THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: APRIL 14, 1907.

SYLITTLEBEESATIEROWNP

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 girst 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.



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. 9. 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 a 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 OHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

Omaha Bee

ime it was and upon finding that it was half pass 1 they at once started for home. They were about half way home when they saw a large dog running down the hill toward them. Its tongue was hanging out of its frothy mouth and its eyes were set and staring. There had been much talk about mad dogs lately and so the older children thought of this at once.

"Climb one of these trees," cried Ronald, and all but Louise, a child of 2, hastened to take his advice. She, instead, stood still and stared at the dog which coming straight toward her. It was very noar when a rifle shot sounded and the dog fell dead.

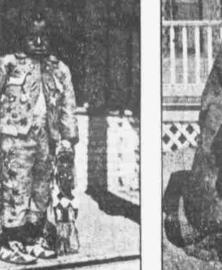
A LITTLE BEAUTY. The frightened children looked to see who She was not afraid to face the camera. had saved the baby and to their surprise

ber every Busy Bee Is entitled to a vote, whether he is sending in Indian Babies Much the Same as White Babies Under Same Conditions Some of the Papooses at the Standing Rock Sioux Agency-Pictures from Photos by Miss Grace Bradley



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

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



A YOUTHFUL HIAWATHA. fe has or his holiday clothes and in his left hand holds a baaded tobacco pouch and knife sheath. AGNES RED EAGLE. He She is 5 years old and a friendly little She is a bit coy, but was induced to stand maiden.

while being "snapped."

LITTLE MISS WHITE FACE.



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

Further inspection revealed an old leather

not be read they were so old and yel-

lowed by exposure to the weather.' There

among the treasured possessions of one of

Brave Kate







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



(First Prize.) 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 she was an orphan and 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 me. One day a little girl came in the store matinee for ten cents was the price of ad. and asked the storekeeper if he had some crowded with people. Everything went on the sirl asked if it was fresh. The storecurtain suddenly fell.

the audience that the building was on fire. her mother, Her mother put me in the Lucibe Brown, the banker's little daughter, cupboard. I was sleeping when I was sat in her seat motionicss. She had come awakened by a terrible noise. I did not with her nurse, but when it was learned know what it was. After awhile the noise child sitting there.

Quickly making up her mind to save Lin- mouse and ran away with it, elle she ran over to her and taking her. If it had not been for the mother openin her arms hurried towards the door. On ing the cupboard door and calling the cat reaching the hall she found it filled with I would have been eaten by the mouse. amoke. Finding the stairs she reached the bottom of them, and got outside of the suilding, handing Lucile to a man she fell fainting to the ground. Brown's adopted By Marguerite Porter, Aged 14 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb.-Red. Mary and educated her.

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

(Second Prize.) Experience with a Mad Dog

By Alys Marting, Aged 14 Years, Fairmont, the woods to play. When they had walked Neb .-- Red.

One morning in August Ethel and Edith flowers and said. "Sister, let us get some asked their mother if they and their flowers." Pretty soon George came along cousins, Emma, Ronald and Baby Louise, riding on his pony. He said: who were visiting them, could not go to visit their aunt, who lived about half a Janei? What are you doing?" mile away. Their mother gave her consent. They started out at once and walked you like some?" across the fields picking flowers, playing tag and bear.

their sunt's and began to play with Rose, a message. child of about 10. They had been playing about an hour when their aunt called them has a bird. Let us go and make him let and, when they went out under the tree it go." cookies and milk. When they were done about and turning them over with its paws. my master says Frolic is. they went up to the house and asked what The children gave one frightened scream.

they saw their uncle coming down the hall A neighbor had seen the dog coming and phoned to him about it and he immediately thought of the children and started to the rescue.

(Honorary Mention.) The Story of a Cheese

The first thing I remember was that I

was in a case in a building they called a she would take me.

tain. It was known in a minute all over paper. The little girl took me home to the baby and its pack. The corner at the head is left loose, the little one alone. Mary Smith, one of me. Just then the mother opened the cup- one second. Taking his gun he kills the sleeps in the morning, and I like to go again. the last to leave the building, suw the board door. When she saw the mouse lion in an instant. Furting the children on upstairs and wake him up. Then my misshe called the cat. The cat caught the his horse he takes them safely to their tress, ida, says: "Why, Bobby, you bad parents for protection.

A Thrilling Experience

"How do you do, Miss Pauline and Miss

Pessimsitic Annie Lee

day the grocer boy brought a package. When Tom's mother put it in the pantry 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 a little ways Pauline spied some wild

Tommy followed her. When she had put it away she went upstalrs and Tommy took a handful of sugar, but before he could eat it he heard his mother coming down the stairs. He cut it all in his mouth at once. When she saw him she said "Have you been in the sugar"" and he said.

Bobby

Tom and the Sugar

By Helen Bradford, Agod 12 Years, 200 Rooth Thirty-second Street, Omaha. "We are gathering wild flowers. Would -Red "I should be very glad to have them," My name is Boliby. I am a dog with a

his clothes.

said George, and, taking the flowers, In about half an hour they arrived at quickly rode away to his uncle's with a bobtoll, but it was not cut off as some dogs' tails are 1 was bern with a bobrall. "Oh." said Janet, "there is a cat and he There are a lot of dogs around where I live and we have lots of fun. People When the children came to the think we cannot talk to each other, but where she was, they found there a small unimal they saw it was a lion. When it we can. My master has another dog he table set for a luncheon for six. They saw them it dropped its prey and, going likes better than mo. His name is Frolic. at once sat down to the sandwiches, over to the children, began rolling them My mistress says I am the best dog, and

When it is cold weather I lie on the



"Everything goes wrong ways." Said little Annie Lee. "Finings i love the best to eat Are always denied me. "There's candy, cake and pudding, I hove them all so much! Mince ple, and cheese and crackers, Which at night I mustn't louch. "Today I learn my lessons. But tomorrow there are more: An so I ve got to study Just as I did before. "All winter long I go to school, And study hard each day: When I would rather run about And spend the time in play. "Snow and frost do always come Th' wrong season of th' year: Instead of coning when it's hot. They come when it's cold and drear.

"Få like a world to be just right. With minimum every day, ad not a thing to do Lut much And eat good things and pay. HELINA DAVIS. HO does not love babies? And little Indian bables are dear and attractive, too. Their parents, grandparents, and the long list of relatives love them dearly and move at their bidding, just the same as do the many admirers of our little

white bables. The Indian baby is dressed rather differently By Viola Smith, Aged 10 Years, West Point, from the way in which your wee brother is dressed. There are the underclothes and dress, but there is also a funny pack which I shall describe for you. Baby is laid across several store. I wondered how long I would stay little square quilts, perhaps forty inches each way, with his there until something else would happen to head at one corner and his feet at the one diagonally opposite. Then the corners at the foot and each side of his wee majesty mission. Saturday the opera house was cheese. The storekeeper said, "Yes." Then are folded across one another and pinned securely with safety pins, or a horse blanket pin, which, you know, is an extremely as usual until in the middle of an act the keeper said it was. So the little girl said large safety pin. Or, perhaps, instead of pins the mother uses Tongues of fire shot from around the cur- Then the man wrapped me up in some a tape or a strong cord, which she wraps several times around

to be thrown across the little face for protection. Mr. Baby is just as snug and comfortable as a bug in a rug, but is a big armful with all his wrappings.

When the baby is about four months old, he wants to move his arms and feet, so he is not left in the pack so much. When eight or ten months old, he thinks he is big enough to be carried on his mamma's back. There she puts him holding him tightly with her shawl, sometimes tying it around her or holding it between her teeth while she goes about her work. Then Mr. Baby likes his mother to take him for a walk, and his go-cart is again his mother's back. He can play horse, too, using his mother's long black bralds for the reins.

The little Indian baby has playthings although they are not silver mounted rattles. A funny little string of beads is fastened around baby's wrist, a long string of pebbles and beads, or a necklace of wild berries hung around his neck. He has a puppy, a kitten, a baby coyote or a little rabbit and he is

Ben's Lesson

Ave., Omaha, Neb.

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.

Now they are safe. George St. Clair is register all day and it is pretty hot some- coming toward them. In it was a man sneered Dave. "There, Trixey, just once The good man was soon busily sawing off returning and hearing the scream hurrys times. Often my little master, Jack, plays and woman and they took the children to more. Good dog. Go on, now," and he one of the largest branches. It fell crashthat the building was on fire she had left stopped, but I saw a mouse coming toward his horse to the spot. He dars not inse out at night; gets real tired, and then their home, and then their home, and then their home, and then their home. as thought the little spaniel was plunging enough for a squirrel's nest, but curiosity prompted Joslah to brush away some dry after it. leaves and there nestled an old nistol with

"Don't let him go. He's too tired, and I'm afraid the surf is too strong for him," the wooden parts almost rotted away. know a lot? One day last summer my By Eloise Binns, Aged 10 Years, 1001 Park pleaded Walter.

"Ob. Trixey, come back." he called, and wallet which contained a few coins and There was a litle boy whose name was the faithful little creature, obedient to his some yellow, crumbling letters, which could didn't come home for a long time. Oh. I Hen, One day Hen came running into the master, turned and started for the shore. "He shan't come back. I am going to make him get that stick. Go on, there," they had been for years as the great limb shouted Dave, throwing a stone after the gradually inclosed them. They are now

Uncle Jostah's sons, the good man having By Bertha Brown, Aged 11 Years, Omaha, Neb.-Blue, but come home at 2 o'clock, for 1 want you is appeared under the water, and the strong current from the shore carried him out By Cella Noone, Aged 8 Years, 3844 Frank-lin Street, Omaha, Neb.

goin' on." And his mother said: "I had I would die if I were you, but everybody Kata's work did not stop here. She knew planned a surprise party for you at 2 likes me and so I will not die " "It is not that a passenger train would come that bad.

And this was true, for the next day a little blue-syed sirl came tripping along broad daylight, and on such a night is holding her aunty a hand. She had a handful of dandellons and said. "I just love

a little child loved her, and this thought to the till she had gone the whole length

A Thrilling Experience

By Louise Stilles, Aged 11 Years .- Blue, river in what has since been named Burt and the train was suvel.

from a growth of natural dimber not far "Don't send him in again. It's cruel to from the little shanty. One day the supply urge him when he doesn't want to go." of frewood having become short, Eacle iny in" another supply. He soon noticed

my fault that nobody likes me," signed way within an hour, and unless warning would burn me to death." But the cool broken bridge and hundreds of lives would north wind whispered. "Somebody loves, be lost. The night was pitch dark and the you, somebody loves you. Don't feel so rain was beating down heavily. The nearest station being a mile, and to reach it a rullroud bridge had to be erosed. It was not even to cross this bridge even in

> was very dangerous. But the brave girl did not fear danger; her only thought was to move 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 that of the bridge, then rose and ran as fast

as she could. She was bruised and wet and her clothes were in tatters, as sho tundled into the station. "Stop the train! stop the train" was all she could say and In the early days of Nebraska's history then fainted. But Kals feit well repaid

> Letters have been received from the following Busy fires, to be published inter; Wind Huay How to be Neb. Alte Wilken, Wace Neb. Alter Grossmeyer, Hiserdale, Neb. Rath Harrison, Reemer, Neb. Rath Harrison, Reemer, Neb. Luin Mac, Ge, Omaha, Vera Chebey, Creighton, Neb.

Jennie a nice new dress and new stock- cream, cake and candy. He run to his supprised to hear a wild rose standing near and fireman, who had gone down with ings and shoes and she looked very pretty mother and said: "Oh, majoma, what's this dandellon say, "Oh, nobody likes you; the locomotive. This was a brave deed, but o'clock and you discheyed rate. You were By Emerson Goodrich, Aged 10 Years, to be have at 2 o'clock and now it's 7, poor liftle dandellon "I wish the sun was sent in time it would fail through the The children have had their fun and gone !

apples were taken to the house and 100d By Bertha Peterson, Aged 12 Years, Wayne, Neb. One day while I was at the senshore I

Once upon a time some people went to fest the little master bugged him and so d:

She hall-ood to Tommy: "Oh, Tommy," afraid of " solided Dave. abe said. "look at the boat. Let's so and got in it and go ridium" They got in and Toronny said. "Oh. Better, there are on said Phil, another boy that now came run- Josiah, the father, went to the grove to cers." And they beran to cry. But it was ning up.

mistress. Ida, my big master, George, and my little master, Jack, all went away and By Mildred Wills, Accd 14 Verrs, 2966 Fifth Avenue, Council Blutts, Ia. Tom was very food of sweet things. One was lovesome. I amused myself by follow- house and said. "Oh, mamma, here is a ing the people that took care of me to letter from l'acle Jack and it sugs:

little rescal." and I wag my tail. Don't I

Once upon a time there was a poor little girt named Jennie. She very seldom had any money. One day as she was taking a Jack said: "It's I o'clock, my son." Ben

The Rotten Apple

eaten, even though by a near boy.

The Boat Ride

day. The next day Jeonle's mother bought and on the table saw remiants of fee walking along upon this hill when I was exertion succeeded in saving the engineer

an old farmhouse. The apples were ripe comes home when he is told.

and ready to pick, but one was rotten, and Three Boys and a Dog

he would die, while the worms feasted found my countn Walter and his friend dandelions. I don't want violets, roses or on the near old apple and it rotted away. Dave playing on the beach. With them was anything, but my dear dandelions." until a poor little boy picked it and out Trixey. Waiter's dog, who scened quite And the dandeling as the dark evening out the votice place and use the other. It tired out, as he had been awimming in the shadow's fell about the hillside was chosed

Walter was sizaid to let him go again, gave her strength to live on. but Davy kept him going until the poor

ity Genevieve takes spect to Years, North cold and fatigue. As he came dragging his Loup. Neb-Elue.

and Tommy were the children's names. One go any more,"

not very long before they now a boat "Oh, go on. Don't you be so wise." a "likely looking" tree, as he expressed it.

to go on an errand for me." "All right," said Ren. "Good-bye," After Ben had had his dinner Uncle

"No, malars, but she took him to the walk with her girl friend she saw some-hooking glass and there was sugar sil down thing shining in the distance. She ran to see what it was, and to her surprise saw to run errands and was sometimes inclined that it was a \$5 gold piece. She picked to be disobedient. Ben now started for It up and brought it to her mother. Her Henry's house, where he stayed until 7 mother sold she would huy some bread o'clock. When at last Hon did go home his she was hidden so in the tall grass that "an crashing into the creck. and hutter with some of that money and mother was sliting on the front porch. Ben children passing by often trampled on her A girl of fifteen named Kate lived near her mother gave Jenny 10 cents to buy sneaked around to the side porch and en- and picked the prettier flowers near by. some cardy, and Jenny was happy all the tered the dining room. He looked around

There grew an apple tree by the side of This taught lien a losson and he always

when they were picking the apples they did not pick the rotten apple. The other in a glars dish and penals ate them. But noor and matten anale taid there within't

was the first apple he had ever ste and it surf and going after slicks that Dave in her heart by the thought that at least tasted so good. The apple was glad to be threw into the water.

little unimal was fairly trembling with

the senside to spend the summer. Hetty "There, now; that's enough. You shan't there lived near the banks of the Logan for what she had done. She was in time

day their mamma told them to so outdoors "Oh, bother" What a silly boy you are county, a pioneer and his family. The end play. Firsty saw a boat fied to a post it won't burt him any. What are you family supply of firewood was obtained

ing the people that took cars of me to lefter from Uncle Jack and it ages that it ages church. I was so glad when they got home. Little Hen: Can your John will be here, too. Yours truly, Uncle Jack and it ages that to age the transmission over to lunch today? Cousin John will be here, too. Yours truly, Uncle Jack and it ages that it ages the transmission over the lunch today? Cousin John will be here, too. Yours truly, Uncle Jack this aim was only too true. The stone hit the struggling creature on the head and he the struggling creature on the head and he to sea.

A pretty dandellon lived upon a hillside bridge. No one knew of the accident, and among daisles and other wild flowers, but a freight train came along soon after and the bridge. Hearing the noise of the falling

One beautiful day in early spring I was train she hurried to the spot, and by great