BUSYLLITTLEBEESTIIEIROWNPA

WO 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 an-September other 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 Rusy 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 Aly's letter which appears on our page? A number of the Busy Bees will be gradutes 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 aplece.

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, \$421 Cuming street, Omaha, and Miss Helen Spevacel, aged 14 years, Ravenna, Neb. Honorary mention was given to Miss Grace King, aged 9 years, 410 East Ninth street, Fremont, Neb.

How Pussy Earned Her Board

Frankie and May found a wee fleas, you know." fur, saying: "Now, little Miss Puss, what worth its board and keep." shall we do with you? It is almost school The mother laughed as she went on So, what are we to do with you? We certhinly aren't going to leave you in the road

to die or be run over by some wagon." forlorn behalf was, "Mew, mew, m-e-w."

till we come along from school in the afternoon.'

you'd better let me carry the little dear, the right of Pussy. for girls know so much more about kittens and babies and dolls than boys do."

Frankie reluctantly delivered Miss Puss into the arms of his sister, and they hastme of a quaint old malden 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 Frankle 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 everate. But it is young yet, and must learn manners later. It will grow up to be a that it will earn its board and keep."

Miss Clarke speak in such praise of their new found pet, and after thanking her had grown to know it held great peril for sincerely for her great kindness to them and their kitten they hurried home.

closely in May's arms. "You know we in the cellar.

May's mother kissed her and replied in-

NE morning in the early spring to you. It must be fed and kept clean of

gray kitten in the road as they "Oh, we'll watch it all right," declared were on their way to school, Frankie. "Besides, it may prove to be Frankle took the poor mewing of great value to us, for Miss Clark says little waif in his arms and stroked its silky it's a fine specimen of cat, and will prove

time and we cannot return home with you, with her preparations for supper, and for in that case we should be late to school the children took the kitten into the back and that would never do. And it is out of yard to introduce it to Sport, the dogthe question to take you to school, for "He must be taught to understand that teacher would not permit you in the room: his realm is shared by a newcomer, and it would make the pupils laugh, you know, that he must be friendly with the joint ruler," declared Frankle. And so the spring had worn away, and

the summer had followed it, early fall The little kitten listened to Frankle's setting in. But the kitten was no longer reasoning and seemed to understand that at the home of Frankie and May. A great he did not know how to solve the problem cat-by name "Pussy"-was there. And, as of disposing of it; but all it said in its own you may have guessed, this same Pussy had once been that little kitten that was But the manner of its saying "mew" was found one morning on the roadside cryquite enough to touch the heart of anyone, ing: "Mew, mew, m-e-w-w!" How she and Frankie's and May's hearts were very had grown one could hardly guess. When easily touched, too. So Frankie said to Pussy was three months old she was so fine and big that Frankie and May had "S'pose we drop by old Miss Clark's given her a birthday party, inviting Miss house and ask her to keep this little tramp Clark, several of the neighbor children, old Sport and the canary. Pussy had been taught to recognize the rights of the canary "A good idea," acquiesced May, "And just as Sport had been taught to recognize

But now, in her seventh month, Pussy had done nothing to show that she was earning her board and keep, as Miss Clark had predicted she would do. To be sure, ened on their way, soon dropping out of she was a great pet and afforded the chilthe big road into a lane which led to the dren a lot of pleasure. And Sport had found her very companionable after the claw showing. But she had never been seen with a mouse, nor had she shown any disposition to guard the chickens from the hawks that came down to menace them, although both Frankle and May had repeatedly tried to train her to do so.

And so she had arrived at a pretty good age without having done anything to cover herself with glory. She was a nice, sleek, good-natured and affectionate cat. And that was about all one could say of her. Nevertheless, she was a decided favorite, and no one thought her in the way or begrudged her the sweet milk she drank or the bits of meat she ate.

However, there came a time when Pussy proved herself well worthy the splendid nome she had been made a member of.

It was a September night, cool and clear, But owing to the frost in the air Pussy great help to you on the farm. I can tell had been given a snug place in the cellar from its shape and general appearance to sleep. And when Frankie and May put her to bed there they thought it a fine Frankie and May were pleased to hear place for her, as the mouse trap had been down there so long that the mice them, and in consequence they had stopped nosing at the nice sweet cheese placed "Oh, my dears, what did you bring that in the trap so temptingly, but satisfied kitten here for?" asked their mother on themselves with nibbling at the edibles beholding the furry little creature held so that were put on the numerous shelves

have no real need of a cat, for the traps After being left alone for a time Pussy keep us well rid of mice, and Sport catches decided to go about on an exploring exany rats that might bother the corn cribs pedition. She did not rummage about as he was about to descend the mountain coasting. or the chicken coops. So, what use can very long, however, for a queer, smothering side (it wasn't very steep) he heard a low "fes, but don't go beyond the hill," she oder filled her nostrils. In the corner where Frankle and May had fixed her bed which it seemed to come, he perceived a distance. ten, but—the kitten surely has great need there was a stream of something black panther, ready to spring upon an old man. of us," said May. "You see, we found rearing itself toward the celling. And He quickly drew his trusty rifle to his and then running away with her sled, taken away, it mewing in the road this morning, and shortly afterward a little tongue of red. shoulder and discharged it. His aim was Her mother watched her for some time. They play we couldn't leave it to starve or get glowing and giving light to the cellar, true and the panther rolled over, dead, when she continued her work, while Elia killed. It has no home, so we've got to leared after the vaperous cloud that was Our young here had shot it through the kept on her way. growing and filling the entire room.

dulgantly: "You are a dear, good-hearted wrong, and radically wrong, too. She little daughter. And my boy is just as found it hard to breathe and something good," she added, turning to Frankie, made her eyes sting. She went up the of knowing, of course, but it probably door which Pussy fought so hard against flames and to restore order once more in "So, since the kitten must needs have a cellar steps at a bound and began mew- seemed a long time to her in that densely home, and ours is a good one, let it be ing lustily and scratching at the door suffocating atmosphere. welcome. But you must not neglect it, which held her a prisoner. How long Now, May's room was right at the head

Brings the Luscious Grapes said Eva. "While we are resting let us have some riddles." They told some riddles and all were answered. When they





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 Short and pointed articles will e given preference. Do not use over 50 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 con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bos.

(First Prize.) A Good Deed is Rewarded

By Edna Levine, Aged 10 Years, 2421 Cum-ing 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 By Hellen Spevacek, Aged 14 Years, Rawork very hard in order to earn their scanty living.

day was a holiday and the store was where snow lies on the ground nearly all closed. After doing the chores he had gone the year around. One day Ella took her to a neighboring mountain to hunt. Just sled and asked her mother if she could go cloth when the little boys and girls came. mosn. Going towards the direction from said, pointing out the hill to her in the heart.

who showed his gratitude in this way: Mr. Turpins (the old man's name) told asked. John, after a moment's thought, "I want my mother to be amply hope will be prolonged."

would you not like to go to college?"

At this question John's face lit up and as he answered "Yes" he thought he was surely dreaming, for he had always longed wasn't looking I ran into the house to go to college.

Mr. Turpins was true to his word and it was not long before John became one of don, where he and Mrs. Wilson moved after John had finished his course in col-

(Second Prize.) "Ella"

venna, Neb. Red.

John worked at the village store, but to- father and mother far away in the north,

"All right," said Ella, kissing her mother

tain what was the matter.

number and papers.

her sled and started for it. Ella was now a long ways from home, face until she could not see in what direction was her home.

Heavier and heavier fell the snow and Ella fell asleep. She did not know how long she slept, but when she awoke she could not move. She lay there some time, when she heard voices, and heard them calling, "Ella, Ella."

that she knew nothing until she awoke to doll. find herself in her little bid at home.

(Honorary Mention.) The Fairies

John he would grant him any wish he By Grace King, Aged 9 Years, 410 East Ninth Street, Fremont, Neb. provided for till the end of her life, which sister that there were fairles under the dream about beautiful dolls while she held to the Busy Bees' page. I think that the day lily leaves, and she wouldn't believe her own tight. said this, Mr. Turpins me at first, but she said she was going out answered: "My dear boy, your wish is a doors tomorrow morning and see. So the

very unselfish one and I shall see that it next morning Alice went out to the lilies, is fulfilled immediately, but you are grow- and got pretty near there when she heard ing up and will need a good education; 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 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 berself falling and she the most prominent business men in Lon- woke up and found she had been dreaming and had fallen from the lounge.

Eva's Party

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 fessor. They were both firemen. 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 table- the teacher's name. Everybody crowded want for king and queen. Eva got many presents. They planned The table was full of cakes, ples, candy, nuts and other things. The lunch lasted about an hour and then the table was

They played hide-and-go-seek, hide the stick, tag and many other games. At last Eva said: "Let us sit down awhile and Ella had been coasting some time when rest and then we will start again." They New, Pussy knew that something was. The old man proved to be a millionaire, she saw a much larger hill, and (not think- all sat down. "I thought of something,"

was directly beneath the stairs and opened the cellar.

pto the first floor hall. As May slept she "If that fire had got another ten minutes" dreamed she heard some one knocking at start of us," said the father, "it would her door. Then she dreamed Pussy was have been impossible for us to have saved at her side mewing. She awoke with a the house. It had almost reached the well start and sat up in bed to make out what seasoned fire wood a few feet away. Once hay down. He went up and set the hay the noise was that seemed to come from that had got started the entire house must the hall downstairs. Yes, she could hear have burned to the ground."

it plainly. It was Pussy mewing with all "And it might have cost the lives of her might and scratching and throwing some of us, had we been sound asleep, her body against the frail wooden door shuddered the mother resting from her of the cellar stairs. May bounded out of labors, her face covered, with grime and bed and ran into her mother's room, say- perspiration. "You see, it would have cut ing: "Pussy is fighting to get out. I'm us off from the stairs and the smoke would afraid a big rat has got into the cellar have suffocated us. My, what a narrow and has had a fight with her, injuring escape!"

her badly, maybe. Come, mama, and go "And did you stop to think to whom we owe our escape?" asked May, "None other "Oh, it's just Pussy's dislike to her new than dear old Pussy. She awoke me by quarters." laughed May's mamms. "But her scratching so furtously on the door and Downstairs went angry little Kitty, and tell I am since you will be worried all night unless mewing so loudly. So we owe our lives, her mamma said she had a note from me buzz? we let her out- But, what's that? It maybe, to her. And surely, we owe to her smells like smoke!" And in another in- our nice and comfertable home."

stant both of May's parents were hurrying "Which all goes to show that Miss Clark down the stairs with May and Frankie in knew what she was talking about when the rear. Frankle, whose room adjoined she said Pussy would yet make herself his parents', was awakened by their excited well worth her board and keep. Long life voices and had sprung out of bed to ascer- and much good milk to old Pussy I say!" And the parents and May joined Frankle's "It's coming from the cellar?" exclaimed enthusiastic praise of eld Pussy, who had the children's father, and he opened the that night, all unwittingly, been the means cellar door to be met by Pussy, half suf- of saving the levely home and human life, focated, and a volume of smoke. And then perhaps.

it was found that quite a fire was burning And from that night to the present day in the corner close to the stove ashes that old Pussy has been the favorite four-footer the servant had carelessly dumped there, about the farm where she lives so happily The ashes had evidently contained some and it is safe to say that she cannot underlive coals that had ignited a pile of old stand why she is made so much of by the family and the family's friends, especially It required the combined efforts of both old Miss Clark, who will insist on saying parents and children to extinguish the "I told you so."

had had enough of the riddles they began to play again.

All at once Eva's little friend, Mary, who lived next door, said: "Where is my handkerchief; I lost it." Everybody began searching through the yard, but no one found it. They looked everywhere, but it could not be found. In a little while the party ended and everyone gladly went

One day in the fall Eva was playing with her cousin. She said to him: "I see a nest up there in the tree. Will you climb It and see what is in it? The bird that owns it has gone away to the south." He did so, and guess what was in it-Mary's handkerchief. How surprised Eva was, She ran to tell her mother. Her mother said that the bird must have picked it up while the children were playing at your party. The bird wanted to make a soft bed for her young ones. Eva then said; "I am glad the bird got it, because it helped to make her young ones warm."

Estelle Grayleigh

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont,

"Who's that girl on the front sent?" asked Elloise Morton of Genevieve Hart. "I don't know." muswered Genevieve, "Well I'm sure I shan't play with her. She wears an apron to school and has freckles and a turned up nose. I'm sure papa and mama old Mrs. Kelch, who wanted her to come wouldn't want me to play with her." Elloise Morton was the spoiled child of

very rich parents. Her father was mayor so want to play. of the town and president of a bank. Elloise was dressed nicer than any one else her? 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 me. I will just take this, for all your things are over there." Genevieve gave her a generous half of the deck.

About three months afterward Estelle came to school with a pretty box in her "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 Elloise, "Or course not; at least I don't think so. I'll have papa and mama call and see if Mrs. 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 presing of her mother's warning) picked up ents." "But it says 'No presents." "Oh, well, she means presents anyway."

That night Mr. and Mrs. Morton called and the snow began to fall. She did not on Mrs. Grayleigh. "Why, Estelle, how did heed the large snowflakes that fell on her you got 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." Es-She tried to speak, but could not. After telle opened it and there was a beautiful "Who's it from, mama?" asked Escelle. "There's a note in her hand," said Elia was sick a long time, but promised 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 schoolmates," 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 One summer evening I told my little bank." So Estelle went happily to bed to

A Fire

All was still in the school house. The younger children that did not go to school were playing in a yard opposite the school

the yard heard a bell. The teacher told Anselmo, Neb. the children to listen.

"Fire!" said a girl named Pearl. "Yes," said the teacher. She went and

looked out the window to see if she could see where it was. "It's the livery barn," she exclaimed,

By Bertha Cohen. Aged 12 Years, 129 North Twenty-sixth Street, South Omaha. hush went through the room. Every child turned white. Then they heard two people run through

"If you will be good you may come to the window," said Miss King, which was teresting stories, I cannot decide who I

to the window. The livery barn was in plain sight of fire department was there. A large group other. of people had gathered around the burning building. All the men rushed in the barn Good Deed is Always Rewarded." Your and got as many horses, buggles and car- loyal subject. riages as they could. They got all the harness out, but they did not get all the

other things out. When school let out they all ran home to man named Peterson that worked in there have an idea to lay before you: and the people did not want him any longer, The people told him and he left. He said to himself that he would fix them. He was walking around the barn and one of the men told him to go up and throw some

Kind Deeds, Happy Hearts

Kitty was playing with her dolls in her 'Kitty, come here."

play, something always has to be done," Down went Alice and Lula on the floor. Downstairs went angry little Kitty, and tell I am still a Bee, for did you not hear

A small black bear Met a small black boy. They hat a 2d their eyes in fear.

over. "She likes to have you so much." Kitty frowned and said, "Oh, my! I did Said her mother, "Would you refuse

They both turned & ran

As fast as they could Each saying; "I've

No business here!

"Oh, I suppose not; only I did so want

to play. "Well, slip along if you are going."

"Goodby; but I do hate to go. She can down the street and came to a to sit on?" she asked. "It doesn't matter little white house. She ran up to the porch, and rang the bell,

The old woman came to the door and opened it. "Oh, my dear little girl," she said, "I didn't like to send that note a bit, but I wanted to see you so badly."

"The old woman and Kitty visited for a long time and after a while it came supper time, and she went home. She said to her mamma, "Oh, how good I feel; I feel so happy. And her mamma

said, "It is because you did a kind deed."

Kitty said, "Yes, mamma; I think so, too."

Letters to the Editor

Greetings from the King.

Dear Subjects: I am glad to have the opportunity of thanking you for your kindness in electing 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 tall 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 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 Bees' page is best of all. I love to read. By Thelma B. Jones, Aged 10 Years, Madi- can hardly wait till the paper comes, 1 son, Neb. Blue. 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, Suddenly the children in school and in I am your Busy Bee, GLADYS BASS.

Edna on the Right Track.

Dear Editor: I think the Busy Bees' 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 the hall. It was the janitor and the pro- they show it to their friends they know they are not really worthy of it. As all of the Busy Bees write such in

I think that when a Busy Bee joins one

side he or she should remain loyal to that a few games and then went to the table, the school house. In a few minutes the side and not change from one side to the Inclosed is an original story entitled "A

EDNA LEVINE. Aged 10 Years, 3421 Cuming street, Omaha.

From a "Graduate."

Dear Busy Bees and Those Who Are Too see if they could find what started the Old to Be Busy Beez: You have not heard fire. They soon found out. There was a from me for a long time, have you? I

Don't you think it would be nice for those who, like me, can no longer be 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 mem bers. Perhaps we could have all over thirtoen 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. room and Alice and Luis, her dolls, were I will be in the eleventh grade, and study getting on their hats when mamma called: Caesar, physics, rhetoric and geometry. I must close now. Hoping to hear from my Eother!" How mean when I do get to plan soon, I remain, your friend,

P. S .- After reading this you can surely

Two Old Proverbs



