

# BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

THE Little Busy Bees are sending in many very interesting original stories and it will be noticed that the prize stories are generally selected from those who have shown the most imaginative and creative ability. Now, we would like to have every Busy Bee that sends in a story mark it original, so that there will be no question of its being copied, as copying is not fair to the editor or other writers. Some are forgetting that the stories must be in by Wednesday or they cannot be published in the following Sunday paper. Several trips have been sent in this week, and while they are very good they cannot be published in competition for a prize, as prizes are only awarded for original stories now. An original drawing was sent in this week which was splendid, but it will not be published until later, when the editor has in mind an original drawing contest, which I am sure every girl and boy will want to take part in. I want to compliment the Busy Bees on not forgetting a single rule this week. Won't the Busy Bees, whether prize winners or not, just so they have had one story published, send us their pictures, as a picture and a story is a very good introduction both to the readers and the Busy Bee editor, who feels a personal interest in all of the young writers.

The prize winners for this week are Albert Goldberg, aged 8 years, 106 West Thomas avenue, Shenandoah, Ia., and Louise Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth street, Omaha. Ruth Sanford, aged 11 years, 4830 Florence boulevard, Omaha, received honorary mention.

Among those who correctly solved last Sunday's rebus were: Aileen Euerenlight, aged 10 years, 3224 Avenue B, Council Bluffs; Julia Koewler, aged 11 years, 1616 Corby street, Omaha; Margaret Dunlap, aged 13 years, 2526 South Twelfth street, Omaha; Eva M. Allen, aged 10 years, York, Neb.; Helen Cole, aged 9 years, 3853 Parker street, Omaha; Maurice Johnson, aged 13 years, 1627 Locust street, and Lowell Tagg, aged 8 years, 3095 Vinton street, Omaha.

The correct answer to last Sunday's rebus: "A boy started to the store for some fruit, when he saw an elephant in a circus parade. He took his half dollar and went to the tent to see it all."

## When George Was Lost in Desert

By William Wallace Jr.

GEORGE FRANKLYN had gone to visit his uncle and aunt, who lived in southern California, not far from the great desert in whose very heart was spreading the Salton sea.

When George left his home, in one of the eastern states, the temperature there was below zero. It was in the month of February and a heavy snow lay all over the ground. George was dressed for that sort of weather, and when he arrived at El Paso, Tex., enroute to southern California, he was obliged to put his overcoat out of sight, its very presence almost suffocating him. The next morning, on rising from his berth, he dispensed with some of his heavier garments when dressing, for he had now come into a salubrious climate, where the northern sometimes finds even February too warm for comfort.

But George did not feel uncomfortable yet. The first suggestion of too much heat for comfort in winter clothing was at Yuma, Ariz., that interesting town that lies below sea level, and whose houses have double roofs to protect the inhabitants from the tropical sun which comes down so fiercely during nine months of the year. There he bought a string of beads, bright sun and soft, warm sandals stretching all around. At Yuma the train crossed the Colorado river, that uncontrollable stream which has broken through its banks and is filling up the great Salton desert basin, making it of a sea.

George left the train at Yuma and walked about the station, buying a string of beads from a Yuma Indian squaw, who, with a number of her tribe, was squatted on a blanket in front of the railway station offering her wares for sale.

In ten minutes George was again on the train going westward through the Yuma desert. As they sped along through sand and sage George became deeply impressed with the mystery and silence of the desert, and longed to go about in it. In the distance, both to the right and the left, were dim mountains, at times almost lost in the purple haze that denoted great distance.

On top these mountains gleamed snow in the tropical sunshine, a problem George could not solve. "Why," he asked himself, "if the mountain tops are nearer to the burning sun than are the valleys, do they keep so cold?" But the question remained unanswered.

As they pushed on into the desert the heat became much greater. It made George think of an August day during a drought in his own state. Then he fell to thinking how it was that very moment at his home. Doubtless a blizzard was in progress, snow blowing and piling everywhere in great drifts, while here was he, less than 2,000 miles from home, riding under a tropical sun through great wastes of sand and endless sand.

It was evening when George reached the little town where his uncle met him at the station. But his journey was not yet ended. He stayed with his uncle at a hotel that night, and early in the morning they set out for a ten-mile drive over dry, sandy roads. His uncle had a fruit ranch right on the edge of a desert, his orchards being fed by means of irrigation.

During the pleasant ride George expressed his wish to go into the desert to make some geological study. He was deeply interested in that science and wished very much to take advantage of this visit to the west to further his knowledge.

"I'll tell you what you may do," said his uncle, who was fond of his bright young nephew. "You may take a mule tomorrow and ride over beyond that low range of mountains. It's a good day's journey to go and return. You'll have to start before breakfast and eat a snack as you travel. Pathfinders never wait on people, you know." And the indulgent uncle laughed merrily. "We'll make a

on and on into the trackless sand, leaving no tracks behind him. What he supposed to be about a quarter of a mile was in fact over a mile. Having gone that distance, he drew old Trusty's rein and dismounted. The mule was glad of the rest and stood with bowed head, sleeping. Being very warm and thirsty, George decided to refresh himself with some food and water. He sat down in the shade of the mule and proceeded to eat. Old Trusty did not seem to mind the heat or absence of water. George's uncle had said that he was like a camel—could go an indefinite time without water. He had been known to go two days without a drop and had suffered no bad results from it, either.

As George was preparing to mount again there came a sudden breeze across the desert. Then George saw a regular sandstorm in progress just across the valley. It was thickening and spreading rapidly—coming his way. He sprang into the saddle and gave old Trusty the rein, for his uncle had warned him of these desert squalls, as he termed the sandstorms. But hardly had he got into the saddle when the wind—full of sand—was about him, making it impossible for him to hold his eyes open. It cut his face and neck and blinded old Trusty, who stopped, head down.

"Oh, oh, old Trusty," urged George, kicking the mule's sides. So, without opening his eyes old Trusty went on, finding it almost impossible to walk in such a storm.

Then it was that a terrible fear seized George. He could not see any distance ahead of him and could open his eyes only for an instant at a time. He felt that they had turned in the wrong direction, but he thought wiser to allow old Trusty to take his way according to his animal instinct.

The heat was that of a furnace and George had frequent recourse to his jug of water. He had drunk about half of it when he decided that it was extremely cruel for him to take it all and not so much as dampen the burning nostrils of the patient old mule. Drawing in the rein he sprang to the ground, poured the remaining contents of the jug into his hat and put it under old Trusty's nose. The suffering animal took the draught at one gulp and opened his bloodshot eyes long enough to look his thanks to George.

After a long time—seeming much longer to George than it really was—old Trusty stumbled over some rocks and dead tree branches. Hope shot through George's heart. He sprang from old Trusty's back and examined the ground. Yes, they were at the edge of the desert. And now he could see ahead of him. The mountains rose close by. And there—directly in their path—was the road leading into the cas-

yon through which they had come at noon-day.

Dear old Trusty," said George, embracing the mule with a feeling of intense joy. "You, dear old fellow, brought me safe from the desert. I would have gone in an opposite direction had I followed my own ideas of the compass. But we'll not tarry here to congratulate ourselves. No telling what this mystery might take a notion to do. We will get on the other side of the mountain—it's healthier for us."

At the end of two hours George and old Trusty emerged from the canyon, faces homeward set. In the distance they could see a tiny speck on the great level land, the ranch house of George's uncle. The sun was setting in their faces, and George, thirsty, hungry, exhausted from the heat and blowing sand, smiled wearily, but gladly:

"No more of the desert for me, old Trusty. I don't know how you feel about it, but I guess you've no love for such an inferno. Come, can you lumber up your legs a bit livelier and get us home in time for supper? I feel that I could drink a barrel of cold water and lie in a tub full of it all night. As for you, Trusty, I'm afraid you'll drink the well dry."

And old Trusty said never a word in reply, but quickened his gait, as if understanding the wishes of his young master.

## Two Pairs of Pals Who Enjoy a Bright Winter Holiday



THE BEST OF FRIENDS



"STUMPY" AND "SLIM"

## 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.
  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.

#### My Kitty

By Martha Alden, age 8 years, Elmo, Mo. One day about two years ago a poor little kitty came to our house with a broken leg. It was so afraid of us for a long time it

#### An Unexpected Bath

By Ruth Sanford, age 11 years, 4830 Florence boulevard, Omaha. (Honorary Mention.) One summer, when Margaret was on a vacation out on a farm, she thought she would ask the children to play boat with her in the tank. They all agreed readily, and so they looked around for some chips of wood, into which they stuck toothpicks

#### Hero Meets 1

By Emma Koster, age 13 years, 1516 O street, South Omaha, Neb. I was very much interested by a little family scene of fly-catcher. A fly-catcher had five little ones who were able to be just out of their nest. They were perched all in a row on the twig of a large elm tree. She was feeding them turn by turn. Just as soon as she caught an insect she would drop it into the little fly-catcher's mouth. Then she flew away again and quickly had another insect, and so continue with exact order, every one getting his share.

#### Tricky Young Fly-Catcher

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#### How a Pet Horse Was Curried

By Margaret Ida Mason, age 11 years, 88 West Eighth Street, Fremont, Neb. Maude was 2 years, old and George was 5 years old. The horse's name was Kitty. One day they were tired playing, so they went out to the barn where Kitty was. They got some wagon grease out of the buggy shed and spread it on the horse's legs. Soon their mamma came out and asked them what they were doing. They said they were currying the horse because papa was away and could not curry it. They were sent to bed without any supper. After that they left the currying of the horse for their papa to do.

#### Stories Received.

- Anna Brill, Omaha.
- Ada Wilson, Omaha.
- Clara Tompkins, Hastings, Neb.
- Pay Callahan, Gering, Neb.
- Clara Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Samuelson, Rockwell, Omaha.
- John Engel, Omaha.
- Fannie Kolar, Omaha.
- Maurice C. Johnson, Omaha.

#### The Gentle Cynic

Prejudices are merely other people's opinions. An innocent lie never hurts quite as much as a malicious truth. There is only one thing a woman loves better than to be told a secret, and that is to find it out herself. The officious always believes that one good term deserves another. Good deeds may never die, but lots of them seem to go into a trance. The fellow who is all wrapped up in himself is naturally a bundle of conceit. It's too bad a man can't get into heaven with his tombstone inscription as a passport.—New York Times.

#### THE CAT.

"I'm a fire-spitting Tom Cat; So don't you come near me! Don't think that I'm afraid of you, Or that I'll climb a tree. I've seen a great, great many dogs (To which you're just a candle As compared to the great sun), And each one I could handle. I'm known as that Great Fighting Tom, So, I will say, take care, And do not come too close to me—Or beware! Beware! Beware!"

MAUD WALKER.

#### Mary's Goat

By Eva Smith, age 14 years, St. Paul, Neb. One warm day in May Mary heard a shout in the back yard. She ran to the door, and what did she see? Something for as long as she could remember—a goat. She ran out of the door and down the path as fast as she could. When papa spied her, he said: "This is papa's birthday gift to you, dear."

#### The Experience of the Field Mouse Family

Louise Raabe, age 8 years, 292 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha. One day Mrs. Fieldmouse got a modern notion in her head that she was tired of living in a sod house and wanted to live in an apartment house. So the family went out house hunting. They took a jar of pickled chicken for a while. They had something to eat for a while. After they had looked around for some time they found a hollow tree where there were some apartments to let. They found this door open and the porter seemed to be gone; and the elevator was not running at present, either. The children were very tired, and as there were some empty rooms downstairs, they went in and made themselves comfortable. After they had slept quite a while they woke up by a terrible crash. It rolled and thundered and they thought it was a terrible earthquake. They got up as quick as they could and ran home at full speed, leaving their jar of pickled chicken behind.

#### The Unruly Donkey

By Joe Walters, age 15 years, Wahoo, Neb. Emily went to the seaside last month; and the day she was four years old she was permitted to have a ride on the back of a donkey. The boy who took care of the donkey had a stick. He was about to strike the poor beast when little Emily cried, "Don't hurt the donkey!" "Well, he's a lazy beast and ought to walk faster," replied the boy. "I can make him walk faster," said Emily. "Go away and sit on the rocks, and you shall see if I do not."

#### The Flood

By Agnes Lundberg, age 8 years, 48 South 1 street, Fremont, Neb. It was about half past 9 when I was sitting by the table getting my lessons. My father came running into the house and told us that the water was coming, swiftly and we had better get out of the house. It was no time to waste. I put on my coat and papa ran upstairs and awoke my little sister and brother. We dashed them quickly and when we got out into the street the water was coming fast.

#### A Doll Fair

By Edna Levin, age 10 years, 321 Cuming Street, Omaha. Six little girls had formed a society. They were going to help the poor children who don't have nice warm clothes in winter nor toys to play with. Their dues were 1 cent a week, but they found that this would bring them so little money that they could not buy very many things with it, so they resolved to make a sale and put the money they made from it in their treasury.

#### The Lesson that Helen Learned

By Bernice Perry, age 11 years, Cambridge, Neb. Helen was just about 3 years old. She would have been a very dear little girl but for one thing. Whenever she was angry she would lie on the floor and scream and kick. Her father was tired of the time away from home. She lived with her mother and grandmother. They loved her very dearly and tried to break her of this bad habit. So she was put into a room by herself, but she would only scream the harder. She was then sent to bed without her supper, and sent to bed in the middle of the day. She thought that was good. "What shall we do?" said her grandmother.

#### Escape of a Slave

By Agatha Hamann, age 12, 215 Leavenworth Street, Omaha. There was once upon a time a slave who ran away from his master. As he was crossing a desert he got tired and went into a cave and there sat down to rest. All at once he saw a lion coming towards him, limping on his front foot. The slave was frightened for a moment, but the lion did not hurt him. The slave looked at the lion's paw and pulled out the thorn. The lion then licked the slave's hand and ran off. The slave was then captured and taken back to prison. The slave was put into a cave with a lion for punishment, but the lion did not hurt him in the least, because the slave had helped the lion out. The slave was put free and the lion was given to him. The lion afterwards followed him through the streets as a dog.

#### THE DOG.

"You poor and frightened, silly cat! You'd better climb a tree, Or I will let my temper loose And then a sight you'll be. There's not a cat in all this town Who doesn't fear my bark; And when they know that I'm around They keep themselves quite dark. I'm called the Big Cat Killer, And there's blood within my eye; So if you'd live to catch a mouse, Me you'd better not come nigh."

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Papa carried some of us across, but the rest of us waded through the water. It was very cold and we thought sure we would get sick. We hurried to the depot, which was only two blocks away, and telephoned after a hack to take us to the hotel. People were driving the cows and horses across the tracks and carriages were running everywhere. In about half an hour the water was about two feet deep all over, up to the tracks. When we got to the hotel we were comfortable. In the morning we went to see the flood. Boats were used for taking people out of their houses. Our house was surrounded by water and we saw a man wading in the water. He had high rubber boots on, and it was nearly over them. Our sidewalks were floated away. I wished I could get to the house to see if my kitty was drowned. People were coming and going everywhere to see the great flood.

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