

BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

THE Busy Bees are forgetting the rules again and the editor had to throw five very good stories into the waste basket this week because of the carelessness of their writers in not following the rules of our page. Remember, unless the stories are original and are marked "Original," unless the name, age and address of the writer is plainly written in ink at the head of the story, and unless it is stated upon which side, the Red or the Blue, the writer wishes the story to be counted, it can not be entered in the contest. The Busy Bee editor knows there are many things to remember, but all the boys and girls who have won prizes know, too, that they are worth working for and worth all the thought and care put upon the stories. This week a very dreadful thing happened. Someone sent in a story marked "Original" that had been copied, word for word, from a well-known story book. Of course it was found out, and the Busy Bee editor felt very badly that such a thing should happen. Perhaps some of our boys and girls do not understand the meaning of the word "Original." It is a big word for some of us, but won't each one who does not know what it means please ask someone who does before using it again?

The Blue team won both the prize stories and the honorable mention this week. Jean De Long, aged 13, of Alnsworth, Neb., got the first prize; Florence Walker, aged 10, of Omaha, the second, and Madge Daniels, aged 14, of Ord, honorable mention.

One little girl wishes to know the rules of the postcard exchange. There are no rules. The list of boys and girls wishing to exchange postcards is simply given, together with the addresses, and any of the Busy Bees may send cards to any of the other Busy Bees whose names appear in the list. It now includes: Earl Perkins, Deadwood, S. D.; Emma Marquardt, Fifth and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.; Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha; Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha; Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.; Emma Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha; Florence Pettjohn, Long Pine, Neb.; Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.; Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.; Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.; Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.; Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean De Long, Alnsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reebe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gall Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Marguerite Bartholmer, Gothenburg, Neb.; Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle street, 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 Enis, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 O street, Lincoln, Neb.

One of the Littlest Busy Bees



"THE BEST OF FRIENDS"

On the "Happy Hunting Ground"

By William Wallace, Jr.

JOHNNY Brown was very fond of hunting. He lived in Alnsworth, where game was plentiful, and big game at that. His father had taught him the use of the shotgun and the rifle, and Johnny was as fine a shot as you could find in all the country around about his home. While he had never yet bagged big game, he had shown his marksmanship with squirrels, rabbits, ducks, and other edible game. Indeed, Johnny's mother often declared that her table fared better after Johnny had been a day in the woods with rifle or gun than following a hunting expedition by his father. "Son is satisfied with small game when big game doesn't happen this way," she would say, "while Daddy must have a deer or a bear, or come home empty-handed."

One fine day in early winter—while the weather was mild and bears still roaming the wooded hills—Johnny took his rifle and set out to find "big" game. But he would not let small game "go to waste," as he said to his mother. "If a squirrel or a nice fat possum is foolhardy enough to get in my path, I'll fetch him home for supper. But I'm out today for big fellows—deer or bear."

With his rifle over his shoulder, a drinking cup and a piece of bread in his hunting wallet, which was slung over his back, Johnny set forth, whistling merrily as he trudged along through the woods that cover miles and miles of hill land.

Soon after Johnny had left his home his cousin Fred—who lived on an adjoining farm—came to visit him for the day. Johnny's mother explained to Fred that Johnny had gone to spend the day in the woods, hoping to return with trophies of a great bag, for he had said that should he get anything too big to carry he would bring a piece of the victim home—a foot, a paw or a horn—to prove his success, and would take the business end of his gun and go after the "big" game left in the wood.

"Well, I'll just go after him, aunt," said Fred. "Which road did he take?"

"The bottom road leading across the branch," said Mrs. Brown. "If you will hurry you may overtake him before he gets beyond the first hill. And now that you are after him in the hunt, I'll look for something big—a deer at least. And if you go into the woods far enough you may find a couple of bears." Mrs. Brown laughed, having spoken in jest. She was always interested in the boys' pleasures, and was a most sympathetic companion to Johnny.

Fred set out on the road Johnny had taken half an hour before. He went at a

good gait, hoping to overtake his cousin before he entered that part of the land called by the farmers of the neighborhood "the happy hunting ground." But Johnny must have outwalked Fred, for the latter crossed the branch and traversed the first hill, to find himself still alone. "Fshaw," he ejaculated, when not overtaking Johnny as soon as he had hoped to, "I'm without a gun or a bite to eat. If I don't catch up with Johnny, I'll have to return home with empty hands and an empty stomach. Wonder why Johnny is in such a hurry, anyway? He might have stopped to rest a bit beside the rock spring. Good Gosh I'll turn back."

Fred was on the point of retracing his steps when he heard a rifle shot from the depths of the woods. He felt quite sure the shot had been fired by Johnny, and the sound told him that he was not far from the spot where his hunter was. So he decided to continue his way, whistling on his fingers to catch his cousin's ear. But evidently Johnny was too far away to hear his cousin's call, for Fred received no answering whistle.

Fred was well acquainted with "the happy hunting ground," and took a dim path that led through a deep and heavily timbered ravine, going in the direction whence came the sound of the rifle shot. He walked about a mile, getting deeper and deeper into a wood that was the home of the wild creature. Everywhere were tracks of deer, and Fred's heart beat with high hope, for he felt that his cousin Johnny might at that very minute be proudly surveying the huge body of a dead deer or bear, the victim of his true aim.

Thus Fred's mind was occupied with the happy plans regarding "big" game as he trudged through the almost impenetrable forest, his progress greatly impeded by fallen trees, decaying bark and piles of waste branches and dead leaves. But the rifle shot being repeated, he made all the haste possible, for he could tell from the sound that the sportsman was not very far away.

After another ten minutes of walking—or wading, as he mentally put it—Fred stopped to listen for some sound which would tell him the exact spot occupied by his cousin. Then, fingers in mouth, he gave a long loud whistle. It was immediately answered by a whistle which was peculiarly Johnny's own. In fact, no other boy in the county could imitate Johnny Brown's whistle-signal.

But the very moment after Fred's ear caught the welcome call he was surprised to hear Johnny's voice crying out lustily: "Who comes there? I'm in danger. A great

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 500 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 in this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee.

Tommy Ant

By Jean De Long, Age 13 Years, Alnsworth, Neb., Blue.

"How, wew," said Ring, "so you want a story, little mistress? Well listen and I will tell you one that was told to me by an ant when I was over in Mr. Riesing's pasture. All summer long the ants had been busy and happy, except one little fellow they all called Tommy.

"Oh, dear," he grumbled as he was dragging a stick along. "Why do we have to work so hard and why are they always drumming that ant and grasshopper story into us?"

"Here, sir, drop your stick and come

over here!" said the ruler, who was near by.

"Read this," and the ruler showed him a scrap of paper on which Tommy read these words: "Busy Bees, Their Own Page. 'See,' said the ruler, 'what degradation you have brought upon us. Once we were held as examples. Now our rivals are. If you work hard perhaps this paper will praise you. Go now, Tommy."

"And he has worked hard," continued Ring, "but as yet he has received no praise. Perhaps you, my little mistress, can write and tell those Busy Bees how good and faithful those ants are and you can say for me that by the looks of those stories that even Tommy cannot equal them for industry. Will you?"

"And I have and hope Tommy may see it.

(Second Prize.)

Florence's Questions

By Florence Walker, Age 10 Years, 2530 North Nineteenth Street, Omaha, Blue.

Florence was a little girl who was very fond of asking questions. And one day when visiting her Uncle Fred in the country he hitched his horses to a big wagon and Florence, her twin sisters, Mildred and Gladys, and her two cousins all jumped in and went to the woods with him.

Florence asked her Uncle Fred why the squirrels kept running up and down the trees. He said it was because they were putting nuts away for the winter. Then she asked what the bluejays were making so much noise for.

bear had got me tired. If you are not armed you best take to your heels and bring help."

Fred stopped in his tracks. Tired by a great bear? Why didn't he shoot? Where was Johnny's nerve? Where were his true eyes and hands?

But he paid no heed to the warning; that if he were unarmed he would best "take to his heels and bring help," but went in the direction of the voice. And pretty soon he saw a sight that made him stop to catch his breath and summon courage. There, directly in his path and only a few feet away, was a huge black bear. The creature was walking slowly round and round a very slender tree, in whose top was perched a dark form. Upon closer inspection Fred saw that the dark form was Johnny.

Johnny, who was on the watch for the appearance of the owner of the whistle signal, saw Fred as soon as he came near to the spot of danger. "Go back, Fred," he cried out from his perch. "I'm safe here till you can fetch father to kill this beast that has the drop on me. And don't speak, for I don't want you to have to go up a tree. Then we'd be in a dandy fix, we would. And so long as this old chap has me to hold his attention he'll stay right here. So, don't rouse him by the sound of your voice. Now, go away."

But this was not enough for Fred, who was wondering what Johnny had done with his gun. So, raising his hands as if to take aim, he asked the question by gesture. Johnny understood his cousin's sign query and replied: "Well, I'll have to confess that I took two shots at him and—missed. When I first saw him he was coming at me with anything but a friendly expression, so I up and let fly a ball at his head. I didn't do myself proud, for the old fellow wasn't touched. Then I ran through the underbrush, getting out of his sight. I thought I'd lost him, when, fully fifteen



THE CREATURE WAS WALKING SLOWLY ROUND AND ROUND A VERY SLENDER TREE IN WHOSE TOP WAS PERCHED A DARK FORM.

Wyoming

By Ruby G. Penny, Casper, Wyo. Blue.

- I. Oh! here's a song to Wyoming, With its sheep scattered over the hills; With its sheep scattered over the plains so wide, And its tiny trickling rills.
- II. And its flowers that bloom in summer, And the plains that stretch to the mountains, And the sand that bakes in the heat.
- III. And the wild horse breaks through the pasture, Oh! this is the land where the sun goes down— The land with the bright sun sealed.

The Little Hero

By Elsie Lewis, Aged 14 Years, Main Street, Norfolk, Neb., Blue.

In a little town lived Mrs. Earleton and her little son, Jack, who was 10 years old. He worked very hard for a living. Mr. Earleton was dead. Jack went to school, and there was not a brighter boy in school. One evening they were sitting in the kitchen, when they heard the firebell. It was Remington's the finest house in town. Jack and his mother went, but she soon missed Jack and wondered where he had gone.

"It must be because their wires are dead," said he. She wondered whether this was really so, then asked: "What time is it?"

"And what do the woodpeckers tap-tap all day for?"

"Oh, I guess they are just moving into a new house and are tacking the carpets down," said he.

"Then Uncle Fred began to laugh. And she said:

"I know what you are laughing at. It is because I ask so many questions."

"Not that," said he.

"Well, if you don't mind, I will ask what those ugly screechers are for, and I won't ask another one."

"They are to show the crows where the corn is." This made Florence laugh very much.

"I won't stand it another moment," said she, jumping up. "I am going to tell Aunt Elizabeth you are making fun of me."

"I won't stand it another moment," repeated her uncle. "I am going to tell Aunt Elizabeth you won't believe a word I say."

"Then the girls came running with their hands full of wild flowers and said it was dinner time. So they all jumped in the wagon and rode home.

(Honorary Mention.)

How Doris Played Truant

By Madge L. Daniels, Aged 14 Years, Ord, Neb., Blue.

"Mamma, may I play truant and go skating today? Three or four of the girls are going, and they are not even going to let their mothers know about it. But I thought I would ask you," said Doris.

"Play truant, Doris?"

"Mrs. Lee looked up as she asked the question, for something in her little girl's voice startled her. "Yes, you may play truant, if you think you will be happy in doing it, but remember how many nice holidays you have to enjoy yourself, and remember, too, how your report card will look at the end of the term."

"Well, I don't care for my report card, and I do care to go skating this bright winter afternoon, for they say the ice is lovely."

Mrs. Lee watched Doris as she walked down the street with her skates around her shoulders. At the corner of the block she was joined by the other girls. When

The Kind Boy

By Eleanor Mellor, Aged 12 Years, Malvern, Ia., Blue.

In many cities you can see men on corners selling fruits or candies. One of these corners a boy stood selling radishes. The people passing by did not notice the boy, but would always stop at the other stands.

The boy thought that he could call the people's attention to his wares by saying: "Radishes five cents a bunch." On one of his passes he saw the boy stopped to ask him how much they were. The boy said, "Five cents a bunch." "I guess I will take a bunch," said the lady, so the boy handed her a bunch. Now he had only two more left, and he could sell the other one he would. As he was walking down the street towards his home a very poor old man asked how much he sold the radishes for. He said, "Five cents a bunch." Harry (for that was the boy's name) did not like to sell it to him because he was lot poorer than he was, so he said, "I will give you these bunches."

The old man walked away very happy, but Harry had promised a bunch for his mother, he thought he had disobeyed her word.

As he stepped in the door his mother said: "Harry have you the radishes?"

"No mamma, I gave it to a very poor old man."

"That is very nice of you Harry, because it shows your kindness to other people."

Alford's Great Deed

By Edwin J. Spowatch, Aged 10 Years, Ravenna, Neb., Red.

One evening as Alford was walking along the street selling papers (Alford was a poor boy, living with his mother and trying to make a living) he heard a noise around the corner, so running up to see what it was, he saw that a robber was trying to rob a rich merchant.

Alford seeing what was going on, picked up a club nearby and hit the robber on the head, which knocked him senseless. After doing this he called a policeman and the robber was taken away in the patrol.

The man proved to be a rich merchant from New York, and gave his name as Mr. Redmond. Mr. Redmond offered to pay Alford, but he refused it. Mr. Redmond said: "If you are ever in need of a friend or money just write to me, and I will always help you, because you saved my life. My address is Mr. J. C. Redmond, 603 South Seventeenth street, New York."

This was the bravest deed that Alford had ever done. He was afterwards rewarded by a good position.

Only a Parrot

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb., Blue.

"Mr. Ashton to see you, Miss Evans," said the maid.

"Show him up to my private parlor," Johnny.

Evelyn Evans went into her bedroom and Mr. Ashton patiently awaited her.

Polly, her parrot, entertained him for a while awaiting at him and blessing him in the same breath. Then she began: "Johnny, where is my wig? You dummy, you know which one. The one with the curls which Mrs. Ashton always admires (though

Johnny and the Fatal Game

By Willie Cullen, Aged 10 Years, 1213 Webster Street, Omaha, Neb., Red.

Johnny lived on a farm. He was 8 years old and very disobedient. On the farm was a large haystack, and on this he loved to romp and play, but that was forbidden by his father. His father told him to keep away from the haystack and all other dangerous places. One day he was playing hide and seek with his brothers and sisters. Johnny climbed on the haystack, and when he went to jump down over it he fell and broke his collarbone. He fainted from the pain. His brothers and sisters ran into the house, saying they could not find Johnny.

Johnny's father said for them to look down by the haystack, he might be hiding there. Johnny's brother, Dick, ran down to see, but at first he saw nothing. But when he looked at the other side of the haystack he saw poor Johnny lying there as if dead.

He ran back to the house and brought his father and mother, who came running. They carried him up to the house and revived him. Then they sent one of the hired help after Dr. Smith, who lived not far. Presently they saw him returning with the doctor.

Johnny's collarbone was set, but it gave him a lesson to keep away from the haystack. Johnny's father said that he would see that his children stayed away from it after that. He said there were enough places besides that to hide in.

Agatha

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb., Blue.

In the hurrying, busy streets of the city stood a little girl. She was hungry and she was cold and ragged, but for it all she was clean and neat. An old gentleman hurried by. Seeing Agatha, he stopped and gave her a banana. She thanked him politely and followed him slowly. She could not tell why she followed him, perhaps because he was kind to her. As they turned into a narrow street a man stopped out, and, holding up a revolver, said: "Money or your life." The old man was frightened, but not so with Agatha. She remembered that Jimmy Murphy, a policeman, who was often kind to her, was just around the corner. She slipped away unnoticed and running around the corner ran straight into Jimmy. "Why, hello Agatha, how are you up here?" he asked good-naturedly. Agatha told him in a few words. He followed her, and they saw the man just ready to fire his pistol. When he saw the busy figure of Murphy approaching he dropped his pistol and ran. Jimmy soon overtook him and marched him away to prison.

Mr. Black, the old gentleman, took Agatha home with him. Her tight little pigtail were let loose into long fluffy curls by her French nurse.

Agatha had a taste for drawing, and when Mr. Black found it out he gave her all the advantages he could, for he was very rich. Agatha now is a famous artist. Mr. Black is dead and she is in possession of his large fortune.

She married a young man named Fred Lanton, who was also an artist, and, as the fairy tales say, lived happily ever afterward.