

BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

THE BUSY BEES had a great many questions to ask the editor this week, but as almost all of them are answered in the rules for young writers, she must ask the boys and girls to read over these rules for themselves. Some of our Busy Bees do not understand about the post card exchange. The list printed each week is merely the names of boys and girls who wish to exchange post cards with each other. All wishing to join the exchange send in their names that they may be added to the list. The post cards must be mailed direct to whoever they are intended for. Another Busy Bee wishes to know whether prizes are awarded for answers to the puzzles. No, they are not; only for the stories. One of the boys asks about the two sides, the Red and the Blue. The Busy Bees may write for either side at any time and have only to indicate on each story on which side they wish it to be registered. Just write the word "Red" or "Blue."

The prizes were won this week by Jessie Kennedy, 4941 Davenport street, Omaha, on the Red side, and Lulu Mae Coe of Florence, Neb., on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Lloyd Buchanan of Cody, Wyo., on the Red side.

Every week brings new Busy Bees and usually some new names for the post card exchange. The Busy Bees are from so many different parts of this state and from other states that it should be nice to receive pictures of the interesting points from the different places. The post card exchange list includes:

- | | |
|--|--|
| Mildred P. Jones, North Loup, Neb. | Alla Wilken, Waco, Neb. |
| Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. | Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb. |
| Anna Neilson, Ord, Neb. | Eunice Rode, Falls City, Neb. |
| Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb. | Jean DeLong, Alsworth, Neb. |
| Clara Roth, 406 West Koenig, Grand Island, Neb. | Mildred Robertson, Marilla, Ia. |
| Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb. | Louise Reed, 228 North Linmonth ave., Omaha. |
| Elias Stasny, Wilkes, Neb. | Gall Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha. |
| Kathryn Mellor, Malvern, Ia. | Edna Schilling, York, Neb. |
| Ethel Mulholland, P. O. box 71, Malvern Ia. | Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. |
| Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb. | Louise Hahn, David City, Neb. |
| Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. | Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb. |
| Ethel Kreitz, Lexington, Neb. | Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb. |
| Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia. | Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb. |
| Ruth Robertson, Malvern, Ia. | Maurice Johnson, 127 Locust street, Omaha. |
| Earl Perkins, Redding, Neb. | Edna Woods, Pawnee City, Neb. |
| Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb. | Pauline Parks, York, Neb. |
| Emma Carruthers, 221 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. | Louise Shiles, Lyons, Neb. |
| Ada North, 324 Franklin street, Omaha. | Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb. |
| Clara Miller, Utica, Neb. | Edna Ellis, Stanton, Neb. |
| Emma Koster, O street, South Omaha. | Alice Grassmeyer, 1246 G street, Lincoln, Neb. |
| Florence Pettibone, Pine, Neb. | Margaret Innes, 2709 Fort street, Omaha. |
| Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb. | Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb. |
| Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb. | |
| Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia. | |

How the Busy Bee Girls Enjoy the Recess Time



"JUMPING THE ROPE"

surprised to learn that his parents were dead, that Bennie lived in an orphan's home and made what money he could to help support himself by doing odd jobs. Mrs. Stone soon made up her mind to adopt him and Bennie always looks back upon that Thanksgiving as the luckiest day in his life.

Lucy's Unhappy Birthday

By Eleanor Mellor, Queen Bee, Aged 12 Years, Malvern, Ia.

March 8 was Lucy's 8th birthday, so her mother planned to have a few of her playmates over to spend the afternoon. She sent the invitations out the morning and by afternoon Lucy was all dressed in her best clothes ready for the guests. Lucy was reading when she heard the doorknob, so hurried to open the door. She opened the door and in came a number of her playmates. She took them into the yard, and after they had played awhile Lucy got mad at one of her guests and slapped her. Lucy's mother saw her and ran out to see what the matter was. Lucy said she had slapped Ruth. Lucy's mother said she was ashamed of Lucy for doing it. Refreshments were served and then they all went home. When Lucy went into the house she saw a little pony hitched to a cart.

Her papa said she could have it, but just that her mother came out and said: "No, not until you can behave properly at a party." Lucy's face grew red and she said: "Mamma, I will never be naughty at a party again if you will only let me have my present." Lucy's mother gave her the present the next day and Lucy has kept her promise ever since.

Return Good for Evil

By Lanore Rubelman, Aged 10 Years, Tecumseh, Neb.

Once there were four boys playing ball. John, George, James and Ralph. James threw the ball and hit George on the nose on purpose. So George said nothing and threw it back. James threw it again and hit him. His mother was watching and called, so George went in and she told him to go down town and buy whatever he wanted to, because it was his birthday. His mother had the refreshments ready and the invitations sent out. When he got home it was nearly 7 o'clock but it was real light. He went in and there were sixteen boys and girls. They played out doors for awhile and then at 8:30 they went in the house and George's mother seated them and they had ice cream, cake, peanuts, oranges and bananas. They all went home saying they had a fine time. George always thought it paid him well for returning good for evil.

Catching Mice

By Dean Hartzell, Aged 9 Years, South Omaha, Neb.

I once saw in a magazine Dan Beard's new ideas for boys. Well, I thought they were pretty good. One was how to make a cage. I had at first one piece of wood and a pretty big piece of window sash. I made part of the cage every Saturday. I finally finished it. About three months afterward I was wandering down to the barn. I saw a little gray mouse; it was a full-grown mouse. It came near and I thought her in my chest and I sprang upon it and caught it, and it bit me. I hurt me a little, but I ran to the house and put it in my cage that I had made. The next day the mouse was dead. I caught another and it tried to bite me and I slapped it. Then the next day I began our feast when we heard a squeak. I took it to the barn and set the cage by a swinging door. I left it open and it ran. The rain poured on the mouse and killed it. Well, I thought I would put my cage away and let it rest for awhile.

My First Bear Fight

By Marie Verin, Aged 12 Years, David City, Neb.

Once upon a time when I was traveling in Canada, I went to take tea with some friends and after the long cold ride I was by no means unwilling to take my place at the well spread table, a splendid fire burning in front of us. We had scarcely begun our feast when we heard a pig squeaking in his sty. Now, in New England there is nothing in a pig squeaking, so I helped myself to some more toast. But I jumped my friend exclaiming: "The bears are after the pigs!" I got up and ran after the master, afraid of being alone. And oh, what do you think I saw. Master Bruin on his hind legs walking off to his den with piglets in his arms. As soon as Bruin saw us he ran off as fast as he could run, but the dogs soon overtook him and began their style of fighting, which is this: They run before the bear and bite his front legs, then spring back before big plummy Bruin can turn, then bite his hind legs and so on until the bear tries to escape their persecution, takes refuge in a tree. This is called resting the bear, while my friend took a steady aim and shot poor Bruin dead.

Illustrated Rebus



Bennie's Thanksgiving

By Louise Stiles, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb.

It was the day before Thanksgiving and ever since early in the day great preparations for a Thanksgiving dinner had been going on in the big house on the corner. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon a small figure ascended the stone steps and rapped timidly at the door. In response to the knock the door was opened by one of the servants. "The little boy, whose name was Bennie Moore, said, 'May I see the woman that lives here, please?' After one look at the poorly clad little figure before her, the servant said in a rough voice, 'No.'

"What is it, Mary?" said someone who had overheard the conversation. "Who wants me?" "Only a little ragged little fellow," answered Mary. "There was a rustle of skirts and the woman whom Bennie wished to see stood before him. 'Won't you come in,' she asked kindly. Bennie entered, then asked whether there were any errands which he could do for her. 'Yes,' answered Mrs. Stone, 'you may go downtown for me and give this note to my husband.' And she told him the address. She was surprised at the quickness with which he returned with the answer. She gave him a quarter and questioned him as to his life, and was

When the Easter Egg Held a Fairy

By Helena Davis.

IN THE long, long ago there lived in a strange country over the sea a people governed by a king. Now in this kingdom there were many poor people who could scarcely get enough food to keep them from starvation, and they dwelt in hovels not fit for the lower animals. But these poor people could not better their condition, for they were held in subjection by those of superior position. Now, among these poor people there was a named Sandy who had a wife, Sarah, and a little daughter, Minerva.

Always a month before Easter time Sandy and his good wife, Sarah, began laying away a few coins towards the purchasing of some Easter eggs to gladden their little daughter's heart. And for this Easter time they were making some great plans, for not only would they have enough spare money saved to buy at least half a dozen eggs—to be gaily colored by Sarah—Minerva's Easter morning breakfast, but would be able to afford some other Easter novelties as well. The good wife had bought a little white rabbit—a real, live one—and had it hidden away in the house of a neighbor who had no children of her own. And she had Sarah planned upon a pretty yellow chick—a real, live one, also, which was still in the dealer's shop. And thus much happy anticipation was indulged in by Sandy and Sarah, for they loved to give their child what little simple pleasures lay in their power.

But a few days before Easter Sarah, thinking it time to make her purchases, went to the hiding place where the savings were kept to get them out. To her dismay the little brass bowl which had served as a saving's vessel, and which had been put under the rafter in the attic, where no prying eye could possibly make it out, was empty. Every coin, no matter how small, had been stolen. Sarah's heart was very heavy, indeed, and she hurried to where her good man was at work in a shop to tell him of her loss. Upon learning that their few hard earned savings were gone, and that their little daughter must now needs pass a giftless Easter, even on Sunday, the poor man broke into tears. "Oh, be brave, dear Sandy," said Sarah, herself winking back tears that were threatening to fall. "We must explain it all to Minerva, and she, poor child, will understand that it's not our fault that her Easter must pass without her usual good cheer. So, come, Sandy, man, and do not brood down to the disappointment of such a small loss."

"My dear wife, do you call that sum a



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.

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.

The Pets

By Jessie Kennedy, Aged 12 Years, 4941 Davenport Street, Omaha, Red.

Linnat lived in the country. Her father was very poor, for the crops had failed last year and spring was coming and he was nearly penniless. Linnat had two treasures, a pot lamb and a hen. For a long time the hen had been missing, so she was given up as lost. By losing one, Linnat centered all her love on the other—her lamb. Her father was getting desperate. He was too honest a man to borrow what he knew he couldn't pay back. The family larder was getting very low. One day as Linnat was feeding clover to her lamb and was thinking how glad she was that she had her pet her father approached her and said: "Little Linnat, I fear we must kill your pet, for we have nothing in the house but a sack of cornmeal. I know it will be hard, dear, but you'll be long."

"Oh, father!" she exclaimed. "I'm willing to eat mush for weeks. 'Won't you wait till the meal is all gone?"

"Yes," answered her father, "but that won't be long."

Two days after this painful interview Linnat surprised her mother by screaming, "Mamma, look! There comes my hen with a whole brood of the dearest little chickens. Now papa can sell the small ones and

What the Clock Saw

By Lulu Mae Coe, Aged 12 Years, Florence, Neb. Blue.

The clock had just struck 2. The lounge in the big living room moved a little nearer the mahogany rocker.

"I am so discontented," said the lounge.

The rocker started. "Why, may I ask?"

"Oh, nothing ever happens to me," said the lounge.

"No?"

"You needn't say that; you know everything nice happens to you."

"Yes?" again said the rocker.

"Yesterday," said the lounge, "Mrs. Ruston sat in that chair while the children played on me."

"Did you ever consider what you are good for?" said the rocker.

"What am I good for?" sneered the big lounge.

When Baby Pauline was sick mamma said, "How glad I am for this lounge."

When Frank had a sore ankle he said, "How much nicer than the nursery." And, and—

Frank came bounding down stairs, the big clock struck 3:30, but that was all. It didn't tell what he had seen.

On the Roundup

By Lloyd Buchanan, Aged 12 Years, Cody, Wyoming, Red.

Great excitement in Wyoming, when the roundup season comes. The jolly cowboys dressed in their chaps, spurs and riding boots go riding over the range after their cattle which were turned out in the spring. Sometimes as they are coming down the mountain side their horse slips in a badger hole and they take a great tumble but are up and off again after the rest. When they reach camp after a hard day's ride across the plain, the cattle are bunched and the horses turned in the corral. Then the cowboys are ready to be your father's successor, and you'll be a good king and a great one."

"Ah, Fairy, if all that you say comes to pass the poor of this kingdom shall become rich, for there's enough—and to spare—in this fine land to make all happy and prosperous. And this good man, his wife and daughter—"

"The good man and his wife shall be cared for by you, Prince," said the fairy, "for their daughter, Minerva, will grow into a beautiful and noble woman and become your queen."

"I wish for nothing more than that," said Bano, taking Minerva's little hand in his and kissing it with the air of a knight.

"And now, Fairy, lead me. I shall follow you."

"And if there's any fighting to do, I want to be in the front ranks," cried Sandy, rushing to the side of Bano.

"And you remain with your daughter," said the fairy to Sarah. "Tomorrow you'll all breakfast in the palace with the reigning king, who is to be led to victory by his young son, Prince Bano."

Then, the fairy leading them, Sandy and Bano went from the house, while Sarah and Minerva dropped on their knees to offer prayers for their safe return.

And throughout the realm the news spread before the sun had sunk: "Our beloved king is coming from his long exile! All hail our rightful king! Down with the usurper!"

And when Easter Sunday dawned there was joy in the land, for the cruel usurper and his wicked wife had been banished to a distant island, where they should pass their lives in captivity, and once more a good king ruled over the people, banishing poverty and bringing about happiness and plenty. And best beloved in all that kingdom were the young Prince Bano and his little bride-to-be, Minerva, who had been made a princess by Prince Bano's royal father.

And so long as they lived, never, never did Sandy, Sarah, Bano, Minerva and the king forget that Easter egg which, though poor and cracked, held the fairy of their happier days.



THE DEALER TOOK IT UP, LOOKED IT OVER AND NAMED A PRICE TWICE TOO LARGE FOR A CRACKED EGG.