

# BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

THE editor has made a discovery that she is sure all the little Busy Bees ought to know about. A story was submitted recently and awarded one of the prizes that was not an original story at all, but was copied almost word for word from a book. So much has been said about this being a contest of original stories that the editor supposed all the boys and girls understood that they must make up every bit of the story themselves, without any help from books or older people. Of course, the prize could not be sent when the discovery was made, but that was not the only result—some other boy or girl who had a story in that week that really deserved a prize was crowded to third place and deprived of a just reward.

In future the editor will greatly appreciate it if any boy or girl discovering a copied story on the Busy Bee page will let her know at once. Some other stories have also come in that sound wonderfully old and grown-up for boys and girls and make the editor a bit suspicious that someone has been helping. The Busy Bees must remember that this is a matter of honor and when they do not play fair they are not only taking something that they do not deserve, but are depriving some other boy or girl of what is rightfully theirs.

The pictures have commenced to come in, but there are not enough of them to use as yet. One does not necessarily have to be a prize winner, so let us have some more pictures right soon. Remember to write your names and addresses in ink, on the back of the pictures, and they will be returned to you in good condition.

The editor had such a pleasant surprise last week. Someone sent her a valentine that pleased her greatly. It was a red heart with a pretty sentiment lettered in gold. Thank you, little Busy Bee.

Those who sent in the correct answer of Sunday's rebus of February 17 were: Norline Schulhol, age 9 years, Plattsmouth, Neb.; Wilma R. Howard, age 10 years, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Hill, age 11 years, 2702 South Thirteenth street, Omaha; Eva Smith, age 14 years, St. Paul, Neb.; Ruth Zittie, age 12 years, 3015 Leavenworth street, Omaha; Alta Wilken, age 12 years, Waco, Neb.; Julia Koewler, age 11 years, 1616 Corby street, Omaha; Mary Brown, age 10 years, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha; Clifford Burns, age 10 years, Creston, Ia.

Correct answer to Sunday's rebus of February 17: "George Washington had a hatchet to play with. He took it into the orchard and cut down a cherry tree."

The first prize was awarded this week to Maurice Johnson, age 13 years, 1627 Locust street, Omaha, and second prize to Pauline Parks, age 12 years, York, Neb. Those whose stories were deserving of honorary mention were: Frances Waterman, age 10 years, 546 South Twenty-fourth avenue, Omaha, and Edna Levin, age 10 years, 3421 Cuming street, Omaha.

## Spring Days on the Farm Have Their Duties for Children



GATHERING THE EGGS.



CLEANING THE HARNESS.

out down one of my fine trees. Do you know who did it? Looking up at his father, he said, "Father, I did it. I cannot tell. He about it. I cut it down with my little hatchet."

### My Vacation

I spent my vacation on a farm last summer. I went on the train and there were some people on the train that told me when I got there. I had lots of fun. I climbed the hay stack, I fed the pigs, and I drove the cows home from the pasture. The neighborhood had a boy that would come and see me and when I went to his house we would make traps to catch the chickens. One day I made a trap by myself and tried to catch a rabbit. One day my uncle and I were out cutting hedge trees when a rabbit and its family came along and I tried to catch the little one. I caught it and it got loose and ran under the raspberry bushes. One day the neighbor's boy and I ran into the pasture and we thought that we would see a rabbit to catch it. I had lots of raspberries to eat.

### The Reformation of Tommy

The school room was deserted. The children had trooped out an hour before and I sat in front of the fireplace watching the fire flicker, then silently go out. It was the first day of my school and I had quite a little trouble with Tommy Linn, a little boy 9 years old. Finally I got up about on my coat and hood and slowly walked down the hill towards my boarding house. As I was going down the hill I saw a pair of tear-stained eyes gazing at me through the bushes, then I saw the form of Tommy Linn emerge from the bushes. He came and clasped my hand and whispered, "Teacher, I'm sorry I've been so bad," then he hastily crept under the fence and ran along the path to his home. Dear boy, if he is always so truthful he will make a good and great man by and by.

### Elizabeth's Sister

Elizabeth was a little girl no more than 2 years old. She had no brother nor sister. Her mother was sick in bed and she had no one to play with, so she went to her nurse and said, "Nurse, I wish I had a sister." "Why do you not want a brother?" asked the nurse. "I would rather have a sister." "Well, we will tell your papa about it." That night when her papa came home he had a little girl with him. He told Elizabeth the little girl was going to live with her a year. When her mother got well enough to sit up the child told her the story. When the year was up the little girl went away. Elizabeth was sorry she had had to go away.

### On Our Way to Church

One night, when my cousin and I were going to church, she was going along singing "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown." She just got to "Will there be any stars," when she stubbed her toe on a wire and fell down. I guess she did see some.

### The Result of Kindness

Once there lived in Germany a poor woman who labored very hard. She had three children, whom she called Elsie, Alice and Raymond. The girls were very industrious and worked very hard. One Saturday the woman said: "Raymond go and get me a pound of coffee," but he only said: "I don't want to," so Alice had to go. She loved to go to town, and when she had paid the grocer the money he gave her three sticks of candy. On her way home she met Raymond and he said: "Did Mills give you any candy?" and she said: "Yes." And he asked how much. "Three sticks, one for Elsie, you and I." "Give it to me," said Raymond, "you and Elsie don't need any." She said "I don't want any, but I must save one for Elsie. You shall have mine."

### George Washington

By Mary Engl, age 12 years, 1709 South Eighteenth Street, Omaha. George Washington was the son of a Virginia planter. He was born February 22, 1732. When George was 11 years old his father died. Reading, writing and ciphering he learned in a little country school. When he was a great man he was appointed leader of the United States army during the revolutionary war, in which he made America free from England. After the close of the war he was chosen first president. He died in 1799 at his home at Mount Vernon. Now his name stands among those of the great men in the world's history.

### The Naughty Donkey

By Frances Waterman, age 10 years, 646 South Twenty-fourth street, Omaha. There was once a little donkey named Jennie. A very mischievous one, too. It was afraid of its shadow and would walk from one side of the street to the other, but of course the shadow always followed. One day a little girl got on its back, but it kicked her off and nobody ever attempted to get on its back again. One night, after Jennie had been put in the barn, she said to herself: "I am very tired of this old barn. I am going to be brave and go out into the world, some place where they have no barns so that I won't have to be kept locked up in a barn all the time."

### My Pet Squirrels

By Pauline Parks, age 12 years, York, Neb. Four years ago when I came home from Sioux City, where I had been visiting, I

## The Revolution in the Nursery

By Maud Walker

MARY and May, two little sisters, aged 7 and 9 years, respectively, had a most ideal nursery. There were games and toys galore—dolls, big and little, old and new; Teddy bears, lions, monkeys, birds and everything, in fact, that could help to make a nursery happy and full of play were there.

And each day Mary and May found great delight in the big, bright nursery playing with their fine and extensive supply of toys and games. Often many little friends were invited to come in to spend an afternoon with Mary and May. Then would be the animals and dolls, for many times they lost their heads, tails, feet and hands at the rough usage of the young and reckless guests, who tossed them about as though they were nothing more than cloth, sawdust, sticks, wire and paint. How very, very horrible!

One day Mary and May had a party. It was on the birthday of one of the little maidens. For many days the toys and animals had heard the approaching event talked about by Mary and May and their mamma and governess. On the morning of the party Mary's and May's mamma came into the nursery to arrange it for the afternoon. She poked about into all the corners, pulling out broken dolls and horses. Here was a tin soldier, sword gone and an eye blackened, and bent out of shape. There was a doll—once a French belle—with half her hair missing and a maimed and shoeless foot. In another corner was old Noah outside his ark, which had been demolished of its roof and half its four-footed inhabitants missing. All these maimed and broken folk and animals the mamma of Mary and May took and stuck away on a big shelf in a closet, saying they were too dilapidated to be in sight during the party. Only the speck-and-span dollies, wearing their hair in order and their frocks neatly, with the animals that were whole and firm of foot, were allowed to occupy places of importance in the nursery. And these favored ones were not only allowed to remain where they might enjoy the gayety and fun of the guests and their hostesses, but had a few extra touches put upon them by way of ribbons and laces. One lion was left on view, he being such a fierce looking fellow that no child had ever dared to play roughly with him. But a fine old elephant was hidden away in the closet because one of his tusks was missing. The ideal then there was the company of soldiers in gray uniform. (Mary and May always called them the "Roman soldiers," but they were in no particular country's uniform.) Half of their number was "laid upon the shelf," speedily the worse for wear. Some of them were broken or bent helmets, while others were none at all. And many were unarmed, their weapons having been lost and broken through the rough usage of—not warfare—but children.

On the morning of the party there was a low murmur of discontent in the closet among those who were hidden away, the outcasts of the nursery, so to speak. The elephant was the first to grumble against the injustice of his fate. Standing bravely in their midst he addressed his companions in disfavor as follows:



THEY BEHELD THEIR TOYS IN MORAL COMBAT WITH EACH OTHER.

## 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 350 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.

### The Bees and the Boy

By Maurice Johnson, age 12 years, 1627 Locust street, Omaha. I am a busy bee. Our queen lead the swarm from field to field where the clovers bloom, so that we may have plenty of honey for the winter. One day our queen took us away from the outskirts of the village far into the country. We soon stopped at a field where there were so many clover blossoms that the field looked all white. On the other side of the field was a house.

Next morning, while we were gathering wearing the smile of satisfaction so common to the petted nursery toy. But he would change that smile by and by; so thought the tailless monkey as he made a lunge for him in obedience to his general's order. Before leaving the closet each happy expectant had begged to be allowed to attack in single combat his worst enemy of the nursery. The monkey had chosen the Teddy bear as his bitterest rival. The French doll had declared nothing would so much satisfy her as to jerk the hair from the head of a great new doll whose garb pronounced her to be Japanese. Several of the "Roman" soldiers decided to attack an automobile full of gay gentlemen and lady dolls, the latest addition to the nursery, therefore holding the favored places of that domain. The tin soldier took as his special prey a foot ball hero, who stood near a chair, leaning languidly against one of its legs. He was as athletic as his profession would suggest, and the tin soldier found he had his hands pretty full, inasmuch as he had one bad eye and no sword. But soon he had cutted the hero

of the foot ball field, leaving him lying helpless and spilling sawdust on the carpet. To say that the battle waxed fierce and hot hardly expresses it. No conflict in Toyland ever was fiercer. Chairs were knocked down and small pieces of furniture broken to splinters. The table covers were dragged off, spilling the dishes on the floor, where many of them were broken. The hand to paw conflict between the monkey and the Teddy bear was one of the hardest fought. Several times it seemed that old Teddy had the best of the "monkey." But the tailless fellow would rally to his work in a way that started even the lion, who was not so brave, after all, seeing that he had hidden away under the edge of a window curtain when the army of unfortunates had attacked those in the nursery. From his hiding place he could see all that transpired. So it was that he noticed the battle between the monkey and the bear. But the lion was not long spared in his seclusion. Old Noah—from whose ark the lion had strayed—caught a peep of him under the curtain folds and straightway made

## How the Fierce Old Gobbler Was Put to Rout

Happy Lucy, Joe and Willie. Three dear little chums, you know. Played about each day together. For they loved each other so. Joe and Willie were the horses. Lucy in the sleigh did ride. And they went about the barnyard. Playing 'twas the Great World Wide. But one day a turkey gobbler. Thinking they usurped his acres. Charged upon them in the barnyard and "Gob-gobbed" in their faces. Joe, the off horse, quickly stumbled; Willie broke his bridle strap; Lucy in the sleigh was frightened—Oh, it was a sad mishap! But the horses quickly rallied. And recovered from their plight. Then upon the gobbler turned they. And soon had put him to flight. Ruckles and rumps, quickly gobbling. Went old gobbler on the run. With the sleigh and horses after him. And, oh, it was such fun!

