

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

TWO letters of especial interest are on the Busy Bee page this week, one from Ernest Nellor, our King Bee, and captain of the Red side, and another from Alys Martin of Fairmont, Neb., who has written several prize stories and who would doubtless still be capturing prizes if her last birthday had not placed her beyond the age of competition. Alys makes some very good suggestions, that the Busy Bee editor heartily seconds, for the organization of a club of the Busy Bees who, like herself, are no longer eligible to compete for the prizes. The editor would suggest that this might be called the Busy Bee Graduate club, and space will be cheerfully given on the Busy Bee page for communications from members. The editor will be glad to count the votes as suggested in the letter. Won't all the boys and girls read Alys's letter which appears on our page? A number of the Busy Bees will be graduates before long and it would be very nice to continue our acquaintance in this way.

This week the Blue side won first prize and the Red side second, making both sides even, ten prize stories apiece.

This is the last month of the reign of Augusta Kibler, Kearney, Neb., and Ernest Nellor, Beemer, Neb., so be thinking who will make a good King and Queen and send in your votes.

The prize winners for this week were Miss Edna Levine, aged 10 years, 2421 Cuming street, Omaha, and Miss Helen Spivecek, aged 14 years, Ravenna, Neb. Honorary mention was given to Miss Grace King, aged 9 years, 410 East Ninth street, Fremont, Neb.

September Brings the Luscious Grapes



BUSY BEE IN THE ASHBY.

Estelle Grayleigh
By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb.

"Who's that girl on the front seat?" asked Estelle Morton of Genevieve Hart. "I don't know," answered Genevieve. "Well, I'm sure I shall play with her. She wears an apron school and has freckles and a turned up nose. I'm sure papa and mama wouldn't want me to play with her."

Estelle Morton was the spoiled child of very rich parents. Her father was mayor of the town and president of a bank. Estelle was dressed nicer than any one else in school and every day her mother came after her in a large touring car.

"Estelle, you may sit by Genevieve Hart," said Miss Black, the teacher. Genevieve smiled at her. "Which side do you want to sit out?" she asked. "It doesn't matter to me. I will just take this for all your things are over there." Genevieve gave her a generous half of the dough.

About three months afterward Estelle came to school with a pretty box in her hand. "I'm going to have a party," she confided to Genevieve. Every one in the school room got a pretty invitation asking them to come to Estelle Grayleigh's birthday party and each one said "No presents."

"Are you going?" asked Genevieve of Estelle. "Of course not; at least I don't think so. I'll have papa and mama call and see if Mr. Grayleigh's nice."

"Dear me, Estelle Grayleigh! Her name ought to be Miranda Jane Jones. This is only a scheme of hers to get some presents." "But it says 'No presents,'" "Oh, well, she means presents anyway."

"That night Mr. and Mrs. Morton called on Mrs. Grayleigh. "Why, Estelle, how did you get here," cried Mr. Morton. "We heard you were dead. This is sister Estelle who we thought died in England," said he to his wife.

The next night after the party Estelle heard a knock. She opened the door. No one was there, but a big bundle lay on the porch. It was marked "For Estelle." Estelle opened it and there was a beautiful doll. "Who's it from, mama?" asked Estelle. "There's a note in her hand," said mama. Estelle opened it. "From Aunt Grace, mama." Dolly held in her hands a large bundle which Estelle opened. Out fell a beautiful silk dress. "From your school-mate," it read. "Why, mama, here's another package." This was a small one. "Oh, mama, here's fifty dollars from Uncle Morton and he says it's to put in the bank." So Estelle went happily to bed to dream about beautiful dolls while she held her own tight.



A small black bear
Met a small black boy.
They both had their
eyes in fear.
They both turned & ran
As fast as they could
Each saying, "I've
No business here!"

Letters to the Editor

Greetings from the King.
Dear Subjects: I am glad to have the opportunity of thanking you for your kindness in directing me to the office of King Bee through the columns of this section of The Bee.

I have spent my vacation here at home, playing ball and going fishing with my brothers and a friend, Henry Albers.

The stories written, I thought, were all very good, with the exception of a few which I knew to be copied from some old school reader.

As we are all busy preparing to move to Peabody, Kan. by September 15, I must close. Again thanking you all, I remain,
ERNEST NELLOR, King Bee.

She Likes the Page.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bee's page. I think that the Busy Bees write very nice stories. I would like to win first or second prize. We take The Omaha Bee and I think the Busy Bee's page is best of all. I love to read. I can hardly wait till the paper comes. I think Augusta Kibler wrote a very nice letter. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade. I like to go to school. I have had a nice vacation this summer. Well, I will have to close. Hoping I may win a prize, I am your Busy Bee,
GLADYS BASS, Anselmo, Neb.

Edna on the Right Track.
Dear Editor: I think the Busy Bee's page is very interesting. May we choose our own subject for the stories of September? Then the stories can be all our own. I cannot see why any Busy Bee should want to send in a copied story; for if it should be printed and win a prize, when they show it to their friends they know they are not really worthy of it.

As all of the Busy Bees write such interesting stories, I cannot decide who I want for king and queen.

I think that when a Busy Bee joins one side he or she should remain loyal to that side and not change from one side to the other.

Inclosed is an original story entitled "A Good Deed is Always Rewarded." Your loyal subject,
EDNA LEVINE, Aged 10 Years, 3421 Cuming street, Omaha.

From a "Graduate."
Dear Busy Bees and Those Who Are Too Old to Be Busy Bees: You have not heard from me for a long time, have you? I have an idea to lay before you:

Don't you think it would be nice for those who, like me, can no longer be Busy Bees to form a club among ourselves and write to each other? We could elect our officers, etc. Please suggest a name. Perhaps our editor would count the votes and decide who was elected and print the list of members. Perhaps we could have all over thirteen in it, too. I leave that for you to decide. We could write to one another each month, going down the list until we had gone through, and if we wanted to write to any member between times, we could.

Our school begins a week from today. I will be in the eleventh grade, and study Caesar, physics, rhetoric and geometry. I must close now. Hoping to hear from my plan soon, I remain, your friend,
ALYS MARTIN.

P. S.—After reading this you can surely tell I am still a Bee, for did you not hear me buzz?

How Pussy Earned Her Board

By Helena Davis.

ONE morning in the early spring Frankie and May found a wee little kitten on the road as they were on their way to school. Frankie took the poor mewling little wail in his arms and stroked its silky fur, saying: "Now, little Miss Pussy, what shall we do with you? It is almost school time and we cannot return home with you, for in that case we should be late to school and that would never do. And it is out of the question to take you to school, for teacher would not permit you in the room: it would make the pupils laugh, you know. So, what are we to do with you? We certainly aren't going to leave you in the road to die or be run over by some wagon."

The little kitten listened to Frankie's reasoning and seemed to understand that he did not know how to solve the problem of disposing of it; but all it said in its own forlorn behalf was, "Mew, mew, mew-w." But the manner of its saying "mew" was quite enough to touch the heart of anyone, and Frankie and May's hearts were very easily touched, too. So Frankie said to his sister:

"S'pose we drop by old Miss Clark's house and ask her to keep this little tramp till we come along from school in the afternoon."

"A good idea," acquiesced May. "And you'd better let me carry the little dear, for girls know so much more about kittens and babies and dolls than boys do."

Frankie reluctantly delivered Miss Pussy into the arms of his sister, and they hastened on their way, soon dropping out of the big road into a lane which led to the home of a quaint old maiden lady by the name of Miss Clark. The old lady was on the porch of her pretty farm house when the children came up, and it was not long till the kitten had changed hands. Miss Clark kindly agreeing to keep it and feed it during the day.

That evening when Frankie and May stopped at Miss Clark's for their new possession—the stray kitten—they found it sound asleep on a mat in the sun, so full of good rich milk that it could hardly move itself. "It's a fine cat," declared Miss Clark, smiling on the little grey ball as it slept. "It's been a bit gluttonous, I'll admit, but circumstances almost forced that. You see, a kitten so small as this one must have something to eat very often, and evidently it has been without food during the whole night, and in that starved condition it overeats."

But it is young yet, and must learn manners later. It will grow up to be a great help to you on the farm. I can tell from its shape and general appearance that it will earn its board and keep."

Frankie and May were pleased to hear Miss Clark speak in such praise of their new found pet, and after thanking her sincerely for her great kindness to them and their kitten they hurried home.

"Oh, my dears, what did you bring that kitten here for?" asked their mother on beholding the furry little creature held so closely in May's arms. "You know we have no real need of a cat, for the traps keep us well rid of mice, and Sport catches any rats that might bother the corn cobs or the chicken coops. So, what use can we have of a cat?"

"Well, mama, we may not need the kitten, but—the kitten surely has great need of us," said May. "You see, we found it mewling in the road this morning, and we couldn't leave it to starve or get killed. It has no home, so we've got to give it one."

May's mother kissed her and replied indulgently: "You are a dear, good-hearted little daughter. And my boy is just as good," she added, turning to Frankie. "So, since the kitten must needs have a home, and ours is a good one, let it be welcome. But you must not neglect it, my dear children. I shall leave its care



Little Stories for 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.

A Good Deed is Rewarded

By Edna Levine, Aged 10 Years, 2421 Cuming street, Omaha, Blue.

John Wilson, a sturdy lad of 16, walked slowly homeward. It was scarcely six months since his father had died and he and his widowed mother were obliged to work very hard in order to earn their scanty living.

John worked at the village store, but today was a holiday and the store was closed. After doing the chores he had gone to a neighboring mountain to hunt. Just as he was about to descend the mountain side (it wasn't very steep) he heard a low moan. Going towards the direction from which it seemed to come, he perceived a panther, ready to spring upon an old man. He quickly drew his trusty rifle to his shoulder and discharged it. His aim was true and the panther rolled over dead. Our young hero had shot it through the heart.

The old man proved to be a millionaire,

of knowing, of course, but it probably seemed a long time to her in that densely suffocating atmosphere.

Now, May's room was right at the head of the stairs on the second floor, and the door which Pussy fought so hard against was directly beneath the stairs and opened into the first floor hall. As May slept she dreamed she heard some one knocking at her door. Then she dreamed Pussy was at her side mewling. She awoke with a start and sat up in bed to make out what the noise was that seemed to come from the hall downstairs. Yes, she could hear it plainly. It was Pussy mewling with all her might and scratching and throwing her body against the frail wooden door of the cellar stairs. May bounded out of bed and ran to the door. She was afraid a big rat had got into the cellar and has had a fight with her, injuring her badly, maybe. Come, mama, and go with me to let Pussy out."

"Oh, it's just Pussy's dislike to her new quarters," laughed May's mamma. "But she's so wild she won't get out unless we let her out— But, what's that? It smells like smoke!" And in another instant both of May's parents were hurrying down the stairs with May and Frankie in the rear. Frankie, whose room adjoined his parents', was awakened by their excited voices and had sprung out of bed to ascertain what was the matter.

"It's coming from the cellar!" exclaimed the children's father, and he opened the cellar door to be met by Pussy, half suffocated, and a volume of smoke. And then it was found that quite a fire was burning at the corner close to the stove ashes that the servant had carelessly dumped there. The ashes had evidently contained some live coals that had ignited a pile of old lumber and papers.

It required the combined efforts of both parents and children to extinguish the

The Fairies

By Grace King, Aged 9 Years, 410 East Ninth Street, Fremont, Neb.

One summer evening I told my little sister that there were fairies under the day lily leaves, and she wouldn't believe me at first, but she said she was going out doors tomorrow morning and see. So the next morning Alice went out to the lily, and got pretty near there when she heard a little noise. She got scared and ran back to the house.

After dinner she got me to go out with her. But when we got there and Alice wasn't looking I ran into the house.

Just then one of the fairies got her and changed her into a fairy, and she flew with the fairy way up into the sky. But suddenly she felt herself falling and she woke up and found she had been dreaming and had fallen from the lounge.

Eva's Party

By Bertha Cohen, Aged 12 Years, 123 North Twenty-sixth Street, South Omaha.

It was a bright summer morning and Eva was going to celebrate her ninth birthday. She was going to have her party on the lawn. The party was going to start at 2 o'clock, and all were there in time.

The table was put out on the lawn and was all set and covered up with a tablecloth when the little boys and girls came.

Eva got many presents. They planned a few games and then went to the table. The table was full of cakes, pies, candy, nuts and other things. The lunch lasted about an hour and then the table was taken away.

They played hide-and-go-seek, hide the stick, tag and many other games. At last Eva said: "Let us sit down awhile and rest and then we will start again." They all sat down. "I thought of something,"

Kind Deeds, Happy Hearts

By Jeannette Miller, Aged 10 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue.

Kitty was playing with her dolls in her room and Alice and Lula, her dolls, were getting on their hats when mamma called: "Kitty, come here."

"Mother!" How mean when I do get to play, something always has to be done."

Down went Alice and Lula on the floor. Downstairs went angry little Kitty, and her mamma said she had a note from

Two Old Proverbs



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HE OPENED THE CELLAR DOOR TO BE MET BY PUSSEY, HALF SUFFOCATED, AND A VOLUME OF SMOKE.