

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

Bright Members of the Busy Bee Family



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LITTLE STORIES BY Little Folks

(Second Prize)

How the Panther Attacked Robert

By Ada Kibler, Aged 13 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 out camping. They packed their bedding, food and clothes in a wagon and then they were ready to start. Robert kissed his mother good bye and got in the wagon. They rode until night when they put up their tent and built a large campfire. Robert picked up the sticks for the fire and then they hung the iron kettle over the fire, gipsy fashion. After supper Robert said that he was tired, and went in the tent and lay down. After a while the men had their backs turned to the tent and Robert was asleep, when a panther crept slowly toward the tent. He looked to see that no one was looking, and then he slipped into the tent, where Robert was sleeping. He went to the opposite side of the tent and made a leap at him. He lit on his back and Robert cried out in pain. His father heard him and rushed to the rescue. He grabbed the hatchet from where it lay on the ground and with one blow killed the panther. Robert was taken home, and as he was not hurt very bad he soon got well.

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 read.
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 BEE.

(First Prize)

Jessie

Jessie—By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb.

It was Saturday, the day when Martin & Kellogg's department store held their annual fire sale. A little girl with sweet blue eyes, yellow curls and a pretty face was rummaging on the counter piled high with thrifts. As she was rummaging she brought to light a large dinner pail. Her grave face brightened. She exclaimed in delight: "Why, just the thing for Daddy!" She had it wrapped up and was soon skipping merrily homeward. Jessie, for that was her name, rushed into a neat little kitchen where a woman was scrubbing a pine table. "Mamma, please, mamma, see what I've got for Daddy!" Mrs. Jones, Jessie's mother, was a fat, good-natured woman. She crossed the room and took up the pail. "Well, now Jessie, if you ain't gone and got Daddy a pail, if he won't be pleased," she exclaimed. "Put it away in the cupboard, mamma, and tomorrow when Daddy's dinner is ready you put it in his new pail." Early in the evening after the dishes were put in the cupboard and everything done, Jessie went into the room where Daddy and mamma were sitting. Daddy's paper was on the table, and as usual Jessie read to him until time to go to bed. Early the next day Mrs. Jones packed Daddy's dinner pail. Daddy was a brakeman, and had to take his dinner with him. Jessie always went as far as the candy store and carried his dinner pail. This morning Daddy was much pleased with his new pail. One day about two weeks after Jessie gave him his pail he was working as usual, when he met with an accident. One of his legs was crushed so that it had to be taken off. Oh, how badly Jessie felt! Good, strong, brave Daddy,

loose, rose roaring to the occasion. At last the dispute had almost reached the point of blows, when Tom, coming from the outer office, laid a restraining hand on his employer's arm, saying in a calm voice, his face smiling and serene: "Remember, Mr. Jones, that you've an important case under way, and you can't afford to let this man's ungentlemanly conduct work on your nerves. You need all your wits for this case you are studying on. Allow me to show this man out, sir."

Old Jones, the crabbed, was at first dumb-founded. He stopped in his tracks to hear what Tom was saying and after he heard he stood open-mouthed, staring down into the smiling blue eyes of his office boy. Just what he might have done under the circumstances cannot be explained, for before he had recovered his voice his angry client, resenting Tom's request to show him to the door, railed forth: "How dare a smiling kid—a freckled-headed office man—offer to show me to the door! Why?"

But he didn't finish the sentence. His turning so angrily on Tom was the point needed to make Jones act in a different manner than he otherwise might have done. Taking the surprised client by the shoulder,

were not expected home until the next Monday. It was not Friday, and Betty announced to Janet (the nurse) that she was going to have a large party.

"Oh, no, Betty; your mamma would not like it," said Janet. "I don't care," said Betty. "I'm going to write the invitations now."

And she wrote some invitations. Here is a copy of one:

Please come to my house at 10 o'clock to a party which I'm going to have.

Betty Rowland.

How Little Chicks Are Hatched and Raised

By Florence Paris, Aged 9 Years, Florence, Neb.

To raise little chicks is to gather the eggs. And in cold weather they have to be gathered five or six times a day and then be careful they do not freeze. When they are in the house we put them in a basket with a warm flannel cloth in it and in a pretty warm room. But on warm days we only gather them once a day, but the rest of the treatment is just the same as on cold days. Then when we get enough eggs we put them in a machine called the incubator and keep it at a certain temperature of warmth. And then we turn them every day. On the twentieth day they begin to hatch and on the twenty-first day they should all be out. Then they are put in a brooder of a certain temperature of 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 perches. Then they grow up and the cockerels are killed and sent to the market and sold. Then when the pullets are about 7 months old they begin to lay eggs to hatch more little chicks.

A Great Surprise

By Ernest Nellor, Aged 12 Years, Beemer, Neb.

We live in the town of Beemer, Cuming county, Nebraska, and our auntie lives across the street. One day auntie got a large sack of apples. My little 2-year-old brother, Ralph, was over to auntie and suddenly came rushing home. "Mamma, give me a basket," he cried. "What for?" asked mamma. Ralph replied: "Auntie said I can have all the apples I want, and I want all she has."

An Unexpected Visitor

By Dorothy Welpa, Aged 10 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb.

Once there was a little boy whose name was Johnny. He wanted to go to school very badly. So one day he asked his mother if he could go to school. His mother was too small, but he could when he was older. Johnny did not want to wait so long. He had a sister whose name was Mary. She was 12 years old and was in the seventh grade at school. Johnny went off in a corner and thought about it. After awhile a thought came into his head. "I'll ask mamma if I can go out and play and then I'll 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 if he could go out to play. She said he could. So he went straight to school and walked right in. All the scholars began to laugh, but he went up and sat down by his sister. She tried to make him go home, but the teacher said he could stay, and he did all the afternoon. You should have heard his mother laugh when Mary told her all about it.

A Florida Alligator

By Thomas L. Kimball, Aged 9 Years, Ormond, Fla.

My father was on a trip up the Tamaha river in his motor boat. He saw an alligator on the bank. When father came back he was with the boat. The alligator was in the creek behind the alligator. Father ran his boat in the creek between the alligator and the water so that the alligator had to go under his boat to get into the deep water. He was going to shoot it, but it is against the law. The alligator was about twelve feet long. I am an Omaha boy. We are down here for the winter.

How Dolores Was Deceived

By Agnes Gaughan, Aged 12 Years, North Platte, 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

Queens of England

KATHERINE Parr, 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. She was of English birth and fourth cousin to Henry VIII. Biographers differ as to the year of her birth, but the best authority places it in the year 1512. Although she descended from really



royal blood on both paternal and maternal sides, her father was only a knight, being Sir Thomas Parr, a courtier in high favor with Henry.

While in her fourteenth year Katherine Parr was married to a widower of advanced years, who at the time of his union with Katherine had sons grown to manhood. He was Lord Borough of Gainsborough. He died a year after Katherine became his wife, and the girl widow fell heir to lands and money to a very considerable amount.

But she did not remain long a widow, for in her twentieth year she was married to Lord Latimer, who was also a widower with a family of small and half-grown children. But fate seemed to have decreed that Katherine should know much of widowhood, for when in her twenty-ninth, or thirtieth year (biographers are not certain on the point exactly) she was a second time made a widow by the sudden death of Lord Latimer. Through his death Katherine came into other vast properties, thus being at the time of her

ILLUSTRATED REBUS

GO W T see on T

SO MANY good stories have been sent in that the editor has decided to carry the contest a little further. First of all, we are going to divide the Busy Bees into two groups, or "sides," as we say in Pull-away, and each of these sides are 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

EARLY everyone knew him as "Smiling Tom." He was always bright and smiling. Not that he had more than his share of the good things of life. Indeed, he had more than his share of the hard things of life, inasmuch as his father was dead and his mother was in such frail health that he was obliged to work to help keep a shelter over their heads and food in the cupboard. Of course, his mother did all that she could toward earning the living. She took in plain sewing, but the prices she got for her work were scandalously small. Besides, there were whole weeks when she did not earn enough to pay the rent, and other weeks when she was too ill to work. So the average of her earnings was small.

Tom was only 12 years old and had worked since he was 10. A part of the time he went to school during the winter, but as soon as their summer and fall harvests were expended he was obliged to step into the harness again. Then he would study at home in the evenings, his gentle mother assisting him all that she could, her own education being rather meager.

In the winter "Smiling Tom" lost the position he had held as office boy to a doctor. The doctor had decided to move from the town, and "Smiling Tom" found himself without employment during zero weather, when it took so much coal to keep their poor, shabby house of two rooms all livable. In vain did he search for another place. But never once did the smile leave his face nor hope cease to cheer his heart. After a day of vain searching for work he would run home, dash into the house with, "Hello, mosey! Here's your Tom. Like a bad penny, he will turn up." Then, smiling, he would kiss his mother's thin cheek and say, "Nothing to worry about, tomorrow then I'll get something worth waiting for."

One evening when Tom ran into the house—smiling as always—his mother said wearily: "Dear child, I haven't a bite for supper. We had the last morsel of food for dinner. I had hoped Mrs. Dash would come for her wrappers that have been ready for the last fitting these last two days. I meant to ask her for a part of the money down. I suppose she had weather keeps her in."

"I expected things would be so," said Tom. Then he smilingly drew from the bottom of his overcoat a big 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 held up, saying: "This is for you, mosey. You like apples so much, and when I 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 looked 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, despairing little heart one must have seen some sadness there, despite the smile on the fair young face.



OLD JONES WAS SITTING AT HIS DESK WRITING