# LEBEES I WIR OWN

O MANY good stories have been sent in that the editor has decided divide the Busy Bees into two groups, or "sides," as we say in Pullaway, and each of these sides age to have a color and a captain. One of the boys, Maurice Johnson of Omaha, and one of the girls, Louise Raabe, also of Omaha, have each won two prizes for stories, so the editor will appoint Maurice captain of the red side and Louise captain of the blue side for the first contest. The rest of the Busy Bees may decide for themselves which side they wish to belong to, and when sending in your stories, state at the top whether you wish it entered on the red or the blue side. The contest will be to see which side writes the most prize stories.

The first contest begins April 7, and the subject for the month of April is "A Thrilling Experience."

This leaves just ten days to get in the first stories, because you must all remember, unless a story is received by the editor by Wednesday it cannot be used that week. Won't all the boys and girls begin right away, so that our first contest may be large? Remember, no story must exceed 250 words, and each story must be marked "Red" or "Blue," and, last of all, all the stories must be original.

And here is something else to remember: We are going to have a voting contest for the captains for May. Watch all the names and read all the stories over carefully, and then, when sending in your stories, tell the editor the name of one boy and one girl among the writers that you would like to have made captains.

The prizes for the best original stories written last week were awarded to Ruth Ashby, aged 11 years, Fairmont Neb., and Ada Kibler, aged 12 years, 717 West Twenty-first street, Kearney, Neb.

Honorary mention was given to Helen Goodrich, aged 12 years, 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha.

# SMILING TOM

By William Wallace

I cannot tell you of the love and pride,

face tears dropped from his blinking eyes.

employ. He was called "Old Jones, the

crank." "Smiling Tom" tapped respect-

fully at the door of Jones' private office.

writing. He looked up with a frown at the

"Work, sir," explained Tom, smiling.

not an employment agency."

"What do you want?" rudely asked

"I know, sir," admitted Tom. "But I've

"Well, you are disturbing me," scowled

You had to learn, sir, didn't you?"

"What can you do?"

learned lawyer.

interview.

Tom's question was well meant, with no

"I can't do so very much now," admitted

Tom, "but I can learn to do most anything

than anyone else can do, sir. All I want

is a chance to show you that I'm in earn.

est. I am only a boy, but I've got to fill a

man's place now, for my father is dead

and left me to occupy his place. I must

earn the living. That's the way the matter

tion of a tremor in his eager voice, a

tremor that was not lost on the ears of the

"Well, come back this afternoon at 2

o'clock. And come to work, too. No idle

bones loaf 'round my office. Remember

that, young man. I am through with the

"Thank you, sir, and good morning."

smiled Tom, bowing as he withdrew from

The next morning Tom again began his

EARLY everyone knew him as from his store and 15 cents in money. I "Smiling Tom." He was always spent 2 pennies of the change for your bright and smiling. Not that he apple. We've still got 13 cents for breakhad more than his share of the fast tomorrow. Before noon I must have good things of life. Indeed, he a stendy job." more than his share of the hard things of life, inasmuch as his father was dead mixed with fondest pity, that throbbed and his mother was in such frail health in the breast of that poor mother. She that he was obliged to work to help keep a said very little, but she acted, oh, so shelter over their heads and food in the much. "Smiling Tom" understood, and cupboard. Of course, his mother did all while the smile was on his honest young that she could toward earning the living. She took in plain sewing, but the prices small. Besides, there were whole weeks resort into the office of a crabbed old when she did not carn enough to pay the lawyer, who was notorious for his evil rent, and other weeks when she was too tongue, so full of abuse for those in his ill to work. So the average of her earn-

ings was small. Tom was only 12 years old and had Tom was only 12 years old and had Then he walked in, removing his cap and worked since he was 10. A part of the bowing. Old Jones was sitting at his desk time he went to school during the winter, hoardings were expended he was obliged "What do but as soon as their summer and fall to step into the harness again. Then he Jones, frowning his displeasure. would study at home in the evenings, his gentle mother assisting him all that she "Well, who told you to come here for could, her own education being rather mea- it?" again queried the sour old man. "I'm

In the winter "Smiling Tom" lost the position he had held as office boy to a been almost everywhere else and failed, so doctor. The doctor had decided to move I thought I'd try here, sir. I hope I didn't from the town, and "Smiling Tom" found disturb you," still smiling, and his fair himself without employment during zero young face full of innocence and good will. weather, when it took so much coal to keep their poor, shabby house of two rooms the old man. "Besides, if I had work for at all livable. In valu did he search for a boy I'd get one that's had experience. another place. But never once did the I don't want a greenhorn in my office. A smile leave his face nor hope cease to cheer boy that gets with me must have had exhis heart. After a day of vain searching perience." for work he would run home, dash into "But how could you have become a sucthe house with, "Hello, momsey! Here's cessful lawyer if everybody had said they BYRON W. M'DERMUT, BELLEVUE, RUTH ASHBY, FAIRMONT, NEB. Then, smiling, he would kiss his experienced?" asked Tom, with his cheerful mother's thin cheek and say: "Nothing manner. "You were a boy once-like metoday, momsey. But tomorrow-then I'll and could not have known so much then. get something worth waiting for."

One evening when Tom run into the house smiling as always-his mother said wear. suggestion of impertinence, and old Jones, "Dear child, I haven't a bite for sup- the cross-grained, understood the boy's We had the last morsel of food for mind. Instead of ordering Tom from the dinner. I had hoped Mrs. Dash would room, he sat knitting his brows a minute come for her wrappers that have been in silence. Then he asked, brusquely: ready for the last fitting these last two days. I meant to ask her for a part of the money down. I suppose the bad

weather keeps her in." "I expected things would be so," said Tom. Then he smilingly drew from the bosom of his overcont a hig paper bag. which he emptied on the table. There was a small steak, a loaf of bread, some butter and a great rosy apple, which he stands, sir. Though the smile never left held up, saying: "This is for you, mommey. You like apples so much, and when saw this fellow in the window I just whipped in and got it."

"But son, where did you get the money for all these things?" asked his mother. "Have you got a position?"

"Well, not exactly," answered Tom evasively. "But I'll get one tomorrow or next day sure. I must-must have one you know." And again Tom smiled and ooked as though worry was a stranger to him. But could anyone have tramped the streets with him day after day and looked into his poor, despatring little heart one must have seen much sadness there, despite the smile on the fair young

"But-where-how-did you get these things for supper?" asked his mother. "Well, momsey, as I have no secrets from you I'll tell you how and where. I went to Mr. Jenson's grocery store and asked him if he did not have some sort quick in his work, orderly, reliable and alof odd job for me so that I could get ways in a happy frame of mind. On the enough things for our supper. He at morning of the last day of his first week once put me in the cellar to sort over potntoes. I worked all afternoon there, and when I was through the potatoes-ten







CLARA AND AGNES LUNDBERG, 48 SOUTH I STREET, LOUISE RAABE, 800 NORTH NINETEENTH STREET, OMAHA. FREMONT, NEB.







She took in plain sewing, but the prices the hard in sewing but the prices are heat more as a last albert goldberg, she and a sister whose name was other is generally inside a hollow tree, on the hard a sister whose name was other is generally inside a hollow tree, on the hard a sister whose name was other is generally inside a hollow tree, on the hard a sister whose name was other is generally inside a hollow tree, on the hard a sister whose name was other is generally inside a hollow tree, on the hard a sister whose name was other in generally inside a hollow tree, on the hard a sister whose name was other in generally inside a hollow tree, on the hard a sister whose name was other in generally inside a hollow tree, on the hard a sister whose name was other in generally inside a hollow tree, on the hard a sister whose name was other in generally inside a hollow tree, on the hard a sister whose name was other in generally inside a hollow tree, on the hard a sister whose name was other in generally inside a hollow tree, on the hard a sister whose name was other in generally inside a hollow tree, on the hard a sister whose name was other in generally inside a hollow tree, on the hard a sister whose name was other in generally inside a hollow tree, on the hard a sister whose name was other in generally inside a hollow tree, on the hard a sister whose name was other in general tree.







PAULINE PARKS, YORK, NEB.



**RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS** 

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pancil 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words. 6. Original stories or letters only will be used.

the mighty presence of "old Jones, the That afternoon Tom was on time to the minute. He performed every errand assigned him quickly and thoroughly. Old Jones looked surprised several times that afternoon. He had at last found the boy he had been wanting for so long. But he

kept his pleasure to himself, for he was not one to speak words of praise. So the week wore away and Jones found Tom of the greatest value to him. He was in old Jones' office something happened which marked it a red-letter day for Tom. A client with as sour a make-up as old

office, laid a restraining hand on his em- show that man the outer door."

case you are studying on. Allow me to of what had just occurred.

to the door, rallied forth: "How dare a smiled as he put out his hand to Tom.

 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 con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to OMILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Boo.

> (First Prize.) Jessie

'Jessie' - By Ruth Ashby, Aged 11 Years. Fairmont, Neb.

offer to show me to the door! Why--"

delight: "Why, just the thing for Daddy!" She had it wrapped up and was soon sk'p- out camping. They packed their bedding. ping merrily homeward. Jessie, for that food and clothes in a wagon and then they was her name, rushed into a neat little were ready to start. Robert kissed his kitchen where a woman was scrubbing a mother good bye and got in the wagon. pine table. "Mammy, please, mammy, see what I've got for Daddy." Mrs. Jones, their tent and built a large campfire. Rob-Jessie's mother, was a fat, good-natured ert picked up the sticks for the fire and woman. She crossed the room and took up then they hung the iron kettle over the gone and got Daddy a pail; if he won't be said that he was tired, and went in the pleased," she exclaimed. "Put it away in tent and lay down. After a while the men the cupboard, mammy, and tomorrow when had their backs turned to the tent and Daddy's dinner is ready you put it in his Robert was asleep, when a penther crept new pail." Early in the evening after the slowly toward the tent. He looked to see dishes were put in the cuphoard and every. that no one was looking, and then he thing done, Jessie went into the room alleped into the tent, where Robert was where Daddy and mammy were sitting, sleeping. He went to the opposite aide of Daddy's paper was on the table, and as the tent and made a leap at him. He lit usual Jessie read to him until time to go to on his back and Robert cried out in pain. bed. Early the next day Mrs. Jones packed His father heard him and rushed to the Daddy's dinner pail. Daddy was a brake, rescue. He grabbed the batchet from where man, and had to take his dinner with him, it lay on the ground and with one blow Jessie always went as far as the candy killed the panther. Robert was taken home, It was Saturday, the day when Martin & store and carried his dinner pail. This and as he was not hurt very bad he soon Kellogg's department store held their an- morning Daddy was much pleased with got well. aual tinware sale. A little girl with swest his new pall. One day about two weeks bushels-were nice and clean of withered Jones own came in to rake the lawyer over blue eyes, yellow curis and a pretty face after Jessie gave him his pail he was the ceals for losing a lawsuit for him the was rummaging on the counter piled high working as usual, when he met with an and decaying ones. Mr. Jonson went down the coars for losing a lawsuit for that its and inspected the job and was much day previous. He furned and swore about, with tinware. As she was runmaging she accident. One of his legs was crushed so By Helen Good ich. Aged 12 Years, and inspected the job and was much day previous. He furned and swore about, with tinware. As she was runmaging she accident. One of his legs was crushed so By Helen Good ich. Aged 12 Years, and inspected the job and was much day previous. He furned and swore about, with tinware. As she was runmaging she accident. One of his legs was crushed so By Helen Good ich. Aged 12 Years, and inspected the job and was much day previous. He furned and swore about, with tinware. As she was runmaging she accident. One of his legs was crushed so By Helen Good ich. Aged 12 Years, and inspected the job and was much day previous. pleased. He came up and told me I had calling Jones several very undignified brought to light a large dinner pail. Her that it had to be taken off. Oh, how badly earned to cents. So I got these things names. Jones, his own temper letting grave face brightened. She exclaimed in Jessie felt! Good, strong, brave Daddy,

a cripple! But, though Jessie thought, as she started to cry again, "What's the use of crying? Marnmy feels bad enough, but with me, whom she calls 'Sunshine,' crying, what will she do?" So she braced up and helped her mother. Jessie is a grown woman now. Daddy and mammy are both dead. But Jessie has the same sweet temper which she used to have. Always thoughtful for others, always cheerful and always unselfish.

(Second Prize.) How the Panther Attacked Robert

By Ada Kibler, Aged 12 Years, 717 West Twenty-First Street, Kearney, Neb.

Robert was a very happy boy, he was going to go with his father and Mr. Brown They rode until night, when they put up "Well, now Jessie, if you ain't fire, gipsy fashion. After supper Robert

(Honorary Mention.) Betty's Disappointment

loose, rose roaring to the occasion. At last office before that individual knew what evening you'll get your wages in an en-children. But fate seemed to have dethe dispute had almost reached the point of was doing. Then, as he shut the door on velope. Say nothing to me about the sum creed that Katherine should know much blows, when Toth, coming from the outer him he turned to Tom, saying: "Yes, Tom, you find there. I pay you for your work, of widowhood, for when in her twentyployer's arm, saying in a calm voice, his But Tem was not needed to perform that There, go on fling those documents. I not certain on the point exactly) she was her royal stepdaughter, the Princess Elizaface smiling and aerene: "Remember, Mr. errand. The client, swearing all sorts of have some letters for you to take to the a second time made a widow by the sud-Jones, that you've an important case under vengeance, hurried away without the cour- office."

nerves. You need all your wits for this player, resuming his work without a word ting time arrived before he realized the hour. As he put on 'Js overcoat and hat For a while Jones sat watching the boy to go old Jones, the crank, held out an Old Jones, the crabbed, was at first dumb- from under his shaggy brows. Then he envolope to him. Tom did not open it until founded. He stopped in his tirade to hear called him to come near. Say, young he reached home. Then, sitting beside his what Tom was saying and after he heard chap, you're made of the finest metal I mother, he tare the paper wrapper open. he stood open-mouthed, staring down into ever saw. You will make a cool-headed. There were three to bills, one marked with the smiling blue eyes of his office boy. Just reasoning man-one who will know him- "For your services as office boy." a second what he might have done under the cir- self under all circumstances. You are with "For your level-headedness and adcumstances cannot be explained, for before worth a great deal to me-if it is for noth- vice" and the third "For your smile, he had recovered his voice his angry ing more than that charrful smile of which sweetens the sour side of my hardclient, resenting Tom's request to show him yours." And Jones, the crunk, really ened life."

With tears in her eyes, the mother kissed sniffling kid-a freekied-nosed office menial "Your cool head saved me a deal of ex- her boy. "You are all and more than Mr. tra trouble just now, You were right: I Jones has found you to be. You are a But he didn't finish the sentence. His must put all my energies to work on this mother's pride and joy. Praise be to the turning so angrily on Tom was the point most important new case. Small fry, like Almighty for sending me such a son." needed to make Jones act in a different that foolish, hot-headed old greenhorn. And "Smiling Tom" put his arms about manner than he otherwise might have done, must not be allowed to ruffle my temper his mother lovingly. He was supremely Taking the surprised client by the shoul- and take my mind from my work. This happy now,

were not expected home until the next too see what was the matter with her. going to have a large party.

Betty, "I'm going to write the invitations they could see it was only the felly she had

a copy of one;

Pleze come to my house at to clock to a party whitch I'm goin' Betty roveland.

She then went to the different houses of By Florence Faris, Agod 9, Florence, Neb. to this day.

A Great Surprise

By Ernest Nellor, Aged 12 Years, Beemer, Neb. across the street. One day auntle got a chicks. large sack of apples. My little 3-year-old brother, Ralph, was over to auntle's and suddenly came rushing home. "Mamma, give me a basket," he cried. "What for?" asked mamma. Ralph replied: "Aunty said I can have all the apples I want, and ing the summer it plays among the I want all she has."

An Unexpected Visitor

was Johnny. He wanted to go to school may be sure there is no meat left in it. very badly. So one day he asked his The squirrel builds two houses, one for mother if he could, but she said no. He summer and another for winter. The first was too small, but he could when he was is a nest in the branches of a tree and Mary. She was 12 years old and was in where it will be safe from the wind and the seventh grade at school. Johnny went cold. off in a corner and thought about it. After awhile a thought came into his head. "I will ask mamma if I can go out and play and then I will go to the school house instead." Pretty soon his sister came home. He did not say anything about it to her. When she went back to school again he watched for her until she was out of sight. Then he went in and asked his mother could. So he went stright to school and gator and the creek between the alliwalked right in. All the scholars began had to go under his boat to get into the to laugh, but he went up and sat down deep water. He was going to shoot it, but by his sister. She tried to make him go it is against the law. The alligator was home, but the teacher said he could stay, about twelve feet long. I am an Omaha and he did all the afternoon. You should boy. We are down here for the winter. have heard his mother laugh when Mary

and it had frightened her. Dolores screamed "Oh, no. Beity; your mamma would not and said there must have been a knife in like it," said Janet. "I don't care," said there. Both women were now smiling, for on her hand. Then her mother got a basin And she wrote some invitations. Here is of water and washed it off. For a long time after Dolores could not believe it was only jelly and not blood that had made

### How Little Chicks Are Hatched and Raised

her friends and delivered them. At a To raise little chicks is to gather the eggs. quarter of I Janet dressed Betty in a pretty And in cold weather they have to be pink silk party dress, with slippers and gathered five or six times a day and then stockings to match, and she was ready for be careful they do not freeze. When they the party. Soon the guests arrived and are in the house we put them in a basket they played games until Janet brought in with a warm flannel cloth in it and in a cake and ice cream, and then they went protty warm room. But on warm days home. Just as they were leaving Mr. and we only gather them once a day, but the Mrs. Roycland came home. They came on rest of the treatment is just the same as on Friday, thinking to surprise Betty, but were cold days. Then when we get enough eggs just as much surprised as she to find a we put them in a machine called the inparty going on. Mrs. Roveland said that cubator and keep it at a certain tembecause Betty had disobeyed her she would perature of warmth. And then we turn give the doll she had bought for Betty to them every day. On the twentieth day they Sarah, a little poor girl, and Betty would begin to hatch and on the twenty-first day have to stay in her room the rest of the they should all be out. Then they are put day. This disappointed her very much, but in a broader of a certain temperature of she has never disobeyed her parents again warmth. And in thirty-six hours from when they were hatched they are fed dry food. Then when they are 2 months old they learn to sit on perchea. Then they grow up and the cockerels are killed and sent to the market and sold. Then when We live in the town of Beemer, Cuming the pallets are about 7 months old they county, Nebraska, and our auntle lives begin to lay eggs to hatch more little

### The Squirrel

By John Engel, Agest 9 Years, 1709 South Eighteenth Street, Omaha, The squirrel lives in the woods. Durbranches of the trees, skipping from one branch to another. It is a pretty creature and moves so quickly that it seems al-By Dorothy Welps, Aged 10 Years, Platts- most to fly. The squirrel lives on acorns mouth, Nob. and nuts. It holds them with its teath Once there was a little boy whose name and when it throws away the shell you Johnny did not want to wait so is made of leaves, sticks and moss; the

> A Florida Alligator By Thomas L. Kimball, Aged 9 Years, Or-

> mond, Fla. My father was on a trip up the Tamska river in his motor boat. He saw an alligator on the bank. When father came back he was still there. There was a little creek going in behind the alligator. Father

How Dolorez Was Deceived

By Agnes Gaughan, Aged 12 Years, North
Bend, Neb.

One day as Dolores was washing dishes and was scraping out a pan which had contained jelly she pulled out her hand and screamed. Her mother hurried out

Stories have been received from the following Busy Bees, to be published later: Bert Krelle, Omaha; Ida May, Central City; Lawrence Scott, Omaha; Fannie Kolar, Omaha; Cella Noone, Omaha; Benson; Bertha Brown, Omaha; Irene Graham, Omaha; Conaha; Coe, Omaha; Jessie Spigle, Omaha; Lucille Hoel, Omaha.

## Queens of England

ATHARINE Part, sixth wife of Henry VIII, was the first Protestant queen of England. And more than once she imperiled not only her throne but her head by advocating the doctrine of the reformation thority places it in the year 1513.



KATHARINE PARR.

royal blood on both paternal and maternal sides, her father was only a knight, him, driving him from his presence with being Sir Thomas Part, a courtier in high such spithets as "fool" and "knave," and favor with Henry.

While in her fourteenth year Katherine presence!" Parr was married to a widower of advanced years, who at the time of his Katharine was for the third time a widow, union with Katherine had sons grown to and for the fourth time she became a wife, manhood. Gainsborough. He died a year after loved, Sir Thomas Seymour, While she was Katherine became his wife, and the girl- almost as much married as was Henry, her 4019 very considerable amount.

But she did not remain long a widow. Betty's parents were at the senshore and for in her twentieth year she was married to Lord Latimer, who was also a widower with a family of small and half-grown your good horse sense and your-smile ninth, or thirtieth year (biographers are den death of Lord Latimer. Through his Katharine died in her thirty-seventh year, way, and you can't afford to let this man's tesy of the office boy. Tom, smiling re- Tom did not answer, but went about his death Katherine came into other wast having survived Henry one year and six ungentlemanly conduct work on your turned to the private office of his em- duties, which kept him so busy that quit- properties, thus being at the time of her months.

marriage with Henry very well fixed financially. Shortly after her second widowhood

Katherine was-to her own terror-wood by the much married king. She could not but recall the wretched, oruel fates of four of Henry's five wives, and trembled at the thought of putting her own head in the She was of English birth and fourth cousin moose. Also her still youthful heart had to Henry VIII. Biographers differ as to already responded to the ardent wooing of the year of her birth, but the best au- Sir Thomas Seymour, the favorite gallant at the court of Henry VIII. But Henry would brook no refusal, and conquered in his suit for the hand of Lady Latimer Within a very few months after Lord Latimer's death the beautiful and virtuous Katherine Parr laid aside her weeds to again be led to the altar in marriage.

For four years Katharine lived a life with Henry VIII that could not have been envied her by the humblest. Henry was slowly dying. His appetite had made him a thing of disease. His legs were covered with ulcers, his feet swollen with gout and his temper-never amiable-was now almost unbearable. And it is very probable that had he kept his health a little longer Katherine would have been another victim to add to the wives gone before. She had been accused of heresy; a warrant signed by the king's own hand was issued for her arrest. Only through her own keen wit and wonderful tact did she so handle the king that he became repentant of this plece of infamy, and when the lord chancellor with his guard came to serve the papers on Katharine and to carry her to the Tower Henry burst out into a rage against angrily ordered him to "avaunt from my

Henry VIII died January 28, 1548, and He was Lord Borough of marrying the only man she had ever really widow fell heir to lands and money to a matrimonial ventures were of so different a nature that none could condemn her.

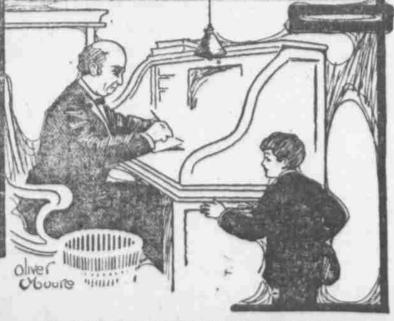
She did not live long after becoming Seymour's wife, and though they had been a most congenial couple during their short union she was very unhappy during the illness which killed her, imagining that her lord was growing tired of her and desiring her death that he might be free to woo

MARY GRAHAM.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS







OLD JONES WAS SITTING AT HIS DESK WRITING