

BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

Busy Bees Whose Work Has Won Prizes

Ling Loo and the Giant

THE editor is sure the Busy Bees had a fine Fourth of July this year; first, because ever so many of the boys and girls have written about it, and, for another and perhaps better reason, that there were so few stories last week. Not a boy wrote a story last week in time for today's paper, but we shall expect ever so many this week from them and they will surely have a lot to write about. Remember, boys and girls, you are privileged to choose your own subjects this month and if any you have had exceptional Fourth of July experiences they will make splendid stories. Won't some of our boys tell us what they did?

Ever so many letters have come in this week regarding extending the time of the reign of the king and queen and almost all the Busy Bees think extension a good plan. All seem to think the present king and queen could hold over and unless we hear from others opposing the plan the floor thinks it will be adopted.

Now that the exciting week of the Fourth is past, let this be a banner week for good stories, and as you have the privilege of choosing your own subject this should not be hard to accomplish.

The prize winners for this week were Hulda Lundberg, aged 13 years, 1204 I Street, Fremont, Neb., and Alice Temple, aged 8 years, Lexington, Neb. Honorary mention was given to Clara Lundberg, aged 11 years, 48 1/2 I Street, Fremont, Neb.

Two Little Calves' Revenge

By Mead Walker.

There were two little calves in the meadow. One was the son of old Brindle and the other was the daughter of Whiteface. Now, thinking that you may not know who Old Brindle and Whiteface were shall tell you: They were two very fine old cows belonging to Farmer Day. Farmer Day allowed those two fine cows to roam about the meadow with their little calves, Rosebud and Redpepper. Funny names for calves, were they not? It was Farmer Day's children, Jack and Lulu, who named them, and as Lulu loved flowers she called old Whiteface's daughter calf Rosebud, and as Jack loved fierce and bold names he called old Brindle's boy calf Redpepper.

Well, Jack and Lulu were the most mischievous children you could find in seven states, not naughty children, understand, just too full of fun and mischief to be kept quiet and proper for five minutes together, except when they were asleep. One day while gathering daisies in the meadow with which to adorn their mother's dining table they stopped work to play with Rosebud and Redpepper awhile. Now, lives don't like playing with children, they are fond of frolicking about with each other, but they don't want any two-legged playmates. They are not good at daisies and seek to get away from their mother's dining table. In fact, calves love to play with lives only. But Jack and Lulu never thought of that and they began teasing Rosebud and Redpepper in the meadow instead of picking daisies as they should.

At first Rosebud and Redpepper would scamper out of the children's hands, to be quickly overtaken by their tormentors. Seeing that to escape Jack and Lulu was impossible, and that their mother would not come to their rescue, the poor little calves took their lives in clover knee-deep and did not try to resist the mischievous pranks of Jack and Lulu.

"The stupid things!" cried Lulu. "Why do they persist in standing still, just for the world as though they were posts stuck into the dirt. Did you ever see such fat calves?"

"I'll get on their backs and make them roll themselves," suggested Jack. In opposition suited Lulu to a T and she agreed to ride Rosebud if Jack would ride Redpepper. So they climbed upon the backs of the unrelenting Rosebud and Redpepper. After they were safely mounted they began to dig their hard heels into the calves' sides to make them move about, as they were successful, for no calf with any feeling could stand still while its sides were undergoing such punishment. So out the meadow trotted Rosebud and Redpepper, Jack and Lulu perched laughing on their poor little backs.

"One evening after their mamma—old Brindle and Whiteface—had been driven to bed, the cow lot for milking Rosebud and Redpepper had a confidential chat. Redpepper said with:

"I don't know how you feel in this matter of being ridden, but I'm about on the verge of rebellion against it. We are not grass, nor are we mules, then, how about it? We'll probably become both."

"I agree with you, cousin," said little Rosebud, nibbling a bit of clover, "and if you'll take a strenuous stand against these children getting on our backs I'll join you, soldier to soldier. I'm just a plain little calf, but I have my rights in this world, and one of these rights is to prevent children from causing me to turn into a horse."

"A mule. Bah, how I hate the sight of a mule!" And little Rosebud turned up her snub nose at the thought of the animal as so detested.

"Well, suppose we put a stop to this riding on our backs tomorrow," said Redpepper. "The way to do it is to play we



FRANCES SELTZ, DeSoto, Neb.



MARGARET LEAKE, Fremont, Neb.



F. E. AKIN, Omaha.

Little Ling Loo Found a giant's shoe. The shoe was broad and deep. Ling Loo got inside And did gaily ride Across the ocean deep.

To an isle he went On adventure bent. As he sailed in the giant's shoe. So he landed awhile On the bonny isle. For 'till nothing else to do.

While he rested there In the fresh night air A step was heard hard by. Ling Loo took a peep Up the mountain steep. Then, frightened, began to cry.

For a giant strode Over the mountain road. Coming straight towards little Ling Loo. And one foot was bare As it cloft the air. For the giant wore but one shoe.

"Ah, ha!" he cried, When Ling Loo he spied, "Little chap, you've got my shoe. But come, dry you eye; You need not cry. For I'll tell you what I'll do.

"I'll let you stand On my outstretched hand. It will bridge the ocean deep.



Then, when I say 'Go' Be ready, you know. To make the home-stretch leap."

So little Ling Loo Did what you would do— He jumped on the giant's hand; And with one mighty leap Crossed the ocean deep To his own celestial land.—Annie James.

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 six 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 in this page each week. Address all communications to OMAHA'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha, Neb.

one of the most celebrated singers in the country, all because he thought of "Home Sweet Home" and was doing what was right.

Rosebud and the Fairies

By Alice Temple, Aged 8 Years, Lexington, Neb. (Second Prize.)

It was raining out and very dreary. Rosebud's mother had forbidden her to go out and she was very lonely. Suddenly she thought of her fairyland and decided to go to it. Her fairyland was a long, shallow box filled with earth, with little twigs for trees. On the play trees were china birds. There was a little park and many little earthen huts and other things. When Rosebud reached her fairyland she drew up a chair in front of it and looked at it. Suddenly she heard a small voice pipe up and say: "Thank you, Rosebud, for this nice fairy land." Turning round she saw a small elf perched on a tree. Then another and another till fairy land was about covered with them. Then the one who appeared to be the leader said: "We will grant you one wish for giving us this nice fairyland. What will it be?" "Oh, take me to your fairy land," cried Rosebud. "All right; come on, qu—" But before he could finish the sentence Rosebud awoke to find it a dream. But she didn't care, for she heard her Uncle Will's hearty voice asking for her.

Mena and the Eagle

By Clara Lundberg, Aged 13 Years, 48 South I Street, Fremont, Neb. (Honorary Mention.)

Mena lived in a beautiful valley surrounded by mountains. On the high peaks eagles built their nests. There were no trees to be seen, but the eagles were farmers watched their lambs closely for fear the eagles would come down from the mountains and carry them off.

Mena had a little sister not yet a year old and she loved her very dearly. So careful was she that her mother used to let her take baby out the doors, where she could enjoy the cool breeze and watch the clouds for hours at a time. One late afternoon baby went fast asleep on her little blanket while Mena was singing her little song and softly moved about her, gathering a bouquet of wild flowers for mamma.

Suddenly a great shadow moved over the grass and a great eagle flew down, and grasping baby in its strong talons, flew away with it to the mountains. No words can describe the agony of Mena and her mamma at the loss of their darling. But the baby was never seen again.

Stealing Birds' Eggs

By Lella Larkin, Aged 13 Years, South Sixth Street, Norfolk, Neb. (Red.)

One day little Jack took some bluejay eggs out of a nest. When he went to bed he seemed very restless and couldn't sleep.

Jean and the Fairy

By Jessie Innes, Aged 6 Years, 2769 Fort Street, Omaha, Neb. (Red.)

Near us lived a poor little girl named Jean. She peddled things for her grandmother.

One night when she went to bed she dreamt that she met a fairy. The fairy asked her what she wished the most. Jean said she wished she could go to fairy land. The fairy said: "You shall go, because you are so good to your grandmother." The fairy then waved her wand over Jean and herself.

In a minute she found herself with two fairies in fairy land. They wandered around awhile and no one spoke a word. After awhile the fairy, all the other fairy if she would take them to the queen's palace. The fairy said she would. She led them around a shop where the other fairies were working. They then came to a palace of shining silver. They went into a large room paved with precious stones and saw all the other little girls and silver walls—everything covered with silver.

Down they went to the other side of the room and they saw the throne. "Oh!" said Jean, "Isn't it pretty?" The queen had a pretty silver dress on. Just then Jean awoke slowly closed and in a few moments his spirit had taken flight to that beautiful place where there is no more work and where it is always more glorious than on the Fourth of July.

The Reason Why

By Florence G. Murphy, Aged 11 Years, 67 W. Avenue, Council Bluffs, Neb. (Red.)

When I was at a party, said Helen (aged just 4) a little girl fell off her chair right upon the floor, and all the other little girls began to laugh but me. I didn't laugh a single bit, said Helen seriously. Why not? her mother asked, full of delight

for he thought of the bird's eggs all the time.

At last he went to sleep, but soon there appeared above him a large bluejay four times as large as—about as large as Jack himself. "Sit upon my wing," said the bluejay in a squeaky voice. Jack did it readily, but nearly tumbled off as they whizzed through the air.

At last they reached a very small nest, where the bluejay sat Jack on a branch. Jack wondered how such a big bluejay could get in such a tiny nest. But the bluejay became smaller and smaller, then it entered the nest and two little baby birds peeped out. They jumped out and flapped their wings in his face. At that moment Jack woke up, his mother shaking him, telling him to get up as it was late. That dream taught Jack never to take any more eggs.

The Fourth of July

By Elsie Oswald, 1029 Howard Street, Omaha, Neb. (Red.)

The Fourth of July comes yearly so aptly. When the sky is light with the fireworks at night. How quickly it comes, with the beat of the drums, And waving of red, white and blue.

The children shout and throw crackers about. The old folks laugh at their glee; When the sky is light with the fireworks at night. Why people are sad I don't see.

The folks after dark crowd home from the town. How they jam! It makes me sigh. It would be a crime not to have a good time.

Ben's Last Fourth of July

By Augusta Kibler, Aged 13 Years, Kearney, Neb. (Blue.)

Ben looked in at the bright colored packages of firecrackers, torpedoes, roman candles and skyrockets in the shop windows. "Oh, if I could only have one Fourth of July like other boys," said he. But he did not think that he ever would, as his father was a drunkard and his mother took in washing for a living.

The Fourth came in with booming of cannons and popping of guns. Most boys were up early on this morning, but Ben did not get up any earlier than usual, and when he did he helped his mother with the washing she was doing.

Late in the afternoon of the Fourth Ben's mother sent him on an errand to take some clothes home. His mother told him that he would not have to work any more after that, so he was in a hurry to finish the errand.

As Ben was crossing the street he heard someone say, "Throw it quick, it will go off in your hand," and then a giant firecracker fell down before him. That was the last he knew for awhile, for just then it exploded. He was carried home. The doctor was called and pronounced the burns so bad he could not do anything for them.

About 8 o'clock in the evening Ben became conscious. His lips were moving. Bending over him, his mother heard him say, "Miss Mary, my Sunday school teacher." She was sent for. When she came into the room Ben's face lighted up with a smile. Miss Mary sat down by his bedside and took his hand in hers. "You are going home to God, Ben," she said. And the smile on his face became brighter and his eyes slowly closed and in a few moments his spirit had taken flight to that beautiful place where there is no more work and where it is always more glorious than on the Fourth of July.

Emma's Temper

By Agnes Lundberg, Aged 9 Years, 48 S. I Street, Fremont, Neb. (Red.)

"I never can keep anything," cried Emma, stamping her feet with vexation. "Somebody always takes my things and loses them." She had mislaid some of her sewing implements.

"There is one thing," remarked mamma, "that I think you might keep if you would try." "I should like to keep one thing," answered Emma.

"Well, then, my dear," resumed mamma, "keep your temper. If you would only do that, perhaps you will find it easy to keep other things. I dare say if you had searched for the missing articles you might have found them before this, but you have not even looked for them. You have only got into a passion, a bad way of spending time, and you have accused somebody of taking away your things and losing them. Keep your temper, my dear; even if you lose all the little property you have. So my dear, I repeat it, keep your temper." Emma then searched for the articles she had lost

Dusting Tom's Trousers

By Lawrence Scott, Aged 11 Years, 431 Cass Street, Omaha.

Tom was playing in the dust by the road and pulling the dust up over his legs and trousers. His father, coming out of the house onto the porch, saw him, and going through the house into the back yard, got a peach switch. Then going through the house again, said to Tom: "Tom, come here; I want to dust your trousers." Tom went up to the porch, and although his father had an amused smile on his face, Tom thought he was getting a whipping. Tom never played in the dust any more.

Not So Funny

"Now, wouldn't it be funny," said Poppy, playfully, "if I were to become a little boy again?"

"Mebbe it wouldn't be so funny for you, pa," replied his bright young son. "If you were to be a little boy, I think I'd square up a few things."

Queens of England

Queen Anne succeeded to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland at the death of her royal brother-in-law, William III of Orange, who had reigned jointly with Mary during her sovereignty. At the time of her accession Anne was in most wretched health, caused from self-indulgence at the table and habits of ease. Owing to gout and rheumatism—and almost unrightly culpence—her coronation ceremonial was gone through with in a low armchair.

Much of her early life was clouded by the differences between herself and her royal sister, Queen Mary. As a wife she was devoted and fidelity. As a mother she was fond to adoration, but only one



"GOOD QUEEN ANNE."

Beheaded Word Puzzle...



The top picture represents what the boy is doing, the lower picture what he got by eating the much Fourth of July dinner and the middle picture what he took to get well. The last three letters of each word are the same. Can you guess them?



THE CALVES TORE ABOUT THE MEADOW LIKE WILD.