

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

THE BUSY BEES have been sending in some interesting pictures, but not as many stories as usual. Consequently the same Busy Bees are winning the prizes, as they are sending in good stories every week. The first prize is awarded this week to a little girl who wrote a good Indian story. Now the boys should be able to write better adventure stories than the girls. The editor would like to receive some sampling stories, for a number of the Busy Bees have written that they were camping this summer and had a splendid time, and this would be a good subject for the boys to write about, too. When writing stories, the Busy Bees must read the rules, and remember to write only on side of the page.

Some of the Busy Bees are writing so many postal cards that they do not have time to write as many stories as formerly, but they like to read the stories the other Busy Bees write. Now, these are the Drone Bees instead of the Busy Bees. Some of our prize winners have written that they are getting some of their little friends to join the Busy Bees and write for us. These little workers are the real Busy Bees.

Prizes were awarded this week to Alta Wilken of Waco, Neb., on the Red side, and Orlan Mayers of Lusk, Wyo., on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Rena N. Mead of Blair, Neb., on the Blue side.

The answer to last week's illustrated rebus was: "Last week the girls and boys started to school with their books under their arms." Correct answers were sent in by Willie Nielsen and Hollis Pauline Seward, both of Omaha.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

- Jean De Long, Atkinson, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Harroton, Neb.
- Lillian Merwin, Hoover City, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
- Agnes Dahmke, Benson, Neb.
- Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
- Louis Hale, David City, Neb.
- Bunnie Bode, Falls City, Neb.
- Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.
- Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 405 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Lydia Roth, 465 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Edythe Kretz, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
- Alice Grassmeyer, 526 C street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Elnis Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Disher, 3030 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Hughie Disher, 3030 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Lucille Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma M. Ward, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Hugh Ruff, Leshara, Neb.
- Rector E. Ruff, Leshara, Neb.
- Lillian Wirt, 415 Cass street, Omaha, Neb.
- Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
- Myrtle Jensen, 3209 Iard street, Omaha, Neb.
- Gail Howard, 407 Capitol street, Omaha, Neb.
- Helen Henck, 1225 Lathrop street, Omaha, Neb.
- Mildred Jensen, 2717 Leavenworth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Mabel Sheffield, 424 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Wilma Howard, 4723 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Emerson Goodrich, 402 Nicholas street, Omaha, Neb.
- Agnes Goodrich, 403 Nicholas street, Omaha, Neb.
- Maurice Johnson, 1527 Locust street, Omaha, Neb.
- Elijah Fisher, 129 South Eleventh street, Omaha, Neb.
- Louis Raabe, 309 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Emma Kostal, 116 O street, South Omaha, Neb.
- Walter Johnson, 2406 North Twentieth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Leon Carson, 124 North Fortieth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Juanita Innes, 298 Fort street, Omaha, Neb.
- Edger L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
- Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
- Zola Beardo, Orleans, Neb.
- Marie Stantony, Omaha, Neb.
- Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
- Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.
- Carrie E. Miller, Redwood, Neb.
- Ethel Enis, Stanton, Neb.
- Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.
- Una Meyer, Sutton, Indian county, Neb.
- Clara Miller, Uteca, Neb.
- Mae Grunke, Wilber, Neb.
- Elnis Stantony, Wilber, Neb.
- Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
- Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
- Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Atlica, Ind.

Ex-Queen on Her Vacation



RUTH ASHBY AND HER BROTHER AT ESTES PARK.



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 accepted.
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 contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE.

Jack's Adventure

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

Jack Robbin's father and mother had moved when he was but a little boy, so that he had never known anything but this home on the prairie. He loved the free life and when he had finished his work he would mount his horse and go flying over the country, just as happy as a boy could be. His father had taught him to use a gun when he was but a little fellow and now it is one of his greatest treasures. One evening Jack and his father had gone out to shoot some game for breakfast. They hoped that some deer might come across their way, and they had climbed up on a platform that Jack's father had built in a tree to wait for it. Soon they heard the gallop of horses and their hearts nearly stood still. When they saw a dozen or more Indians riding towards them Jack's father motioned for him to be quiet and they laid there and watched. Both thought of mother at home. The Indians dismounted not far from them and they learned that they had come to attack the settlers. Something must be done quickly and quietly. As carefully as possible they climbed down. Jack must go one way and his father another. Jack was a brave boy, so he sped from house to house, warning the men. Soon a body of men gathered together and the Indians were attacked and killed. Oh, how proud of their boy Jack's father and mother were.

(Second Prize.)

Playing Hookey

By Orlan Mayers, Aged 12 Years, Lusk, Wyo. Blue.

It was Tuesday night and Harold and Frank were walking home from school, when Harold said, "I'm getting tired of school. What do you say to playing hookey tomorrow?" "All right," said Frank. "I'll take some pancakes and meat from the breakfast table for lunch for us. Just pretend you are going to school, and instead, run down to the big gate in the meadow. I'll be there waiting for you. Then we'll

Nick," said Marie, anxious to show what she could do with a little song all by herself. "And when I'm home I can play it on the piano."

"Not this morning, dear," said teacher. "And now you know we all must be very quiet. It's study hour now, my dear, and you mustn't move about in your seat nor whisper to any of the pupils. After awhile we'll have recess; then you may run out and play for fifteen minutes and have fine sport."

Then teacher called a class and began giving them their lesson, marking off a whole page to be learned, much to Marie's astonishment. But as the day wore on Marie became very tired of the quiet of the schoolroom and of the monotony of the little ones' voices in recitation. As her mamma had taught her all her letters had to read through the first reader, and to write ever so many words, Marie was put into a class of boys and girls that formed the "A" class. At first Marie enjoyed reading, spelling and writing. Then her mind grew tired of books and she began looking about at her little schoolmates. First her eye caught a red, curly head sitting back of her. The head belonged to a very funny little chap, Johnny Rogers by name. He saw Marie

looking him over and winked mischievously at her. This show of friendliness so pleased Marie that she called out to him: "Say, boy, what's your name? You're awfully funny-looking. What dreadful big—"

But Marie's remarks were cut short by teacher, who came quickly to her side, saying: "Oh, my dear little girl, you must not talk in time of books. No, turn around in your seat and write the words I gave you."

"Oh, please, teacher, I'm tired and would rather play," said Marie, not thinking for a moment that it was anything out of the way for her to do just as she liked anywhere and at any time. "You see, I'm sleepy when I look at by books, and I'd rather play for a while."

By this time all the pupils were laughing at Marie, for every one there save herself had been in school before. And teacher was smiling in spite of herself, although she tried to prevent the children seeing her amusement. She led Marie into an empty classroom across the hall and explained the rules of the school to her. When she had finished she asked: "Now, my dear little Marie, don't you think you can sit quietly in your desk for just seven minutes? It will then be recreation time and you may go out of doors and play."

"Oh, I'll try ever so hard," smiled Marie, her blue eyes looking up into teacher's, but there was not a gleam of mischief in them. Marie was but a baby—a happy, dear, good-natured little baby, if she was 6 years old.

"Well, you'll soon get accustomed to school, dear, and then you'll not mind studying and keeping quiet," said teacher. And that noon, when Marie went home, she ran to her mamma with: "Oh, mamma, I was very noisy and disobedient this morning, though I didn't mean to be. I just forgot. And teacher said I'll learn how to behave after a while. Won't that be nice? But, mamma, I'm sure I'll always laugh whenever I look back of me and see that boy with the red head and freckles. He's as funny as the clown on the circus."

"Then you mustn't look behind you," explained the mamma. "And perhaps after you get acquainted with the little boy you'll not think him so comical."

"Oh, yes, I shall, for he winks at me. And it makes his face go all into a bunch like this," and Marie winked one pretty blue eye and screwed her face all up as funny as could be, and her mamma laughed, caressing her dear little girl who had had such a new experience that morning at school—her first day at school, though she was 6 years old.

Just then she awoke and told her mother about her dream, and she has never had to be put to bed without her supper since then.

washed away by the red water. The noise, and the wheels and the bells scared me and I almost cried. This is all I remember.

After supper they milked the cows and strained and separated the milk. Then we went to bed. Next morning we went to the pond for pond lilies. Next day we rode horseback and had lots of fun. The next evening we went home. Papa was as glad to see us as if we had been gone a month.

Our Trip to the Country

Mabel Neumayer, Aged 11 Years, 222 North Wheeler St., Grand Island, Neb. Blue.

In the month of August, on a Thursday, Mamma and my two brothers and I got ready to go to my uncle's farm. We were to stay until Sunday night. To first night we went to bed early and got up early, ate our breakfast and went to the granary to swing, and then Henry and George, and my two brothers and I went out to the orchard. When we came back we ate dinner. In the afternoon, my cousin, mamma and smallest brother went to town. After supper they milked the cows and strained and separated the milk. Then we went to bed. Next morning we went to the pond for pond lilies. Next day we rode horseback and had lots of fun. The next evening we went home. Papa was as glad to see us as if we had been gone a month.

One of the Prize Winners



ORLAN MAYERS, Lusk, Wyo.

she said she would not be well for a long time. They went to stay with the lady until his mother was well. The lady asked him his name and he told her Mark. She said that was her name, too. When Mrs. Mark got well they found out that the lady was Johnnie's aunt, and she took them to live with her.

Johnnie's Band

By Helen Reynolds, Aged 12 Years, Norfolk, Neb. Red.

Johnnie had no father and his mother was very poor. They lived in the slums of Chicago. The only plaything Johnnie had was an old horn, which a little boy had given him, and he would stand on the street corner blowing it. One day Johnnie's mother became very sick and a kind lady with a little boy passed Johnnie's house where he was sitting on the porch. The lady asked him what the matter was and he told her his mother was sick. The lady went in and gave Johnnie's mother some money and went for a doctor, and he

Prattle of the Youngsters

"How do you like your new teacher, Tommy?"

"Aw, fine. She dresses swell and she knows a lot of slang and I guess she'll get along with me all right."

"Dear papa," wrote the little girl at the summer resort. "I have gained six ounces in weight since we came here. Mamma sends her love. Please write to us tomorrow. Send your love and all the money you can spare."

"This is the place where our birds are buried," said one of the children. They went to stay with the lady until his mother was well. The lady asked him his name and he told her Mark. She said that was her name, too. When Mrs. Mark got well they found out that the lady was Johnnie's aunt, and she took them to live with her.

Hilda's Dream

By Marie Shook, Aged 12 Years, Omaha, Neb. Blue.

Hilda had been a naughty girl and her mamma had sent her to bed without her supper. She soon dropped off to sleep and dreamed she visited the home of the Busy Bees. While she was there she asked the Queen Bee if she ever put the busy bees to bed without their supper. "I never need to. They are always good," said the Queen Bee. "I wish I could always be good," sighed Hilda. "You can," said the Queen Bee. "How?" "Always do what you know is right, and if you don't know whether it's right or wrong ask your mother. That is the way the Busy Bees do."

The Little Hero

By Ronald Weykoff, Aged 8 Years, Wilber, Neb. Blue.

Once upon a time there was a little boy whose name was Harry Stanley. One day his mother sent him to town with some butter and told him to come back before dark, so Harry took the butter and started. On his way he saw a stream of water which was coming from the river and he knew that if he did not stop the water it would flood the neighborhood. When the little boy did not get back before dark his mother was worried and went to look for him. She saw him coming and asked him why he did not get back sooner. He told her and Henry's mother called him a little hero.

A Visit to the Mine

By George Netherly, Aged 6 Years, Lead, S. D. Blue.

This is a very hilly country not like Kearney, where we used to live. We live close to the White rocks. Sometimes my papa and mamma and I go up to them. Then we can see all the town like hills, toy houses and toy trains and toy people.

Now, I will tell you about Lead. We go there on the trolley. The Homestake is there. That is a very large gold mine. A man was blasting and set the mine afire. He went to dinner and when he got back the smoke was so strong they could not get to the fire; so they put a pipe away over to the creek and just let the creek run into the mine. After a long time the mine got full of water and the fire was put out. Then they dipped out all the water with big buckets on long ropes run by big engines. Papa and mamma took me to see.

Then we saw the large stamp mill. This man at the door let us in. The gold ore fell down in the water right under the big stamps and was crushed into dust and

Real Babes in the Woods

By Annie James.

HEY had not lived in the country long; the Browns had not. They had just moved into the pretty farm house a few days before the things told of in this story happened. There were Papa Brown, Mamma Brown, Bulger (a little boy) and Sissy Brown (a little girl).

Now, before I go any further, I must tell you that Bulger's real sure-enough name was not Bulger; it was Franklyn James. And Sissy Brown's real sure-enough name was not Sissy, but she was Stella May. But as Papa and Mamma Brown always called them Bulger and Sissy it is better for me to do the same. So, let them be known in this story—which is a very short one—as Bulger and Sissy.

Well, on the third day after the Browns had moved into their new country home Bulger and Sissy went out into the big yard to play. And after they had explored every inch of the yard they decided to investigate the barnyard. And it was such loads of fun to chase the big rooster about the barnyard, and to hear the hens cackle as if they were quarreling with them for their mischief. Then they visited the pig-pen. And, such a funny lot of little piglets there were in it, too, trotting about—tails twisted into knots over their backs—after a very fat mother who grunted, grunted, grunted every minute, and who looked towards Bulger and Sissy with a distrustful glance.

Then there was nothing new for Bulger and Sissy about the house, yard and barnyard. And they stood looking at each other, wondering where they should go. Bulger, being 6 years old, spoke first. "Let's go down yonder." And he pointed to a line of timber about a quarter of a mile from the house.

Sissy, being 4 years old, trusted to her big brother's judgment and said: "All right, Bulver."

Then away the two footlings went, hand in hand, toward the dark woods.

"It's very big an' dang'rous," explained Bulger, pointing to the line of timber. "Maybe bears are there."

Sissy held tighter to Bulger's hand, not fearing even bears while safely guarded by him. "But no bears will hover us, for I won't let 'em," went on Bulger. And then they reached a few of the outside, straggling trees. "Oh, it isn't so very big an' dark, is it?" asked Bulger. "No, it's just buff-ful," said Sissy. But still she clung tightly to Bulger's hand.

And so they walked about and about, going a little deeper and a little deeper into the woods. And then it became a little darker and they could not see so far about them, and Bulger decided they would better return to their home. "I don't want to go home, Bulver," said Sissy, seeing the uncertainty in her brother's face. "Yes, it's mos' dinner time," said Bulger, not wishing Sissy to know that he was getting a bit afraid of the lonesome woods.

And so they started out to go home, but, having forgotten just which way they had come, they went in the wrong direction. And so they walked and walked, growing so tired at last that Bulger said they would have to sit down and rest a bit.

All the while they had been walking both Bulger and Sissy had been afraid, but neither owned it to the other.

While they sat on the mossy bank of a little brooklet, Sissy felt asleep, her head in Bulger's lap. Then Bulger's blue eyes grew heavy, and he, too, fell into slumber, forgetting where he was and that there might be bears in the woods.

And there is no knowing how long the two little Browns might have slept in the woods or whether or not they might have come to harm, or have been forever lost, or whether at night the birds might have felt pity for them and covered them with leaves, but about half an hour after they had fallen asleep their own dear mother found them, and lifting Sissy in her arms and calling gently to Bulger to wake, she kissed each and said: "Thank God, I found my dear little babes safe in the woods." And Bulger and Sissy were thankful to be found, too, and promised never to go away from home again without their mamma's consent.



AT LAST THEY SAT DOWN TO REST.

Little Marie's First Day at School

By Helena Davis.

OME, dearie, jump up as quickly as you can. This is to be your first day at school, and it's almost 8 o'clock now. Come, open your blue eyes wide and don't let that old monster, laziness, get a nip at you."

It was little Marie's mamma, who was calling her from her morning's sleep. And Marie, rubbing her eyes, remembered that the day just begun was to be one full of interest for her, for she was to start to school that morning. And Marie had never been in any sort of school before. Her parents had thought it best to keep her out of the kindergarten, as she was not very rugged, and they wished her to be out of doors as much as possible, where she'd grown strong and healthy.

But during the summer Marie had had a birthday, and she was now 4 years old. But she was a very little miss for her years, and as there were no other children in her home she was still her mamma's baby and her papa's only pet.

And so they had moved from the country into town, where Marie might have the advantages of schooling due to a little miss of 4. And such lovely books she had, too, and a slate and a long, sharp pencil. Oh, Marie, had gone into ecstasy the Saturday before, when her mamma had brought to her the fine book and slate satchel so filled with all necessary school things. There was a sponge, too, with which to wash her slate. And a dear little box which held her slate pencil and lead pencil, and another to hold her two writing pens. Marie was to become a great scholar, so papa declared. And Marie was determined not to disappoint him.

As soon as breakfast was over Marie's mamma took her to the school house, which was several blocks away. And when mamma led her into the room where the "primary grade" was kept Marie was so glad to see it filled with little boys and girls like herself. Some were a bit taller and a bit older, perhaps, and some were even younger than Marie. But not one was so small, as Marie was to be the "baby" of the grade. So said the pretty fair-haired teacher who came down



OH, PLEASE, TEACHER, I'M SO TIRED AND WOULD RATHER PLAY.