

BUSY LITTLE BEES IN THEIR OWN PAGE

JUST this week remains of the reign of the present king and queen of the Busy Bees, and this is our last chance to vote for the boy and girl we wish for our next rulers. Won't every Busy Bee please send in a vote this week?

Ever so many of the boys and girls have written of the fun they are having coasting and snow-balling. One of the Busy Bees inquired whether the editor has ever coasted on a long traveler. Yes, indeed, she has; and knows all about what fun it is, too.

Several of the Busy Bees have called to see the editor recently. She was very glad to meet them and hopes the other boys and girls may call when they come to Omaha.

The prizes for the last two weeks have been awarded to the boys, who have been sending in some good stories. The prizes this week were won by August Raabe of Omaha, aged 10 years, and on the blue side; the second by Frank C. Scott of Custer, Mont., aged 13 years, on the red side. Honorable mention was given to Walter R. Johnson of Omaha, aged 10 years, and on the blue side.

The postcard exchange continues to grow. The list now includes Ardyce H. Cummings and Grace Cummings, postoffice box 225, Kearney, Neb.; Earl Perkins, Redding, Neb.; Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.; Emma Carrathers, 2211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha; Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha; Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.; Emma Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha; Florence Pettijohn, Long Pine, Neb.; Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.; Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.; Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.; Alta Wilker, Waco, Neb.; Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean De Long, Alnsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reede, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Dehling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.; Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Fay 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 Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Ely Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

One of the Brightest Busy Bees



ELEANOR MELLOR, Malvern, Ia.

from him and then notified the police. Carl was sent to the reform school. He had to be good here, for he could not get away. After three years he was sent home and about two years afterward he was sent to jail for robbing a man's house. This all started from changing balls.

A Grateful Dog

By Walter H. Johnson, Aged 12 Years, 305 North Twentieth Street, Omaha, Blue. One day during the coldest weather, just as Carl was ready to go to school, he thought he heard somebody at the door, and when he opened it there was a little dog, holding up one of his paws, from which blood was dripping. Carl took the dog in and washed his foot, in which he found a big silver. After Carl pulled it out he seemed relieved. After this the dog was very much attached to the kind boy. Carl asked his mother if he might keep her, so she called the dog. She gave her some food and a nice home. A week later Carl went out skating. Curly, as usual, followed him. The ice was not frozen very hard and broke and Carl went down in the cold water. As Carl saw his master falling in he ran out on the ice to the place where Carl fell in and got hold of Carl's coat and held him above water until help arrived and got Carl safe on land again. So you see Carl got paid for his kindness to a dumb animal. Neither Carl nor his mother were ever sorry they had given Curly a home.

Ruth's Valentine Party

By Genevieve Loeb, Aged 9 Years, 202 North Tenth Street, Nebraska City, Neb., Red. It was Ruth's birthday, on Valentine's day. Her mother said she could have a party. On February 14 all of her young friends were there. Ruth had a lovely box for the valentines. She and all her friends received many valentines. They played hide-and-seek, blackman and many other pleasant games. One of the most interesting games of the afternoon was a fortune-telling game. They had a very nice supper. The little girls were very sorry when it was time to go home, but looked forward to another year.

A True Story About Squirrels

By John Herbert Negele, Aged 7 Years, 305 Hawthorne Avenue, Omaha, Red. There are lots of squirrels in Benis park. Some of them are quite tame. There are about five or six that come up to the house to get something to eat. Mother says she has seen them steal nuts. One of them is so tame he will take the nuts out of our hands. One old gray fellow we call the grandfather. The bluejays steal the peanuts from the squirrels and then they scold and chatter. One squirrel buried a nut in the ground, a bluejay watched where he put it and then flew down and got it and then flew away with it. In the summer time they do not come so often. They play catch in the park and chase each other up and down the trees.

Mary and the Fairy

By Catherine McNamara, Aged 10 Years, 1516 Military Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red. Once there was a little girl whose name was Mary. She had a stepmother who was a witch and very cross to her. One day she told Mary to clean the cupboard, so she did and everything went well until Mary was going to put them away. The cups would all fly out of their places and hide so she could not find them. After a while she got so tired that she thought she would lie down and sleep and after she awoke she would get to work again. While she was sleeping a fairy came and found the dishes and put them away, then she woke Mary and told her everything was done. Mary was very much pleased and thanked Fairy Tell-truth.

Life of Abraham Lincoln

By Fay Bush, Aged 10 Years, Imogene, Ia., Red. Abraham Lincoln was our sixteenth president. He was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. In 1816 the family crossed the Ohio river and settled on a small farm at Spencer, near Georgetown. His mother died in 1818, but in 1819 his father married Sarah Johnson. In 1820 when Abraham was 21 years of age, the family moved to Decatur, Ill. Abraham helped clear the farm on which they settled. They were very poor, and he often worked for the neighbors. He liked to read, especially history. They moved to Salem, where Abraham was postmaster, clerk and surveyor. When he was 22 years old he and two of his relatives made a flatboat, in which he made a voyage down the Mississippi as far as New Orleans. The cruel treatment the slaves received, made a deep impression on his mind. He was not a handsome man, but was honest and noble, and always ready for a joke. Once a boy asked him how long a man's

A Washington Party

By Margaret Nattinger, Aged 14 Years, 2003 Pierce Street, City, Blue. "A letter for Miss Alice Morgan," said good natured Bridget one morning as she handed Alice a small white envelope. Inside was a tiny, red hatchet which opened and read, "Miss Helen West will be pleased to have Miss Alice Morgan at our masquerade, Saturday the 22nd of February, from 8 to 7 o'clock—fancy dress." Of course, Alice was very much excited and ran immediately to her mother to show her invitation and ask if she might go. "Certainly, you may go, dear," answered her mother, after she had read the invitation. "But, mamma, it says fancy dress and what shall I wear?" was the next question. "I don't know," replied Mrs. Morgan. "But I will go up in the attic this afternoon and see if I can find anything in my old trunks." "Oh, this fancy was forced to be content and she ran out to ask her friend, Gladys, who lived next door. If she had an invitation, too. She found she had one, which doubled Alice's pleasure. "Alice," said Mrs. Morgan, that night at dinner, "I found an old Martha Washington dress which I wore at a masquerade once, and which, I think, with a little remodeling you can wear, and I can powder your hair so that you will be a true Martha."

"Oh, gladly," was Alice's exclamation. "Can I hardly wait for Saturday?" "Saturday dawned cold and clear. At exactly 10 minutes of 8 Alice was ready and with her hair powdered and with her quaint old gown she looked as Bridget said, "looke the lily herself." Alice and Gladys were met at the door by Helen with her quaint Martha Washington dress and were conducted upstairs to take off their things and put on their masks. On entering the parlor they found about ten more boys and girls masked too, so at first they felt rather strange, but soon were enjoying themselves hugely trying to guess who everybody was. Just then Helen's mother came in with twelve slips of paper in her hand and as many tiny red pencils. "These," she said, as she handed them around, "you must put your name at the top and then write down the names of as many of the boys and girls you can who are masked." Then there was a wild scramble; Gladys would come up and look at another

legs should be. His reply was "long enough to reach from his body to the ground." He was shot through his presidential term and was buried at Springfield, Ill.

The Travel Over the Mountains

By Anna Christiansen, Aged 14 Years, Audubon, Ia., R. F. D. No. 5, Blue. While George and Albert lived in Persia, they had to make a journey over the mountains. They started early one frosty morning with a few provisions in their knapsack. They had come within five miles of the inn, where they should rest for the evening, when Albert, all exhausted from their long walk and the bitter cold, fell. George tried to help him as much as he could, but of no use. Albert fainted and died soon afterward. George then had to go on alone in spite of the cold. After he had walked a little way he noticed in the distance two ferocious wolves standing one on each side of the path where he had to pass. He nearly fainted with fear. As yet the wolves had not seen him, and as they suddenly were attracted by a noise down the hillside, they disappeared. When at last he came to the inn he fainted, but as soon as he recovered the man brought him something to eat. He was all right the next day and so started on his journey again. He reached his home in safety, but without his faithful companion.

Gladys and the Fairies

By Velma King, Aged 12 Years, 2024 Fort Street, Blue. Once there lived a little girl named Gladys, who believed in fairies. One day she heard a noise out among the Easter lilies. Gladys went to see what the noise was. She never thought of it being the little fairies which she believed in. She discovered then what the noise was. The fairies were out among the lilies and other flowers, having a good time. Gladys went running in the house, telling her mother about them. Then she went out doors again and watched them having a good time. Just then one of the fairies turned around and said, "Look at Gladys." Then all the fairies turned around and called out, "Come on, Gladys, and play with us." Gladys, of course, went. In a little while Gladys's mother came out

The Fake Boy

By Morris W. Abbott, Aged 10 Years, Schuyler, Neb., Blue. Once a farmer had trouble to keep the crows out of his corn. He put out a net, but the crows tore it to pieces. So he made a scarecrow. When it was finished he put it in the corn field. He tied the scarecrow to a pole with strong cord. Alas! The very next day a strong wind came up and the scarecrow sailed through the air. At last he fell in a tree. A little while after a country boy saw him and took him to his father. His father told him to put the scarecrow in the corn field for he so disliked crows. That night a fox stole the fake boy and carried him to his den on the hill. After a while the farmer missed his crow-fighter and began to look for him. At last he found him and killed the fox. Again the wind blew the scarecrow down, but did not take it away, but he lay flat on his face. The farmer put him up again but a strong wind the next day took him to a farm house where the men took him to the house. They had a little girl and a boy. The boy, Ethelbert, fell in love with the scarecrow and begged to have it for a playmate with Wallen. Wallen did not like Henry. (Henry was what Ethelbert named the scarecrow). He would gladly have burnt him if Ethelbert would let him. One day Ethelbert went to the city and Wallen stayed at home. Now was his chance. He took some matches and went away and burnt Henry. When Ethelbert came home she asked where Henry was. Wallen turned his head slowly and said, "I burnt him." At this Ethelbert began to cry. That night Wallen got what he did not want and was sent to bed.

How Jack Defeated the Storm

By William Wallace, Jr.

All day the heavens had threatened a storm. The atmosphere was full of menace. Not that anyone could say just how the air threatened, but that danger was brewing everyone agreed. Even the children in the little country school house felt the warning and kept from their books to look out at the windows, for not only would a storm come in monster form over the prairies at a full gallop. The teacher, too, felt that the fine weather which had blessed that part of the northern states for so long was about to end with a grand climax. But to her the anticipated suffering and hardship, for not only would she and the fifteen little children entrusted to her care have a struggle through snow-drifts and stinging winds, but the poor farmers in the community would be cut off from town, the source of their provision. And the live stock would suffer most of all, for a great many cattle were downed to pass the winter on the open prairie, seeking what shelter they could find under the hill-sides or along the creeks so sparsely timbered.

"Children, I think it advisable to dismiss school early this afternoon. While I do not notice a fall in the temperature, I do feel a wish that we should have a blizzard before nightfall, one that would prevent our reaching home were we caught out in it. So we'll get through our recitations as quickly as possible and omit the recess."

The sixteen children were pleased when the teacher made this announcement, and some were more so than Jack Bird, a boy of 14 years, who came from a ranch three miles distant from the school house. At 3 o'clock school was dismissed for the day, and teacher and children hurried towards their respective homes without a minute's delay, the teacher bidding those of her pupils who did not go in her direction to make all possible haste to their homes, for the sky was already laden and wind gusts were coming at intervals across the prairies, carrying dust, tangled-weed and breath, of ice.

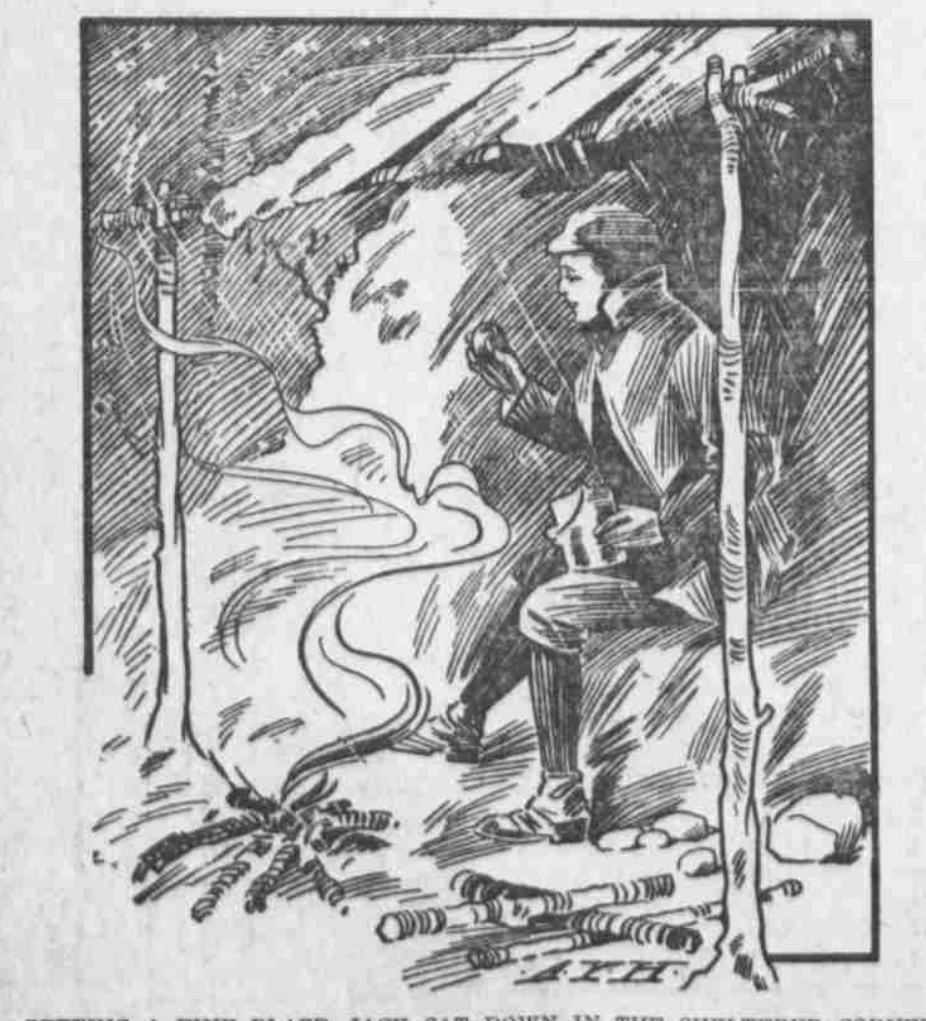
Jack Bird and Willie Sams went with the Grey children as far as their home, which was two miles from the school house. Mrs. Grey, coming to the road to meet her little ones, begged Jack and Willie to stop over night with her, saying that a blizzard was at hand and might come on with a mad rush, overtaking them before they could reach their homes, a mile and a half beyond. Indeed, little Willie Sams lived further away from the school house than did Jack Bird, and after parting from Jack he must still proceed for half a mile on the big section road, which went so straight across the prairie that it looked like a chalk line drawn from the equator to the north pole. "No, thank you, Mrs. Grey," said Jack. "But we must hurry home. Our parents

will be looking for us; and if we failed to turn in at the right time our dads would be out on the search. Oh, we'll make home all O. K. I'll make the short cut through the river bottom with Willie and see that he gets home safely. Then I'll come back to my own house like a prairie fire, for I'll be with the wind. You see, it's hard going against a norther, but it's only fun to travel with it. I'll just lean against it, shut my eyes and let it blow me right into my own doorway."

Mrs. Grey was not quite so sure of Jack's being blown safely into his own doorway, and urged him and Willie still further to spend the night with her, but the wind rising and the temperature falling, Jack declared that every minute spent in conversation meant delay in getting ahead of the blizzard, so, politely thanking Mrs. Grey for her kind offer of hospitality, Jack and Willie hurried on their way. After walking the first half mile, they turned from the main road into an old stubble-field, which led down to the edge of a creek on whose banks grew some very heavy timber. By taking this turn through the field and across the creek they could reach Willie's house more quickly. And Jack was determined on seeing his little comrade in his own home before he left him.

"I hate to have you go to all this trouble for me, Jack," said Willie, talking with difficulty in the teeth of the wind, which was now blowing a gale. "That's all right, kid," declared Jack. "And now let's hump ourselves. Did you feel that sleet? Gee, it's coming from the North Pole, all right, all right." Soon enough they had reached Willie's home; that is, they were within 100 yards of it, and Jack saw Mrs. Sams coming at a run to meet her little son. Knowing that his charge was safe Jack turned without waiting for thanks from either son or mother and hurried back towards his own house. The sleet was now falling with a which blew with hurricane strength, almost taking Jack off his feet. But as he had said, going with the wind was not so difficult as going against it. For the first half mile he made pretty good progress. He reached the creek safely and walked across it on the ice. Then he found himself in the big stubble-field, where a last year's wheat crop had been grown. But he couldn't see his way clearly after crossing the creek. The flying snow and sleet were so dense that a curtain seemed to have fallen between Jack and the surrounding world. And the fierceness of the wind beat against him as he tried walking up the bank in the direction of his own home.

Once on the bank Jack found it impossible to hold his eyes open, for the sleet and wind which were carried by the furious wind filled them. "Guess I'm in for a hard pull," said Jack mentally. "Well, across this field to



GETTING A FINE BLAZE, JACK SAT DOWN IN THE SHELTERED CORNER AND ATE HIS BREAD AND DOUGHNUTS.

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 pencils.
 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, Neb.

(First Prize.)

The Fairy and the Squirrel

By August Raabe, Aged 10 Years, 2025 North Nineteenth Avenue, Omaha, Blue. Once a fairy had wandered away from home and lost her wand in the snow. She looked for it everywhere, but could not find it, for it was covered with snow. If a fairy loses her wand she cannot go home until she finds it. At last she met a squirrel and told him her troubles. He said she could come home with him, as he needed a housekeeper very bad because his wife had died and he had three children to take care of. She was glad to have a place to go to, so she went home with him. She had to take care of the children and keep the house in order. It was hard work to keep the house tidy, for the young squirrels were very fond of nuts and littered the house up with shells. Winter passed and the days grew warmer. The snow had melted and she was taking a walk with the children when all of a sudden one of them cried out, "Oh see

what a pretty little thing I have found." The fairy looked at it and beheld it was the wand which she had lost. She was very glad, for now she could go home to fairy land again.

Thanking Mr. Squirrel for his kindness to her, she waved her wand and was gone.

(Second Prize.)

A Bad Boy

By Frank C. Scott, Aged 13 Years, Custer, Neb., Red. Once there was a little boy named Carl. He liked to play with other boys and most of all he liked to play ball. One day he and about nine other boys were playing catch on a vacant lot. They had three balls and had lots of fun keeping them all going at once. One boy had an old ball in his pocket and when the ball came to him he changed balls and started his old one around. Carl saw him and the next day he played the same trick without being caught. After he had played a little longer he went home. When he got a little older he went into a store and when the clerks were not looking he took a pair of gloves off of a showcase. When he went home his mother asked him where he got the gloves and he said, "Oh I picked them up on the sidewalk coming home from school." His mother believed him and did not ask him anything else.

After this he kept on taking things that did not belong to him, until one day when he was about 14 he was in a jewelry store and there was a watch hanging on a rack in the window. When the jeweler turned his head Carl quickly put the watch into his coat pocket.

But the jeweler had a looking glass fixed so that he could see all over the store. The jeweler saw him and took the watch away

was drifting in a half circle, leaving a place next the bank secure and dry. Into this uncovered bit of cave, walled on one side by an overhanging bank and on the other by a rapidly forming snow-drift, Jack brought his wood. From his pocket he drew his match safe (Jack was never without matches, knowing that one may need fire in cases of emergency when far from civilization) and soon had a fine blaze. "Ah, not so bad as it might be!" he exclaimed. "And in my dinner pail I have a slice of bread and butter and two doughnuts. That'll serve me for supper. I'll just fix things as though I mean to stay here for a couple of days, but hope my plans will not be fulfilled. If the storm lets up before dark, I can get out and move on. What troubles me is that dad and mother will be so worried that dad will be trying to go among the neighbors to hunt for me, and never once will he suspect that I'm away down here on the creek."

With several long sticks Jack managed to fix a roof over one corner of his cave. Above the sticks he threw several flat pieces of wood, weighting them down by stones found along the bank. While he worked he whistled and sang mentally, for he meant to keep up his courage. He also kept the fire blazing, which was a difficult task, the snow and sleet coming down so abundantly that they almost smothered it out at times. But Jack would find fresh sticks, dry as tinder, and poke up the blaze. The wind whipped the smoke about, filling Jack's eyes and nostrils, but the fire kept him from freezing.

Getting a fine blaze, Jack sat down in the sheltered corner and ate his bread and doughnuts. Then an idea struck him. He took his tin dinner pail and filled it with the snow from the sheltering drift. Then he set the pail on the fire. Soon he had some very hot water. Several times did he fill the pail and melt the

The Busy Bees

Leona H. Bays, Mondamin, Ia., Aged 13 Years, Blue.

I. Then shout "Hurrah!" for the Busy Bees and their bright page so dear, That they work to make with right good will each week throughout the year.

II. These Busy Bees oft make mistakes and break a rule or two, But, just the same, we always find they're ready work to do.

III. And henceforth we will all resolve not once to break a rule, And mind our captain just as much as if we were in school.

contents into water, for the heat of it warmed him through and through. "No use freezing when one can have plenty of fire and hot water," he said to himself.

And thus did three hours wear away, Jack gathering wood for his fire and snow for his pail. And while the wood burned he would warm himself beside it and drink the hot snow water from the pail.

Twice he went to the top of the bank to make observations, but was glad to return to his shelter, for the blizzard was one of the fiercest he had ever seen, and he felt that it would be dangerous to try to push homeward. The rude roof he had framed of sticks, bark and stones soon became air-tight, for the sleet and snow filled each crack, clinging there and holding more snow and ice. And so Jack found himself pretty comfortable in his cave. He had kept a path open through the drift, which was piling up higher and higher, and promised to soon reach the bank on the opposite side. Through this path Jack brought in wood at frequent intervals. Just as the blizzard-bound boy was on the eve of going out for another supply of wood—one which would last him for the night, he heard the sound of a voice calling "Hel-lo! Hel-lo-o-o!" Jack knew it was his father searching for him. Putting his fingers in his mouth he gave back several answering whistles which brought to his ears another call: "Jack-Jack!" And it wasn't very long before Jack's father and the father of Willie Sams were assisting Jack into a bob sled. And as he ate a warm supper at 9 o'clock that night his father told him how he had come to find him. He had gone to the teacher's home and had learned from her that Jack had expressed his intention of taking the good man home, so, to the Sams' home the good man had gone, driving his strongest horse. Willie had then set him on the right track down to the creek. And there, after driving about blindly for some time he had smelt the smoke from Jack's camp fire. "But we all had a close call, son," said Mr. Bird. "Even the horse seemed lost at times, though I gave them their heads. One couldn't guide him in such a storm." "Well, dad, I feel that courage and a bit of good sense helped me to defeat storm," said Jack, laughing.