

# BUSY LITTLE BEES IN THEIR OWN PAGE.

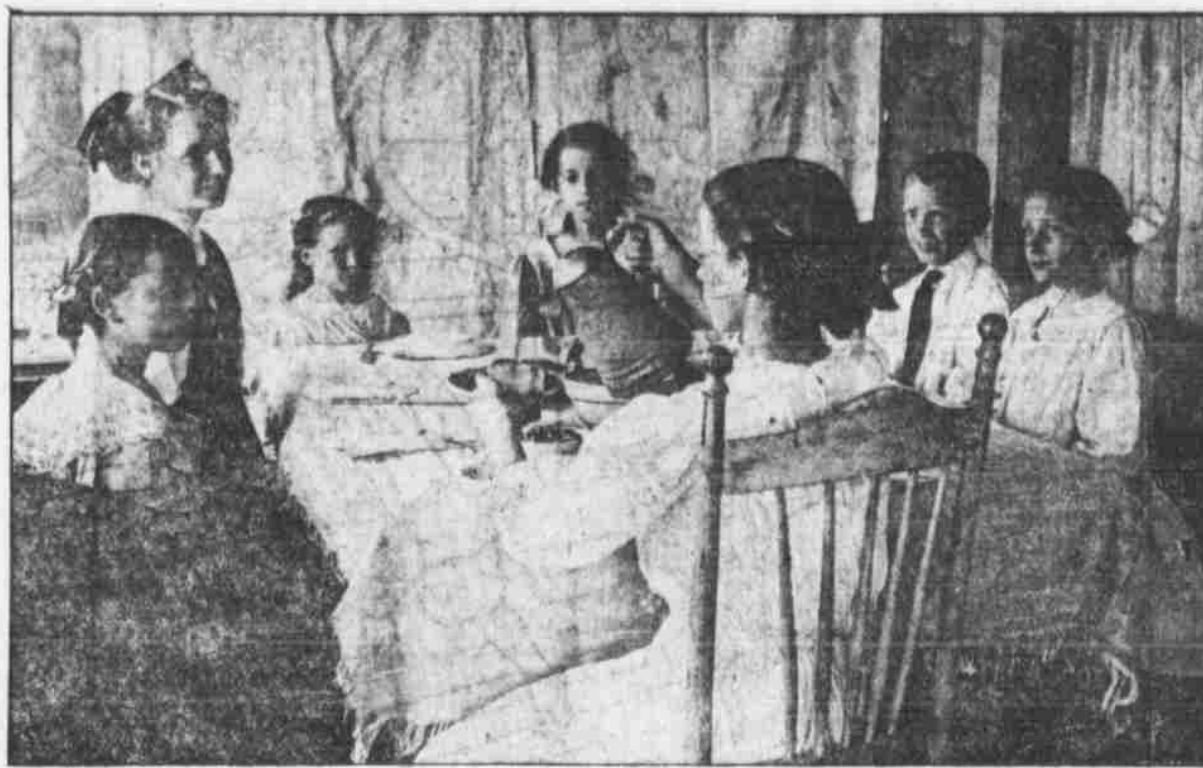
THE BUSY BEE editor is very glad to learn that so many of our boys and girls are really getting acquainted through our Post Card exchange. Some very pleasant friendships have been formed among the Busy Bees through this medium and some of our girls have even been to visit other girls in other towns that they have gotten acquainted with in this way. One of our girls, Emma Marquardt of Norfolk, visited her sister in Omaha last week and was also entertained at the home of Gail Howard. Several of the boys and girls write that they expect to visit Omaha during the summer vacation and will call on The Busy Bee editor. She will be very glad to see them when they come.

Several good stories have had to go to the waste basket of late because they were not marked "Original" or the ages of the writers were not stated. This is really too bad, Busy Bees, for some of these stories would be prize winners if the rules were only observed. There have also been stories of late that, though marked "Original," have been copied stories. Please remember, boys and girls, that an original story is one that the writer has made up himself.

Prizes were awarded this week to Alta Wilken of Waco, Neb., on the Red side and Harvey Crawford of Nebraska City, Neb., also on the Red side, and honorable mention given to Myrtle Jensen of Omaha on the Blue side, who wrote a Fourth of July story.

- The Postal Card exchange is still growing and now includes:
- Jean De Long, Alton, Neb.
  - Irene McCoy, Harrison, Neb.
  - Lillian Stewart, Harvey, Neb.
  - Maude Witt, Bennington, Neb.
  - Vera Clancy, Ord, Neb.
  - Louis Hahn, Ord, Neb.
  - Ruth Ashley, Fairmont, Neb.
  - Emmie Rode, Falls City, Neb.
  - Fay Wright, Fifth Street, Fremont, Neb.
  - Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
  - Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
  - Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
  - Jessie Crawford, 406 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
  - Clara Roth, 66 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
  - Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
  - Alice Grassmeyer, 1945 C street, Lincoln, Neb.
  - Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
  - Ethel Kretz, Lexington, Neb.
  - Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
  - Louise Hille, Lyons, Neb.
  - Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
  - Milton Seiler, Nebraska City, Neb.
  - Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
  - Marjory Bodwell, 25 South Second street, Norfolk, Neb.
  - Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
  - Mildred F. Jones, Leup, Neb.
  - Hugh Rutt, Leuhara, Neb.
  - Hooper E. Rutt, Leuhara, Neb.
  - Mayer Chen, 643 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.
  - Gail Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.
  - Ada Morris, 364 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
  - Myrtle Jensen, 2509 Izard street, Omaha, Neb.
  - Wilma Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.
  - Emerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha, Neb.
  - Helen Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha, Neb.
  - Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha, Neb.
  - Eliab Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street, Omaha, Neb.
  - Louis Raabe, 2029 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
  - Emma Carruthers, 211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
  - Walter Johnson, 2465 North Twentieth street, Omaha, Neb.
  - Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
  - Agnes Richmond, Ord, Neb.
  - Zola Hedden, Ord, Neb.
  - Marie Fleming, Pawnee, Neb.
  - Louis Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
  - Earl Perkins, Redding, Neb.
  - Emma Kistal, 1216 O street, South Omaha, Neb.
  - Edna Ellis, Stanton, Neb.
  - Una Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.
  - Clara Miller, Union, Neb.
  - Ma Grunke, West Point, Neb.
  - Edna Stastny, Wilber, Neb.
  - Alta Wilken, Waverly, Neb.
  - Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
  - Edna Hedberg, York, Neb.
  - R. B. Smith, York, Neb.
  - Irene Reynolds, Little Blount, Ia.
  - Ethel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
  - Edna Wilken, Malvern, Ia.
  - Katharine Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
  - Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
  - Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
  - Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
  - Henry L. Workman, care Sterling Realty company, Atchita, Ind.

## Busy Bees in Vacation Time



AN AFTERNOON PORCH PARTY.



Little Stories by Little Folks

### Rules for Young Writers

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the page.
  2. Do not use ink, not pencil.
  3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 500 words.
  4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
  5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
  6. 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, NEB.

## Andy, the Hero of Old Solitaire

By William Wallace, Jr.

ANDY SIMPSON lived in a village that was tucked away in a Rocky mountain gorge. His father's house set against the side of one of the highest mountains of the range which was called in the village. All about them was the wild and scenery and, as the mountains at this point were almost impenetrable, there were few travelers or tourists to be found exploring the region. Only some old grizzled trappers and an occasional "prospector" were to be seen wandering about the mountains in search of wild animals or the precious metals, gold and silver. But, as the mountains in this particular locality had proven unproductive, the prospectors had begun to give the vicinity a wide berth, and had betaken themselves to more promising fields. Thus it was that all about the little gorge town, in which the hero of our story lived, nature in her wildest form reigned supreme.

About two weeks before the opening of this story there had occurred in the town a most daring bank robbery, and the robbers had succeeded in getting away, hiding themselves in the mountains. For two weeks the sheriff and his posse had searched for them in vain among the mountains, not only hoping to apprehend the outlaws, but to cover themselves with glory, and receive the liberal reward offered for the capture of the criminals. But at the expiration of two weeks constant riding—where such means of locomotion was possible—and climbing on foot when obliged to do so, the sheriff had given up the search, and had returned to the town to await news from other counties and states where he had hopes that the robbers might yet be overtaken.

But gradually the excitement attending the robbery and wounding of the bank's cashier had died out and the little mountain town had recovered from its brief terror and was sleeping as peacefully in the gorge as before. But one little restless spirit still thought constantly of the robbery and of the cruel gunshot wound of the cashier. He was Andy Simpson, the bank cashier's only son. "These bandits must be caught and punished," he would whisper to himself. "They didn't only steal the people's money, but they wounded my father, and from that wound he may lose the use of his right hand. So, I'm going to find the gang if they're in those mountains. The sheriff is in too much of a hurry. He wants to get 'em on the spot; and if he don't he gives it up as a bad job."

Thus soliloquized Andy every day, becoming more and more determined that the law should claim its own. One morning Andy begged his parents' permission to visit an aunt living several miles down the gorge in another little town more isolated than his own, and one with reader access to the fastness of the higher mountains. He did not tell his parents of his intentions to visit the unexplored part of a mountain called "Old Solitaire," so named on account of its inaccessibility. He had it in his mind that there, hidden away in some canyon of Old Solitaire, he would come upon the robbers. He had once suggested to his father that, doubtless, the robber gang had gone straight to Old Solitaire, but the idea was only laughed at; for while Old Solitaire was big and bold and steep, there was little timber to shelter or hide a gang of men, and few deep crevices or gorges by which they might make their escape to the opposite side. Of all the chain of mountains Old Solitaire promised best to the culprit in hiding. And for that reason the sheriff and his men had not thought worth while to go over it thoroughly. They had climbed over the parts of it that were most accessible, but the summit and the southern side had not claimed their attention.

"Men wouldn't come here to hide," the sheriff had declared. "They'd be for getting to level ground, and to the railway; for another state, but never to Old Solitaire."

Andy's parents gave their consent for him to visit at his aunt's home, down the gorge. So he set out one morning bright and early, his knapsack over his back and a determined look in his face. He told his mother that he might be gone a week or ten days. "Don't look for me till you see me," he had said at parting. Then, calling out to his father, who was still confined to his room on account of the wound in his hand, said: "Say, daddy, get well fast, for you may have to appear in court against those thugs that shot you. I have faith that they'll be caught yet."

Andy's father smiled indulgently, but said, with regret in his voice: "I'm afraid, son, that those outlaws will never be captured."

After Andy had spent an hour visiting with his aunt, he explained that her house

### Result of the Busy Bee Page

By Alta Wilken, Aged 13 Years, Waco, Neb., Red.

In an old attic room lived a lame little girl and her brother, who was a newsboy. Lillie and Ned were orphans. Lillie was a sweet little girl of 11 and Ned was a cheerful little lad of 8, who sold newspapers for a living.

As Lillie was lame and could only get around with a crutch, she often complained to her brother about getting lonesome. So whenever he had any papers left he would take them home to his sister, who would read out the pictures and paste them in a book.

One day as she was looking over the page she found the "Busy Bees Own Page." She read and re-read the stories and then she tried writing a story, which she sent in, and to her surprise it received first prize. This pleased her very much. After this she read and wrote so much that she never again complained of getting lonesome. She was always smiling when her brother came home and he often said: "How glad I am that you found that children's page."

### A Real American Gravel

By Harvey Crawford, Aged 12 Years, Nebraska City, Neb., Red.

About three years ago some boys were digging a cave in this city. The cave was to be dug in a bank on a vacant lot. They were down about four feet when their shovels struck some rocks. They stuck their shovels into the ground all

### How Tommy Spent the Fourth

By Myrtle Jensen, 269 Isard Street, Omaha, Aged 11 Years, Blue.

Tommy sat up in bed rubbing his eyes. He realized that it was the glorious Fourth of July. He had for two weeks been counting the days preceding this eventful one. Then, jumping out of bed, he put on his clothes in an unusual hurry.

The little savings bank which stood on the bureau was hastily opened by Tommy, who was for a time busily employed in counting the pennies which he had been saving up for this day.

Then, without waiting for breakfast, he rushed down to Mr. Brown's store, and was coming back with his arms full of firecrackers, torpedoes, etc., when he met John Tracy and Jack Bridges.

Jack proposed to put torpedoes on the car tracks. The boys waited impatiently for a car to come along, but did not wait long before one came at full speed. It nearly jumped the track. A disguised officer chased the boys, but they hid behind a bush in Tommy's yard.

After his fright had been subdued, the daring Tommy secured a piece of twine, and tying a giant cracker to his dog Fido's tail, lit, nearly driving the dog mad. In his insanity Fido bit Tommy on the leg. Tommy's screams brought his mother to the spot. She took him into the house and put some smarting liniment on his leg.

That evening Uncle James came to visit the children, bringing with him many fireworks which he allowed them to shoot off.

### The Difference

By Beulah Doherty, Aged 8 Years, 304 South Tenth Street, Norfolk, Neb., Red.

Once there were two little girls, Myrtle and Maud, who were good. One day their aunt came and their mamma was away. Maud entertained her aunt while Myrtle went out in the kitchen. She got the lamp down and lit it. The lamp was on the edge of the table and it fell. The rug on the floor caught on fire and the kitchen was on fire before anyone knew it. When the girls' mamma came home the house was all burned up. Their aunt gave Maud a pretty good watch, but she did not give Myrtle anything.

### The Slow Mule

By Walfrid Jacobson, 315 Franklin Street, Omaha, Neb., Red.

I have a friend out in western Nebraska who has taken up a homestead. He has a few cattle, a couple of horses and a couple of mules, one of which is a little baby mule. One day he was going to town and he hitched the mule to the wagon so the other mule would follow the mother. They went to town and did all their shopping, which took him about two hours. He started home and when he was half way home the baby mule was jumping on its way to town. He took the mule home and now it is quite a large mule.

### Can't and Tried

By Letha Larkin, Aged 14 Years, South Sixth Street, Norfolk, Neb., Blue.

Little George Banks had one of the greatest habits that a boy ever had, and it was, when he ever was asked to do anything, he would say: "I can't."

His mother and father had tried to break him of it, but failed. One day his mother said: "George, will you please sharpen this knife?" "Oh, I can't," said George. "Can't" never did anything till it tried," said his mother. George slipped upstairs to his bedroom so he wouldn't have to sharpen the knife. "Can't never did anything till it tried," kept a-ringing in his ears, till suddenly he saw a large bonfire in front of him and out of it rose two

### My Two Pets

By Donna Haws, Aged 10 Years, David City, Neb., Blue.

One cold night I heard something mewing at the kitchen door. I went to the door and there sprang into my arms my two pet kittens.

One day they got lost in the woods when I took them for a walk.

One's name is Tommy and the other one's name is Towsey.

Towsey is a very good kitten and Tommy is a very bad kitten and likes to hurt someone.

I am very fond of my pets and never like to have them lost.

One day as I had them in the field watching everything that I saw I lost Towsey. I cried over it more than a week, but I could not find her. One night as I was singing to my doll, Towsey came into the room and jumped into my arms. How glad I was to see her. After that I tried to take better care of them.

### What Rags Are Good For

By Elsie Hamilton, Aged 13 Years, 2022 L Street, Lincoln, Neb., Blue.

"Mamma, said Johnny, 'You said that everything but rags are good in this world. I know something that has no use.' 'What is it, dear?' asked mamma with a smile. 'Rags,' answered Johnny, wisely, as he thought. Mamma laughed out loud at this. 'What if I should tell you it is one of the most useful of things?' 'Oh, but that couldn't be,' answered Johnny. 'I have a great deal to learn yet,' smiled mamma. 'But here on my knee while I tell you about it. First we sell these rags to a ragman, and he sells them to a paper-making factory. There it goes through several chemical processes and it becomes paper. Old paper, too, is sometimes made into paper again. The newspaper is this kind. Your new story book may be all made out of rags.' 'Well,' said Johnny when she had finished the story, 'I will never say rags are of no use again.'

### Adventure of a Silver Dollar

By Mildred White, Aged 12 Years, 1142 East Twelfth Street, Fremont, Neb., Blue.

I first saw daylight when I was taken out of a hole in the ground called a mine. I was then like a rock. I heard one of the miners, I later found to be a man, say he never saw such fine silver or so much of it as in this mine in Mexico.

I was taken to the smelter in San Francisco, where they melted me and got the rock and me separated. Where? but it was long and hard to get to the smelter. I was taken to a bar and put between rollers to flatten me out. I went between these rollers eight times. Then a machine made me into my present shape. I was stamped, weighed, put in a bag and sent to the United States treasury. Soon a banker in Fremont, Neb., sent for some money and I, among a great many other silver dollars, was sent to him. I had not long to wait before a man came

### Irene's May Day

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

Irene looked at the dress again. She had looked at it many times since the dressmaker had sent it home the day before. "Oh, you white, fluffy thing," she exclaimed, "nothing could be prettier and when I wear you to the May day picnic the girls will surely make me queen. Oh, how I wish tomorrow were come."

Tomorrow did come and Irene in her pretty dress started for the grove.

She had gone a short way when she saw another girl coming down the side street. This girl also wore a white dress, but one that had seen some use for many summers, but in spite of the old dress the girl's face was as sweet as a June rose. She called out: "Are you late Irene. I never hurried so fast before."

Irene paid no attention, but hurried on. Irene's eyes filled with tears. "Oh, it's dreadful to be poor," she said.

When all the girls had gathered at the grove they commenced to choose a May queen.

When all had written the name they wanted they were passed to Elsie Dale to read. When she had looked them over she said: "There are two votes for Irene and all the others are for Claire. At this there was a loud clapping of hands, for Claire was a general favorite.

Irene stood motionless for a moment. She was very angry, but only for a moment, for when she looked at Claire's sweet face, her anger died and she went to her with outstretched hands, saying, "I'm glad you are to be queen," and at this all the girls clapped again.



WITH THE GREATEST CAUTION HE CRAWLED TO A SPOT WITHIN FIFTEEN FEET OF THE VERY PLACE WHERE HALF A DOZEN DARK FIGURES COULD BE SEEN CROUCHING TOGETHER.