

# BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

SOME of the new Busy Bees have inquired how the kings and queens are elected. A new king and queen are elected every three months by the Busy Bees sending in their votes. Eleanor Mellor of Malvern, Ia., and Willie Cullen of Omaha were elected March 1. They will reign until the first of June when there will be another election. The king has the red side and the queen the blue side. Each tries to have his or her side win the most prizes for writing stories and of course they each try to have their friends join the side that they are on.

The prizes were won this week by Marjory Bodwell of Norfolk, Neb., and Hattie Cady of 2916 Erskine street, Omaha, and honorable mention given to Alta Wilken of Waco, Neb.

The correct answer for the illustrated rebus last week was "Ben put his coat and cap on and ran to the river to skate, but on the road he met a bear." Those having the correct answer were: Clarence Hopkins, 1614 Wood avenue, Kansas City; Fred Borghoff, 1317 Burt street, Omaha; Pauline Edwards, Fremont, Neb.; Elizabeth Rough, Nehawka, Neb.; Margaret L. Smith, Benson, Neb.; Mabel Prosser, 4721 North Forty-first street, Omaha.

All the Busy Bees who wish to send postal cards to other Busy Bees should send their name and address to the Busy Bee editor and they may exchange cards with any one whose name is on the list, which now includes: Elsie Statton, Wilber, Neb.; Kathrynne Mellor, Malvern, Ia.; Ethel Mulholland, Malvern, Ia.; P. O. Box 71; Milton Selzer, Nebraska City; Harry Crawford, Nebraska City; Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.; Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.; Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Ardyeo H. Cummings and Grace Cummings, postoffice box 225, Kearney, Neb.; Earl Perkins, Redding, Neb.; Emma Marquardt, Fifth street 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 Pettifohn, Long Plie, 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, Atinsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reeds, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Louise 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.; Pauline Parks, York, Neb.; Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 O street, Lincoln, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha, Neb.; Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.

## One of the Sure Signs of Returning Spring



GAME OF MARBLES ON THE SCHOOL GROUND.



### 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. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
5. 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.

(First Prize.)

### Two Fairies

By Marjory Bodwell, Age 10 Years, 215 So. Eleventh Street, Norfolk, Neb. Red.  
There was once a little boy whose name was Robert, who told many falsehoods. He was a good little boy nearly always, but one day his mamma told him to weed the garden and not to go near the orchard, for he would be tempted to get some cherries and they were not ripe. He did not want to weed the garden, so he went over by the orchard fence, and lay down on the grass. He saw a branch of the cherry tree sticking over the fence, and he jumped up and plucked two cherries. He bit one in half and inside of it instead of a seed was a little fairy. He bit the other in half. Both fairies jumped up and one said: "I am Truth," and the other said, "I am Falsehood." Truth said, "Little boy always tell the truth," and Falsehood said, "Never tell the truth."  
Robert thought truth was the prettiest so he said: "I don't like Falsehood, I will tell the truth." The fairies disappeared and Robert was alone. He wanted to see more fairies so he ate some cherries, but nothing was inside of them but the seed. He went into the house and his mother asked him if

he had eaten any cherries and he said, "Yes."

### Little Violet

By Hattie Cady, Aged 12 Years, 2916 Erskine Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue.  
Little Violet was sleeping in her home under-ground waiting for the coming of spring. Suddenly a rustling noise was heard overhead, and some of the plants rushed up to see what was the matter. It was spring. She had come at last. The plants then sent a message to the flowers what had happened. The flowers had to make their dresses before greeting Spring. The cloth was mostly of blue, but there was one of a pale pink. Violet wished very much that she might have it and it was decided that she should.  
When the plants were ready they let the flowers know. As soon as she found out the plants were ready, Violet rushed up in her pink gown followed by three sisters.  
One day the leaves cracked under the feet of two men who were walking by. One said, "I shall pick only the loveliest flowers, one of each kind." But the other said, "I will not pick any flowers, but will take the whole plant."  
The man who spoke first looked down and saw the pink violet. "Oh see the beautiful pink violet," he said. So saying he stooped and plucked Violet.  
But the other man said, "See what a beautiful plant, I shall take the whole thing."  
Violet said, "I was too vain. I wanted to dress in pink gowns and this is what comes of it." So she drooped her head and dropped off her petals one by one.

### A Queer Compass

By Alta Wilken, Aged 13 Years, Waco, Neb. Red.  
"Come, boys, get up," called mother, "for you must take provisions to the wood-outlets and must have an early start."  
The boys had quite a load and carefully

and after the first half mile was obliged to slow down a bit. After about an hour and a half of pretty hard brisk walking he reached the place on the bank of Wolf creek where he had crossed on the foot-log en route to the river.

But upon descending the steep bank to the spot of crossing he stopped in utter alarm. Where was the foot-log? Surely it could not have been carried away by the rising water! But so must have been the case, for no foot-log remained there now. And the water was tearing at the banks many inches above the place where the ends of the foot-log had rested.

Ralph was in a dilemma. On the one side of him was Wolf creek, across which he could not pass, for swimming through that turbulent water so filled with dangerous driftwood was out of the question. On the other side of him was the river, a

veritable inland sea, covering a vast por- swollen stream he was caught like a tion of the valley that stretched along its banks. And there was no possible way of crossing the river, either. Between these mouse in a trap. And there wasn't a single habitation in the fifteen-mile angle which stretched between the creek and the river. About fifteen miles up stream was or used to be a cattleman's shack of logs and sod roof. But Ralph hadn't been there for two years, and the owner of the place might have moved away. Well, what was he to do, anyway? The nights were cold and he didn't relish the idea of passing the long, dark hours under the sky without so much as a blanket to wrap himself in. And he had no food save a light lunch which would suffice only to stay his hunger for a few hours. Ah, he had been a fool to cross that foot-log. He had been taught a good lesson, too, and he hoped he'd never be such an idiot as to forget it. But the lesson, while it was a good one, did not teach him the way out of his dilemma. He might go up Wolf creek for the distance of fifteen miles before he should find safe places where he might cross it.

"Well, I feel like kicking myself clean across Wolf creek and all the way home for having been such a long-eared jackass," declared Ralph. "If ever a smart Alec lived, I'm that Alec."  
Then poor Ralph went back up the bank and began to scan the country lying between him and the river. He half hoped to find some other trapped person to keep him company. To his joy he beheld a curl of blue smoke rising over one of the abrupt bluffs about a quarter of a mile up stream. He hurried toward the spot the smoke rose from. "There must be some fire where there's a smoke," he soliloquized. "And where there's a fire there must be human beings—or a human being."

As he rounded the point of rocky bluff he came to a well-protected stretch of level land—perhaps half an acre—that nestled at the very foot of the cliff. And there he saw a comfortable well-lit, a wagon, two horses tethered out to grass and a camp fire with a steaming kettle placed over it. And from the tent's open-

him tomorrow evening. The slave took Hilda back to her bedroom once more, and he went back to Olympus.

The next morning the queen heard sobs coming from Hilda's room and the king went to see what she was crying about. "What art thou sobbing for, dear?" said the king. "Oh father," cried Hilda, "the giant Olympus threatened me with death tomorrow night if I refuse to marry him." "We shall see," said the king, and the next night the king's guards guarded the princess. That night the princess' bed room window was raised and in came Olympus himself. He had escaped through the secret window. He was at once seized by the guards, and the next morning he was beheaded. That was the last of Olympus, but Hilda lived to marry an honest man of royal blood, and they will rule some day.

told him Dorothy was here and he said she could go to if she wanted to. She yelled out and said sure she wanted to go. So I phoned to her mother and she said she might go, so we got out clothes ready and started.

That night we helped Alf do the chores. But in the morning we did the chores alone except milking the cow. After that we got on two horses and rode to the hills. That night we went to bed early, because in the morning he was going to herd some cattle and we wanted to go with him. So in the morning we got on the same horses we rode before and started. We had a fine day.

We stayed all week and had five times every day. One day we took our dinner to the hills. But on Sunday morning we had to go home.

### The True Fishing Story

By Otto Burt, Aged 8 Years, Wilber, Neb. Red.  
Last winter when we were visiting in Corpus Christi, Tex., papa and I thought we would catch some fish in the bay. We bought the bait from the Mexicans and I was the lucky one. I caught a sheepshead. It was pretty heavy, so I had to catch hold of the cord. Papa couldn't catch anything. Papa bought a trout and tried to make mama believe he caught it. Just when he told her he hung it on the clothes line and went away. The cat must have been watching, because she pulled the fish down and ate all of it but the head. We all laughed, because it was such a good joke on papa. Kitty seemed to know which was the best fish in the bunch.

### Where Baby Was Found

By Leona H. Bays, Aged 12 Years, Monday, Ia. Blue.  
Morena Ways lived with her parents and grandparents at the mill, not more than four rods from the river. She was only 2 years old, and so had to be watched very carefully, in order that she would not go to the river.  
One day Morena was missing. Everybody was terror-stricken. They began to hunt along the river and they telephoned to her aunt's to see if Morena was there. No, she wasn't there.  
Her parents were nearly wild. What if she had fallen into the river? The mill was thoroughly searched, but no Morena could be found.  
Word was sent to town that Morena Ways was lost. Everyone was frightened, thinking she had gone to the river and fallen in.  
At last, in looking through the mill again, Morena was found. She was lying on a pile of flour sacks, fast asleep. She had wandered into the mill and, becoming tired, had climbed upon the flour sacks and was soon fast asleep, all unmindful of the frantic search going on for her.  
You may be sure that she was caught up and carried into the house as fast as possible, and word was sent to all that she was found.

### Nature's Squirrels

By Lawrence Johnson, Aged 11 Years, 416 South Seventeenth Street, Lincoln, Neb. Red.  
Every evening just as the sun was sinking little Tom comes to his door and throws nuts to two little squirrels.  
The little squirrels sometimes are bold enough to venture clear up onto the porch.  
One day I saw a boy with a gun across his shoulder and I wondered what he was going to do. Fry soon he pointed his gun toward the sky and I saw a timid little brown squirrel fall to the ground.  
I think it is too bad to kill squirrels, and not let them live to frolic among the trees' foliage and run on the soft, green grass.

### The Best Writer

By Elsie Statton, Aged 11 Years, Wilber, Neb. Blue.  
Miss Brown a school teacher of Woodburn had many pupils. Few of them wrote well because they did not try. One afternoon she told them she would give a silver star at the end of the month to the one who wrote the best. Emma Marek knew or rather was sure she would get it for she wrote the best. Mary Roberts wrote the worst, but made up her mind to write the best and get the star. She tried real hard and hoped she would get it. At the close of the month the teacher said she would tell them who wrote the best. Then she asked them to guess who wrote the best. They all said "Emma Marek!" The teacher told them the worst writer had turned out to write the best and Mary had won the star. It was pinned on her dress and Mary Roberts went to her home with a happy face.

### Aunt Margaret's Confessing Club

Ethel Mulholland, Aged 12 Years, Malvern, Ia. Blue.  
Aunt Margaret was looking for her book and Alice came into the room. "What are you looking for, Aunt?" said Alice. "My book, dear," said aunt. They both began looking for it.  
"Come and play, won't you, Alice?" said Herbert, coming in. "As soon as I find aunt's book. Do you know where it is?" Herbert turned his face away and said gruffly, "No." Aunt Margaret noticed the change, but she said to Alice, "Go and play, dear." She remembered that yesterday Herbert asked her if he could take her book and read it by the brook. She was afraid he would get it wet, so said no.  
The next day she invited five girls and five boys. At 3 o'clock the children came. "Children," said Aunt Margaret. "I am going to have a confessing club. The girls will tell the boys if they have done anything naughty and the boys will do the same with the girls."  
The children did as they were told, laughing heartily. As Herbert went past his aunt she said, "I want you to confess to me." Herbert laid his head down in her lap and said, "Yes, aunt, I will confess." Then he told her that he had taken her book. She kissed him and said, "That is all right now, dear. You can give me my book after awhile." They just began to talk when the children cried for them to come to dinner. After that Herbert tried never to disobey his aunt.

### A Little Dog's Dinner

By Willie Reinschreiber, Aged 9 Years, 1710 South Tenth St., Omaha. Blue.  
"My table is set, please give me my dinner." This is what the little dog means, though his way of saying it is bow, wow, wow. His mistress feeds him in the dining room, but she is careful of her carpet, as she keeps a large napkin or towel to spread over it. There is a bowl, too, that is the little dog's special property. His dinner is always put in it and the bowl and napkin are kept in a cupboard that he can reach. He has watched his mistress when she spread the cloth, and set the bowl on it till he has learned to do it himself. At dinner time when he hears the plates and goblets jingling in the china closet, he goes to his cupboard and opens the door with his paw. He takes his tablecloth in his mouth and paws. He brings the bowl and sets it down in the middle of the cloth, then he barks, to say that his table is ready. But he does not keep barking, as if he meant to tease for his dinner, but he sits down by the bowl and waits quietly and patiently till given him.

### A Week in the Country

By Ruth Roberts, Aged 11 Years, Lexington, Neb. Blue.  
One day last summer, when I lived in Gothenburg, I was sitting in the sitting room reading when the door bell rang. I ran to the door. It was Dorothy Bartholomew, who had come to play with me. When we had just got started playing I heard the outside door open and ran to see who it was, and there was my brother-in-law from the country. He said he had come to see if I wanted to go home with him. I

## When the Flood Imprisoned Ralph

By Helma Davis.

ALPH HAMMERSTEIN was a boy of adventurous spirit. His home was on the broad prairie of the far west, in the very heart of the cattle district, where one might travel for ten miles together—or perhaps twice as far—without seeing a single habitation. Occasionally one would see a lonely shack, occupied by a cowboy or two. Again one would turn round a long, sloping hill to come upon a comfortable ranch house of one story and surrounded by cattle sheds, cow pens and stables for horses. In a dwelling of the latter kind Ralph lived with his parents, his father being a well-to-do stock raiser.

Although Ralph had much to interest him about the big ranch—which contained about 5,000 acres of land—he often found the time heavy on his hands when not attending the little school five miles distant from his home. On Saturdays he usually explored the country about his father's ranch, especially the lowlands, which lie between a pretty river and one of its tributary streams, the latter being of a deep gorge nature, flowing between rude cliffs of rock. The source of the tributary stream—by name Wolf creek—was in a rough, hilly part of the country, the bluffs and abrupt hills marking the country across which they ran like a small mountain range. This gave a certain picturesque quality to the rolling prairie land and the sparse timber that bordered the river and Wolf creek gave a welcome touch of freshness and green to the dull aspect of the monotonous landscape.

The rocky, timbered banks of Wolf creek afforded pretty good hunting, as they abounded with rodents and prairie wolves, and many a day did Ralph spend roaming thereabouts with his rifle; and often his day's bag was quite well worth while, for the destruction of the wolves was to him a sense of duty, as well as show of his splendid marksmanship.

One day toward the end of March, the weather being very fine after the melting of the heavy snows that had covered the hills and filled the gorges of Wolf creek, Ralph, with gun over shoulder and a small lunch and bottle of drinking water in his knapsack, started to the banks of Wolf creek to hunt. The melting snows and heavy accompanying spring rains had filled to overflowing every little hollow in the land, and the tiny streamlets—which during the summer months were as dry as a bone—had become swollen into rivers of the third magnitude.

Upon reaching Wolf creek Ralph was astonished to see it leaping between its banks like a furious torrent, carrying loose brush and tufts of grass which it had washed from the banks far above water line. Ralph had never seen the stream so high and knew that the river into which Wolf creek flowed must be something fit to look upon.

"It's only five miles to the river—if I cut across prairie—and I think it worth my while to go over and see how the old run looks," mused Ralph to himself. "Guess my foot-log hasn't been carried away."  
To this joy Ralph found the foot-log

and after the first half mile was obliged to slow down a bit. After about an hour and a half of pretty hard brisk walking he reached the place on the bank of Wolf creek where he had crossed on the foot-log en route to the river.

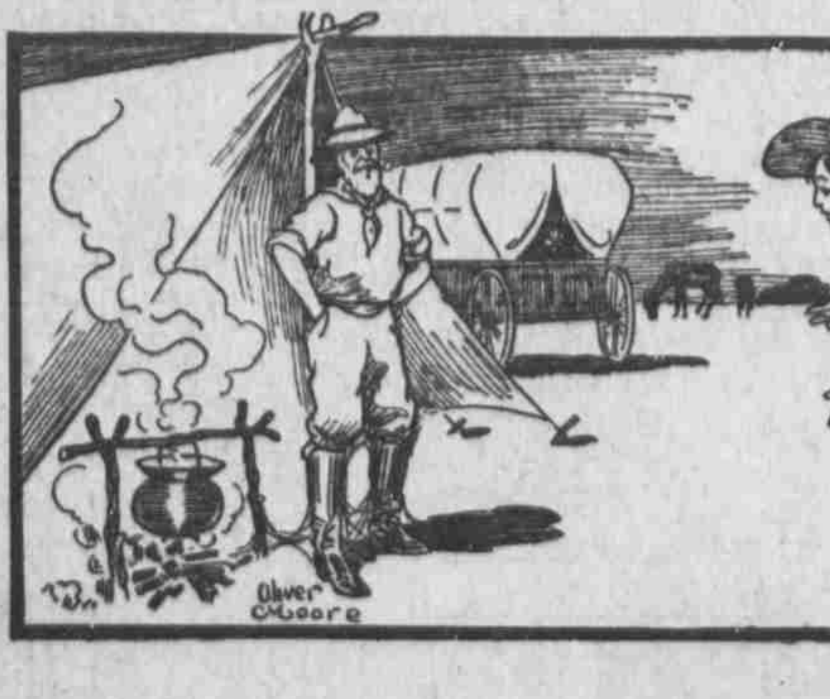
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