

BUSY LITTLE BEES ON THEIR OWN PAGE

THE Busy Bees are doing splendid work. The Queen Bee and the King Bee are working hard, and their subjects are following the good example. The stories sent in this week are good and nearly everybody remembered the rules. The only mistakes were some of the children forgot to say their stories were original and some did not write whether they were on the Blue or the Red side. Some of the new Busy Bees are writing very interesting stories and we are glad to welcome them to the big hive.

The prizes this week are awarded to Irene McCoy of Barneston, Neb., on the Blue side, and second to Emma Marquardt of Norfolk, Neb., also on the Blue side. Honorable mention is given Muri Beer of Oakdale, Neb., on the Red side.

One Busy Bee writes that "the postal card exchange is the best of all." Any of the Busy Bees may exchange postal cards with any one whose name is on the following list: Elsie Stastny, Wilber, Neb.; Kathryn Mellor, Malvern, Ia.; Ethel Mulholland, Malvern, Ia.; P. O. box 71; Milton Seizer, Nebraska City; Harry Crawford, Nebraska City; Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.; Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.; Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Ardyce H. Cummings and Grace Cummings, P. O. box 225, Kearney, Neb.; Earl Perkins, Redding, Neb.; Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.; Emma Carathers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha; Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha; Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.; Emma Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha; Florence Pettibone, 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, Alinsworth, 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 Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.

How Bunny Lost His Tail

By Maud Walker.

TED, Marie and Gracie were prisoners. It was raining out of doors, a cold spring rain, such a rain as even a boy did not wish to venture out in. And Ted, with his two little sisters, had to be content indoors till the clouds should clear away.

"If only we had a good book of stories to read," said Gracie, the youngest of the three. "We've read everything in the library, and I don't like re-reading stories. One always knows just what is going to happen, you know, when reading a story for the second time."

"Oh, I don't want to sit down in a corner and read," declared Ted. "I want to go fishing. I do. Here is a whole Saturday passing by and I'm kept indoors like a girl or old woman. Bah, how I do hate a cold rain when it's good fishing season."

"Well, I wish with all my heart that Uncle Tom were here," said Marie, 12 years old and two years older than Ted. "We'd have a good time if he were here today, for he knows so many interesting stories and games."

"Oh, yes, if Uncle Tom were only here it wouldn't matter if it poured pitchforks," cried Ted. "I'd rather be shut up in the house with Uncle Tom than be at liberty on the banks of the river—just at the best fishing place, too—on a fine sunny day. Uncle Tom is so jolly, he is."

"Children," cried their mamma at this moment, putting her head in at the sitting room door. "I just had a 'phone from grandmamma. She says your Uncle Tom is enroute to town, where he has some important business to attend to, and that as soon as he has transacted it he will pay us a call. She says, furthermore, that if it continues to rain for me to prevail upon Uncle Tom to stay with us overnight, as she doesn't want him to make the long ride through such a deluge."

"Hurrah!" cried Ted, turning a hand-spring for very joy over the news.

"Goodie!" cried Gracie, jumping about the room in glee.

"Splendid prospects for a jolly day!" declared Marie, a bit more calm than her excited brother and enthusiastic little sister. "Now, let's build up a roaring wood blaze in the library, for Uncle Tom loves an open fire."

Half an hour later Uncle Tom, stamping his feet on the porch floor and crying out lustily: "Open the door of the ark and let a poor, half-drowned, two-legged in!" Then, as Ted, Marie and Gracie flew to meet him, he came in laughing and shaking his raincoat for all the world as a dog shakes his furry coat when he comes out of the water.

And then the children led Uncle Tom to the library, where a cheerful flame leaped toward the top of the chimney. "We knew you would love a bright wood blaze," explained Marie. "See, Ted built the fire, and he stacked the wood so as to make it look like a campfire."

"Ah, yes, I do love a wood blaze," said Uncle Tom. "It always reminds me of the time a thousand years or so ago when I was an American Indian. In those days—before I was reincarnated—I used to lie in front of my campfire and dream of those days that have now come to pass. And many things of interest transpired during those times."

"Come, tell us of some of those interesting happenings," urged Marie, drawing the chairs about the fireplace, the big leather

Spring Cleaning is in Order Now



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and leave the page.
 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.
- 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.

Patience Brings Pleasure

By Irene McCoy, Aged 11 Years, Barneston, Neb. Blue.

The old clock was just striking 5 on Alice's birthday, when four little feet bounded out of bed. "Where is the sun?" said Alice in dismay. She ran up to the window and peeped through the glossy white curtains. "Oh, Volma, it is raining and we were to have our picnic in the woods today." She began to cry bitterly.

"Now, don't cry, Alice, dear, and if it isn't nice this afternoon we shall have it tomorrow." She ran to the next room, where the twins, Halse and Raymond, were. "Boys, we can't have our picnic, as it is raining."

"Oh! pshaw," said Ralph. "We never plan anything but what it rains."

"Children," called a cheery voice, "breakfast here in the shade, for I am too weary to rise."

"The reason for old rabbit's wishing to remain seated was the fact that he had hidden the stolen dainties behind him, covering them most adroitly with his big, bushy tail."

"The fox took up his basket, complaining that it felt heavier than when he had started out with it, and added that he supposed the fact was due to the distance he had been carrying it. Then, wishing his neighbor, Mr. King Rabbit, good morning he went on his way, the basket of stones over his arm."

"Then, chuckling with happy anticipation of the meal of dainties that he was so soon to enjoy, the old rabbit took up the many goodies, such as the ripest berries, the freshest of wild bee honey, the richest of grape juice, bottled, and

here in the shade, for I am too weary to rise."

"But just as he set the bottle down, smacking his lips in enjoyment of the delicious draught, he cried out with sudden and awful pain. Then, half leaning, half rolling over in the grass, he wailed and groaned, for he seemed to be suffering most intense agony. When at last he could cease his groaning and writhing he began to examine the seat of pain—his beautiful tail; or, if should say, the place where his tail had been. But to his terrible sorrow and grief his tail—the pride of his life—was no more. In fact, it was being carried down stream at that very moment by a huge turtle that had snatched it from its place at the end of Mr. King Rabbit's back, thinking, no doubt, that he had found a very appetizing morsel of food."

"But what a terrible plight old King Rabbit was in. Not only did he suffer agony of body, but agony of mind as well. He did not finish the dainty meal he had begun with such relish a few minutes before, but got up and crept homeward as best he could, with the poor tail stub poking him, till he could scarcely walk."

"When he arrived in the midst of his followers they all began to ridicule him, laughing at his sad plight, and declaring that since he had become bob-tailed he could no longer be their ruler. They had

no mercy on him, and told him there was no place for him in the camp, that as un-sightly an animal as a rabbit without a tail was not wanted in their grove and meadows."

"But old King Rabbit, so cruelly hurt by the treatment of his own brothers, decided upon a terrible revenge. At night, when all were fast asleep, he crept swiftly from one burrow to another, biting off the tails of all his kind, and when the morning dawned a sorry sight met the rising sun. Every rabbit—big, little, old, young, male and female—were going about tailless, and now their former king was not alone in his deformity. All rabbit-kind was bob-tailed. And all rabbit-kind was in mourning. They attributed their ill fate to their leader, and straightway punished him from their midst. In his unhappiness he ran and jumped into the river, drowning before he could be rescued by sympathizing rabbits."

"But the tails of the rabbits never again grew out, and all that were born came into the world without tails."

"And is that the reason rabbits have no tails?" asked Ted, as his Uncle Tom came to the end of the story.

"So I have heard," laughed Uncle Tom. "But, look! The sun is coming out. Come, everyone of you, get into your wraps, for I'm going to take you home with me to stop over Sunday. Then we'll investigate the truth of the rabbit-tail story."

"Oh, it's too good a story to investigate," cried Gracie. "Don't let's question it. I shall always think of the old rabbit stealing the fox's basket of dainties whenever I see a rabbit running through the pasture."

"And so shall I," laughed Marie, who had taken the story with a grain of salt, but who had enjoyed it just the same. "And now let's go and ask mamma's consent to go home with Uncle Tom. What a grand old time we'll have, anyway."

"Yes, and I want a story of why the chimpanzee hasn't a tail all the same the monkey, his brother," laughed Ted.

"And away they all ran ask permission to go home with Uncle Tom, whose home was on a jolly big farm where fun was to be had by the wagon load."

had won a prize, but her story was one of her flowers," he said.

"Oh, grandma!" said Fanny. "I'll never do a thing like that to anyone, because I would want no one to do it to me. That was a fine story, grandma. Be sure and have another one ready for me tomorrow."

(Honorable Mention.)

Unwelcome Visitors

By Muri Beer, Aged 10 Years, Nebraska City, Red.

At the edge of town lived a very poor family by the name of Nies. Their house was made of wood and half broken down. There were a lot of trees and bushes around the house and an old gate in the backyard, which opened into another yard where a lot of geese were kept.

Mr. and Mrs. Nies had one little boy by the name of Ralph. He was 2 years old and had light hair and blue eyes.

One day his mother was baking some cookies. Ralph asked for one, so his mother gave it to him and told him to go and play, but not to go into the goose yard.

Ralph always wanted to see the "goosies," as he called them, so he went to the gate and looked in. It was too great a temptation. He looked back, his mother was not watching, so he went in.

The geese were just coming from the pond. When they saw Ralph, they ran to him. He was disobeying his mother and being punished. His mother heard him crying and went to him. She saw the geese were trying to get his cookie, so she took him into the house.

She did not punish him, because she thought he had been punished enough. But Ralph never went into the goose yard alone again.

thought how Ethel Lake felt when I stole one of her flowers," he said.

"Oh, grandma!" said Fanny. "I'll never do a thing like that to anyone, because I would want no one to do it to me. That was a fine story, grandma. Be sure and have another one ready for me tomorrow."

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How the Poor Were Cared For

By Marguerite Bremers, Aged 13 Years, 315 Second Clarkson, Fremont, Neb. Red.

Once upon a time there was a poor little girl named Majorie, whose mother and father were dead. She had no sisters or brothers. Her clothes were ragged and she had no shoes or stockings. There was another little girl named Edith, who was about the age of 5. Her parents were the richest in the city. It happened that the 21 of December was her birthday. She was going to have a party of about a hundred. They were all to come with their parents on the evening.

Majorie was going to have this beautiful mansion at the hour of seven, when some of the cabs were driving up and people were going up the steps. Majorie looked there for awhile, watching the people come. Oh, she thought, if I only had my parents living with me I only could have a dress, shoes and stockings and something to eat for she did not have a bite for three days.

As she sat on the sidewalk crying, half frozen and starved, a lady and child, well dressed, who were going to this party, picked her up and asked her what was the matter. She told them her pitiful story.

This kind lady took her to the party and had Majorie tell the rest of the people her story. Some of the people said, "I will take her home with me." But Edith said, "Oh, mamma, I want her. I have nobody to play with." So all agreed that Majorie should live with Edith in this beautiful mansion. Majorie had never thought that she would have such a nice home as this. Edith told her mother that this was the best present she had gotten or wished for.

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"Don't you ever smoke?" he said to Tom. "No."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. It might make me sick; then I never tried it," answered Tom.

"Wanna try?"

Tom stood still, as if thinking.

"Well," he thought, "Papa always says to act like a man, and now these boys are acting like men, and I'm not. I'll call the doctor and you'll be all right pretty soon."

So she called the doctor and he said Tom would be all right in a day or so. And he was, for the next day he was up. But he never smoked another cigarette.

His First and Last Slide for Life

By Willie Cullen, Aged 10 Years, 3212 Webster Street, Omaha, Blue.

Once there was a boy named Ralph. One afternoon he went to the Ak-Sar-Ben with his mother. He took great interest in the slide for life. When he got home and went to bed he dreamed all night of the slide for life.

The next morning he told his mother of his dream and asked her if he could make one in the back yard. She told him he could not, because he might hurt himself. His mother went down town that morning. While she was away he called over some of his playmates and together they made a slide for life. They were having great sport, when the wire broke and Ralph fell to the ground, breaking his arm.

When his mother returned she found Ralph in bed with the doctor beside him. She did not scold him then, because she felt sorry for him, but when he felt better she scolded him for not asking her if he learned a lesson of obedience. He said he did and he told her he had learned a lesson which would never be forgotten.

Shop, the Hero

By Walter Johnson, Aged 10 Years, 3205 Lincoln Boulevard, Omaha, Blue.

Shop was a good shepherd dog that was used in the north as a food bearer. He was big and fat and knew his way all over the north. Jack was a boy, who lived in the north, too. One day he was going to his grandmother, who lived far off. She was very nice to him. On his way a blizzard came up, but he kept on going towards the way he thought she lived, but which was the opposite. Poor Jack got lost. He was just about frozen so he couldn't walk any longer, so he laid down. After a while he heard something. He looked up and saw a big shepherd dog coming. It was Shop. He came near Jack, who was able to get up and open the bag that Shop had and eat what was in it. Soon the blizzard was over. Jack was feeling better and soon got up and walked. Then he went home with Shop. He was the son of a rich man and the next day went to a store and bought Shop a collar. This was the hero's present.

Their Mothers

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

Three little girls, tired and weary from their long ramble in the woods, sat down to rest beneath an old elm tree. It was very pleasant there on the fresh green grass, with the birds singing all around them.

But Bess, the oldest, finally exclaimed: "Girls, it's time I was going home, for mother is to entertain this evening and I would not miss it for anything. Mother is so busy; she is in society, you know, and is always away at some party; she hardly has time to do anything at home. We are all very proud of her. Tell about your mother, Rose."

A doubtful look came into Rose's eyes, but she bravely exclaimed, "My mother is always busy; when anyone's sick, they send for her; she is always doing something for other people. And, you know, girls, I have to miss school now often to take mother's place at home. Now, Nell, it is your turn."

Sweet little Nell gazed up at the blue sky and stopped for a moment to hear a robin chirp, but there was no hesitation or doubt in her voice as she brightly replied, "My mother never has time to do anything for anyone else, for she is nine of us, you know, and she is always cooking, sewing and mending for us. Yes, mother works from morning until night, but she is never too busy to smile on the nine of us all day long."

An Honest Boy

By Willie Cullen, Aged 10 Years, 3212 Webster Street, Omaha, Red.

One day John thought to himself: "If I could only have those skates I've seen down I would be happy." But his parents were poor and they could not spare him the money to buy them.

That afternoon as he passed the shop window he was tempted to steal them, but when he thought of his kind father and mother, who were very honest people, he knew he would do wrong if he did so.

So he hurried on his way home as it was getting dark, and the snow falling fast. The next morning the snow was over two feet deep.

Mrs. Brown, whose husband was dead and who had no children as I would have them, looked out of her cottage window and saw the snow heaped high around the house. She did not know how she could go to the store that day for provisions. Now John had his sidewalk all cleaned off and also a path around the house, and when Mrs. Brown saw how good John cleaned his walks off she called him over to her house. She told him if he would clean off her walks and bring the coal into the house and chop the wood she would give him 75 cents. So John set to work with his snow shovel, and when he had cleaned off the walk he then chopped the wood and brought in the coal for Mrs. Brown. When he had finished the work Mrs. Brown called John into the house and together they had a good dinner. When he was ready to leave she gave him 75 cents.

John was going to spend it right away, so away he ran as fast as his legs could carry him to the store. Here he bought the skates, which cost 75 cents. About a week after John went with some more boys to the ice pond to try his skates.

When his mother heard his story she was very glad that her boy did not yield to temptation that day he saw them in the window.

How Mary Earned Her Skates

By Alfreda Weaver, Aged 13 Years, Herman, Neb. Blue.

James and Mary were playing fox and geese.

He got tired playing alone, so began to throw snowballs. Mary hit James very hard right in the face, which made him very angry. Mary started to run behind the school house when she saw James making a snowball. The snowball did not hit her, but went into the window of the school house and hit the teacher, who was sitting by his desk. It made him angry and he gave Mary a good scolding. Her brother had hid and so she took the blame and paid for the window out of her own money, that she was saving to buy her some skates.

It taught James a lesson which he never forgot, so he got Mary a pair of skates for Christmas.

Tommy's Lesson

By Frances Waterman, Aged 11 Years, 56 South Twenty-fourth Ave., Omaha, Red.

Tom was 13 years old. He had just moved into the neighborhood in which he was now living. He had not acquainted with a few boys, but you may be sure he would not have played with them if he knew of their bad habits. One day he and these other boys were playing in his yard, when one

of them put his hands into his pockets, pulled out a cigarette, lighted it and started smoking it. The other boys did the same (except Tom).

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