

BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

AS the gloomy and rainy weather that has been prevalent for the last week affected the Busy Bees so that they have not cared to write? Surely not, as boys and girls don't mind rainy days; they find it real fun to dodge the showers, but the editor can think of no other excuse, for the usual number of good stories sent in are conspicuous for their absence this week.

And this is the beginning of the reign of the new rulers, too. Gail E. Howard is queen and captain of the Blue side, and Albert Goldberg of Shenandoah, Ia., is king and captain of the Red side, but they should be consoled by the old saying, "A poor beginning makes a good ending."

One of the new writers for our page inquired if each one can select the side on which he wishes to be counted, Red or Blue. Yes, Busy Bee, you may, and each writer may also select his own subject, any subject being acceptable except trips; they are not counted in this prize competition.

This has been a week of excitement in Omaha and thousands of people have come in from all over the state to attend the Ak-Sar-Ben festivities. The big electrical parade on Wednesday evening was perhaps the biggest attraction for the young people and no doubt a large number of the Busy Bees attended. Agusta Kibler of Kearney, Neb., ex-queen of the Busy Bees, was one of these, and came in to see the Busy Bees' editor, who is always delighted to meet any of the writers personally.

The exchanging of postal cards is very popular among the boys and girls and those who have sent in their names are: Miss Lotia Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.; Mr. Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha; Miss Ruth Ashby, Fairmont; Miss Pauline Parks, York, and Miss Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.

The prize winners for this week are Miss Alta Wilken of Waco, Neb., and Miss Sarah Gridley of Dietz, Wyo.

Narrow Escape of White and Blackie

By William Wallace, Jr.

WHITE and Blackie were twin lambs. Their lives were very happy, indeed. All day they roamed about the grass-covered hillsides and clover-filled meadows with their great loving and watchful mother. And when the sun went down behind the western hills and the twinkling stars peeped from the sky White (who was the color of snow) and her brother Blackie (who was the color of ebony) went with their mother to the great farm, where a comfortable house sheltered them from the night.

But as White and Blackie grew older they began to grow restless, and wanted their mother to allow them to explore the deep and forbidding forest near the pasture where they roamed and fed. They would see that inside this forest all was deep blackness, and it seemed to run on northward forever, for as far as the eye of lamb could see there was no end to the line-blue in the distance—that mighty growth of trees whose tops ran up almost to the clouds.

"You shall not go to that place," declared the mother of White and Blackie one day when her petted darlings were coaxing for permission to stray into lands unknown. "There are terrible creatures in that forest, and they eat up little lambs. You are too young to know of the dangers that abound there."

"Tell us of them," urged Blackie, a bold young fellow for his tender years. (But it is said that all black sheep are bold and bad. However, Blackie was not bad and never in his life became so.) "Tell us, ba-ba, what those dangers are." ("Ba-ba" was their name for "mamma.") "Well," said their wise old mother, "there are the fire-eating dragons, the stinging lizards, the arrow-toothed turtles and the claw-footed monster. Any one of these would soon put you two little innocents out of the way. So, you must avoid the dangers that lurk in the mires and caves of yonder forest. Stay in your own sweet pasture by day and sleep in your own secure beds at night. That's the advice of your old mother, my twins."

But true to his color, Blackie was a bit disobedient. (Not really bad, understand, but of a roving and adventurous spirit.) So one morning, while their mother lay sleeping under a spreading elm tree in the pasture, Blackie whispered to White: "What say you, sister, to a stroll towards the forest? We might go near enough to see some of those horrible beings that our mother tells us of, and yet remain far enough away to get into no danger."

"But ba-ba would not permit us to go from the pasture," said White, anxious nevertheless, to join her brother in a stroll towards the forest.

"But ba-ba is old and without the courage of the young," said Blackie. "All old sheep become a bit afraid of unusual things, and are content to remain within their own pastures. But young lambs cannot endure so much humdrum, and need a change once in a while. We will not disobey ba-ba by just going close to the forest. She only warned us against entering it. She said nothing about our going to the edge of it where we might get a peep into its depths and see the creatures that lie hidden there. I feel sure there's nothing wrong in our doing that."

Thus prevailed upon White consented to accompany her brother to the edge of the forest that held so many dangers for them.



Little Stories

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. Blue and gold stories 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, Neb.

How Bob Finds a Home.

By Alta Wilken, Aged 12 Years, Waco, Neb. Red.

It was a cold winter day and "Bob," a newsboy, was trying to warm his frozen hands over an old broken stove in an old attic, which was very cold. The news he called home was up in the top of a seven-story building. This building was owned by a very rich, but stingy man. Bob was just thinking what a nice little home he had when a loud knock was heard at the door. This made Bob tremble, as he thought struck him that perhaps it was the old man. He was right. It was the owner of the building. He came to make Bob get out of the room. He told him he could live there no longer, as he had not been able to pay the rent.

There was nothing left for Bob to do but to pack up his few rude belongings and go out into the street. It was getting dark and snow was beginning to fall and Bob had no place to go. He was standing in front of a large store when all at once his attention was attracted by the calling and yelling of people, as a runaway team hitched to a fine carriage came dashing down the street. In a moment Bob was out in the street, and, jumping at the frightened horses' heads, grabbed them by the bridle and hung on as they dashed on down the street. The weight of Bob,



A Doggy King

Over three hundred years ago one of the many kings of the North American continent ruled over that part of the country now known as California. His name—given to him by the Englishmen who found him there—was Hioh. Now, a great many would call Hioh a chief, but in the land where he reigned he was indeed a king, as were all the other great chiefs of the numerous Indian tribes.

When Sir Francis Drake landed in California he found there a very friendly tribe of red men governed by Hioh. So pleased were these simple people with the coming of Drake and his men that they gave over their beautiful land to them. They thought the blue-eyed and fair-skinned men to be gods from the other world, the world that they called the "Happy Hunting Ground."

But after a few weeks' visit in this strange land Drake and his men sailed away to bear the tidings of their great discovery to Queen Elizabeth in England. And the red men were left to mourn for the gods whom they had hoped would remain with them forever and govern them and heal all their sick, as only gods could do.

And Hioh, that trusting, friendly king, or chief, did not live to see his people conquered by a heartless white race that seemed to forget that this great country belonged to the red men. He doubtless thought that the gods who had so honored him by their presence for a few weeks were too good to exist on common soil, and had therefore betaken themselves again to that mystic realm somewhere in the clouds.

Their wool stand up straight on their backs. "The fire-eating dragon," whispered Blackie, his breath almost stopping. "How are we to escape?"

White stood with her knees knocking together in fear. But she found voice to say, "Oh, I wish we were back in the pasture with ba-ba. She knew what she was talking about, when she warned us against the forest. Oh, oh, oh!"

On came the fire-eating dragon, its eyes bulging out and smoke issuing from its nostrils. Blackie beckoned to White to follow him while the dragon was bathing itself and throwing the water about so noisily. White obeyed her brother's summons and crept quietly from her hiding place. Together the poor foolish and frightened lambs hurried from the spot where the dragon still splashed water. They were out of sound of the commotion and were beginning to feel safe once more when a hissing noise fell on their ears. The sounds chilled their blood, and they involuntarily doubled up as with the stomach ache. Then they hid in the hollow of a great nearby tree, holding their breath lest they be discovered by some other horrible beast. They did not conceal themselves a moment too soon, for almost immediately there was the crackling of brush and dead leaves past their hiding place when a huge creature that caused them both to feel that their end had surely come. "It's the Claw-footed Monster," whispered Blackie, his teeth chattering together as he spoke. "If he smells us we are gone."

White did not speak, but sat trembling as with a chill. But on went the dreadful Claw-footed Monster, never once scenting them out. It was so tall that its three-cornered head was among the tree-branches and its huge feet wove long heavy claws that with one stroke could tear the flesh from a lamb!

As soon as it was out of sight and sound Blackie and White once more ventured to

many of the stories are very good. I mailed you a story about a month ago entitled "A Midnight Scare," but I have not seen it on your page. Perhaps it did not get there. I hope the Blue side wins, as that is the side I am on. Well, I guess I had better close before someone's patience gives away. Your reader, LOUISE STILES, Lyons, Neb.

Anna Comes In. Dear Editor: I have made up my mind to join the Busy Bees. The letters and stories are very interesting and I always read the long story. I am acquainted with one of the Busy Bees, Adeline Specht. She has taken a first prize, I see. I do not quite understand about the Red and the Blue sides. Can a person belong to which side he wishes? If so, I think I'll join the Red. I have not written any stories, but I think I will some time. I must get my letter off by the mail, so I close now. ANNA K. NEBLE, 2753 South Tenth Street, Omaha.

Alta is Welcome. Dear Editor: I thought I would again write a short story entitled "How Bob Finds a Home." It is an original story. I belong to the Red side. I think it is very nice to publish some of the Busy Bees' letters. I am in the eighth grade at school. I will cheer for the Red. Hoping to see your story published next Sunday. I remain yours sincerely (Busy Bee), ALTA WILKEN, Waco, Neb.

hanging to their heads, however, soon brought the horses to a stop and Bob fell exhausted to the pavement. As the team was stopped an old, aristocratic gentleman stopped from the carriage and ordered some of the men, who had gathered around the carriage, to take the lad to a nearby doctor's office, where he would receive proper attention. The old man followed the men carrying the boy into the office, and when they got in the light he found to his astonishment that the boy who had stopped the team at the risk of his life was no other than the little newsboy, Bob, whom he had that morning turned out of his dingy attic because he could not pay the rent. As soon as Bob revived he ordered him taken to his carriage and took him to his beautiful home, where Bob never was hungry again, and had a home as long as he wanted it.

FACTS ABOUT THE SUN

Children, when you feel the warmth and see the light of the mysterious body we call sun, do you know that its density does not compare to that of our own world? The sun in size equals 1,300,000 of our planet, while in weight it would take only about 33,000 earths to weigh it down to an even balance. Thus you will readily see that our earth is of much heavier substance than is the sun. In fact, the latter body is not much denser than water.

The sun is distant from our world about 27,000,000 miles, and that you may get some idea what that distance means we quote the following from the astronomer, James Balke: "Some conception of the immensity of the sun's distance from us may first be gained from Prof. Mendenhall's whimsical illustration. Sensation, according to Helmholtz's experiments, travels at the rate of about 100 feet per second. If, then, an infant were born with an arm long enough to reach to the sun, and on the day of his birth he were to exercise this amazing limb by putting his finger upon the solar surface, he would die in blissful ignorance of the fact that he had been burned, for the sensation of burning would take 100 years to travel along that stupendous arm."

In diameter the sun is about 866,000 miles, and were it hollowed out till its crust remained but a shell our own earth could be placed in its center, allowing room for our moon to travel in its regular orbit, which is distant from earth 244,000 miles, and outside of which another satellite could have an orbit at a distance of 190,000 miles from the moon.

The Blind Man's Dog. By Marie Rich, age 13 years, Grand Island, Neb. Blue. There was once a blind man who had to beg for a living. He had a dog who led him through the streets. One day as he was out begging his dog was stolen from him. He started to run after him, but he fell. Two men came and took him home. One day the man was hungry and couldn't go out without his dog to lead him, so he made his way to the door and out to the street, but fell down and died.

His dog was in a mean home. He was beat around and treated meanly. One day he was free. He ran right to the blind man's house, but didn't see him. He went to the graveyard and smelt his master's grave and there it lay down and died. It was a dog who loved its master so much that it would die for him.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Louise Writes in School. Dear Editor: I am writing this letter in school, but don't shake your head and look sober, because I have my lessons. Will you please put my name down on the list of those who wish to exchange postals? I have cards from a good many parts of the United States, but not very many of them.

I am very much interested in the Children's page and I read everything on it nearly every Sunday. I think that a good

start for home. They were so weak from fright that they could scarcely keep their balance and trot along. Quietly they went and their little hearts beat high with hope as they neared the bright line of light that they knew to be the open country, the space that led into their own dear meadow where their ba-ba had been sleeping.

But they were not yet "out of the woods," as goes the old saying. And as they were making all possible haste towards safety, a most horrible noise as of a rough tongue grating on metal sounded at their right and their left. Both looked instantly in the direction of the awful sounds and saw a sight which caused them to drop to earth.

"The Arrow-toothed Turtles!" cried out White, beginning to faint. But at this instant another form—a beloved one—dashed to their sides. It was ba-ba, their mother. She had been tracking them and had found them after hours of search, for they had not followed the same path returning that they had gone over on entering the wood.

"Ah, my lambs!" cried Mother Sheep. And she was beside White, licking her back to consciousness. But again came the scraping noise so horrible to hear, and looking around ba-ba saw the Arrow-toothed Turtles coming as fast as they could. There were two of them, and their teeth were showing in a malicious way. "Run with me for your lives," urged the mother sheep. And White and Blackie obeyed her. But they could not go fast enough for as they neared the clearing—beyond which no wood monster would venture—the Arrow-toothed Turtles grabbed their tails and bit them off. Of course, it was dreadful to lose their pretty tails, but they were glad to save their lives and did not mourn over the loss.

And maybe you little readers will know what Blackie's and White's mother had to say to them, once they were safe in the pasture again. And it is safe to say that never again did those little lambs wander "from home and mother." Their experience had been enough to satisfy them.

Vacation Trip of an Indian Boy

By Grace V. Bradley, Omaha.

R. and Mrs. Many Elks promised their small son, John, that as soon as school closed they would have a trip, not to New York or Europe, but to another reservation to visit some friends and relatives. Now, John was eager for "vacation" (as he said in his quaint, broken English) for he was a little Indian and loved to be out of doors. He was a pupil in a mission boarding school in South Dakota. His parents lived in a log house, chinked with gumbo (a black, waxy clay), about twelve miles from the school. The day before school closed Mr. and Mrs. Many Elks and baby Mary, came to

day they reached their destination and drew up in front of two log houses. Out of one came Mr. Many Elks' brother, whose name was Creek. Mr. Creek and the little Creeks followed. From the other house emerged the little old grandmother, mother of the two men. Every one, even to the babies, had to "nah-pu-yu-zah," or shake hands. Then all went into the house and had such a good time visiting. "Un-chee" (grandmother) was pleased to see John. He was her pet, she said, and she must make him a present, something very, very grand. She would not tell him then just what, because, like all grandmothers, she liked surprises.

"Just now, my grandchild," she said, "I have something else for you," and she led John to her corner of the house. When she held in her hand a beef bladder, dried and used for a bag, John knew that she had something which an Indian grandmother only can make, "wana," or Indian hash. It might remind you of mince-meat, being made of pa-pa, chopped very fine and mixed with dried wild fruits. The chopping bowl was the skin covering of a cow's head, really just the shape of a bowl, eye and nose openings closed with beadwork. The chopping knife was a stone. The dried fruits, too, were pounded in this funny bowl. Sometimes the wana is served in patties the size for the little hands and mouths, and in such a dainty way was John's ready for him.

In her house the little grandmother had a good supply of buckskin, sinew, porcupine quills of many hues and beads. She had a sharp knife to cut the buckskin with



JOHN MANY ELKS, In His New Vest and Moccasins.

the mission and put up their tepee just outside the school grounds. They brought their quilts and pillows, little camp stove and a few cooking utensils. They got at the traders' store lard, baking powder, flour, coffee and sugar, for they expected to start at once on their trip. Closing day came, the children shook hands in their quaint fashion with ma-trons and teachers and went with their parents. No one was happier than John Many Elks, as he marched to his tepee. The first thing he did was to mount his pony, Tah-tay (Wind), which was waiting for him. His mother had made a pretty beaded saddle blanket for Tah-tay and had decorated the bridle and quilt with porcupine quill work in many designs and colors. A pair of beaded gloves and new moccasins she also had ready and John was happy. They remained in camp that night, but next morning before the mission people were up, were wide awake, for they had four or five days' journey before them. The tent was taken down, compactly folded and, with the poles, put into the wagon with everything else. Mr. and Mrs. Many Elks and the baby were on the seat, but John rode his pony. They traveled until noon, when horses were watered and rested while Mrs. Many Elks made some camp bread for the noon meal. For the bread she made a biscuit dough, rolled it out, cut it the size and shape of a pie tin, slashed two or three times across the middle to let out the air and fried it in hot lard. She made coffee and, after Indian fashion, put the sugar right into the pot. Then she got out of her box some "tin pa" or thin layers of beef, which she had spread over a pole and dried in the sun. This she boiled for a stew, adding some Indian turnips. These she had gathered last spring, braided a great many together by the roots and dried. They had wild choke-cherries, too, so their luncheon was very dainty. The horses were habited and feeding on the sweet, fine buffalo grass. While his wife put out the camp fire, taking care that it was really extinguished, lest a prairie fire might be started, and packed away food and cooking utensils, Mr. Many Elks held the baby and smoked his long, pipestone pipe, using the inner bark of the red willow for tobacco. Then he got the horses and harnesses them. John sprang onto his pony and they started again.

At sundown they stopped at the home of the Blue Trees, friends of theirs, and were made welcome for the night. The two men smoked and told stories, while they sat on the ground at a creek or spring to get water. Under the bower of boughs, which every Indian builds at his home. At the same time the women visited and exchanged news, while their little ones played. When it was time to go, presents were exchanged.

The Many Elks journeyed for four days, stopping each night at a creek or spring to camp. Late in the afternoon of the last

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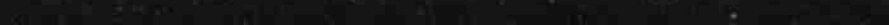
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What Should Doggie Do?



If a doggie meet a doggie, Will a juicy bone, Should a doggie pass a doggie, Leaving him alone? If a doggie snarled at doggie, Easing on a fight, Should a doggie leap at doggie, Giving him a bite? —Tim Turnips.

Illustrated Rebus



ON CAME THE FIRE-EATING DRAGON, ITS EYES BULGING OUT AND SMOKE ISSUING FROM ITS NOSTRILS.