

BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

HOW many have voted for the king and queen bees for May? Remember every Busy Bee is entitled to a vote, whether he is sending in a story or not, so let us hear from everyone. So far Edith Martin of Fairmont and Thomas Kimball of Ormond, Fla., or Omaha have received the largest number of votes. If there is some bright boy or girl in the town where you live get the other Busy Bees there to send in their votes for them and get all your friends to join the Busy Bees.

One little girl writes to know if her 14-year-old sister is too old to be a Busy Bee. No, little girl, she is not. Any boy or girl of 14 years or younger is eligible, and we will be glad to have stories from them all.

As the Busy Bee editor was returning from the western part of the state the other day she saw among the faces on the station platform at one of the towns one that was familiar. At first she could not place the little girl, but presently she recognized her as one of the Busy Bees—one whose picture we have used on our page. But the car window was down very tight and the train only stopped a few moments, so it was impossible to speak to the little girl. The Busy Bee editor was very much pleased, however, to have seen one of her girls and after that she found herself looking closely at all the boys and girls on the platforms where the train stopped to see if she might not recognize another Busy Bee.

We have some more pictures, but not quite enough to use. Can't we have more? Wouldn't it be nice if we might recognize each other and perhaps get acquainted in this way?

For stories written last week on some thrilling experience prizes were awarded to August Kibler, age 13 years, Kearney, Neb., and Alys Martin, age 14 years, Fairmont, Neb. Viola Smith was given honorary mention. Very few forgot to mark their stories this week either red or blue, and Maurice Johnson as King Bee of the red team has nine on his side and Louise Ranbe as Queen Bee of the blue team has eight on her side. Two prizes have been won by the blue side and two by the red, so work, little Busy Bees, and see who will come out ahead this week, as both teams are even now.

Indian Babies Much the Same as White Babies Under Same Conditions

Some of the Paposes at the Standing Rock Sioux Agency—Pictures from Photos by Miss Grace Bradley



HE WAS SHY. This little fellow didn't want to be photographed without his mother.



A SIOUX MADONNA. Mother and 5-week-old sister of Agnes Red Eagle. Her pretty poston or "pack" is beautifully beaded and fit for a princess.



AN INDIAN GO-CART. Sophie Longbull and her mother out for a breath of fresh air.



A LITTLE BEAUTY. She was not afraid to face the camera.



A YOUTHFUL HIAWATHA. He has on his holiday clothes and in his left hand holds a beaded tobacco pouch and knife sheath.



AGNES RED EAGLE. She is 5 years old and a friendly little maiden.



LITTLE MISS WHITE FACE. She is a bit coy, but was induced to stand while being "snapped."



HER PET SKUNK. Indian children have many pets, even coyotes, rabbits, prairie dogs and baby skunks.

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 250 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 Bee.

A Little Heroine

By Augusta Kibler, Aged 13 Years, Kearney, Neb.—Red.

A matinee was to come to town Saturday. The children were talking about it at school. Mary Smith listened to every word that was said about it. She did not expect to get to go for the matinee as an orphan she did not have any money to spend for matinees.

That night as she was going home she found ten cents. Now she could go to the matinee for ten cents was the price of admission. Saturday the opera house was crowded with people. Everything went on as usual until in the middle of an act the curtain suddenly fell.

Tongues of fire shot from around the curtain. It was known in a minute all over the audience that the building was on fire. Lucile Brown, the banker's little daughter, sat in her seat motionless. She had come with her nurse, but when it was learned that the building was on fire she had left the little one alone. Mary Smith, one of the last to leave the building, saw the child sitting there.

Quickly making up her mind to save Lucile she ran over to her and taking her in her arms hurried towards the door. On reaching the hall she found it filled with smoke. Finding the stairs she reached the bottom of them, and got outside of the building, handing Lucile to a man she fell fainting to the ground. Brown's adopted mother and educator here.

Do you not think Mary a brave, noble girl to risk her own life to save another?

Experience with a Mad Dog

By Alys Martin, Aged 14 Years, Fairmont, Neb.—Red.

One morning in August Ethel and Edith asked their mother if they and their cousins, Emma, Ronald and Baby Louise, who were visiting them, could not go to visit their aunt, who lived about half a mile away. Their mother gave her consent. They started out at once and walked across the fields picking flowers, playing tag and bear.

In about half an hour they arrived at their aunt's and began to play with Ross, a child of about 10. They had been playing about an hour when their aunt called them and, when they went out under the tree where she was, they found there a small table set for a luncheon for six. They sat at once at down to the sandwiches, cookies and milk. When they were done they went up to the house and asked what

THE STORY OF A CHEESE

By Viola Smith, Aged 12 Years, West Point, Neb.—Blue.

The first thing I remember was that I was in a one in a building they called a store. I wondered how long I would stay there until something else would happen to me. One day a little girl came in the store and asked the storekeeper if he had some cheese. The storekeeper said, "Yes." Then the girl asked if it was fresh. The storekeeper said it was. So the little girl said she would take me.

Then the man wrapped me up in some paper. The little girl took me home to her mother. Her mother put me in the cupboard. I was sleeping when I was awakened by a terrible noise. I did not know what it was. After awhile the noise stopped, but I saw a mouse coming toward me. Just then the mother opened the cupboard door. When she saw the mouse she called the cat. The cat caught the mouse and ran away with it.

If it had not been for the mother opening the cupboard door and calling the cat I would have been eaten by the mouse.

A Thrilling Experience

By Margaret Decker, Aged 14 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb.—Red.

Once upon a time there was a boy named George St. Clair and two little girls named Pauline and Janet Haviland. These children were neighbors, but their parents were not acquainted with one another. One day Pauline and Janet wandered out in the woods to play. When they had walked a little ways Pauline spied some wild flowers and said, "Sister, let us get some flowers." Pretty soon George came along riding on his pony. He said:

"How do you do, Miss Pauline and Miss Janet? What are you doing?"

"We are gathering wild flowers. Would you like some?"

"I should be very glad to have them," said George, and, taking the flowers, quickly rode away to his uncle's with a message.

"Oh," said Janet, "there is a cat and he has a bird. Let us go and make him let it go." When the children came to the animal they saw it was a lion. When it saw them it dropped its prey and, going over to the children, began rolling them about and turning them over with its paw. The children gave one frightened scream.

Pessimistic Annie Lee

By Genevieve Long, Aged 12 Years, North Omaha, Neb.—Blue.

"Everything goes wrong ways," said little Annie Lee. "Things I love the best to eat are always denied me."

"There's candy, cake and pudding. Mince pie, and cheese and crackers. Which at night I mustn't touch."

"Today I learn my lessons. But tomorrow there are more. Ah so I've got to study."

"All winter long I go to school. And study hard each day. When I've got to study about And spend the time in play."

"Snow and frost do always come. The spring season of the year. Instead of coming when it's hot, They come when it's cold and drear."

"I'd like a world to be just right. With summer every day. And not a thing to do but laugh And eat good things."

Tom and the Sugar

By Mildred Willis, Aged 14 Years, 2945 Fifth Avenue, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Tom was very fond of sweet things. One day the grocer boy brought a package. When Tom's mother put it in the pantry Tommy followed her. When she had put it away she went upstairs and Tommy took a handful of sugar, but before he could eat it he heard his mother coming down the stairs. He hid it all in his mouth at once. When she saw him she said, "Have you been in the sugar?" and he said, "No, what?" but she took him to the looking glass and there was sugar all down his clothes.

Jenny's Happy Day

By Bertha Brown, Aged 11 Years, Omaha, Neb.—Blue.

Once upon a time there was a poor little girl named Jenny. She very seldom had any money. One day as she was taking a walk with her girl friend she saw something shining in the distance. She ran to see what it was, and to her surprise saw that it was a \$5 gold piece. She picked it up and brought it to her mother. Her mother said she would buy some bread and butter with some of that money and her mother gave Jenny 10 cents to buy some candy, and Jenny was happy all the day. The next day Jenny's mother bought Jenny a nice new dress and new stockings and shoes and she looked very pretty.

Bobby

By Helen Bradford, Aged 12 Years, 308 South Thirty-second Street, Omaha.

My name is Bobby. I am a dog with a bobtail, but it was not cut off as some dogs' tails are. I was born with a bobtail. There are a lot of dogs around where I live and we have lots of fun. People think we cannot talk to each other, but we can. My master has another dog he likes better than me. His name is Frolic. My mistress says I am the best dog, and my master says Frolic is.

The Rotten Apple

By Emerson Goodrich, Aged 10 Years, Omaha, Neb. (Blue).

There grew an apple tree by the side of an old farmhouse. The apples were ripe and ready to pick, but one was rotten, and when they were picking the apples they did not pick the rotten apple. The other apples were taken to the house and put in a glass dish and people ate them. But poor old rotten apple laid there waiting for his end, while the women feasted on the good old apples and it rotted away, until a poor little boy picked it and out out the rotten piece and ate the other. It was the first apple he had ever eaten and it tasted so good. The apple was glad to be eaten, even though by a poor boy.

Three Boys and a Dog

By Bertha Peterson, Aged 12 Years, Wayne, Neb.

One day while I was at the seashore I found my cousin Walter and his friend Dave playing on the beach. With them was Trixie, Walter's dog, who seemed quite tired out, as he had been swimming in the surf and going after sticks that Dave threw into the water.

Walter was afraid to let him go again, but Dave kept him going until the poor little animal was fairly trembling with cold and fatigue. As he came dragging his stick up the sand and laid it at Walter's feet the little master hugged him and said: "There, now, that's enough. You shouldn't go any more."

"All right," said Dave, "What are you afraid of?"

"Don't send him in again. It's cruel to urge him when he doesn't want to go," said Phil, another boy that now came running up.

"Oh, go on. Don't you be so wise," sneered Dave. "There, Trixie, just once more. Good dog. Go on, now," and he flung the stick far out into the surf. Quick as thought the little spaniel was plunging after it.

"Don't let him go. He's too tired, and I'm afraid the surf is too strong for him," pleaded Walter.

"Oh, Trixie, come back," he called, and the faithful little creature, obedient to his master, turned and started for the shore.

"He shan't come back. I am going to make him get that stick. Go on, there," shouted Dave, throwing a stone after the dog.

His aim was only too true. The stone hit the struggling creature on the head and disappeared under the water, and the strong current from the shore carried him out to sea.

Ben's Lesson

By Eloise Binks, Aged 10 Years, 1094 Park Ave., Omaha, Neb.

There was a little boy whose name was Ben. One day Ben came running into the house and said, "mamma, here is a letter from Uncle Jack and it says: Dear Little Ben: Can you come over to lunch today? Cousin John will be here. Love, Yours Truly, Uncle Jack."

"Well," said his mother, "you may go, but come home at 2 o'clock, for I want you to go on an errand for me."

"All right," said Ben, "Good-bye." After Ben had had his dinner Uncle Jack said: "It's 2 o'clock, my son." Ben took his things and left, but he had no intention of going home for Ben did not like to run errands and was sometimes inclined to be disobedient. Ben now started for Henry's house, where he stayed until 7 o'clock. When at last Ben did go home his mother was sitting on the front porch. Ben sneaked around to the side porch and entered the dining room. He looked around and on the table saw remnants of ice cream, cake and candy. He ran to his mother and said, "Oh, mamma, what's gone on?" And his mother said: "I had planned a surprise party for you at 2 o'clock and you disobeyed me. You were to be here at 2 o'clock and now it's 7. The children have had their fun and gone." This taught Ben a lesson and he always comes home when he is told.

no more merciful toward his pets than a little white baby, for he is but a baby, you know.

He has nurses enough, with the grandparents, uncles and aunts and during vacation the older boys and girls of the family.

When the Indian baby boy is three years old, his riding lessons begin and when he is five he is a good horseman.

When not on a real live horse he is riding a "stick horse," lashing his little whip, throwing his little lasso and driving imaginary cattle.

Most Indian babies are shy when they see white people, but from a short distance they will like to romp with you, shouting and laughing with the same delight that your own baby brother does.

Should you not like to see some little Indian babies? I know you would love them as I do.

St. Elizabeth's Mission, Standing Rock Reservation, S. D.

Brave Kate

By Cella Noone, Aged 8 Years, 354 Franklin Street, Omaha, Neb.

One stormy night in the summer of 1881 the heavy rain swelled the creek till the water rose and washed away the railroad bridge. No one knew of the accident and a freight train came along soon after and ran crashing into the creek.

A girl of fifteen named Kate lived near the bridge. Hearing the noise of the falling train she hurried to the spot, and by great exertion succeeded in saving the engineer and fireman, who had gone down with the locomotive. This was a brave deed, but Kate's work did not stop here. She knew that a passenger train would come that way within an hour, and unless warning was sent in time it would fall through the broken bridge and hundreds of lives would be lost. The night was pitch dark and the rain was beating down heavily. The nearest station being a mile, and to reach it a railroad bridge had to be crossed. It was not easy to cross this bridge even in broad daylight, and on such a night it was very dangerous. But the brave girl did not fear danger; her only thought was to save others. She started in haste for the station. Just as she reached the bridge the wind blew out her light, but even that did not stop her. Getting on her hands and knees she crawled carefully from its to the till she had gone the whole length of the bridge, then rose and ran as fast as she could. She was bruised and wet and her clothes were in tatters, as she tumbled into the station. "Stop the train, stop the train!" was all she could say and then fainted. But Kate felt well repaid for what she had done. She was in time and the train was saved.

Letters have been received from the following Busy Bees to be published later: Alta Wilson, Waco, Neb.; Alice Grossmeyer, Riverside, Neb.; Ruth Harrison, Kearney, Neb.; Gretchen Esterling, Kearney, Neb.; Lula Mae, Co., Omaha; Vera Cheney, Craigton, Neb.

