

BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

JUST two weeks more for the present King and Queen of the Busy Bees. We have received a few votes and the editor hopes the Busy Bees will be prompt in sending in their votes for those whom they wish to have for rulers for the next three months, beginning June 1. The Kings and Queens may not be elected for two terms in succession, so votes may be sent in for any of the Busy Bees excepting Queen Eleanor Mellor of the Blue side and King Willie Cullen for the Red side. Up to May 10 twelve prizes were awarded to the Red side and fourteen to the Blue side, so there is still a chance for the Red side, although the Blue is a little ahead. Both the king and the queen have been working hard to have their respective sides win.

The prizes were won this week by Ethel Gipe of Rapid City, S. D., on the Red side and Louise Stiles of Lyons, Neb., on the Blue side, and honorable mention given to Catherine McNamara of Omaha on the Red side.

The Busy Bee Postal Card exchange continues to grow; any of the Busy Bees may join by sending their name and address to the Busy Bee editor. The list now includes:

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|-----------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|
| Jean DeLong, Amesworth, Neb. | Carl Howard, 472 Capitol avenue, Omaha. |
| Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb. | Justina Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha. |
| Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb. | Ada Morris, 513 Franklin street, Omaha. |
| Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb. | Maurice Johnson, 127 Locust street, Omaha. |
| Vera Cheney, Crofton, Neb. | Hilsh Fisher, 120 South Eleventh street, Omaha. |
| Louis Hahn, Craig City, Neb. | Louise Raabe, 269 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha. |
| Edna Hahn, Fremont, Neb. | Emma Carothers, 321 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. |
| Ray Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb. | Walter Johnson, 205 North Twentieth street, Omaha. |
| Edith Reed, Fremont, Neb. | Madge Daniels, crd, Neb. |
| Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb. | Anna Richmond, Orleans, Neb. |
| Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb. | Zola Beedler, Orleans, Neb. |
| Claire Roth, 65 West Koenig, Grand Island, Neb. | Lotha Wood, Pawnee City, Neb. |
| Alice Grassmeyer, 154 C street, Lincoln, Neb. | Earl Perkins, Redding, Neb. |
| Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb. | Emma Koster, 127 street, South Omaha. |
| Edythe Kretz, Lexington, Neb. | Edna Egan, Stanton, Neb. |
| Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb. | Clara Miller, Ufa, Neb. |
| Florence Pettibone, Long Pine, Neb. | May Grunka, West Point, Neb. |
| Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb. | Elise Sinsay, Wilcox, Neb. |
| Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. | Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb. |
| Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb. | Pauline Parks, York, Neb. |
| Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. | Edna Rebling, York, Neb. |
| Emma Marguerite, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb. | Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia. |
| Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb. | Ethel Mithell, P. O. box 11, Malvern Ia. |
| Hester Rutt, Octavia, Neb. | Kathryn Mellor, Malvern, Ia. |
| Mayer Cohn, 548 Georgia avenue, Omaha. | Mildred Robertson, Marilla, Ia. |
| | Rich Robertson, Marilla, Ia. |

Two of the Busiest Busy Bees



CLAIRE AND DOROTHY ROTH, GRAND ISLAND, NEB.

her crib were blowing, but Dorothy was not harmed. Taking her clothing in his mouth, he rushed from the building just in time. Of course, after this, the Gray's kept Rover, and everyone is thankful for the day when he wandered to their door.

Busy Bee Prize Winner



JOHN M. WOODS, PAWNEE CITY, NEB.

(Honorable Mention.)

The Proud Pansies
By Catherine McNamara, Aged 10 Years, 127 Locust street, Omaha, Neb. Red side.
Once there were some carnations growing in a flower bed with some pansies. The carnations had been covered through the winter and so were the pansies. One night the wind blew so hard that it tore the coverings off the carnation.
The carnation was so tall that the wind could get a good hold on it. Oh, dear, sighed the uncovered carnation, "I am so cold." The pansies were all covered nicely and the wind could not get at them, so they replied, "If you were not so tall the wind would not tear the coverings off."
But one day the wind blew so fiercely that the covering came off the pansies as well as the carnations. That night Jack Frost visited the garden and the pansies were frozen to death. The carnations were not hurt because they were so hardy. They were sorry for the pansies, but they had to be taught not to be so proud.

Paul's Lesson

By Walter Johnson, Aged 10 Years, 205 North Twentieth Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue.
There was once a little boy named Paul, who dreaded to work, and would sit and dream all day. One day when his mother asked him to go on an errand for her, he went to the brook instead, which was one of his favorite places. As he was sitting there he noticed the grass move and a tiny fairy stood before him. With a wave of her golden wand she bade him follow her and she would show him the homes of the animals and insects and how they lived. They found the field mice very busy storing up corn for winter use, the ants had their store rooms nearly full and were very busy filling the remaining space, as this was autumn, and instinct told them winter would soon be here. The bee hives were full of honey. All nature seemed preparing for the coming winter. He alone had dreaded to work. The fairy then took him back home and showed him the pile of wood that his mother had bought for winter use, but he had refused to chop any of it.

The fairy disappeared and Paul again found himself sitting by the brook. With a whistle he got up and ran home. He had learned the lesson, and has not only been a good worker, but a much happier boy ever since.

A True Story

By Grene McCoy, Aged 11 Years, Barnston, Neb. Blue.
I spent a year in Washington, D. C., the capital of the United States. I saw many beautiful sights while there. I went to the top of Washington's monument, which was 555 feet high. I also visited the capitol and Chesapeake bay, and the Zoological park, where you can see every kind of animal in the world.
I would like to tell you what they do on Easter Sunday.
On that day the president's wife always invites all the children of the city to the White House, to roll their many colored eggs down the green hills surrounding.
On Easter morning you may see many beautiful birds in the White House. They have great sport rolling their eggs down the hills.
It is lots of fun to roll the eggs. Wouldn't you like to roll your eggs this Easter? I should.

A Test of Honesty

By Ruth Manning, Aged 12 Years, Westington Springs, Neb. Blue.
One day, near the end of school, when the final examinations were about to come, as Mary Rhodes was walking home, something white fluttered in front of her. She picked it up. It was a printed copy of the final examination in arithmetic, Mary's hardest study.
"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Now I can see the problems and know the answers beforehand." Then she stopped, her face flushing. "It would be dishonest and I won't do it," she said aloud. Then she took the paper to her teacher and asked her if the teacher would give her a special arithmetic. The teacher, glad to find Mary so honest, said she would.
That evening Mary met a girl who had been a great friend, whose name was Alice Logan. "Mary," said Alice, "what was that you picked up and took to teacher?"
"That's all," said Alice, "please tell me the answers if you can remember them so I can get 'A' in arithmetic." But Mary shook her head. "It would be dishonest," she said, "I cannot tell you." "Not for the sake of a good friend like me?" asked Alice. "I would rather lose a good friend

Little Stories

BY 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 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.

How Flora Spent a Rainy Day

By Ethel Gipe, Age 10 Years, Rapid City, S. D. Red.
Flora was a little girl with pretty golden curls and blue eyes. She was 7 years old and was in the second grade. She had been to school every day this week. Tomorrow was Saturday and she wanted to go out doors and play, but Flora got up with a heavy heart for it had rained all night and it was raining still. After breakfast, Flora looked so moody and desolate that her mamma asked what was the matter. She said, "It is raining and I want to go out to play, but I cannot and I do not know what to do." Her mamma asked her why she did not make clothes for the dolls. She said she had so many already that she did not know where to put them. Her mamma told her to make some clothes and put them on dolls for the sick babies

How Rover Saved the Baby

By Louise Stiles, Age 12 Years, Lyons, Neb. Blue.
Rover had come to the Gray's house the night before, and 2-year-old Dorothy had begged to keep him. Mr. Gray saw by his ragged appearance that he was a stray, but he did not wish to keep a dog, so he told Dorothy he would get her a kitten, instead. Dorothy reluctantly consented, and with a final pat on Rover's head, went into the house. But Rover, not willing to be left behind, lingered about the house. About 11 o'clock at night, he noticed something red creeping across the roof and concluded it should not be there, so he began to bark. Mr. Gray heard him and came outdoors to see what was the matter, but when he got outdoors he saw why Rover was barking, and gave the alarm, for the house was on fire. By the time the fire company arrived, the fire had gained such headway that nothing could be saved. In the confusion, Dorothy, who was sleeping peacefully in her dainty crib, was not missed. But Rover had been looking around for her, and he discovered she was missing. So right through the flames he darted, where none of the firemen dared to go, and into every room, until he came to Dorothy's. The draperies of

Tom, the Giant and the Fairy

By Helena Davis.

TOM was a poor orphan boy who lived with his uncle and aunt and cousin. The uncle's name was Andrew. The uncle was a cross, domineering man without affection for any save his wife and son. The aunt was a lazy, selfish, envious woman, and the orphan boy who was left to her charge by a dying sister. The cousin was a boy after his dotting mother's own heart, an egotistical, bold-faced lad some two years the senior of his cousin Tom.

These folks lived in the country at the base of a great mountain, and the time of their existence was a very, very long time ago. They lived during the age of giants, dwarfs and fairies, and there were many strange happenings then.

Every morning Tom's Uncle Andrew went into the fields to work; his Aunt Jane went out on the great vine-covered porch to sit in idleness, while Tom was put to perform the household duties. And August passed the hours between breakfast and dinner lying on his back on the mountainside singing songs or talking to himself, or perchance visiting some shepherd on the mountainside, but always idle.

The morning which this story opens was a glorious May day, the sun shining with a genial smile on garden and field. Tom was busy in the kitchen washing the breakfast dishes. He had placed the plates and cups on a tray to drip while he ran to the spring near by for some water. On his return he found to his amazement that every dish had disappeared from the tray. At first he supposed his aunt had come in and wiped them dry and put them in the cupboard. But when he went to the cupboard to see in such were the case he was dumfounded to see no plates nor cups there. With many misgivings he went to his aunt, who was napping like a great cat on the porch, and roused her by saying: "Come, listen to me, Aunt Jane."

His aunt awoke, glared at him in wonder, for she had forbidden Tom's coming on the porch when she was talking her sleep. "How dare you, you miserable, thankless one, to disturb me during my morning nap? Haven't I told you I am not well, and that I must have my rest after meals? Now, what's the matter that you stand there looking as though you had stolen a sheep and been caught in the act? Speak up."

"Why, Aunt Jane, I washed the plates and cups and put them to drain on the tray while I ran to the spring for water. When I returned to the kitchen all the plates and cups were missing; nor can I find them anywhere."



"BUT, GOOD GIANT," SAID TOM, STRUGGLING TO HIS KNEES.

"Ah, ha, just as I thought," cried the aunt, turning on Tom. "You've broken the dishes that you may not have them to wash. Go and fetch the strap from the cellarway and remove your jacket and shirt. You'll not be in a humor to break any more dishes for sometime after I'm through with you."

Tom could do nothing but obey, and brought to the angry and cruel woman the heavy leather strap that was kept merely to be used on his back. Then he drew from his quivering little body his cotton jacket and old cast-off shirt of August's, which had fallen to his lot.

When the hard-hearted, lazy aunt had fired herself out she dropped the strap and returned to finish her nap on the porch in the sun. And poor Tom, worn out by the terrible flogging he had received and suffering the acutest agony of both body and mind, fell upon the floor in a limp mass. As he lay there he heard a heavy tread upon the path outside the kitchen door, and glancing up, beheld a giant approaching. Being in that state of mind where fear cannot enter, Tom lay quite still, watching through tears the approaching giant. When he reached the door he stood looking at Tom, pinched in his big, dull eyes. "Poor lad," he said, "I've heard about you and I braved the danger of coming here to tell you how you may escape this place and walk straight toward the clouds till you come to a turn in the path. Then you must stop and put your fingers into your mouth and give three long whistles, after which you must say: 'Hail, Fairy Queen. I am come to you for succor.' And then your fortunes will change."

"But, good giant," said Tom, struggling to his knees, "how am I to get permission to leave this house? My aunt will never consent for me to go away from here." And Tom, in guarded whispers, lest his aunt might be awakened by the sound of voices, related the incident of the disappearance of the dishes and his subsequent punishment, ending by solemnly declaring that he was innocent of the charge that his aunt had made against him and that he had no idea of where the dishes were.

"Ah, I think I smell the mystery," said the giant. "The other day as I lay hid behind a long-fallen tree I overheard your good-for-nothing cousin bargaining with a shepherd for a flute that he coveted. The shepherd told him that he would give him a married and wanted more than anything else some dishes and kitchen utensils. I fancy the young son of this house is the guilty person."

"And after she has returned to her lazy pastime I'll come back and we'll finish our conversation," whispered the giant. Then he betook himself quickly behind a high, thick hedge which grew around the garden. No sooner had he disappeared than Tom's aunt came stalking heavily into the kitchen, kicking Tom, who still sat upon the floor, the weakness from his

beating not yet having passed off. "Come, you beggar, and start the dinner," commanded the aunt. "Go into the garden and gather some garlic and beans. Make a nice pot of soup for your uncle and cousin. And don't forget to put my name in the pot. And I want a nice piece of mutton broiled to a turn before a brisk fire. See that the drippings are not wasted. And put the freshest loaf on the table and keep the stale one for yourself. It ought to keep you supplied for a week if you are not gluttonous."

"Tom dragged himself to the garden where the giant, seeing him, came also. "You rest and I'll gather the vegetables," said the giant to Tom. "You look ill and should not have to work as you do."

"Say, look through the hedge," whispered Tom, pointing in the direction of the house. The giant did as bidden and saw August, the adored son of the house, creeping stealthily toward the kitchen, keeping an eye turned toward the garden, where he, no doubt, knew Tom would be at this time of day. He entered the kitchen and came forth again, carrying in his arms a great pot (the soup pot) in which Tom was to make the dinner broth, a perverse pitcher and a dough bowl. He made off toward the mountainside with all possible speed, looking cautiously behind him at every few steps. "Ah, ha; didn't I smell right!" asked the giant, who had stretched himself full length on the ground that he might peep under the hedge without being seen by August.

"And get a harder beating for your news," said the great giant. "Ah, lad, don't you know that the eyes of most parents are blinded to the faults of their own, but sharper than the sun's rays in seeing the shortcomings of others? Ah, it is selfishness, my lad. Your aunt knows you are a superior lad to her own son; that's why she hates you so dearly. And never will she consent to listen to a word of complaint against her own adored and good-for-nothing son. He is the apple of her eye—just because he belongs to her. Do you understand, lad?"

"But the pot—the pitcher, the bowl!" cried Tom. "How can I get the dinner without them? And when I tell her they are missing from the kitchen she'll beat me and swear I threw them away that I might not be able to get the meals. No, I must go and tell her."

Then, promising the giant to see him on the morrow Tom ran to the house, going straight to the porch, where for a second time that morning roused his aunt from a catnap. "Aunt Jane, the pot, the pitcher, the bowl, the pitcher, the bowl, the pitcher, the bowl," he cried in her ear. The angered woman sat up and stared at him, saying: "What's all this stuff you're saying, you fool? And how dared you to wake me before the dinner is ready?"

Then Tom, stammering and trembling with fear, related what he had seen from the garden, declaring that it was August who had taken the dishes in the morning also, and that he was trading them off to a shepherd in the mountain.

"You dare to accuse my darling child of this theft?" cried the aunt, leaping from her chair, her eyes ablaze with rage. "By the beating I gave you awhile ago was only a scratch to what I'll give you for this lie, you young beggar!" And then she raised her arm to give Tom a

blow in the face, when of a sudden a huge form appeared at the corner, a long and mighty arm reached out and gathered Tom up before her very nose. With a cry of horror and fright the wicked woman sank helpless into her chair, for she had heard of the giant, but had not believed that he existed. Before she could open her mouth to say a word the giant had gone off up the mountain side with Tom sitting on his arm. He covered about ten rods at every step, and at such a rate was soon lost to the frightened woman's gaze.

And Tom was happy in the protecting embrace of the good giant who carried him to the spot where the fairies were to be called from their work. Giving the signal the giant put Tom down and said: "Now, lad, you'll be cared for without my services; the fairies will be here soon. I shall go back to my home in the mountains—beyond the mountain on which we stand—and continue to hunt for the unhappy boys and girls whom I may succor. I found you through a little dwarf's help. He goes about like a bird and peeps into all the homes. Then he comes to me and I rescue the unhappy one, turning him or her over to my friends, the fairies."

At this instant the fairies arrived, and before Tom could thank the good giant for his kindness the great fellow had stalked far away. And the fairies took you through a beautiful land, where they gave him a nice home and plenty to live on till he should be old enough to work and earn money for himself. And there was a fine school there where Tom went to live, and he attended it regularly, learning many, many things. And he became a learned man and a good one, always remembering his own wretched childhood from which the good giant and the fairies had rescued him. And he was always good to the poor, especially to the poor children.

questioned the king. "He has killed my queen."

Here there was such a chatter of voices that the king could hardly understand what they were going to decide on. This woke Henry up and he found his mother sitting beside him.

"Mercy, Henry!" said his mother. "How you have been talking in your sleep. You must have been fighting with a robin."

"I guess I have. But I will never kill another bird," said Henry.

"This has taught you a lesson, hasn't it?" asked the mother.

"Yes, mother, it has. Now I will go and bury the last bird I ever killed, for I will never kill another."

A True Story About Fido

By Rose Kennedy, Aged 10 Years, Eleventh Street and Third Corso, Nebraska City, Neb. Red.

One cold, wet day in November a little dog named Fido ran into a man's store and lay down under the stove. The man was kind-hearted and told his sons they could keep the dog if the owner did not come for it. The boys clipped Fido's hair and made him look like a little lion. They taught him many tricks. The paper boy would throw the paper in and some one passing by would pick it up, so the boys taught Fido to bring in the paper. One morning after Fido had brought the paper in he ran off and came again to the door with another paper. This he did several times, till he had brought in all the neighbors' papers. The father told the boys they would have to break him of the trick, so they whipped him. After that when he begged to go out at paper time the boys would say: "No, Fido; you were a bad dog. You stole papers." I suppose he remembered the whipping.

Aimee's Surprise

By Orin Mayers, Age 12 Years, Lusk, Wyo. Blue.

Aimee was a little girl 8 years old. She had never been to a party and often longed to go to one. She had often told her mother what she thought they did at parties.

One day her mother told her that she would try and have a party for her on her ninth birthday.

Aimee's birthday was on the 11th of June and so her mother thought she would enjoy a lawn party most.

On the 6th of June Aimee's mother received a telegram from her sister saying, "Come as soon as possible; an very nice."

Aimee's mother left her home in Michigan the next day for Colorado, where her sick sister was.

She left Aimee with her aunt, and told her she couldn't tell when she would be able to return.

Aimee felt very down-hearted and thought she wouldn't get to have a party. Finally her birthday came around and her mother had not yet returned.

It was about 6 o'clock in the evening and Aimee was sitting in the big arm chair reading the Busy Bee's story page, when the door bell rang.

She rushed to the door and as she opened it she heard the cry "surprise," and there on the porch stood several of her little friends with cake and ice cream for refreshments.

So Aimee had her lawn party, even though her mother was away.

The Fire

By Jeanette McBride, Aged 11 Years, Red.

One day in April, May, Eveline and Nellie were out walking. After going a short distance Eveline exclaimed, "Why is that bell ringing?" They all listened, then May said, "I believe it is the fire bell." They all looked around to see if there was any smoke. On the east side of them was some smoke. Nellie then spoke up. "Why, it looks like it is over to our house. Let's go and see." So they all ran over where the smoke seemed to come from, and sure enough, it was their house.

Nellie was crying by this time, for she thought that maybe her little sister and the baby and her mother were not safe. Just at that moment her mother and little sister came running up to her. Her mother said: "Run in the house dear, and get baby, she is in the downstairs bedroom."

"Well, mama, I—"

"Don't stop to talk, run in!"

But she did not finish her sentence, because Nellie was gone.

Nellie brought the baby out and neither one was hurt in the least. They always called Nellie a brave girl after that.

Fern Frances

By Ruth Ashby, Age 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue.

Fern Frances was a girl about 18 years old. Her parents lived on a small farm and Mr. Leslie had never been a good manager, consequently they had barely enough to live on. Mrs. Leslie was an invalid.

On this particular Saturday, Fern Frances was carefully putting away the dishes, when a cry of terror came from outside. She rushed out and rescued Harold from the rain barrel. She had to stop and some eggs for sister's cake.

"Come, Harold, and we'll go and get change his apron."

When Fern Frances's cake came out of the oven, there was a tiny one for Harold. She never forgot his baby cake.

"Say, Fern, could you iron me a clean shirt?" asked her father. "Have to go to town."

Fern Frances stopped the preparations for dinner and ironed his shirt.

She washed the dinner dishes and planned to go upstairs and rock baby to sleep and then read Essey Hart's book.

But Harold would not go to sleep, and wanted "sister" to amuse him. It was time to get supper when he finally went to sleep.

About 7 o'clock, an automobile drove up, and young Mr. Donaldson asked Fern Frances to go riding. Her mother gave her some money and told her to buy a new dress.

That night after she was in bed, Fern Frances said to herself that she was the happiest girl on earth, for she had all the pleasures.

A Hero

By Harold Jensen, Age 12 Years, 1322 North Twenty-third Street, Lincoln, Neb. Red.

Andy Moore lived in a log house which had square holes for windows. Below, in the valley, was a railroad track. One day as Andy was crossing the track, one of the rails was out of place. Just then he heard a low distant noise. Dear me, the cars are coming. They would soon be there. Andy never thought of any danger to himself. He stood in the middle of the track with outstretched arms. The engine whistled, Andy did not move an inch. Everybody rushed out to see what was the matter. He had saved many lives. Ladies kissed and cried over him. Everybody said, "God bless the brave boy!" They took out their purses and made a large sum of money for him. He was sent to a good school and stood high in his class. He then went to college and there was always plenty of willing hands to help him.

Nellie Wonders.

Small Nellie read aloud from her Sunday school lesson as follows: "And the king of Nineveh covered himself with sackcloth and sat in ashes."

"This was a puzzle and finally she said: 'Mamma, what kind of ashes is satin ashes?'"

"Hurrah!"

Summer time is almost here; Hurrah, hurrah!
It is the swimming time o' year; Hurrah, hurrah!
The fish are biting, too, they say; Hurrah, hurrah!
And there is fun the live-long day; Hurrah, hurrah!

Oh, it is grand to be a boy; Hurrah, hurrah!
And a good one, always so; Hurrah, hurrah!

When for the summer school is out; Hurrah, hurrah!
From morn till night we'll romp and shout; Hurrah, hurrah!

