

# BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

JUNE perhaps is the month in the year most appreciated by the boys and girls, as it brings the closing of school and a good time out of doors can reign unrestricted all summer. Edith Martin and Chester Hart had the distinction of reigning during this month as King and Queen of the Busy Bees. But their reign closes this week, and in counting the prize stories it was found that Edith Martin has had an exceedingly popular reign and came out victorious, having won six prize stories, while the King had only two. The King, however, had the most subjects on his side, seventeen, while the Queen had only fourteen. The editor thinks that the defeat was due to the fact that not enough of the boys have tried to write. Now it is too bad to let the girls outdo you like that, boys, just because you don't try. It would please the editor very much to see the boys make a special effort from now on and send in some real good stories so that the King will be proud to claim you as his subjects.

As next Sunday puts a new King and Queen on the Busy Bees' throne those who have not voted for the rulers for next month must make their choice at once and send in their votes by Wednesday. Remember, each boy and girl has two votes, one for the King and the other for the Queen. Some have forgotten and voted for only one of the rulers. So far Augusta Kibler of Kearney, Neb., has the most votes for Queen and Ernest Nellor of Beemer, Neb., for King.

The prizes for the best original stories last week were awarded to Hilda Lundberg, age 13 years, Fremont, Neb., and Louise Stiles, 11 years, Lyons, Neb. Honorary mention was given to Louise Raabe, age 11 years, Omaha.

Those who succeeded in solving the illustrated puzzle in last Sunday's paper were Ella Bucher, age 10 years, Columbus, Neb.; Grace Hays, age 13 years, Falls City, Neb.; Marguerite Mason, age 11 years, Fremont, Neb.; Ethel M. Ingram, age 12 years, Valley, Neb.; Alta Williams, age 12 years, Waco, Neb.; Willie Nelson, age 16 years, Omaha, Neb.; Hulda Lundberg, age 13 years, Fremont, Neb. The words were scold, cold and old.

## Busy Bees of Great Northwest and Visitor



GOVERNOR SHELDON BEING SHOWERED WITH ROSES BY LITTLE GIRLS AT PORTLAND.

great part himself and then sit down and laugh at the others for being so slow. On their way home, when they were running down a hill, he fell over a stump, hurt his head and spilled all his berries. Of course it wasn't anybody but the brownies who put the stump in his way and punished him for his greediness.

### An Adventure with Bears

By Alta Williams, Aged 12 Years, Waco, Neb.

Once upon a time a 12-year-old boy took his toy gun and went off to the woods to hunt bears. When he got to the woods the tall trees seemed to say, "Go back, little boy, go back; the bears will eat you." But he would not go back, as he was very brave. When he got deeper into the woods it got darker and darker. He was about to go home again when he heard "ugh, ugh" behind him. He wanted to climb a tree, but his legs were too short and fat; he could not reach around the tree. He then thought he would run round and round the tree until the bear would fall over dead. Just as his legs were getting tired the "ugh, ugh" seemed to be all around him. He was looking around to see what he should do when he saw a big hole in the trees. He reached up and caught hold of the edge of it and pulled himself up. He fell in on a squirrel. The squirrel asked him what the matter was. The boy told it that the bears were after him. At this the squirrel laughed and said, "There has not been a bear in this woods for at least twenty years, but I will go up and see what that noise is. When the squirrel got up to the hole and saw what it was it laughed so hard that it fell back down. At this the boy asked if the bears had pushed it back, but the squirrel said, "No; your bears are only pigs." The boy then got out and went home, saying "This is the last time I go bear hunting."

### Alice and the Elves

By Nina Dawson, Aged 11 Years, 183 North

Alice was tired, and sat down by a little stream to rest. Soon she heard tiny voices, and turned to see what it could be. Then she saw a tiny elf swaying in a butternut; three others soon appeared. One was sitting down a bright stem, while others were spreading a meal upon the grass. Soon Alice saw them all sit down to the lunch. After the lunch they cleared away the things. Dew was their drink, and tulips were cups. Alice thought she would like to go to fairyland, and see all the elves. She picked a few berries and threw them to the elves. They ate them, and thought it a great treat. A little boat made of flowers came around the corner, with four elves in it. All of the elves jumped into it while the captain blew a horn. Just then Alice awoke and found she had been dreaming. It was very late, and she must be on her way home.

### Dorothy's Visit to the Sea Queen's Palace

By Eunice Bode, Aged 10 Years, Falls City,

Dorothy was spending her vacation at the seaside. One afternoon she fell asleep on the sand. She dreamed that a mermaid came to her and said, "Come with me, Dorothy. I will take you to the Sea Queen's Palace." "Oh, I would love to go, but I can't swim," said Dorothy. "You do not need to swim," said the mermaid. So Dorothy stepped into the water, and the mermaid carried her to the palace. The walls of the palace were guarded by fish, who let them pass, then they came to the palace, which was built of coral. They were ushered into the queen's palace presence, by a stately fish. The queen welcomed Dorothy, and told her that she was to rule the water wares during her visit there. She led Dorothy to a throne of coral and tiny shells and placed a crown of pearls upon her head. Dorothy gazed about the room, on the walls were tapestries of sea-flowers, encrusted with pearls. Over the doorway hung festoons of seaweed, and the floor was paved with tiny shells. When the queen told Dorothy that she would ride back in a chariot, she was delighted. The queen gave Dorothy some handsome gifts, which were a string of pink coral and sea shells, a dress woven from the foam of the crest of the waves, and a necklace of pearls. Just as Dorothy was getting in the chariot she awoke, and was sorry because it was not true.

### How Our Salt Lake Originated

By Emma Kostal, Aged 14 Years, 1516 O

Once there was a very poor old tailor named Jack. Now, as he was getting old and weaker, his trade was also growing less rapidly. One day he was thinking about his old age, poor health and poor trade, when suddenly a fairy appeared before him. She said to him, "I have seen no person so kind as you were to everybody and I have come to help you. Take this coffee mill and when you want anything, turn it three times; say A-C-D-G; when you have enough, say G-D-C-A." Before Jack could answer she had disappeared.

It was dinner time and Jack thought he would have some hot coffee, rolls and veal. He did the required work and was amazed to see before him the coffee, the cream for his coffee, sugar to sweeten it and the hot rolls, with nice yellow butter, and veal. He was so excited about it, and was thinking of all the things he could do. He could make suits the right size and in so short a time. People were coming from different cities to have them made by Jack, and Jack was getting happy and rich.

One day a neighbor named Dick wondered how Jack could accomplish all these things. One evening he went to Jack's door and peeped in to see how Jack was making his coffee mill. He ran to tell the sailors the news, but did not see how Jack stopped the mill. The next night Dick stole the mill. He hurried to the ship and sailed away with the sailors. The cook needed salt, and finding none on board, told Dick about it. Dick (so glad) went after the coffee mill and did the required work, but found he had forgotten to wait and see how it was stopped. The sail was flung the room and he fell to the floor. He was so frightened and drowned the occupants. Dick was punished for stealing, but still it is good it turned out this way.

Of course, Jack didn't care, because he had all the money and all the friends he could wish for.

### The Dog's Dream

By Ernest Nellor, Aged 12 Years, Beemer,

Prince was a beautiful Scotch collie, but he had to work very hard and got scarcely any time to eat. One day he was watching some sheep with his master, he went over behind a hedge and went to sleep. There he had a beautiful dream. He dreamed that while he was hunting for a lost sheep, a voice suddenly spoke out and said: "Prince, why do you stay with your cruel master, and be starved and worked and beaten. Why not come with me to the land where there are no cruel masters, no tiring labor and no sheep to watch."

Looking up, Prince saw a beautiful figure in the shape of a dog. He answered: "I would gladly go if I knew how." "Follow me," answered the fairy dog, and away into the blue sky they went. For a long time they traveled through blue sky and silver-lined clouds till they arrived at a pretty country containing everything dear to a dog's heart. Cute little kennels lined up in rows, little collars with brasses or fatrics. "Follow me," said the fairy dog, and many other things. Into one of the little kennels the dog-fairy led the way and Prince followed. Here he saw white-capped puppies, who brought in bones, biscuits and meat, which made poor Prince's mouth water. These were set down in front of him, and for once he enjoyed a good square meal. Then he visited with his companion and with the other dogs of the village and enjoyed himself greatly.

### Playing Fairy

By Billed Barney, Aged 11 Years, Kear-

One hot summer day two little girls, whose names were Anna and Virginia Smith sat in the shade of a maple tree wondering what to do. All at once Anna said: "I tell you, Virginia, lets play fairy and make pastebard wings. I have got 10 pennies in the house and lets run down to Mr. Gray's store and get two sheets of pastebard." And so away they ran down town to the store to get the pastebard. And when they got home they got the scissors and cut out their wings. When they got them made they went into the house and put on their long white dresses and fastened their wings on their shoulders, and Virginia said: "Let's go down and tell mamma we are the queen of fairies." After a while several little girls came over to play and they played like they were fairies that did the work and the other two girls were the queens. And

## Reward of Little Nan's Bravery

By Helene Davis

Little Nan was the child of poor parents who had emigrated to the far west to make a home on the plains where rain fell so seldom that one crop in three years was about the average amount raised in that desolate country. As there had been two successive crop failures when this story opens Nan's father found himself in a troubled quandary as to how he could manage to pull through till another year when rains might fall to bless the soil and produce plenty for man and beast.

One day as Nan, her father and mother sat at their frugal dinner the father sighed, shook his head and said: "There's only two ways out of the woods as I can see. One way is to sell out and move somewhere else and 't'other way is to—er—to put a plaster on the farm." As he spoke he looked towards his over-worked wife for an answer. He knew how much she opposed a mortgage—a "plaster" in common farmer parlance—and he had named the only alternative in consequence of her too strong opposition to raising money through a loan.

"Well," and Nan's mother meditated, not knowing just how to decide. "I've always opposed a mortgage, for so few people ever get rid of one after they've put it on. But I like to sell, for as things are now we'd get scarcely anything for the land and nothing for the improvements that's cost us five years of hard work and privation. If we could only hang out till next year it'll be a big crop then and we'll put something by for the next drought."

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And so Nan sat a sad listener to what her troubled parents said about selling or "plastering" the farm which was home to Nan, a home full of tender ties and associations, regardless of the stint she had known there. She knew that mortgaging



### 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.
6. 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.)

By Hulda Lundberg, Aged 13, 48 South First Street, Fremont, Neb. Blue.

### A Trip to Fairyland

Once there was a girl named Ella. She was very pretty, but she would not obey her mother, especially when it came 7 o'clock, for she did not want to go to bed. When her mother would tell her to go, she would say: "I do not want to go to bed, can't I stay up like grown folks and have a good time?" But her mother would not let her. This same thing happened every night.

### Effie's Journey

By Louise Stiles, Aged 11 Years, Lyons,

Effie and her parents were spending a few months at the seashore. On this particular day Effie had wandered down to a large rock to be reached only when the tide was low by stepping on smaller stones at somewhat irregular intervals in the water. Being rather tired, Effie sat down and gazed thoughtfully over its restless waves.

### My First Animal Hunt

By Richard Page, Aged 8 Years, 2341 Cap-

When I was about 8 years old my father bought me a shotgun. He was fond of joking and fooling with me, so one day he told me to go into the woods and get a great big fat bear that can hug. I did not know that he was joking, so when he was out of the room I ran out to the woods. I had not gone far when I heard an awful hissing. I looked to where it came from. Then I saw in a tree a great big boa-constrictor, which frightened me so that I didn't notice what was behind me. When I saw what it was, I was almost frightened to death, for it was what papa had said to bring home—a great—big—bear that hugs. It was just going to hug me, and the boa-constrictor was about to coil himself around me. I took good aim at the boa-constrictor and shot off his head. Then I turned around at the bear as quick as lightning, but the first shot I made only wounded him, but I had time to load my gun before he could limp back to me. So, all in a tremble, I fled, this time hitting him, and he rolled over dead. After that I never went to the woods alone.

### The Fishing Trick

By Ruth Frankie, Aged 10 Years, 406 Logan

In a shady nook by the brook I sat to catch some fishes. But all I got from the plot was a string of wicks. On my hook, in that brook, I saw the string then did spring. And swam away with all its might. I spent the day in that way. Then, kindly, he remembered, and all I got for my toil. Were torn clothes to be mended.

### One Line Drawing

Begin at lower end left hand line and



SHE RAN RIGHT TO THE EDGE OF THE RAILROAD TRACKS AND BEGAN TO WAVE HER APRON FRANTICALLY.