

SYLITTLEBEESATIEROWNP

HE Little Busy Bees are sending in many very interesting original 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 it 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 An original drawing was sent in this week which was splendid, but it will not be published until later, when the editor has in mind an original drawing contest, which I am sure every girl and boy will want to take part in.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: Alleen Euerenfight, 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, 3005 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.

EORGE FRANKLYN had gone to regular westerner of you before we lat G

visit his uncle and aunt, who you return to civilization again." lived in southern California, not "Nothing would suit me better," declared far from the great desert in George. "Is the desert just beyond those whose very heart was spreading mountains, uncle?" the Salton sea.

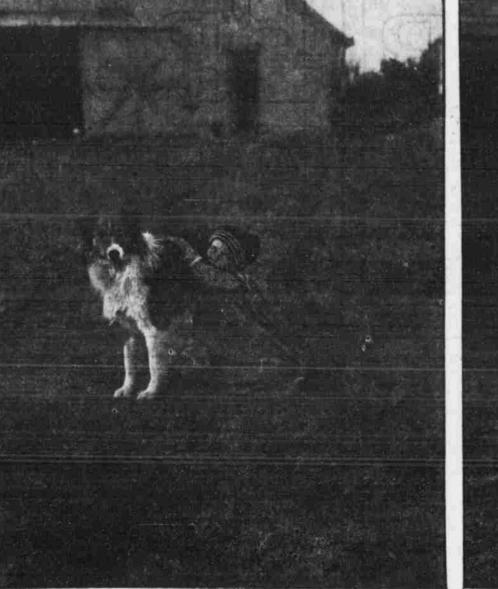
February and a heavy snow lay all over the ground. George was dressed for that sort of weather, and when he arrived at El Paso, Tex., enroute to southern California, he was obliged to put his overcost out of sight, its very presence almost suffocating him. The next morning, on rising from his berth,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

yet. The first suggestion of too much heat supper, for I'll not remain out all night. for comfort in winter clothing was at I like sleeping in a bed." year. There he found a June day in win- George to make his start to the descrt.

"One desert is, yes," answered his uncle, When George left his home, in one of "Truth is, there are so many deserts in the eastern states, the temperature there this part of California that one is lost for was below zero. It was in the month of names for them. The geological name for that desert is to be seen on some of the maps, but most of them ignore its existence since it belongs to a chain of greater ones. But it is about as treacherous a one as a man can lose his way in. And I'll advise you to follow my instructions to the letter or-you might never show up to have another meal with us." "I'll follow your advice, then," laughed George. "I'm too fond of living to take great chances of losing my life. Aunt But George did not feel uncomfortable Mary may put my name in the pot for

Yuma, Ariz, that interesting town that The next morning George was up before lies below sea level, and whose houses the sun and out with his uncle at the have double roofs to protect the inhabi- corral helping to feed the cattle and tants from the tropical sun which comes horses. Then Old Trusty, a mule used down so flercely during nine months of the to the mountain road, was saddled for ter, bright sun and soft, warm sands As he passed the kitchen door the Japanese cook was waiting for him. He held 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. small canvas bag, tied with a cord or trollable stream which has broken through looped that it could be hung over the pom-2. Use pen and ink, not pencil mel of the saddle. This bag contained a 3. Short and pointed articles will goodly supply of food and drink. given preference. Do not use over Waving a farewell to his uncle and the 4. Original stories or letters only will be used. about the station, buying a string of beads cook-the other members of the family from a Yuma Indian squaw, who, with a were not up yet-George struck off at a jog-trot toward the nearby mountains that walled the desert from view. After riding for half an hour he decided it was break. fast time, and untying the bag took out liberal piece of cold beef. In the bag was a gallon jug of water, from which George refreshed himself after his meal. "Not quite so full of flavor as coffee, but more wholesome," he said to himself as he corked the jug and dropped it again into By Albert Goldberg, age 5 years, 106 West notion in her head that she was tired of the bag. Thomas avenue, Shenandoah, Ia. living in a sod house and wanted to live He had had full instructions from his uncle as to the route he was to follow. There was a wagon road all the way to the valley that lay like a dried-up lake night. between two low mountain ranges, a valley that, from heat and lack of moisture. As they pushed on into the desert the was a desert about ten miles long and how it was that very moment at his home. pass that was full of vegetable life and picturesque rocks. Enough melted snow and a half inches deep. blowing and piling everywhere in great found its way into this little canyon to some of the leaves from a palm tree still in its infancy. He also examined some of It was evening when George reached the the rock formations and the soil. Then, little town where his uncle met him at the getting into the saddle again, he went on toward the "mystery," as he called the desort. The sun shone from straight above

stories and it will be noticed that the prize stories are generally Two Pairs of Pals Who Enjoy a Bright Winter Holiday



THE BEST OF FRIENDS



would not eat when anyone was around. RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS But one day my brother picked it up, and after that it seemed to know we would



"STUMPY" AND "SLIM"

and put paper on for sails and smaller the donkey began to walk quite fast. He kick. Her father was most of the time chips for people. This was lots of fun and found that he had a kind little girl on his after a while they got quite excited sending back, and he was glad to show that he the boat back and forth. It then came liked her,

make it sail quickly, gave it a very strong donkey move on so fast. "He would not by herself, but she would only scream the shove and overbalanced, failing right into do that for me, miss," said he. the tank, with the boat coming after her.

She rose to the surface, jumped out and donkey knows that I am his friend, and ran to the house, leaving the children that I have no stick to beat him." looking with open mouths after her. After

she had changed her clothes she came out and began scolding the boys for not pulling

Mary's Goat By Eva Smith, age 14 years, St. Paul, Neb.

Neb.

One warm day in May Mary heard a frightened for a moment, but the lion did put on the last card the whole house fell shout in the back yard. She ran to the not hurt him. The slave looked at the to the floor. door, and what did she see? Something lion's paw and pulled out the thorn

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 carryalls 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 hotels 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.

A Doll Fair

By Edna Levin, age 10 years, 3421 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 was 1 cent a week, but they found that this would bring them so little noney 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.

Bright-eyed little Dorothy suggested a doll fair, and the others agreed without hesitation that this was a splendid idea. During the next two weeks the little girls were very busy dressing their dolls, making doll clothes and many other things for of their trinkets together, that there might be a few pennies more.

At the end of two weeks everything was ready. The "fair" took place in Dorothy's The girls decorated the tent with tent. pictures and wild flowers. The admission tickets were 1 cent aplece.

When the fair was over they found they had \$2 for their labor and the whole six entered their beds that night exceedingly happy, but very tired children.

The Lesson that Helen Learned By Bernice Perry, age 11 years, Cam-bridge, 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 away from home. She lived with her mother and grandmother. They loved her very dearly and tried to break her of this over to Margaret, who, endeavoring to The boy was quite surprised to see the bad habit. So she was put into a room harder. She was then sent to bed without "I suppose not," replied Emily, "The her supper, and sent to bed in the middle

of the day. Nothing did any good. "What shall we do?" said her grand-

mother. "I have thought of something." replied the mother, and the very next time she and began scolding the boys for not putting her out, which caused much laughter among the grown folks. By Agatha Hamann, age 13, 2815 Leaven-tried it. One rainy day Helen and her mother were sitting on the floor building a house of cards. They built very slowly ran away from his master. As he was crossing a desort he got tired and went into a cave and there sat down to rest. All at the sixth story. Helen was delighted, she clasped her hands tightly together and limping on his front foot. The slave was hardly dared to breathe. Just as her mother

> Helen turned red, but she had not time The

stretching all around. At Yuma the train crossed the Colorado river, that unconits banks and is filling up the great Salton desert basin, making of it a sea.

George left the train at Yuma and walked 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 two thick slices of bread and butter and a desert. As they sped along through sand and sand 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.

heat became much greater. It made George seven to eight wide. Old Trusty knew the think of an August day during a drouth in trail and went ambling along through the his own state. Then he fell to thinking pass between two walls of mountains, a Doubtless a blizzard was in progress, snow drifts, while here was he, less than 2,000 bring into life the vegetation that grew miles from home, riding under a tropical here. George dismounted and gathered sun through great wastes of sand and endless sand.

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 waste of sand to the east of the mounroads. 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 had been a small ses; centuries of heat had uncle, who was fond of his bright young dried it up. George's uncle had warned him against nephew. "You may take a mule tomorrow and ride over beyond that low range of advancing more than a quarter of a mile mountains. It's a good day's journey into the desert waste. But the trouble that to go and return. You'll have to followed was not due to George's disobestart before breakfast and sat a snack dience to his uncle, but to the fact that as you travel. Pathfinders never wait on there was no way of measuring distance way know" And the indulgent on that flat, gleaming surface. George rode uncle laughed merrily. "We'll make a on and on into the trackless sand, leaving

his head when he entered the edge of the tains. Drawing old Trusty to a halt, George ing. sat breathless, looking about him. Within that area called the desert not one sign of life of any kind was visible. Sand, reflecting the heat-such heat as George had never before felt-was spread like a death pall over every inch of the ground that lay in that little secluded valley. One time it

My Kitty

fact over a mile. Having gone that dis-

tance, he drew old Trusty's rein and dis-

mounted. The mule was glad of the rest

and stood with bowed head, sleeping. Be-

house. And you cannot guess where we day gift to you, dear."

5. Write your name, age and ad dress at the top of the first page. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to of? CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT. Omaha Bee.

(First Prize.) Snowy Snowflake

It was a cold winter's night; John Wind- in an apartment house. So the family all got up to look out of the window to went out house hunting. They took a see if everything was all right for the jar of pickled chickweed that Mrs. Field-"It's going to be a cold night mouse had put up herself, so they would

sister whoke name was Helen. She was they had looked around for some time very fond of animals, sheep especially. they found a hollow tree where there were

have to order a bob to carry us to school, won't we?" But just then something else attracted her attention. What was it? She was really scared for a moment. It quake. They got up as quick as they

could and ran home at full speed, leaving was a piece of enow walking along, throwtheir jar of pickled chickweed behind. ing snow aside as it went. She dashed out of the door in a flash, out into the deep snow. She stood there looking for in their little sod house again. several minutes, then she broke out laugh-

She went and picked it up. What do you think it was? It was a little lamb that a few nuts through the elevator shaft. had strayed from its mother. When she She was preparing her family's breakfast. got in the house she had a name ready It was Snowy Snowflake. Her mother thought it a very nice name and after-

wards she got a dog and a cat-then she By Ruth Sanford, age 11 years, 459 Flor-had what she called a menageria had what she called a menageric.

behind the plano by the chimney, where cried: "Oh! thank you, papa. I believe I slave was put free and the lion was given until her mother stopped, then she crept she could keep good and warm. Now don't owe you a kiss for this." Whereupon she to him. The lion afterwards followed him up to her and whispered. "Dear mamma, you think she is the smartest cat you know kissed him. "But Mary," said her father, "you will have to be very careful because goats are not the most pleasant companions, some-(Second Prize.)

times." The Experience of the Field "I know it, papa," said Mary, with a Mouse Family

An Unexpected Bath

(Honorary Mention.)

George.

Louise Ranbe, age 11 years, 2509 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha. One day Mrs. Fieldmouse got a modern she had many merry times with it.

the line she went in the house.

went, but he had chewed the rope in two. out," said John to his mother. He had a have something to eat for a while. After He came up to the clothes and sniffed at them, and then ----When Bridget came to get them that Everything went all right that night, but some apartments to let. They found the evening there were a few rags hanging to it's in the morning that my story came door open and the porter seemed to be the clothesline. Nothing more. She gave about. The snow stood on the ground in gone; and the elevator was not running at a shout and then rushed at the goat, who drifts. The snow all over was about hix present, either. The children were very quickly turned and bunted her. When the family came home they found tired, and as there were some empty

Helen looked out of the window, and in rooms downstairs, they went in and made a few rags hanging on the line; Bridget i joke said to her mother, "I guess we'll themselves comfortable. After they had prostrate on the ground with a sprained slept quite a while they woke up by a ankle.

Mary's goat was sold the next day and terrible crash. It rolled and thundered and they thought it was a terrible earth- she has never longed for another.

The Unruly Donkey

By Joe Walters, age 16 years, Wahoo, Neb. After this they were very glad to live Emily went to the seaside last month; and the day she was four years old she was Would you like to know what the earthpermitted to have a ride on the back of quake was? It was only Mrs. Squirrel, donkey. The boy who took care of the who lived a few stories higher, dropping 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

One summer, when Margaret was on a So the boy went and sat on the rocks, "I've seen a great, great many de vacation out on a farm, she thought she and Emily patted the donkey on his ears would ask the children to play boat with and talked to him and called him a nice." And each one I could handle. By Martha Alden, age 8 years, Elmo, Mo. would ask the children to play boat with and talked to him and called him a nico

or beware! e! Beware!

has grown to be a nice big kitty and we for as long as she could remember-a goat. If the licked the slave's hand and ran to scream, for to her surprise and terror all love her so. This winter one night when She ran out of the door and down the off. The slave was then captured and taken her dear sweet mother, who was always lion did not hurt him in the least, because carpet with her fists. Helen grew pale

Escape of a Slave

once he saw a lion coming towards him,

The Flood

It was about half past 9 when I was smile. A week passed and all went well, sitting by the table getting my leasons,

wagon when he heard about the goat, and and told us that the water was coming swiftly and we had better get out of the By Emma Koster, age 12 years, 1516 O house. It was no time to waste. I put on street, South Omaha, Neb. But one day when Bridget washed, the house. It was no time to waste. I put on family went to uncle's for dinner. When my coat and papa ran upstairs and awoke

Hero Meets 1

share. One little fly-catcher was growing impatient, so while his mother was away he quickly fluttered and crowded himself beside the bird which had just been fed. He sat there very innocently and sober when his mother came, but she saw the trick at once. She dropped the insect into the right one's mouth and this selfish flycatcher did not get it after all. How a Pet Horse Was Curried

By Marguerite Ida Mason, Age 11 Years, 808 West Eighth Street, Fremont, Neb. Maude was 3 years, old and George was 5 years old. The horses'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 Soon their mamma came out and legs. 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.

Stories have been received from the following Busy Bees, which will be published

Anna Brell, Omalia. Ada Wilson, Omaha. Clara Tompkins, Hastings, Neb. Fay Callahan, Gering, Neb. Clara Lundberg, Fremont, Neb. Sampson Rosenblatt, 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 officeholder 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 pass-

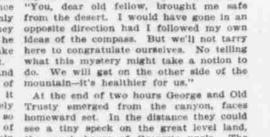
port .- New York Times.

to be about a quarter of a mile was in ing his eyes Old Trusty went on, finding it day. almost impossible to walk in such a storm. Then it was that a terrible fear seized ing the mule with a feeling of intense joy. 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 here to congratulate ourseives. No telling 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 nuch as dampen the burning nostrils of the patient old mule. Drawing in the rein the ranch house of George's uncle. he sprang to the ground, poured the remaining contents of the jug into his hat thiraty, hungry, exhausted from the heat and put it under Old Trusty's nose. The and blowing sand, smilled wearily, but suffering animal took the draught at one giadly: 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 etumbled over some rocks and dead tree legs a bit livelier and get us home in time

and examined the ground. Yes, they were of it all night. As for you, Trusty, I'm . It cut his face and neck at the edge of the desert. And now he afraid you'll drink the well dry." And Old Trusty said never a word in

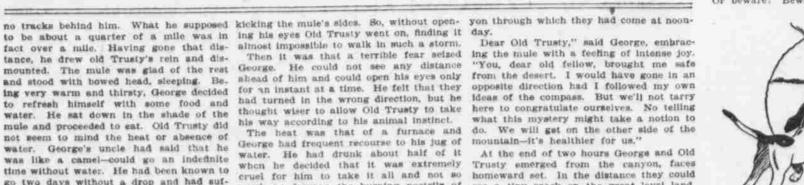
rose close by. And there-directly in their reply, but quickened his guit, as if under- Bo, if you'd "On, on, Old Trusty," urged George, path-was the road leading into the can- standing the wishes of his young master,



sun was setting in their faces, and George,

"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 Or

inferno. Come, can you limber up stumbled over some rocks and dead tree legs a bit livelier and get us home in time "There's not a cat in all this town hranches. Hope shot trough George's for supper? I feel that I could drink a heart. He sprang from Old Trusty's back barrel of cold water and lie in a tub full and examined the ground. Yes, they were of it all night. As for you, Trusty, I'm They keep themselves quite dark.

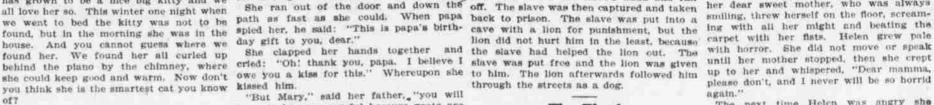


walk fister," replied the boy. "I can make him walk faster," said Emily. "Go away and sit on the rocks, and rous shall see if I do not." "I'm a fire-spitting Tom Cat; So don't you come near me! Don't think that I'm afraid of you, Or that I'll climb a tree.

and you shall see if I do not."

One day about two years ago a poor little her in the tank. They all agreed readily, good old donkey, and then turned him

kitty came to our house with a broken leg. and so they looked around for some chips around. It was so afraid of us for a long time it of wood, into which they stuck toothpicks "Now, sir, faster, faster" she said; and And



By Agnes Lundberg, age 8 years, 48 South I street, Fremont, Neb.

Mary's uncle sent her a small express My father came running into the house

"Billy" had been tied up before Mary the street the water was coming fast.

please don't, and I never will be so horrid again."

The next time Helen was angry she looked first at her mother. Something she saw in her face made her say, "I'm not going to scream, mamma." After that they had very little trouble with her.

Tricky Young Fly-Catcher

I was very much interested by a little Bridget had hung all of the clothes out on my little sister and brother. We dnessed family scene of fly-catchers. A fly-catcher them quickly and when we got out into 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

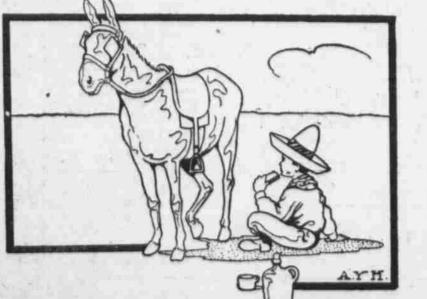




THE DOG.

"You poor and frightened, slily cat! You'd better climb a tree, Dr I will let my temper loose And then a sight you'll be.

"I'm called the Big Cat Killer, And there's blood within me sye; Bo, if you'd live to catch a mouse, Me you'd better not come nigh." MAUD WALKER.



HE SAT DOWN IN THE SHADE OF THE MULE AND PROCEEDED TO EAT.

ing 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 rapidlycoming his way. He sprang into the saddie and gave Old Trusty the reins, 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 and blinded Old Trusty, who stopped, head could see ahead of him. The mountains down.