

# BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

**A** FEW of the Busy Bees forgot to read the rules carefully this week. One little girl forgot to give her age and another sent in a story that was not original. And one of the best stories received contained about 400 words instead of 250 or less, as the rules provide. But most of the Busy Bees have sent in splendid stories, and some more than one, which will be saved for next week. Some votes have been sent in for the June election of Queen and King. One Busy Bee voted for Willie Cullen for King, but he is the present King and Eleanor Mellor the Queen, so they cannot serve again for a few months.

The prizes were won this week by Ruth Ashby of Fairmont, Neb., on the Blue side, first, and Edythe Kreitz of Lexington, Neb., on the Red side, second. Honorable mention was given to Helen Goodrich of 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha, who also sent in some good original poetry.

The answer to the illustrated rebus for last week was: "Three o'clock two bears started forth to see the world, but they saw a huge dog and ran home as fast as possible." A correct answer was sent in by Arild Olsen.

For the Busy Bees who have written to ask about the postal card exchange the editor will explain. A number of the Busy Bees are making a collection of postal cards and enjoy receiving them from children in other cities and towns. Any of the Busy Bees may exchange postal cards with any of the other Busy Bees whose name appears on the list. And those who wish to join the exchange may do so by sending their name and address to the Busy Bee editor. Some new games are added this week and the list now includes:

- |  |  |
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| Jean DeLong, Alnsworth, Neb.                                   | Gall Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha.               |
| Lillian Morwin, Beaver City, Neb.                              | Juanita Jones, 258 Fort street, Omaha.                 |
| Mabel Witt, Bonnington, Neb.                                   | Ava Morris, Franklin street, Omaha.                    |
| Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.                                   | Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha.            |
| Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.                                   | Ella Fisher, 1219 South Eleventh street, Omaha.        |
| Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.                                     | Louise Raabe, 269 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.      |
| Clara Hilde, David City, Neb.                                  | Emma Carruthers, 231 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. |
| Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.             | Walter Johnson, 286 North Twentieth street, Omaha.     |
| Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.                                      | Madge L. Davale, 674 North Twentieth street, Omaha.    |
| Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.                                  | James Richmond, Orleans, Neb.                          |
| Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.                       | Zola Hedden, Orleans, Neb.                             |
| Clara Roth, 65 West Koenig, Grand Island, Neb.                 | Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.                         |
| Alice Grassmeyer, 154 C street, Lincoln, Neb.                  | Edith Perkins, Redding, Neb.                           |
| Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.                                  | Emma Kostal, 1515 O street, South Omaha.               |
| Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.                                 | Edna Ellis, Stanton, Neb.                              |
| Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.                                   | Clara Miller, Ute, Neb.                                |
| Florence Pettijohn, Long Pine, Neb.                            | Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.                           |
| Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.                                     | Elsie Stastry, Wilber, Neb.                            |
| Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.                                  | Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.                                |
| Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.                             | Pauline Parks, York, Neb.                              |
| Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.                            | Edna Behling, York, Neb.                               |
| Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.                           | Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.                      |
| Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb. | Ethel Mulholland, P. O. box 71, Malvern Ia.            |
| Mildred P. Jones, North Loup, Neb.                             | Eleanor Mellor, Malvern Ia.                            |
| Hester Hutt, Octavia, Neb.                                     | Kathryn Mellor, Malvern Ia.                            |
| Mayer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha.                         | Mildred Robertson, Maralia, Ia.                        |
|  | Ruth Robertson, Manila, Ia.                            |

## Flossie's Unique Picnic

By Mand Walker.

**F**LOSSIE WADE sat on the porch in a deep study, her brows knitted and her lips pursed up into a severe pucker. "I'm going to do it," she said emphatically, speaking to herself. "I'm going to do it."

"Who are you talking to, Sis?" asked a jolly boyish voice, and Flossie looked up to see Fred Brown standing beside her. "Are you chatting to the porch post?" Fred continued jokingly.

"No, I'm talking to good company," laughed Flossie, her brow smoothing out and her lips losing their pucker. "But how did you creep in here without my seeing you, Mister?"

"I came as thin air and then materialized," said Fred in a light vein. "Don't you believe in materialization?"

"Oh, Fred, stop joking and be serious. I'm thinking."

"Don't do anything so rash," protested Fred with assumed gravity. "Don't you know that thinking is a dangerous experiment in hot weather?"

"Come, stop fooling," commanded Flossie, rising and standing on the porch steps close to Fred. "Now, if you'll be serious for once in your life, Mister Frederick, I'll let you into a little secret I have found it impossible to keep without sharing with someone else."

"A thousand thanks for the promised confidence," said Fred with a low bow. "And I'll promise you that you will not regret having chosen me as the happy fellow to own one-half of your secret. Is it about a party—or a new frock?"

"Then you think me so silly as all that?" And Flossie's brows drew into a straight line and a suggestion of a pucker came on her lips again.

"No, no," protested Fred. "I was merely guessing. But, come, I'll be serious and listen with all my ears."

"Well, I want you to promise to help me out in a scheme," said Flossie. "Don't look frightened. It won't mean very much work on your part; but it will mean some money."

"At your service," said Fred, jingling some small coins in his pocket. "But, Sis, let me warn you to use caution on—silly, on the money question. I've got to go."

"Never mind what you've got to go for, Mister Fred Brown," said Flossie, coolly. "Now, you know how much has been done these last few years for open-air excursions for the poor children of our town. You and I both strained every nerve and heavily broke our backs last summer to raise money for the children of the Orphan's hospital that they might have a week extra in the country. Well, I've been thinking of some other poor-children that need a little outing occasionally, and they seem to have overlooked entirely by those interested in such matters. I want you to help me and—ask—ask no ques-

tions. Will you, Fred?"

"Sure, Sis." And Fred put out his hand and clasped that of his little friend in a solemn promise. "And I'll chain my curiosity—I'll never ask a question till the time for questions arrives."

Then Flossie unfolded a part of her plan, giving Fred instructions as to what he was to do. At the end of half an hour Fred bade her adieu and hurried off declaring that since he had to manage somehow to raise money enough to pay for the use of four large picnic wagons for a whole day, and drivers to boot, it behooved him to be getting a move on himself.

Then Flossie went into the house and telephoned to several of her young friends asking them to call that evening after supper as she wanted to talk over a plan for a picnic.

That evening Flossie explained to her girl friends who had assembled that she was arranging for a picnic in the big grove near the lake two miles from town, and that if everything went through as planned one week from that day. The girls applauded her plan, thinking it was to be a picnic for young folks, with a few of the mothers as chaperones.

And each girl promised a big basket of luncheon, becoming excited and talking over the many dainty viands that would be most appetizing in the woods.

The week passed very quickly for Flossie and Fred, for both had so much to attend to in completing their picnic arrangements.

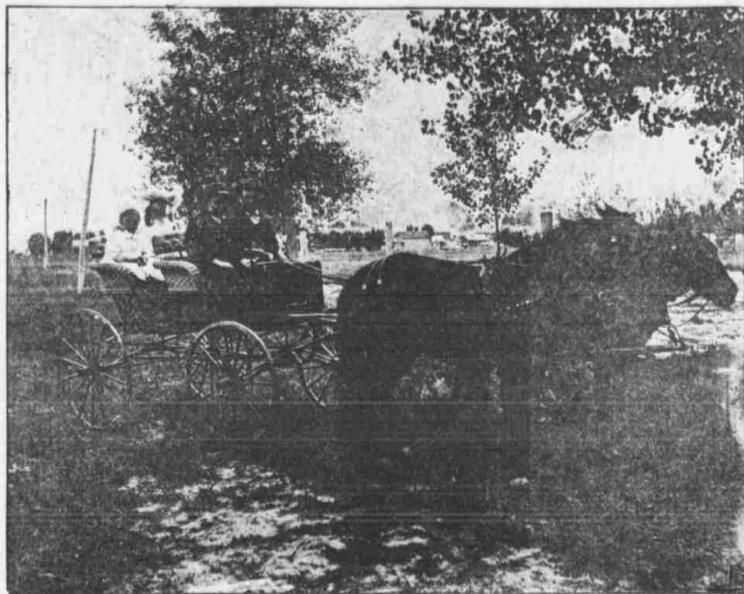
"Well, Sis," said Bert the evening before the day set for the picnic. "I've got the money together to hire the picnic wagons. And I had enough left to get a dozen flags to adorn the wagons. Gee, we'll swing through town as gay as you please with colors flying and—listen a band playing. Pop, (to Flossie's great delight) a real live band of six pieces!"

"Why, Fred, how did you manage to do all that? You are a hustler when it comes to raising picnic funds!" And Flossie looked pleased. "Well, Sis, it's this way: I went to Dad first and told him you had some sort of a picnic scheme afoot—something for some poor children who had been forgotten by everybody else—and hinted that I'd like for him to give us a little contribution as a starter. Well, Dad likes you immensely, Sis, and he just pulled out a ten-spot and gave me, saying I was to tell you that it was for you he had been so liberal. Now, wasn't he all O. K.?"

"That was just splendid, Fred," declared Flossie. "And now how about the rest of the money?"

"Well, you see, I didn't want your little plan to fall through, Sis, so I—Well, I put what I had in bank into the fund. No, no, not a word! I won't hear a word about it. It's half my picnic; so I have a right to put in what I please. It was only—well, it was only seven dollars, you see. Hardly enough to count. The wagons—each with a driver—are five dollars apiece

## The Shetland Pony Team



KENNETH AND DOUGLAS THORNTON OF GERING, NEB.

thin and tattered garments on, trying to sell matches.

She hastened up to the corner where the girl was standing and said:

"What is your name, my dear, and why are you sobbing?"

"My name is Susan Bentley," replied the girl, "and I am sobbing because tomorrow the landlord comes and we have no money to pay the rent."

"How much is the rent?" asked Genevieve.

"Five dollars," replied Susan.

Genevieve gave one glance at her cherished book, but one was enough for her. She thought of this poor girl, who likely had nothing to eat; so, turning to Susan, and handing the purse to her, she said: "Here is \$10; I hope it will help you some."

"Oh, thank you; thank you," replied the girl; "I am so glad for mother's sake."

When Genevieve went home and told her mother, Mrs. Fremont kissed her and said that she hoped Genevieve would always be as unselfish as this time and, as she so much wished for a music box, she would buy her one.

all give him some money as a reward for his bravery."

After the train had gone Robert sat down to count his money and he found he had \$35.

## Star Dollars

By Zetta Bennett, Aged 13 Years, Elgin, Neb.—Blue.

Once there was a little girl whose father and mother died leaving her very poor. At last she had nothing but the clothes on her back and a loaf of bread in her hand, so she went into the forest trusting God.

Soon she met an old man, who begged for some bread. She handed him the whole loaf, and with a God bless you, sir, walked on.

She next met a little girl who wanted a bonnet, and to her she gave her bonnet. When she had gone a little way she met another girl and to her she gave her dress. She next met a girl and to her she gave her petticoat, for, thought the little girl, it is growing dark and no one will see me. Just then some stars fell down in the form of money, and among them she found a petticoat of the finest linen, and in this she collected enough money to make her rich the rest of her life.

## The Brave Boy

By Velma Robbins, Aged 5 Years, E. In.

It was in the summer time and Harry's mother was calling him. He jumped up from the doorstep and went in the back yard. "My boy," said his mother, "will you like this lunch to the blind woman by the door?"

Oh, yes, I would be glad to carry it, Harry went away. He picked some flowers for the blind woman and then hurried back, for he knew that his mother would be anxious for him. Soon he reached the woman's home. He gave her the lunch and then read a chapter out of the Bible. The blind woman asked him to pray for her and he did. When he was going home he heard a trickling sound that sounded like water. He thought a moment and with a loud scream exclaimed, "A hole in the dike!" He sat down and put his finger in the hole. He sat there till the next morning, when a man came and said: "Why, child, what are you doing there?"

"There is a hole in the dike," said Harry. "You poor child," said the man, and he let the boy free. He went home and told his mother. His mother said: "My brave boy; you have saved us."

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## How Grass Came

Lillian Wirt, Age 9 Years, 4158 Cass street, Omaha, Blue.

A long time ago the earth did not have any grass, it had nothing but the hard, dry soil.

One day Mother Earth was thinking very hard how she could have that she could have a nice new dress.

"As she sat thinking, a Robin flew up. 'I think I can get you a new dress,' he said. 'I will be back before long,' and away he flew.

He was going to fairy land to ask the fairy queen about it. When he told her of his errand, she consented to go with him. When she got to the earth, for it was in the moon she watched her wand three times around her head, and said: "What kind of a dress do you want?"

"Oh, a bright one that will match the trees," was the answer.

"Very well, by tomorrow morning your wish will be granted, and she vanished. But what she had said was true, for the next morning the earth was dressed in green.

But for fear the earth would grow vain if she had her dress all the time, she had a brown one in fall, white in winter, and green during spring and summer.

And this is how the grass came.

## The Cherry Tree's Story

By Anna Christianen, Age 14 Years, E. P. D. 8, Box 14, Audubon, Ia. Blue.

"Oh, dear me! It does seem like spring will never come. I just wish I could be the first cherry tree to bring forth my blossoms this year."

At last spring came warm and bright and with it came the cherry tree's wish.

"Oh, I am so happy my wish is gratified," said the little tree.

After it had all blossomed out, the weather began to get cooler. One evening it turned bitter cold and Jack Frost came out. He came and cut the cherry tree.

The next day all its blossoms were frozen off. Now the cherry tree regretted what it had wished. "Oh! had I not have been so selfish as wanting to bring forth my blossoms first, I probably would have had both blossoms and fruit."

## Go Fishing

By Ronald Wycokoff, Aged 9 Years, Box 51, Wilber, Neb. Blue.

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Jimmie. One Saturday Jimmie asked his mother if he could go to Elbert Jenette's house.

"Yes, Jimmie," mother replied. "What are you going to do there?"

"Elbert and I are going fishing at the river at 9 o'clock," said Jimmie.

Jimmie's uncle went with him. When Jimmie got there they got ready to go fishing and went to the river. They stayed at the river till 2 o'clock. After dinner they went fishing again till 4 o'clock, and then they went home. Elbert had to go for his cow and Jimmie went with him. But just as quick as they came back with cow Jimmie had to go home. So the next Saturday Elbert went to Jimmie's house.



## Little Folk

**Little Folk**  
BY  
**Little Folk**

## 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, Mo.

## Leonard's Burglar

(First Prize.)  
By Ruth Ashby, Aged 13 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue.

Leonard's father and mother had gone away for the night, leaving him alone with Emma, the servant girl.

Emma slept in one part of the house and Leonard in the other.

It was a queer old house, especially the left wing, where the bedrooms were. All the windows were very high, where one could not possibly reach them, even when standing on one of the low dressers. Now Mr. and Mrs. Duval kept a great deal of

money, jewelry and silver in their room, where Leonard slept.

In the middle of the night Leonard awoke and, on the other side of the room by the dying fire, he saw a man at work on the safe. He slipped up and went out, bolting the door, all very quietly.

He went to Emma's room, but she was inclined to scream. Finally, however, they telephoned to the police. They were such a long time coming! Or, so it seemed to the waiting boy. But at last they came. Opening the door, they saw the burglar kneeling before the safe. He had Mrs. Duval's diamond necklace in his hands. The police handcuffed him and led him away. The next day Mr. and Mrs. Duval and Baby Gwendoline returned home. They were proud of Leonard.

## Genevieve's Music Box

(Honorable Mention.)  
By Helen Goodrich, Aged 13 Years, 4010 Nicholas Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue.

Genevieve Fremont had long wished for a music box, so one day when her uncle gave her a quarter she decided to save her money. So by running errands and helping her mother she found she had \$10.

She lived in the city, but had very seldom gone into the business section alone, but one bitter winter day her mother allowed her the privilege and accordingly about 2 o'clock in the afternoon we find her, warmly wrapped up in furs and mittens, walking toward the music store.

Since it was only a few blocks from her home she reached it and was gazing admiringly at a music box when she heard a faint moan. Looking around she saw a girl of about her own age, with

## How Lion Guarded the House

(Second Prize.)  
By Edythe Kreitz, Aged 11 Years, Lexington, Neb. Red.

Our neighbors owned a large Newfoundland

and wanted to prove himself her very best friend in every way possible.

The next morning at 9 o'clock a strange-looking procession was to be seen going through the Wads gate, and Flossie stood on the porch to welcome those who composed it. First came two old men, stooped and feeble, supporting themselves on their heavy walking sticks. Next were an old white-haired woman and a pale-faced younger one, the latter very frail and ill in appearance. Then came an old cripple, a poor Italian street-organ grinder; and following him the shoe cobbler and his wife, a nice, jolly-faced old German couple who lived in a meager shanty down by the railroad tracks. And ending the procession were six poor stragglers, seemingly not one of them acquainted with the other. Two of the six were women, one a poor seamstress who had just been released from the hospital, where she had suffered quite a severe illness, and the other a dear old woman who lived in a tenement with her grandsons whose small earnings could hardly keep the wolf from the door. The other four were men of poverty, age and ill health, three out of the four being past 50.

Flossie's mother, who was to go with the party as chaperon, looked on the gathering crowd with some surprise, tears of sympathy in her eyes. She had not questioned her daughter regarding the invited, knowing that whatever Flossie did would be perfectly right. But some of Flossie's girl comrades were a bit displeased when they beheld the old, the crippled, the sick and poor, for they had had no notion of anything of the sort.

"Say, Stella," whispered Grace Evans, two of the girls whom Flossie had invited to be the party, "what do you think of going on a picnic with these job-lot of humanity? I think it anything but agreeable. Now, I fully approve of charity—but not of mixing, you know."

But before Stella could answer her companion's question a merry sound of invited to be the party, "what do you think of going on a picnic with these job-lot of humanity? I think it anything but agreeable. Now, I fully approve of charity—but not of mixing, you know."

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no use having a dull day, I say. Now, everybody in the wagon, and let's be off. Where're the baskets? Oh, there they are. Here, boys (to the other boys of his age), just load in the grub—not into your faces, understand, but into the wagons. Gee, we're going to have a great day!"

Then all was merry bustle, and the old organ grinder laughed so heartily over the proceeding of being "loaded" into the wagon that Stella and Grace caught the spirit of fun and laughed, too, feeling glad after all that they were to assist in making so many poor old folk happy for a day.

And how much the "guests of honor" (as the old and poor were) did enjoy that picnic in the great green woods, with the young boys and girls waiting on them, serving them with cooling drinks and feasting them on all the dainties which might tempt less sharp appetites, and the fresh air and glorious sunshine and shade all about them. And they felt that into their lives had crept a guiding spirit in the form of sweet Flossie Wade, who was happier on that day than she had ever been before at a picnic.

"Isn't it splendid, Fred, to make these dear old souls so happy, if it is only for a day?" Flossie asked, her face radiant with pleasure. "Why, this is the first picnic that the poor old organ grinder ever attended, and the others have not had outings or pleasures for so many years that this is to them a taste of heaven. Let's repeat this picnic several times during the summer—if we can get folks interested enough in the matter to contribute a mite toward it."

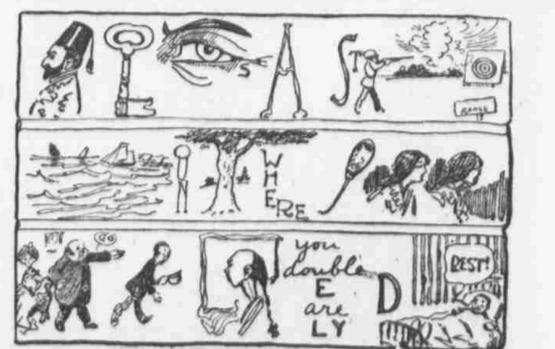
"Yes, it's a real success," declared Fred, fully as happy over the result as Flossie. "And count me in on helping you in any of your undertakings, sis. I'll do more for you than any brother you might have had."

"But, Fred, it isn't for me this picnic," said Flossie. "You must do these things for the poor, whose lives are so dull and full of care. I don't need it; our guests of honor do."

"All the same, you are the guiding—the guiding—oh, what is it I want to call you?" And Fred floundered for the right word.

"The angel," said a faint voice behind them, and, looking around, Fred and Flossie saw the old white-haired woman whose daughter had been so ill in the hospital. "An angel—that's what this dear little girl is," she declared, tears filling her grateful eyes.

## Illustrated Rebus



"FRED, YOU'RE A BRICK!" DECLARED FLOSSIE.