

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

SO MANY stories have come in the last two weeks that it has been impossible to use them all, and that all may have an equal chance in the present contest the editor has decided to extend the time one week. This will make it possible to use almost all of the best stories, and so fairly decide which side, the Red or the Blue, wins. The sides are even this week, each having won fifteen prize stories, and next week will decide the contest. The selection of the prize winners will be made from the stories that have been sent in during the last week.

Remember, everyone, that this week closes the reign of our present king and queen, Albert Goldberg and Gail Howard, and every boy and girl ought to send in a vote this week for our next king and queen. It is not necessary to send a story, but every single Busy Bee ought to send in a vote for the boy and girl desired for our next sovereigns.

As a number of the Busy Bees have noticed, one of our prize stories last Sunday was not original, so the prize will be given to Louise Raabe, who got honorary mention. It may be said, however, that the writer of the borrowed story was a new Busy Bee, never having written for our page before, and so did not understand. This will not be accepted as an excuse in future. Of course no prize was given for the borrowed story.

The prize winners for this week were Louise Stiles, aged 12 years, Lyons, Neb., and Ada Morris, aged 14 years, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha. Honorary mention was given to Nora Cullen, aged 13 years, 3212 Webster street, Omaha, Omaha.

One of the Busy Bees writes the editor that it is hard to compose a story when only 250 words are allowed, and wants to know if she can use more. This request is impossible, boys and girls, as that would allow so few stories to be published each week and, of course, each writer is anxious to see his or her particular story in print.

Those who have sent in their names as having postal cards to exchange are: Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean De Long, Alnsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gail Howard, 4723 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Eda Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle Bartholomew, Lyons, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Marguerite McDonalder, Gothenburg, Neb.; Lotise Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Faye Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.; Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.; Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha; Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.; Miss Pauline Parks, York, Neb.; Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enos, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

Hidden Treasure of an Indian Grave

By Maud Walker.

THE Boy Explorers were very busy making preparations to visit a range of hills several miles distant from town, where there were to be found a number of old Indian graves. "The Boy Explorers" had no doubt but that there were buried in these graves many wonderful treasures to be got by said "Boy Explorers" should they resort to a certain peculiar method of getting at them, said method having been duly explained by Doodles Pinkerton, leader and chief instigator of the little band of boys known as "The Boy Explorers" of the town of Dighton.

The day set for the expedition was a Saturday. "The Boy Explorers" were up and starting early, getting together their camping outfit, for they were to spend the night in the hills, doing their digging for hidden treasure during the hours of sundown and sunup, in accordance with the certain rules laid down to them by their captain, Doodles.

"You see it's this way," Doodles had explained in an impressive voice. "If a fellow wants to get any hidden treasure from an Injun grave he's got to follow the ancient rules laid down by the great chief spirit. The great chief spirit said to his folks that they must always go into a grave between sundown and sunup, and if there were stars they must chant an Injun hymn as they dug. But if the night was dark they must never speak a word. If they broke the still silence of the night they would meet with something dreadful—something awful. Maybe the earth might open up and swallow em—the diggers after hidden treasures."

"And couldn't a feller even sneeze or cough?" asked Bert Day, one of the most enthusiastic "Boy Explorers." "Sposen he had a cold?"

"Then he'd have to stay in camp and not go with the diggers," said Doodles. "A feller mustn't make a sound, even a sneeze or cough. That would break the charm."

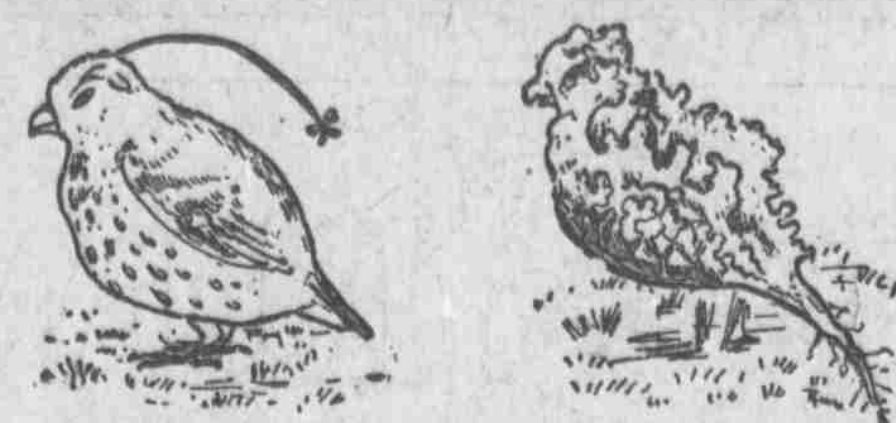
"The Boy Explorers" did not reach the hills, where the Indian graves were hidden away under two generations of grass and weeds, till late in the afternoon. Their first thought was to build a camp fire, prepare some supper and refresh the fatter boys. They were tired and ravenously hungry, and had no time to think of graves and hidden treasures till legs were rested and stomachs filled. Then they began to talk over their plan of work.

They put up a little tent, fearing to sleep without shelter, for the night was cold, it being the first week of December. Inside the tent they arranged their blankets for bedding, hoping to have secured all the hidden treasure held by the sunken, grass-grown graves before the night had advanced very far. Indeed, they thought the task before them could be accomplished within a few busy hours.

Each "explorer" had with him a spade, a shovel, or a pick, and as soon as the sun had dropped from sight the band, seven strong, went forth to find graves among



"AS SURE AS MY NAME'S BILL, I'VE DISCOVERED A GRAVE!"



The Quail. The Kale.

The California Quail is said To have a tail upon his head, While contrary-wise we style the Kale, A cabbage head upon a tail. It is not hard to tell the two. The Quail commences with a queue.



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.
6. 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.

When Bernice Was Lost

By Louise Stiles, Aged 13 Years, Lyons, Neb. Blue.

Bernice was a little girl nearly 4 years old, who was always getting into mischief of some kind. Today while her mother was dressing her she made up her mind to be good. She did not mean to be naughty, but, as she expressed it, "dus' toughtful help it."

She kept up to her standard pretty well in the morning. Her mother was not well, so after dinner she told Bernice to run out and play while she went upstairs to take a nap. So Bernice took her doll, Betty, begged Nora, the cook, for a cookie, and went out doors to play.

As soon as her cookie was gone, however, there seemed nothing to do. So she went into the house, threw Betty down on the floor and looked around to see if anyone was watching her. Finding they were not, she went to the staircase and softly started to go up to the carpeted steps.

"What is the matter, mother?" asked Walter. "You look very sad tonight."

"Yes, my son, it makes me sad to think that Thankgiving must come and go without my children realizing it."

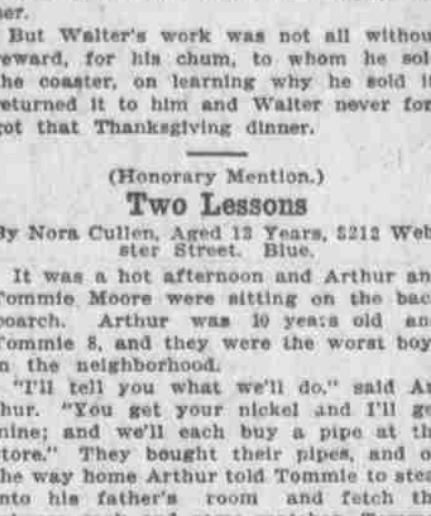
"Now, after I've counted three I'll say 'Dig!' And let every feller turn hisself loose with his spade or pick." Thus commanded Doodles. "One, two, three! Dig!"

With the first spadeful Doodles looked about questioning in the faces of his fellow diggers; but each countenance was as placid as a mask. Not a single "man-jack" would show the least concern over the threatened downpour, but stooped over his work with renewed energy.

A BIRD OF BEAUTY

The beautiful bird known as the bee-eater is of gorgeous plumage, the predominant color of its feathers being a brilliant green, though a rich red-brown, buff and black also enter into its coloring, making an artistic combination most attractive to the eye.

The female bee-eater makes for her nest a hole in a bank, or digs a narrow tunnel into level earth to the astonishing depth



THE BEE EATER.

of eight or ten feet. This tunnel-nest shows much ingenuity in construction. The number of the season's lay ranges from four to six eggs, and these are deposited in the bottom of the hole or tunnel which is used for a nest. There is no straw, bark, leaves or feathers to soften the nest, the eggs being laid on the hard earth.

The territory occupied by the bee-eater ranges from the British islands to Australia, the African region especially being plentifully supplied with them. The feet of the bee-eater are peculiarly formed, the middle and outer toes being webbed together to almost their entire length.

The name "bee-eater" is most appropriate inasmuch as the bird feasts upon bees whenever it gets a chance to do so, and in Spain is a real pest to the bee-raisers, for it hovers about the hives, buzzes about, catching the luckless insects in great numbers.

around all morning with long faces and saying, "Oh dear! Oh dear!"

Edward's Birthday

By Dorothy Bartholomew, Aged 10 Years, Gothenburg, Neb. Blue.

Edward was very sorry that his mother could not be at home on his birthday. She told him not to be disappointed.

On the morning of his birthday his come home and they all began to hunt. About 7 o'clock Bernice awoke. Downstairs she heard Nora say, "Sure, an' the last I saw of her she came in an' wanted a cookie."

Marjory's Surprise

By Hope Hutton, Aged 10 Years, 2610 South Thirty-second Street, Omaha, Blue.

Marjory Peterson lived in the country. She was afraid to go out in the dark, but she did not like to say so.

It happened one day that she was invited to a Halloween party. It was to start at 8 o'clock and she forgot to ask her mother until about 7 o'clock. She said: "Mamma, may I go over to Beattie White's house? She is going to have a party."

A Jolly Snow Ride

By Sarah Gridley, Aged 13 Years, Dietz, Wyo. Red.

"Oh, I wish it would snow!" said the Brown twins for the third or fourth time that evening. "We could have such a good time coasting."

Ella's Halloween Party

By Mildred White, Aged 11 Years, 14 East Twelfth Street, Fremont, Neb.

"Oh, mamma, can I have a Halloween party?" asked Ella, bursting into the parlor. "Mamma, I have just been telling you about a Halloween party she had when she was a little girl, and I know it was pecks of fun. She said the boys and girls dived for apples, roasted chestnuts before the fire-place and told ghost stories. Oh, please mamma, finished Ella all out of breath.

Kind Alice

By Opal Nuss, Aged 8 Years, Sutton, Neb. Blue.

Alice was a little girl aged 10. Her father was a very rich man. She was not proud as most children are who are wealthy, but was trying to do good and to make the poor happy. Her little friend and play-

THE LOST RING

By Louise Raabe, Aged 11 Years, 2609 North Nineteenth Ave., Omaha, Blue.

On a little farm near the suburbs of a large city lived Olive, Rich, with her mother and father and sister.



THE LOST RING.

Olive's task was to feed the poultry each morning, noon and night. Now, Olive's tenth birthday had just passed and she had received a beautiful ring, of which she was very proud. One day, when she was in the yard and cried: "Mother, I have lost my ring!"

"Where did you have it last?" replied Mrs. Rich. "I remember I had it before feeding the poultry. I looked all over the yard, but I can't find it, mother," replied Olive, beginning to cry. They all searched once more, but nothing was found.

The day went by and Thanksgiving drew near, and preparations for a big dinner were being made. Mrs. Rich was preparing the turkey, the only one which had not been sold at market. All at once Mrs. Rich called: "Olive, come here. See what I have found!" "Oh, my ring, my ring! Where did you find it?" "I found it in the turkey's stomach," replied Mrs. Rich. "Now, wasn't it lucky we saved that particular turkey for our Thanksgiving dinner?" said Olive.

And they had a very happy Thanksgiving that year.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Emilie Comes In.
Dear Editor: I would like to join the Busy Bees. I am 13 years old and in the sixth grade. I enclose a story. I would like to be on the Blue team.

EMILIE ROBERTSON.
1810 St. Mary's Avenue, Omaha.

Marie is a Blue.
Dear Editor: I would like to be a Busy Bee. My father has taken The Bee for two years and I read the page every Sunday. I would like to be on the Blue side. Blue is my favorite color. I am 10 years old. I will be 11 in January. I am in the sixth room. My teacher's name is Miss Lunn, and I like her very much.

MARIE TAMISIERA.
Missouri Valley, Ia.

Nora's Wish Gratified.
Dear Editor: I enclose another story, "Two Lessons." I was very much pleased to see my story in print last Sunday and hope I will see this one also. The Blue side has won nearly as many prize stories as the Red side and I wish the Blues would win the two prizes next Sunday, then both sides would have the same number of prize stories.

NORA A. CULLEN.
3212 Webster Street, Omaha.

Ruth Loves to Read.
Dear Editor: I received the book today. Thank you so much for it. I have read more books than I can count. Papa calls me a bookworm and says I mustn't read so much. Please send me more books. I'll all the books I have ever read I believe I like the "Little Colonel" series best. I am crazy to read "Little Colonel, Maid of Honor."

RUTH ASHBY.
Fairmont, Neb.

Jean Has Broken Arm.
Dear Editor: This is the first time I have written and I wish to join your circle if I am welcome. I am writing left-handed, as I fell down last week and broke my arm.

JEAN DE LONG.
Alnsworth, Neb.

Eunice Still Interested.
Dear Editor: I have not written to you for a very long time, but I have not forgotten you. I read the Children's page every Sunday. I think the Busy Bees have a very nice king and queen. Ruth Ashby writes just splendid stories for the Children's page.

I want my name added to the list of postal card exchangers.

This letter is not much of a masterpiece, because I cannot use my left hand to steady the page and the writing is rather wiggly. I broke the index finger of my left hand.

EUNICE BODE.
Falls City, Neb.

Estelle Admires Ruth.
Dear Editor: This is the first story I have written for the Children's page. My chum Louise has written lots of stories and has gotten many prizes. She was so interested in it that I thought I would try. It was not for Ruth Ashby I do not know what the blue side would do. I think the best story she has written was "How Elaine Was Kidnapped." I have read some of the books that Alice Temple sent in. I have read "The Pinner," "Little Men," "Little Women," "The Little Lame Prince" and "Black Beauty." I do not know what she likes the best, for I like them all.

ESTELLE McDONALD.
Lyons, Neb.

Evolution of a Pear

