal I'm made of. We'll likely have many strange and blood-curdling encounters before we are ready to return to the confines of the town."

As Teddy Bear made this long and threatening speech Artie felt his heart pounding inside his warm little jacket, and his poor knees knocked together till they ached from the severe contact with each other. Oh, to be at home again in his mother's arms, the safest place on the earth, Artie thought now.

"Come, get a move on you, fellow," said Teddy Bear, leaping from the bench to the ground and turning his gleaming eyes on Artie. Then he opened his mouth, showing two rows of white, sharp teeth, tipped one ear forward and winked an eye boldly, "Come, no hanging back, friend. Be game, or withdraw to the nursery again."

Artie felt a bluish creep up over his round cheeks. To thus be made sport of—and by a made-believe bear—was too much. It hurt his pride.

"I'm not in the nursery now, if you please, sir," he remonstrated, trying to put on a brave face. "I haven't been there for two years. I'm seven years old, I am. SEVEN! Do you hear that, Teddy Bear?"

"Well, you are as afraid of adventure as a little girl of five," grinned Ted, again winking that awful eye. "If you weren't you'd get a move on you and come along with me. No, you're a sort of girl-boy, the kind that likes to sit in mamma's lap and hear fairy stories. Ah, I know your kind. Scared, afraid! COWARDS!"

"I'm not a coward," declared Artie, almost beginning to cry. "I am a brave boy—mamma says so," said Ted drily. "Come into the woods with me and learn how to be NOT AFRAID!"

"But—but I'm hungry," faltered Artie, trying to find some excuse for going home. "Suppose we go home first and have some milk and cakes; then to the—woods, where you still want to go hunting danger."

"No, we go to the woods first, then, like the hunters of old, after our adventures, we'll return to our home and enjoy our meal as we tell those who gather about us all the wonders of our hunt," declared Ted, emphatically. "Either you go with me, or you're a little sissy, a SCARED BOY. Understand!"

Artie got down from the bench as if to accompany Ted into the woods. But all the while he had it in his mind to give the bear the slip and run for home as fast as his legs—which still trembled so—could carry him. "All right, Teddy Bear," he said in a faint voice. "You lead the way and I'll try—to—follow. But mind—"

He had meant to say "Don't lead me into any danger," but he saw the look of scorn in Ted's eyes and did not complete the sentence. "Go on," he commanded, falteringly.

"You take the lead young fellow," ordered Teddy Bear, in a commanding voice. "Go straight toward that wooded hill to your left. Don't follow the beaten path—there're no adventures to be found in beaten paths—but take through the underbrush and dead leaves. Ten to one we'll find a panther or a lion before we've gone many miles. Then we'll have some excitement. It will be the best one yet. We'll have to fight with all that's in us."

Artie heard the words of Teddy Bear as though they had been thundered from the heavens. Panther! Lion! Fight! He felt his little round cheeks grow cold and his heart thumping against his warm little jacket. What was this awful bear going to lead him into? Oh, that his papa had given him a toy engine or an express wagon instead of this animal! If he ever got safely home again he'd see to it that this Teddy Bear should be given away, yes, given a-w-a-y.

Not daring to run homeward now, Artie turned in the direction of the wooded hill. Ted had pointed out as their destination. His legs cramped and ached as he dragged himself through the weeds and dead leaves that impeded his progress. At every turn member, young chap, the person I'm named for? Aha, don't you give me any orders! I know what I'm about. Now, get on your paws and come into the woods with me. I'm going to show you the metal I'm made of. We'll likely have many strange and blood-curdling encounters before we are ready to return to the confines of the town."

LITTLE STORIES BY 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 250 words.
 4. Original stories or letters only will be read.
 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.

Scamp and Daisy

By Marguerite Porter, Aged 14 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb.

My master's brother Charles has a kitten. She is a very young one and does not know how to behave herself.

When I was a pug-puppy I was quite bad. But I have learned to behave myself. When Charles first got this kitten she was very ill-mannered, and often scratched me. He calls her Daisy. She is white and black. The first thing she did was to put up her back at me. I knew this was wrong and determined to teach her better.

I went up to speak to her, and what do you think she did!

Why she flew at me and scratched me on the nose. I did not look at her for the next two days.

Then she said I was cross, and one day, when I was asleep, she came up and began to play with my tail. I just wagged it ever so hard, and it hit her and knocked her down. Then she found out that I was her mother in the household. What a joyful day it was when the yellow card was off the house. As I had not been sick myself, I felt like a bird who had just escaped from his cage.

In Quarantine Long Time

By Stanley Ives, Aged 13 Years, Council Bluffs.

Some days ago we were in quarantine, and if anybody thinks it is easy for a healthy playful boy to stay in the house, I will tell you it is not. I can now feel more sorrow for a man that is sent to prison. When I heard and saw the boys outside coasting down the hill I felt blue. The great trouble I and my younger sister had was to amuse ourselves. We would get tired of the same kind of games over and over again, and I am sorry to say we often found occasion to quarrel. I cleaned my gun several times, fixed my bicycle, made sleds and tried to help my mother in the household. What a joyful day it was when the yellow card was off the house. As I had not been sick myself, I felt like a bird who had just escaped from his cage.

Elsie's Troubles

By Clara Lundberg, Aged 10 Years, Fremont, Neb.

Once upon a time there was a girl named Elsie. She was a pretty girl, with beautiful curls, but was very careless and forgetful.

One day she was sent to town and her mother told her to be sure and not forget to order the groceries. Elsie promised she would not. On her way she met some of her friends and went with them, forgetting all about what her mother had told her. As she came by a barbed-wire fence she climbed over, tearing her dress. Now it

A Snow Man

By Eva M. Allen, Aged 11, York, Neb.

With the first snow fall some of my playmates and I went out to play. A man soon came along with a very big sleigh and said, "Do you children want a sleigh or two?"

Heels nor turn away his gleaming eyes. And whenever Artie turned towards him he was moving that ear backward and forward and winking an eye. Oh, what could he do? What would happen to him? Just at this moment a rustle was heard in the brush at their side, and looking in the direction from which it came, Artie saw to his horror a pair of great rolling eyes glaring at him. Then he heard a

True Story of the Cherry Tree

When our dead George Washington Was just a little boy, His father gave to him one day A little hatchet-toy.

Now, there in that garden grew A sprouting cherry tree; Little George beholding it, Said: "There's the thing for me

"To try my brand new hatchet on." And—oh! so sad to say— He raised the hatchet in the air And quickly blazed away.

But when he saw his hatchet had And his father shook his head And said: "My son, I trust

"That I am much too wise a man To fog you. No, I spare You all your strength to keep for use When you cross the Delaware!"

But little George was a brave lad; He did not hide nor cry; But to his parent went and said: "Father, I cannot lie!

"I've felled the little cherry tree; So, whip me if you must."

My Pet Monkeys

By Sadie R. Finch, Aged 9 Years, 1815 Fifth South, Elizabeth, Neb.

When I was 6 years old my papa went to Chicago and bought me a monkey for a pet. I named him Jocko. He was very cute and mischievous. He liked bananas and bread and milk. We took the top off of my baby buggy and put a large wire cage on it for him. Then we could wheel him around like a little baby. He wore a collar with a chain fastened to it and it was such fun to watch him climb the trees.

One day he broke his chain and took a roasting ear and ran to the top of the house with it and sat on the very highest point and eat it. He did look so cute. A few days later he broke his chain again and ran away. He was gone two days. My papa offered a reward of \$5 for him, and he was found in a large barn. The boy who caught him had quite a time capturing him, as he showed fight. I guess he liked the big barn pretty well.

Then papa thought he was lonesome and bought me another monkey. We called her Beautiful Cora. The school boys used to catch grasshoppers for them to eat, and they liked them very much. During the winter papa took them to the store where they had a large room to play in.

That's How

By Mary Engel, Aged 12 Years, No. 1700 South Eighteenth Street, Omaha.

One nice day in winter a little boy went out to shovel snow. He had but a little shovel to shovel snow with, on a snow-bank near his grandma's house.

A man came along and asked the little boy how he could shovel all the snow away with that small shovel. The little boy said, "By keeping at it, sir, that's how."

"This is the secret of getting everything difficult finished under the sun."

A Peanut Party

By Myrna Hall, Aged 10 Years, York, Neb.

I will tell you about a party that mamma had for my sister and I and what a jolly good time we had. We wrote the invitation on a piece of paper, then put them in empty peanut shells and tied with baby ribbon. The day our party came our fun began. First we went up stairs and hunted for peanuts. Then we put ten peanuts on two chairs at each end of the room. Then two at a time would take large spoons and carry one peanut and see which could get them carried first. We then were given twenty peanuts to bid for small presents in boxes. At last we each were given a sack of peanuts to see which could get them cracked and counted the quickest.

It was then getting late, so we were served with hot cream, cake and taffy.

Faithful Carlo

By Harry W. Spivey, Aged 12 Years, 1503 Corby Street.

Frank was a little boy 6 years old. He had never been to the country, but one day he went to see his cousin John, who lived on a large farm in Nebraska. John had a large dog named Carlo. John had a horse and a carriage and a team of horses. His mother said they would go down to the creek and sell it the next Saturday.

John and Frank could hardly wait. But on Friday Frank's mother got a letter

Our Pet Dog

By Bruce Calder, Aged 9 Years, Wymore, Neb.

My home is in Rock Island, Ill, but I am spending the winter with my aunt and uncle in Nebraska. I go to school and have lots of fun, but I have the most fun with a little pet dog of my uncle's, named Laddie.

He does three or four tricks that I will tell you of. He speaks, begs, shakes hands and will go after a stick, but won't bring it back, you have to run after him and catch him. He goes to school with me sometimes, and he goes down town, too.

When the whistle blows he goes to the doorstep and looks for uncle to come home and if uncle don't come he goes in the house so disappointed. You would think he was more than a dog by his intelligence. My uncle has a nickname for him, Jimmy. He asked my uncle to let me take him home with me this summer, but he just said no.

The Inquisitive Moon

By Hope Hutton, Aged 5 Years, 409 William Street, Omaha, Neb.

Long ago the moon was a round ball, balanced in the sky. It was very inquisitive, so that it leaned over to see more plainly when any one did wrong, so far that it fell onto the earth.

So one day a little princess was eating her mother's jam, when the moon, who was watching her, fell down and caused everybody to come and see what she was doing. So she got angry at it. One night when everybody was asleep she got up and went out into the courtyard with her pillow and began to comb her hair backwards. Then the moon leaned over to see and fell out on a large farm in Nebraska. One day Frank got a large toy boat from his father. His mother said they would go down to the creek and sell it the next Saturday.

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Washington Rebus

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Now, there in that garden grew A sprouting cherry tree; Little George beholding it, Said: "There's the thing for me

"To try my brand new hatchet on." And—oh! so sad to say— He raised the hatchet in the air And quickly blazed away.

But when he saw his hatchet had And his father shook his head And said: "My son, I trust

"That I am much too wise a man To fog you. No, I spare You all your strength to keep for use When you cross the Delaware!"

But little George was a brave lad; He did not hide nor cry; But to his parent went and said: "Father, I cannot lie!

"I've felled the little cherry tree; So, whip me if you must."

Boys and Girls Getting Books

The guests then went home and all said they had spent a pleasant afternoon.

The Rescue of a Robin

By Willie Metz, Aged 9 Years, Nebraska

"Good by, mamma, I will be back at noon. Dickie will sing for you while I am gone."

"This is what Willie said to his mamma as he kissed her good-bye and took his books and started for school. His mamma was sick and was lying upon a couch close by the bedroom window. Close to the window on the outside stood a big apple tree and perched on it a big red breasted robin, which Willie had named Dickie. It came and sat on a limb and sang such sweet songs every day.

Willie's papa was a railroad man and would not be home till 6 o'clock in the evening. Willie had an air gun that he kept loaded to shoot at rats. His papa would let him have only one bullet at a time. He kept the others locked up.

Just as he came running home at noon he saw his cousin, who had just come in from the country, taking aim with his air gun to kill Dickie.

"Sterling, come here quick," said Willie. His cousin, whose name was Sterling, dropped the gun and came running to see what Willie wanted. Willie ran and got the gun, shot it off and saved Dickie's life so he could sing for his sick mamma. He then explained to his cousin, who said he would never shoot at birds again.

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