

BUSY LITTLE BEES ON THEIR OWN PAGE.

Now that spring is here, with its warm, sunny days, I feel sure that the Busy Bees are very happy, as it gives them an opportunity to be out of doors, jumping rope, playing marbles, picking the early spring flowers and taking part in the countless other enjoyable games that this time of the year affords. It will not be long now before school will close and "one round of pleasure" will be the schedule for the summer, with a great deal of time to write stories. The editor has some interesting subjects in mind that she is sure will please all the boys and girls. Votes are already coming in nicely to determine the King and Queen for the month of June.

The subject, an adventure with animals, has brought in a large number of very interesting stories, and so far Ruth Ashby, Queen of the Blue side, claims thirteen subjects, and Thomas Kimball, King, eight. When it comes to prize stories, however, both sides are even. Three prize stories apiece, counting this week's.

The prize stories for the month of May so far have been awarded to the following: Miss Alys Martin, Red, and Miss Marie Noone, Red, for April 25; Master Carl Hessler, Blue, and Master Dorris Akin, Blue, for May 5; Miss Mary Engel, Red, and Miss Anna Chval, Blue, for this week. Honorary mention was given this week to Miss Mary Day, Red.

Miss Marguerite Porter and Miss Gertrude Worrall were the only Busy Bees who succeeded in solving the beheaded word puzzle in last Sunday's paper. The words when completed spelled Snail, Nail, All.

Jack and Rosebud Rescued

By Helena Davis

IN A STRANGE country far over the seas there lived in a pretty village a good man and wife who had two pretty children, a boy and a girl, named, respectively, Jack and Rosebud. Brave Jack was 7 years of age and his sister was two years his junior.

One day when the spring was far advanced and the flowers bloomed on river bank, valley and mountainside, Brave Jack said to Rosebud as they played in the garden of their home: "Come, sister dear, let's go for a walk in the great woods yonder. There is the home of the wood nymphs and sun fairies. We may get a glimpse of them if we go while the sunbeams shine through the trees."

"But we must not leave this garden till our mother returns from the fishmonger's shop," said Rosebud. "Should she come home and find us gone it would make her very uneasy. She would think we had been stolen by the gypsies and carried far away. Then she would have the watchman ring the bells and the town-folk would turn out to help in the search for us."

"But I have a way in mind that will prevent our mother's worrying about us," said Brave Jack. "We'll tell Granny Wrinkles, who is coming to make our Sunday cake this morning. She will explain to our mother that we have gone for a walk in the woods that border the garden, and the bells will not be rung, nor will there be any alarm, for our mother, as well as our father, knows I am brave and very capable of taking care of you and myself."

"Then let me get my bonnet and a basket," said Rosebud, starting for the house. "We shall bring home the basket full of wood blossoms to strew about the rooms and make them look like fairy bowers."

"Bring my hat and wooden sword," cried Brave Jack, as his sister disappeared into the thatched cottage that stood in the center of the wall next garden, where Brave Jack and Rosebud. Upon seeing her Rosebud cried out: "Oh, old Granny, my brother wishes to speak with you. He is in the garden beneath the fig tree."

Old Granny Wrinkles, smiling indulgently, went to the garden, where Brave Jack was waiting the return of his sister. "Granny," he exclaimed, upon seeing the old crone, "will you oblige me by telling my mother on her return from the fishmonger's that I have taken my sister for a walk in the woods that cover the feet of old Mount Porie? We'll be back for evening gruel, so save some of it for us. Also bake an extra large Sunday cake, for we'll likely want a slice of it before the day after tomorrow."

"Such a lad, such a lad," said old Granny Wrinkles, shaking her head. "You should not go away from home till your mother gives her consent. In the woods yonder are many strange reptiles and monsters. I've heard say that a dragon lives in a cave far up the mountainside, and that on every warm day it comes forth to get fresh air into its nostrils. It breathes fire and blows from its lungs brimstone. You should not run into such dangers, even though you are Brave Jack, only son of the good and great Ansen, lawmaker and judge of the beautiful village of Meades. Nay, nay, lad; wait till your mother returns. Tell her of your wild project."

"Ah, you are but old," laughed Brave Jack. "Only the young know not fear. Grow youthful again, Granny Wrinkles. Ha, ha!" And Brave Jack was loud in his merriment.

Just here Rosebud came again into the garden, her bonnet on and a basket in her hands. From the basket she took Brave Jack's hat and wooden sword, handing them to him. As Brave Jack put on his hat and buckled the wooden blade about his waist he smiled and said to Granny Wrinkles: "Tell our mother what I have bidden you tell, and don't forget to bake an extra-sized Sunday cake, that sister and I may have a slice tonight on our return home. We'll be hungry after a day spent in the woods with the fairies."

Then away the two children went, laughing at Granny Wrinkles, who stood looking after them, shaking her head warningly. They reached the great woods about noon and sat down to rest a bit. It was cooler there than down in the sunny village of Meades. Both children felt the fatigue of the walk and were chilly and hungry. As they rested they heard a sound above them in the thick shrubbery and towering trees which shut out the light and warm sunshine. "What's that?" whispered Rosebud. Brave Jack drew forth his sword and listened attentively.

"A bear, or a dragon," he informed his sister. "But there was a quaver of fear in his voice, though his manner was bold and fearless."

As they waited, crouching behind a tree overgrown with vines, a long, dark object sprang down the path beside them. What it was the children could not tell, it moved so swiftly. Brave Jack held his wooden sword in front of him, preparatory for their attack, but they were un molested. Just as their wildly beating hearts were becoming calmer another sound—the step of a human being—was heard on the path coming down from the mountain top.

In another moment a hideous old man, humpbacked, beak nosed and claw fingered, stepped in the path beside them. A slight movement of Rosebud caught his ear. He paused, turning sharply round, and caught sight of Brave Jack, whose color had instantly fled on seeing him. A second glance showed him Rosebud, who was still crouching behind the vine-covered tree.

"Ha, ha, what have I caught in my net?" he cackled, showing toothless gums. "A lad and lass, upon my soul. Mine they shall be. The lad to work and the lass to learn to cook and stew for me. Ha, ha!"

"We live in the village down yonder," said Brave Jack, still holding his wooden sword as if to strike with it. "We belong to Ansen, our father, who is one of the lawmakers and judges of Meades. We shall go home directly, Sir Hermit."

"Ah, so you say!" cackled the old man. "But I choose to say otherwise. Nay, lad and lass, you have come into my realm, and now you are mine! Ah, I shall soon teach you both new tricks. Didst see my fineness go past just now? I rode down to the dragon's spring to drink, and after I had left her back she ran away from me, coming down this path."

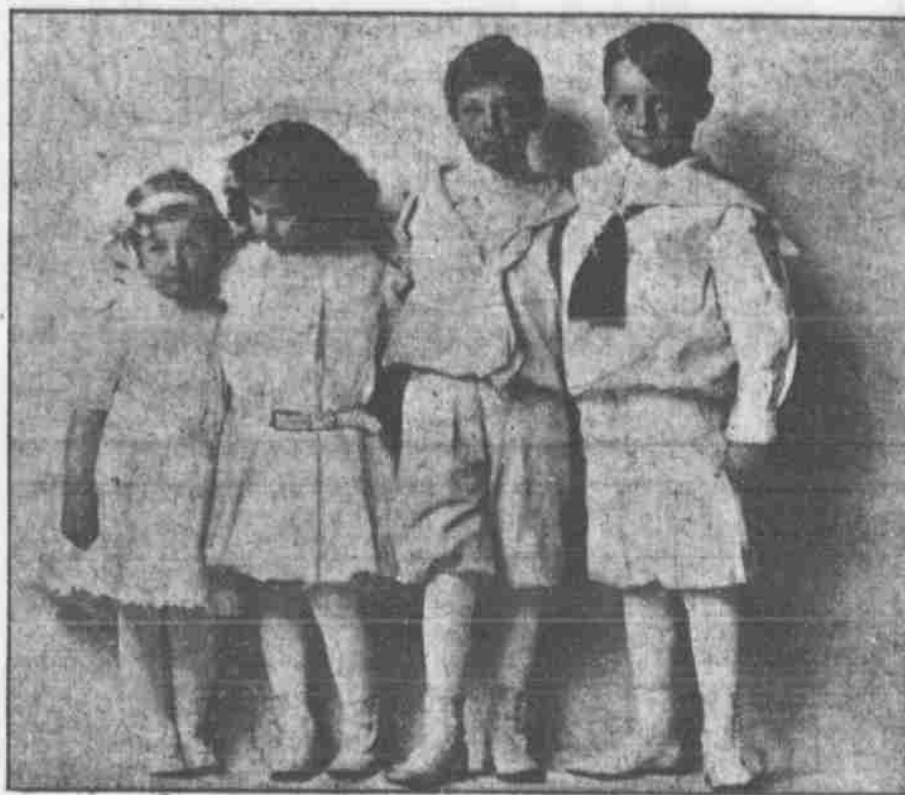
Brave Jack was almost too frightened to speak, and poor little Rosebud sat quivering and crying softly behind the tree. Brave Jack determined though to not give in easily. He would show fight at any cost. Raising his sword a trifle higher, he stepped forward, and with a shout aimed at the hideous old head of the monster in human form before him, he brought down his wooden blade with all his might across the hairy neck. The stroke was splintered into a hundred fragments. The old man



PALMER D. KOUNTZE.

Happy Days of Childhood

Grandchildren of Captain A. E. Palmer of Omaha—Two of Them in Their Indian Trappings.



READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—JEAN TILFORD PALMER, ELIZABETH KOUNTZE, PALMER D. KOUNTZE, MORSE C. PALMER.



ELIZABETH KOUNTZE.

But, taking it in her hands, just as the bear broke down the door she took aim and shot and the bear fell dead. She then ran quickly to her sister, who had not noticed the bear till she heard her sister. She was not frightened after she knew the bear was dead. When the mother came home she said she would never leave the children alone again.

The Earthquake

By Alice Van Alstine, Aged 12 Years, Alnworth, Neb. Red.
Mrs. Silk died a few years ago and left Mrs. Silk and her children to care for. With nothing but a house, which took all the money she could get by washing. Mrs. Silk's oldest child, being 16 years old, helps her all in care. Gretta is 8 and Edith is 5. While Edith was only 3, Edith and Gretta have their mother's best, my sister and I fear will soon have her. In the house is a stove which has not been broken for over a year, a table, two chairs, one with the back out, a few boxes and some dishes. As soon as Mrs. Silk wakes up she will have to take care of her. What is this earthquake doing? asked Mrs. Silk as Dick came running in. She perceived it was an earthquake. In a moment she knew not where she was at, because she was whirling so fast through the air. She landed at the edge of Australia. After that they were not so poor because there was not any tax to pay and nothing to buy. She could pick berries and get game and fish to eat. Being not many coins on the island she could not. They lived there happily after that and did not wish to come back.

A Cat's Experience

By Ruth Thompson, Aged 8 Years, 2924 Sherman Ave., Omaha, Red.
My home was very pleasant. Every day my little mistress would bring me a little bowl filled with bread and milk. It was very much fun to watch the mice in the barn, for that is where they kept me most of the time. One day they got something dreadful; it was a troublesome little puppy, who was always tormenting me. He liked to creep up softly when I was playing with my baby and bark at me, or when I was not there he would jump in and torment my babies. One thing I liked about my kitten was that he would not let other dogs hurt me. One day my mistress took King out walking with her. When she was gone for a little while a big dog came. I tried to keep him away, but could not. He kept taking away my babies and hurting them. Just then my mistress came with King. He came out to the barn slowly, for he was tired. When he saw the big dog hurting my kittens he ran as fast as he could to help me. He sneaked up and bit the dog on the foot. The dog ran away as fast as he could. My mistress came out to the barn and saw my kittens. She took them to her arms and took them to the house. She washed and fixed them and soon my babies were well again. King is dead and I am very old now.

An Elk Hunt

By Thomas Kimball, Aged 9 Years, 1232 Park Wild Avenue, Omaha, Red.
My father was camping in the Big Horn mountains. He went out with a week's provisions, four horses and guns. There was a man out with him. The man shot an elk and wounded it and went after it. My father went off by himself. He got off his horse and tied him and crawled on his hands and knees, where he could get a long shot at him. He wounded him. The elk whirled and ran into the timber. A cow and calf ran down the other side of the ravine. Father shot at the cow. She ran on into the timber. After awhile he saw the calf. He shot at it and it ran back into the woods. He thought he had missed them all, but afterwards found he had killed both the cow and calf. Father went to look for the bull elk. The elk was cornered and charged on father from the woods. Father shot the elk and he fell dead at his feet.

Freddie's Wish

Freddie—I wish I lived in South Africa, mamma.
Mamma—Why, Freddie, dear?
Freddie—The mothers down there don't wear any slippers.
Mamma—And you must remember, son, that the little boys down there don't wear any pants.

Illustrated Rebus



The Brave Girl

By Ada White, Aged 11 Years, 634 South Thirty-ninth Street, Omaha, Blue.
By the side of a mountain lived a little girl about 12 years old. She had a little sister about 5 years old. As her father was dead, her mother had to work for a living. One morning after her mother had gone away to find work Lucy—as that was her name—was looking out of the window. She saw a bear coming up the path. She was quite frightened, but said nothing to her little sister, but going quietly to the door, she bolted it and then went back to the window. The bear was coming right toward the door. It came to the door and tried to knock it down. Lucy ran to where her mother's gun lay. It was already loaded, but Lucy had never used the gun.

Prize Drawing by an Omaha Boy

Some of the bright Busy Bees can draw as well as write, and the editor has seen several drawings that are really very good. While none of these have as yet been printed on the Busy Bees' own page, it is quite likely that some will be used during the summer. Here is one that won for an Omaha lad a prize from St. Nicholas, a magazine that is very careful of what it publishes and commends. Walter Oehrlie of 2457 Dodge street, who is but 14 years of age, was given a silver badge by St. Nicholas for this drawing, which is called "A Catechism." It is a very well finished piece of work, and Walter has shown himself to be a good artist.



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.

Boy that Liked Play

By Mary Ensl, Aged 12 Years, 1209 South Eighteenth Street, Omaha, Red.
One fine day in summer my little brother was sent to school by my mother. But she knew that he was fond of play, and so she sent me with him. It was very warm and my brother said to me that it would be much nicer to play with me by the riverside than to go to school.

"No, no," said I, "I have not time to play. After I have seen you to school I must go home and do my work."
Soon he saw a bee flying from flower to flower and he said: "I should like to be a bee, and have nothing to do—no reading nor spelling to learn."

"Ah," said I to him, "the bee is not idle; it is getting honey and wax, to store up for winter, when there will be no flowers." And the bee soon flew away to its hive. Then he said: "I am sure the bird has nothing to do. I would like to stay here all day and hear its sweet song."

But I said to him: "See, the bird has down and picked up some bits of straw and it is now talking them to its mate. It needs straw and feathers and moss to build its nest."

We had not gone far when my brother saw a dog lying by the roadside, and he said: "May I not play with the dog, for it seems to have nothing to do?"
Just then a man gave a loud whistle. The

put his hand to his neck, saying: "A fly must have hit on me." Then he cackled loudly, leaning over and speaking in Brave Jack's face: "You thought to hurt me with that toy? Why, lad, I'm a wizard."

little weapons made by human hands could hear above their heads. Then through the branches came three beautiful fairies, their faces full of sunshine. "I heard your prayer, little maiden," said one of them. "Come quickly if you would be saved, for the wizard is now coming as fast as his loneliness can carry him up the mountain. We can help you, but we cannot battle with that monster. So hasten."

"But we are tied," wailed Brave Jack, struggling with the things which held him. One of the fairies waved a wand and the things dropped from the children's hands and feet. They sprang up and, behold, they found themselves on wings. "Come quickly," urged the fairies, and they led Brave Jack and Rosebud up, up into the sky over the mountain top. Then as they flew toward the foot of the mountain the children looked down into the woods and saw the old wizard at the cave. He was screaming and tearing his hair. Hereupon they told the fairies what he had said about their power to do him harm. "Ah," said the fairies, "if he admits so much he has not the power we feared he had. We shall now drive him from the mountain and we'll dry up the spring so that the dragon shall die."

They reached a dark, damp place on the mountainside, and from the draft of cold air that struck them Brave Jack and Rosebud knew that they must be near to the cave. And so it proved to be. Yawning in fear of them as they turned a corner in the path was a dark hole in the earth. Beside this hole the wizard sat the now almost fainting children down upon a stone, tying their hands and feet securely to a fallen tree that stretched behind them. "Now, be patient till I return on my homeward," said the wizard. "Don't be afraid, for my dragon has gone up the mountain in quest of birds to eat. He'll not return till after dark." Then the old creature went off at a run, cackling as he went.

An hour passed and Brave Jack and Rosebud were worn out with weeping and calling for help. They had at last given up in despair. They must die there with the wizard, the loneliness and the dragon to kill them slowly. Oh, why had they entered this terrible woods!

Just as little Rosebud was ending a prayer that some good fairy would come to their rescue a flutter of wings was

