

BUS LITTLE BEES THE ROWN PAGE

Now that vacation is here, we should receive some good stories from the Busy Bees. The Queen Bee, Ruth Ashby, has been visiting some of her subjects in Omaha for a few days and reports that she is pleased with the work of some of the Busy Bees. Ruth was the guest of Gall Howard, an ex-queen of the Busy Bees, whom she met through the postal card exchange.

The prizes were awarded this week to Madge L. Daniels of Ord, Neb., on the Blue side, and Ruth Holson of Burwell, Neb., on the Blue side, and honorable mention given to Eunice Bode of Falls City, also on the Blue side.

The postal card exchange now includes:

- Jean De Long, Alhambra, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
- William Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
- Vera Cheney, Brighton, Neb.
- Louise Haly, David City, Neb.
- Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.
- Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
- Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.
- Elizabeth Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 405 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, 65 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Alma Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Edythe Kretz, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Louise Stiles, Lexington, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Maryory Hindwell, 25 South Second street, Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma M. Nugard, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- William F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Hugh Rutt, Lenah, Neb.
- Leola G. Hill, Lenah, Neb.
- Mayer Cohn, 542 Georgia avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Gall Howard, 472 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.

- Juanita Innes, 3269 Fort street, Omaha, Neb.
- Ada Morris, 324 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
- Emerald Goodrich, 409 Nicholas street, Omaha, Neb.
- Helen Goodrich, 409 Nicholas street, Omaha, Neb.
- Maurice Johnson, 1027 Locust street, Omaha, Neb.
- Hiliah Fisher, 1219 South Eleventh street, Omaha, Neb.
- Anna Raabe, 299 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Emma Carruthers, 821 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Walter Johnson, 205 North Twentieth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Mattie Daniels, Ord, Neb.
- Agnes Richmond, Ord, Neb.
- Zella Deibel, Orleans, Neb.
- Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
- Lolla Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
- Earl Perkins, Redington, Neb.
- Edith Sherman, Redington, Neb.
- Emma Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha, Neb.
- Edna Enla, Stanton, Neb.
- Clara Miller, Stanton, Neb.
- Max Grunke, West Point, Neb.
- Elsie Hestery, Wilber, Neb.
- Alma Wilken, Wagon, Neb.
- Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
- Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
- Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
- Edith M. Johnson, 1015 Walnut, Ia.
- Eleanor Moller, Malvern, Ia.
- Kathyrine Melter, Malvern, Ia.
- Alma Wilken, Wagon, Neb.
- Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
- Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.



Little Stories 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.
- 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 Busy Ants

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

There was sorrow in the ant home. Father ant went around looking like a thunder cloud, mother ant brushed the tears away from her faded eyes, and the five little ants were very unhappy because they did not know why their parents acted so strangely.

"It's not money matters," the biggest brother ant said, "for we children have carried enough bread crumbs and grains of sand to last us a whole year; we cannot be hungry in the cold weather for we have accumulated so much food."

At last one morning father ant said, "My children your mother and myself must have sympathy in our sorrow, and we have decided to tell you our trouble. There is not a lazy one of us, we have worked day and night the whole year through. Look at those trifling bees flying about in the clover, they are not working, they are drunk. They just sip the sweet from the blossoms and are idle all day long, and yet a great city editor with a name that reminds you of perfume has dared to call his paper 'The Daily Bee' and still another of this same paper has called an entire page 'The Busy Bees.' We have been downtrodden and abused. This is my trouble, children, and I want you to think of some way to make those editors change the name of their paper to 'The Busy Ants.'"

Stolen Honey

By Ruth Hobson, Aged 10 Years, Burwell, Neb. Blue.

There was once an swarm of bees. Their ruler or queen lived in Omaha. Now most of the bees were honest, but a few of them would steal honey to bring to the queen bee. There was one bee I do not think it best to mention its name who nearly always stole his honey from a very busy one named Frisk. So Frisk went to the queen bee and told her about it.

"Do you know who steals it?" asked the queen.

"No," answered Frisk, "that is what I want to know."

"Well, you make your honey pink," said the queen, "and make it round, and then if any one comes with that kind of honey I'll know it's the thief."

So Frisk made some pink honey and set it in his window. That night the little bee came as usual and took the honey. When he brought the honey the queen told him to take it back and give it to Frisk. The thief was found. After that the queen would not take his honey. Now this is only a story but what I'm going to say now is true. If we take our

How Rollo Lensed to Work

By Harold Jensen, 1839 North Twenty-third Street, Omaha.

One day Rollo's uncle said, "Come, I want you to sort nails." So Rollo went to the barn, where his uncle gave him a box of nails to sort out. He said, "Put all nails of the same kind in one pile."

It took Rollo for a few minutes, then he found a horseshoe nail. He didn't know what to do. Then he thought of a plan. He jumped up and ran to play with his

the water of the creek and through the brush and briars on the opposite bank, never stopping an instant to look behind him.

Just as the picnic crowd was wondering whether or not they would better remain there for luncheon or pack up hurriedly and betake themselves off, in anticipation of the bull's return, two horsemen came dashing through the meadow which bordered the grove. One of them seeing the picnic crowd drew rein and asked if they had seen an ill-natured bull thereabouts. "Yes, he has been celebrating," replied Tom, laughing. "He had honor of having two bunches of giant firecrackers and one huge skyrocket. Now he's running just as far away across the creek, yonder-as he can get. I guess he doesn't relish Fourth of July fireworks."

The horseman laughed and told Tom that he and his companion were off in search of the bull. "But go on with your celebration," he added, "for we'll drive the old fellow into his pen shortly. He'll not molest you again."

"And you may have all the fried chicken you can eat, Sir Hero," cried May, coming down out of the wagon and giving Tom her hand. "Yes, you surely deserve the best the board affords," cried Lily Graham. "You have performed the heroic act which entitles you to—"

"Sh-sh-sh!" And Tom put up a warning finger. "If you say too much I'll get the best of the fried chicken when I'm playing with the firecrackers and—the bull."

"You're a brick, old chap," said Bert Graham, coming down from his perch in a tree, seized Tom by the hand. "The bull's back!"

"Sh-sh-sh!" cried Tom, puffing up a warning finger. "Not another word about the little bull episode. Let it be forgotten in the merry-making. Say, Mrs. Graham, isn't it luncheon time?"

"Yes, my dear boy," began Mrs. Graham, tears in her eyes and emotion in her voice. But seeing a determined look in Tom's eyes she paused; then added: "Yes, girls, let's spread the table and do honor to our hero, Tom Peterson. Come, here out the fried chicken."

And then the merriest luncheon was enjoyed, and the afternoon of that Fourth of July will always live in the memories of those present. And when the night came down Chinese lanterns were lighted and swung from the trees, and several of the boys took charge of the fireworks. And it is quite sure that the old bull in his pen on an adjoining farm, could see the skyrocket and hear the snapping and cracking and roaring of the fireworks, and if he did he must have been glad to have been overtaken by his owner and driven home late safely.

bloodshot eyes at the little party stationed close upon the bank. Then he shook his head, snorted, pawed the earth and gave forth such a bellow that the very ground seemed to shake beneath the frightened picnicers. Mrs. Graham had climbed into a wagon, holding her motherly arms about the smaller girls, while she endeavored to calm them. "Maybe the animal will go past without harming us if we just keep very calm and look straight at him. You know it is said that animals understand our emotions to a certain degree. Let's all be determined to feel no fear and if he comes toward our wagons we must show fight by threatening him with our parasols."

After taking in the view to his content



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son darted forth from beneath the wagon, whether he had crept all unnoticed by any one, and made right at the bull. From the wagon and surrounding trees came cries of horror as the girls and boys saw Tom risk his very life. But before one could have counted five—Sizz! Splutter! Flash! Bang!—Tom had thrust out both hands and thrown something right in the charging animal's face. Two handfuls of giant firecrackers exploded in the bull's face. As the frightened and half-blinded animal turned in retreat, Tom touched off a skyrocket, pointing it to shoot over the running bull's back.

The bull needed nothing more to scare him away. Indeed, he was really funny to see him darting down the bank, into

Good Deeds Always Rewarded

By Mollie Corby, Aged 12 Years, 1844 North Sixteenth Street, Omaha, Neb.

"Flowers! Flowers! Ten cents a bunch! Buy some, please do!" sobbed a little girl. No one seemed to notice her.

All day long Marie had wandered up and down the busy streets of the city. She was walking toward her home when a young man stepped aside from his gay company and said to her: "How much are your flowers?" "Ten cents a bunch," Marie replied. "I will buy them all," he said and gave her the money. Marie looked at the man for a moment, and then said, "I will pray to God. He should reward you for your kindness."

Many years passed. One day as a great actress was about to step in her carriage an old man crouched at her feet and begged for alms. "That is I was once," she said. Marie bade her servants to pick him up. As soon as he recognized Marie he said: "May God reward you in your old age as He has me."

Anna's Picnic

By Isabel Crawford, Aged 12 Years, 2328 North Thirtieth Street, Omaha, Neb.

Little Anna Wright was a poor girl. She lived in Tacoma, Wash. Her mother had to take care of her little baby brother, whose name was Robert. It was very lonely when Robert was asleep and everything was still. She had a little playmate across the street, whose name was Mary Houghton. They were great friends and had many good times together. One day Mary's Sunday school class was going to have a picnic. Anna wished she could go, but she knew she couldn't, for she must take care of Robert, besides they were going to ride on a boat and her mother could not give her the money for her fare. The day of the picnic came and Mary came to tell Anna good-bye. Anna was sitting on the front stoop with Robert in her lap waiting for her mother to come home. Mary saw a big bear in Anna's eyes. She ran to her mother and said: "Oh, I wish Anna could go," her mother thought a moment, and then she called Anna and asked her if she wanted to go. "Oh, yes, very much," said Anna. "And I'll go with you," said Mrs. Houghton. "I'll go with you," said Mrs. Houghton. "I'll go with you," said Mrs. Houghton.

Joe's Christmas

By Mildred M. Jones, Aged 14 Years, North Loup, Neb.

Joe was an orphan boy of twelve. Out in the rain and snow. They were hurrying past him. But he had no place to go.

"Twas Christmas day, And everyone light and gay; Joe could not sell his papers, As the people hurried away."

One little boy, about Joe's age, He stopped near where Joe stood; Joe thought he had never seen a boy That looked quite so good.

With smiling face and golden curls, He stood there in the snow; "I thought I'd like to know," He said, "What did you get for Christmas?"

"For if you didn't get a thing, Just please come home with me. For we have got for Christmas, On a great big Christmas tree."

And they both went to his home, On a beautiful, fashionable street, And he took Joe up to his own little room, That Joe thought was just too sweet.

And the little boy's mother Greeted Joe with a happy smile, And told him he had not come to stay just a little while.

But was going to stay and live there, For we have got for Christmas, And that evening, off from the Christmas tree, He received many and many a toy.

Bennie's Kindness

By Alice Grassmeyer, Aged 13 Years, Riverdale, Neb. Red.

It was Bennie's eighth birthday and he received many presents, among them a 45 cent piece. Bennie's mother told him to go to the store, and get what he wanted with it; so he started off, but had not gone very far when he saw a little girl of about 10 years of age crying bitterly. Bennie's heart was touched for she was dressed very ragged. He was very kind and loving little boy, and liked to help others, so he ran up to the little girl, and putting the gold piece into the little girl's hand he ran back home to tell his mother all about it. She was pleased at what Bennie had done for she had taught him to be kind to everyone. She gave him some more money to spend. Bennie grew up to be one of the greatest helpers of the poor ever known. And he said it was because he had made the little girl happy with his gold piece.

Dorothy's Candy

By Francis Waterman, Aged 12 Years, 548 South Twenty-fourth Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red.

Little Miss Dorothy Houke and May Carol were taking a walk one bright June day. Presently Dorothy found some candy. "Oh, don't eat that," cried May. "You can't tell who has had it, maybe some dirty person."

"I will," cried saucy Miss Dorothy. "It's clean and it's just as good as any other." "I'm sorry," said May. "I didn't mean to be mean. Here excuse me."

"Well, maybe, this time," said Dorothy, eating the candy. "This is good, too."

"In about an hour they went home. "I don't believe I want any supper tonight, mamma," said Dorothy. She went to bed early, for she didn't feel very good. The next morning she called her mother and told her she felt so sick to the stomach. Her mother called the doctor.

"Why, what have you been eating?" he asked Dorothy.

She was too sick to answer.

After several weeks she got well and she told her mother all about it.

One day she and May were taking a walk along this very street where she had found the candy. She noticed a little girl pick up a piece of candy and she told the little girl of her experience and the little girl threw it away.

"I'm glad," she said to May, "that I told that little girl about it, so she wouldn't eat it, and I must apologize for the rudeness and cross words I gave you when I ate the candy."

The Day Behind the Counter

By Emma Kostal, Aged 14 Years, 1516 O Street, South Omaha, Neb.

The doorbell of the little shop tinkled cheerfully as Marie entered. She had come to purchase a spool of thread for her mother. It was quite a while before Mrs. Smith, the proprietress, appeared and asked Marie in a feeble voice what she wanted.

"I have such an awful cold and today being Saturday I can't have a minute's rest. Oh, my head aches so bad."

Marie felt so sorry for her and said: "Mrs. Smith, couldn't I be clerk for you today?"

After she had received Mrs. Smith's consent, she hurried home with the thread and a few minutes she was behind the counter. Many people came and she waited on them gladly and what she did not know

Eleanor's Reward

By Jeannette Miller, Aged 13 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue.

Eleanor was a very lonesome little girl who spent her days in the crowd with her book open in her lap, but she wasn't reading. She was thinking what she would do all the three, long, lonesome months of vacation.

"Oh, my, I wish I could go some where that's new to me. Alice has gone with her aunt to the Phillips Islands, and I can't go anywhere." And Eleanor put her head on her arm and began to cry.

All at once she jumped up.

What was poor mother doing up stairs with baby brother, who cried all the time? "I know what I'll do," she said almost aloud, "I'll go and help mother all I can." She went up stairs and found mother on

On the Glorious Fourth



Old folks, and young ones, Big folks, and small; On the glorious Fourth To respond to the call.

Of love they bear their country, Where all are bent and true, In the land that's truly called, "The home of liberty."

She had been there one day, and that evening said to Eleanor's mother: "Won't you let Eleanor come with me, she's such a good girl I'd like to have her."

"Yes, I will; she has been so good this summer."

The next day her mother packed her trunk and she went with her aunt to a place that was new to her.

The Life of Some Rabbits

Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb., Aged 9 Years, Blue.

Once in a far off country, along a creek, was a little hole where Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit lived.

One day Mrs. Rabbit fell ill and Mr. Rabbit started off for a doctor. But the doctor was out and he started home discouraged.

When he got home, guess what he saw: Mrs. Rabbit was lying in the bed with three little baby rabbits.

They had a grand christening. Their names were Bunny the best, Snowball (he was a white as snow), and little Budge, who was the sweetest of them all.

One day snow fell and fell and fell till nearly everything was covered so that they could not find anything to eat. The snow was not hard enough to stand on and if they tried to they would fall in a great drift of snow.

Soon all their stores were gone and papa Rabbit started out to find some food. A woman had dropped several fine pieces of lettuce so he picked them up and started home well pleased. He was about home when something went bang, bang. Mr. Rabbit fell down in a snow drift with a hole in his side, where he soon died. Then someone picked him up and carried him away.

Mrs. Rabbit, seeing that Mr. Rabbit didn't come home started to find him, when the same thing happened to her, by the same boy, who took them home and skinned them. The little rabbits, not being able to find anything to eat, soon starved to death. I wish the boy that reads this story will not kill any more rabbits unless you know they have no mates or children.

A Day in the Woods

By Ruth Robinson, Little Sioux, Ia. Red.

It was a beautiful day in April. My friend, Irene, and I took our dinner and went to the woods. We rode our bicycles for it was quite a way there. We got there about 12 o'clock, but we were not hungry, so we put our dinner down and wandered quite a distance from the place. It had begun to grow cloudy and it was not so beautiful as it was very chilly. Our bicycles were so muddy that we could hardly wheel them along and we had no place to leave them, but we kept going till we came to a big hill. Just going the hill there were some cattle and they started after us, so we put our bicycles by the fence and got upon the hill.

After a while one of the neighbors from town came past and he chased the cows away and put our bicycles in his wagon and let us ride. We did not mind the rain very much, but were a little bit frightened at the cows.

Helen's Dolls

By Eleanor Moller, Aged 12 Years, Malvern, Ia. Blue.

Helen was the only child of a poor father. She did not have any one to play with but a few old dolls. One doll was right pretty, but the others were very untidy. One day Helen's father came to her and said: "Helen, we haven't a penny left to get us our food or fuel."

Helen felt very sorry about it, so she said: "Papa, if I can make this doll some nice clothes, maybe I could sell her to some little girl."

Although Helen did not want to part with it, she felt as though her poor father should have something to eat and keep him warm, so she made some pretty dresses out of her aprons and took the doll uptown to sell. She did not like to go in the crowd with her dirty dress, but she still thought of her poor father in the old house.

A little girl came up to her and said: "How much is your doll?"

"Anything, ma'am."

The little girl handed Helen 11 and walked off.

"Thank you," said Helen, gladly.

Helen took it home. Her father was sitting in a chair waiting for her to return. Helen told him she had sold her doll, so her papa told her to get the supper up at the bakery. She did so, and they had a good supper and a warm dwelling place. Her father always looked forward for his smart to his little girl Helen.

The Children's Exciting Fourth of July

By Maud Walker.

BERT and Lily Graham's mother was giving them a Fourth of July picnic in the woods. No adults save Mrs. Graham was of the party, for, as she had said, it was to be young America's party, and all the speeches, the songs and recitations were to be of the youth, by the youth and for the youth.

The place chosen for the picnic was in a lovely dell some two or three miles from town, and the party, escorted by Mrs. Graham, made an early start so as to reach the place of destination before the heat of the day should become so intense. In the woods the air was cool and refreshing. A great shaded spring afforded water to the picnicers, and a fine board platform and benches had been arranged for the morning's patriotic exercises. Also, an organ had been taken to the picnic grounds that morning very early, and was on the platform when the picnic crowd arrived. An old serving man, belonging to Mrs. Graham's household, had prepared the grounds for the occasion, and was in attendance on the young folks, putting up swings, hanging hammocks and making himself generally useful.

The morning exercises opened with the Lord's prayer. Mrs. Graham leading and the boys and girls following. Then a patriotic song was sung with spirit, each boy and girl seeming to vie with the other in rendering the words of the song with true American feeling. Following this, extracts from the Declaration of Independence were read by the orator of the day, Charley Stephens. And a fine, intelligent reading he gave, too, being cheered heartily by his young listeners.

Then other songs were sung, some in chorus and others in quartets, duets and solos, these being interspersed with recitations and declamations.

And such an enjoyable time was had during the patriotic exercises that young America forgot for a time that there were great baskets full of luncheon, great jugs of fruit lemonade (tucked into bags of ice) and swings and hammocks, and—yes, above all else—a huge box of fireworks to be used in the final windup of the day's celebration.

But as soon as the last song was sung all these other pleasant things came to mind, and the staid and proper company broke up into a gay, laughing excited crowd. Baskets were opened, cloths were spread on the grass beneath the trees; water was brought from the spring, and pieces of ice chipped into the pails and pitchers to add coldness to the sparkling "Adam's ale," so fresh from the interior of the earth.

"Well, I call this the most enjoyable event of my life," spoke up Tom Peterson, his mouth crammed full of fried chicken to permit of good articulation. At the moment Tom was assisting Grace and May Stearns in placing some of the appetizing contents of a basket on the picnic cloth.

"There! Catch, sir!" cried May, turning on Tom with a teasing slink of the finger. "How dare you 'toss' into that bowl of fried chicken? I'll have to



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keep an eye on you, sir."

"Just sampled it," muttered Tom, trying to swallow the tasty bit of chicken wing he had purloined. "Feel I like the sample, and mean to get a neat dose into the spot where that bowl is set. Ah-h!" And he assumed an injured look as May boldly took the bowl and covered it with a napkin, keeping it close by her side.

"Just one little handout, please, and lady!" begged Tom, to the great amusement of half a dozen girls and boys who had heard the banter between him and