

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 factory 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 this 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:

"I hear, 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?"

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 used.
- 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.

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.

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?"

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.



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.

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 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.

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.

Our Pet Dog

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

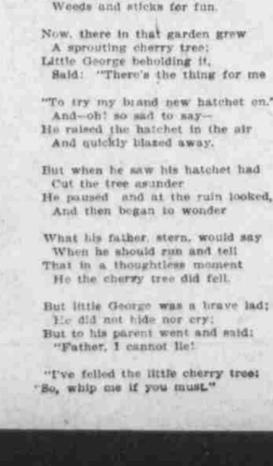
My home is in Rock Island, Ill, but I am spending the winter with my aunt and uncle in Nebraska. I go to school and have lots of fun, but I have the most fun with a little pet dog of my uncle's, named Laddie.

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.

Washington Rebus



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."

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