

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

THE Busy Bees will find on their page today a letter written to them by their queen and captain of the blue side, Miss Augusta Kibler, of Kearney, Neb. It is a very interesting letter, and all of the boys and girls must be sure and read it. The editor is expecting a letter from Ernest Nellor of Beemer, Neb., who is king and captain of the red side and will publish it shortly after receiving it.

The Busy Bees have been writing letters to the editor and they have been so well written that it was a pleasure to read them and this pleasure is to be extended to the Busy Bees, as from now on the best of these letters will be published under the head of "Busy Bees to the Editor."

One very good story was sent in last week and would have been considered as a prize winner if it had not been that two rules were forgotten. "Write on one side of the paper only." "Every story must be marked original." It was too bad to let this good story find its way to the waste basket.

Can't more pictures be sent in for this department? Any one of the writers can have their pictures published if they will send them in, and after they appear in print they will be returned in good condition.

The first prize was won this week by Miss Harriet Knutzen, age 12 years, 213 West Thirtieth Street, Kearney, Neb.; second prize was given to Miss Hulda Lundberg, 48 South I Street, Fremont, Neb. Miss Norine Schulhof received honorary mention.

Miss Lulu Mae Coe, age 12 years, Florence, Neb., was the only one that succeeded in solving the illustrated rebus correctly. Answer to rebus: We all got on a horse and rode to the river to catch some fish for dinner. But a pig came along and chased us home.



AT A TEDDY BEAR AND DOLL PARTY.



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: OMAHA BEE DEPARTMENT, OMAHA, NEB.

The Rescue

By Harriet Knutzen, aged 12 years, 213 West Thirtieth Street, Kearney, Neb.

Louise Brown was a poor little girl and had to work hard because her mother was a widow. She was a kindhearted and brave little girl and would do all that she could for another.

One day while she was delivering some washing for her mother and walking up Main street she saw a little child out in the street and a street car only about ten rods away. Its mother was about a block up the street and did not notice the child on the track.

Louise ran out and seized the child just in time and brought it to its mother. The grateful mother asked her what her name was and where she lived. Two days afterward there arrived at Louise's home a package for Louise containing a coat, a dress, shoes and stockings, also \$5 in gold. A little note told that the giver was the child's mother.

A happier little girl than Louise could not be found that night in the town in which she lived.

A Brave Hero

By Hulda Lundberg, aged 12 years, 48 South I Street, Fremont, Neb.

Once there was a little boy named Harry. He lived near the great ocean with his father and mother.

He had no one to play with except his dog Rollo. This dog was very good. He would not let anyone hurt Harry.

One day as Harry's father was away and left provisions, and Fred, on his lonely way, would "count as he traveled to keep tab on the time."

Then, marking with a stick stuck into the ground, their place of parting, and agreeing to wait at that point for each other on returning, the "three exploring divisions" set forth to make great discoveries.

When alone, and out of hearing of his companions' voices, Fred began his work of counting. Every minute was recorded by a notch cut into a small stick which he carried for the purpose. He kept his mind well on his work of time-keeping till his eyes and ears became too busy looking and listening to remember his notch-stick with the minutes marked.

The first half hour thus passed. Fred peering through the bushes in the hope of seeing—NOT a jungle! What he did want to find was a camp with men sitting about it telling stories and smoking. But, though he kept on hunting and hopping, no such goodly sight came into view. But the woods became very dark and the air damp and chill, and somehow Fred wished he had gone with the "left" or the "right" division, for seeking for adventures alone was a bit scary.

And after what seemed a long time to him he suddenly recalled his counting and the notch-stick. Surely, surely, he had let the hour slip by without keeping track of the flying minutes. And his comrades had doubtless returned to their meeting place, and were patiently waiting for him. And what had they found? Perhaps they would make him ashamed of his poor efforts, for he had not even seen a squirrel, let alone a jungle full of wild beasts. He hoped with all his heart that the "right" and "left" had met with the same disappointment, and would have nothing out of the ordinary to relate.

Fred turned about and began retracing his steps, or that is, he went in the direction from which he thought he had come. But he could not find his own footprints. The ground was too solid and the fallen leaves lay too thickly over it. Strange he should not have noticed this on coming. But Fred was brave-hearted and did not feel afraid. He went along, whistling mer-

THE TAIL THAT WON'T COME OFF

By Bayoll No Treels

I. In the shallow end of a silmy pond There lived a frog mother wise and fond Who reared a brood of tadpoles here In the glad, glad May-time of the year.

II. When the tad-poles were yet too very small To know the manner of things at all Except the sound of their mother's call; A wee baby fish bereft of its mother Came into their home, for it had no other And was welcomed to be their adopted brother.

III. He played and sported day in, day out; With the little tadpoles he scampered about. That they were his brothers he had not a doubt Till one dreadful day when the tadpoles all Developed their feet and began to crawl In the oozy mud, at their mother's call. Then little babe fish's trouble begins, And the poor little fellow, on needles and pins Because of their feet, where he has only fins.

IV. He goes to Dame Frog with his "whens" and his "whys"; But she, in her prudence can only look wise And she tells him to wait and make use of his eyes.

So he waits—and his eyes fairly bulge from his head, When one morn he awakes in his green water bed And finds a small tail that a tadpole has shed.

V. Then he sees each tadpole attached to a weed Give his tail a good shake and it leaves him with speed. "Think small brother fish, 'That's easy in deed!'" So he takes a firm hold on the root of a lily And he shakes till he almost shakes himself silly, But his tail is bound to stay on "willy-nilly."

VI. The tadpoles look on with increasing dismay, And try hard to induce him to come out and play; For they love brother fish, in their pollywog way, From his hold on the root they gently release him, And each pollywog does his best to appease him, Though all are just longing to pitch in and tease him.

VII. Then good Mother Frog, with a splash and a splutter Comes bounding along to know what is the matter, And the cause of all of this pollywog chatter. Then one little scamp, 'twixt a sneer and a scoff Explains, with a queer ungrammatical cough, "This here is a tail that won't come off."

Genevieve's Surprise

By Norine Schulhof, Aged 10 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb. Red.

Little Genevieve was soon to be 5 years old and her mamma said if she would do a little work for her she would give her a surprise. Genevieve wanted to know what she must do, so her mamma said she must pick ten quarts of berries in three days.

then she will find out her surprise. "All right, mamma, I'll do it."

She put on her bonnet, picked up the basket and started for the berry patch. Oh, dear, it was awful hard work for Genevieve. For she scratched her hands and tore her dress and got so tired, but never complained till her berries were picked.

"What are you going to do with them now, mamma?" asked Genevieve.

"I am going to sell them, dear," said mamma.

She had hardly said that when an old crooked man with a long white beard and a cane came and took the berries away.

"Is that my surprise, mamma?" cried Genevieve.

"No, no, dear, your surprise will come in the morning."

So the next morning when Genevieve came down stairs there sat five little girls around the candle-lighted table, loaded down with cakes, nuts, candy and fruits.

Little Genevieve did not understand what it meant till her mamma said: "You are 5 years old today, dear, and this is your surprise party."

Carenot's Lesson

By Gail E. Howard, 4723 Capitol Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red.

There was once a very naughty girl whose name was Carenot. The reason her parents gave her that name was because she always said, "I don't care."

One day Carenot was out in the forest looking for flowers, when, what to her surprise, she found a little dog. It was too small for her to climb in, so she began to cry. She thought if she would cry for anything she could have it, when suddenly the door opened. This frightened her and she began to run, but a little fairy held her and said for her to come in to her house, so Carenot went, but she was so frightened that she trembled like a leaf.

When they got inside, of course the fairy made her smaller. The fairy told Carenot to sit down and then she sat down beside her. "Now, Carenot, you

or they will have to go to bed without anything to eat." Then Carenot said, "I don't care." Her foot went right to sleep as Carenot said the last word. Then Carenot said, "Oh, mamma, my foot is asleep." Her mother told her to rub it and it would be all right pretty soon, and it kept on hurting, and then she remembered what the fairy said and apologized to her mother and went out and fed the chickens. That wasn't the last time she said "I don't care," but it did cure her after awhile, and her parents never knew who cured her or how she was cured.

When Cuning Went to School

By Ruth Ashby, aged 12 years, Fairmont, Neb. Red.

Virginia was visiting at her grandmother's house in the country. Virginia was 10 years old and had lived all her short life in the city, so it was a great treat for her to be in the country.

"Jimmie," called grandma, "come here." "What is it, grandma," asked Virginia, running into the kitchen, book in hand.

"Virginia Eleanor Porterfield, what have I told you about reading so much? But as soon as Speckle comes off with her brood we'll go and see if any of the chicks are hatched."

Virginia dropped her book, caught up her sunbonnet and started off.

"Hurry up, grandma," she cried. Grandma carefully lifted up Speckle and there were four little white and yellow chicks, three little black ones and one little chicken black and yellow.

"O, how cunning!" exclaimed Virginia. "Now, Virginia, you may have one of these chicks if you'll promise to only read two chapters a day." "I promise, I promise, I'll take this little black and yellow one, and his name shall be Cuning."

Virginia carried Cuning back to the house in her apron. Cuning's favorite place to sleep was in Virginia's school bag. One day Virginia was in a hurry to get to school. She packed up her books without looking into her bag. After school had begun a faint little peep was heard again and again. "Some one in grade 5-A has a chicken. Whoever has it please come forward," said the teacher.

Virginia told her that Cuning was in her bag and she packed her books in without seeing him.

Miss Graham let her take him home, and Cuning never again went to school.

Letters to the Editor

Word from the Queen.

KEARNEY, Neb., Aug. 27.—Dear Busy Bees: I think it was a fine idea to have a children's page in the Sunday Bee as I wonder how many of you Busy Bees are as anxious to get the Sunday Bee as I am? I always get up early on Sunday morning so as to get the Bee as soon as it comes. I would rather have the Sunday Bee than any other Sunday paper I know of.

You Busy Bees write fine original stories. Once, I read a child's magazine, and the stories (which I suppose were written by big people) were not as good as some of the original stories written by you.

I read every story on the Busy Bee page every Sunday.

The stories have all been very good and if I was to choose out of the prize stories the one I thought was the best since I have been queen, I would not know which one to choose, as they have all been very good.

The prizes that are given by the Bee for the best original stories, are good books. I think we have a splendid editor for the Busy Bees' page.

I thank all of you, who have written prize stories, or other stories for the blue side beginning the seventh of July.

How many of you Busy Bees have been having a nice vacation? I have, but will be glad when school begins. The Kearney schools open the second of September.

Well, I will close hoping you will write some more prize stories for the blue side. Your friend, AUGUSTA KIBLER.

Some Good Suggestions.

Dear Editor: I am not discouraged yet. I do want to win first prize.

When you win pictures do you return them? Are they just the same when they are returned as they were when sent? If so, I can send a picture with five girls and a baby.

Editor, do you not think that it would be nice for the Busy Bees of the same age to correspond? Ruth Ashby and I are corresponding with each other.

I think it would be nice to write about anything we want to.

Has Ruth Ashby been queen yet? If she hasn't I would like to have her queen as soon as the others are through and if she has I vote for Helen Miller, age 12 years, Fairmont, Neb.

Hardly any boys write so I do not know who to vote for King.

Hoping that I may win first prize this time, I remain your constant reader. GAIL E. HOWARD, 4723 Capitol Ave., Omaha.

Pleased with Her Prize.

Dearest Editor: I want to write just a few words this morning to thank you for that beautiful book I received for the prize story. Words cannot express my gratitude to you. I show the book to my friends and tell them how I gained it by just one small effort. For I am, O so proud of it. They at once become interested in it, but have not courage enough to write a story. I will send my picture as soon as possible. Ever your faithful reader, ALICE GRASMEYER.

nothing, except some hunters to fetch me back.



AND THERE THEY FOUND THE 'RIGHT' AND THE 'LEFT' DIVISIONS GROUPED ABOUT A SMALL CAMPFIRE.