

# BUSY LITTLE BEES IN THEIR OWN PAGE

SEVERAL new Busy Bees have joined the ranks of the writers, and two of the new ones this week are from distant cities, one being from Lusk, Wyo., and one from Chicago, but the new Busy Bee from Wyoming is a cousin of one of our recent prize winners. The editor is always glad to welcome new Busy Bees, and they often have new ideas and new subjects to write about. We have received some splendid animal stories and the editor hopes to receive more, for surely a lot of Busy Bees have some interesting pets and the editor would be glad to receive pictures of the Busy Bees, with their pets.

The prizes were awarded this week to Willie Cullen, ex-king of the Red side, and to Verna Kirschbraun, both of Omaha, and honorable mention given to Cecil Winerstein of Chicago. All three on the Red side.

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

Jean De Long, Alameda, Neb.  
Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.  
Edith Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.  
Mabel W. Bennett, Benning, Neb.  
Agnes Dahlke, Benson, Neb.  
Vera Cheney, Brighton, Neb.  
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.  
Eunice Hahn, David City, Neb.  
May Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.  
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.  
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.  
Jessie Crawford, 605 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Lloyd Roth, 65 West Keonig street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.  
Edythe Krida, Lexington, Neb.  
Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.  
Alice Grassmeyer, 145 C street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Bliss Hamilton, 220 L street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Irene Disher, 320 L street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Hughe Disher, 320 L street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.  
Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.  
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.  
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.  
Lettie Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.  
Lettie Laska, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.  
Emma M. Ward, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.  
Edith F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.  
Hugh Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.  
Hester R. Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.  
Eugene Wirt, 416 Georgia avenue, Omaha, Neb.  
Meyer Cohn, 345 Georgia avenue, Omaha, Neb.  
Ada Morris, 345 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.  
Myrtle Jensen, 345 12th street, Omaha, Neb.  
Gail Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.  
Helen Heick, 1825 Lehigh street, Omaha, Neb.  
Mildred Jensen, 270 Leavenworth street, Omaha, Neb.  
Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.

## When Toodles was a Fairy

BY HELENA DAVIS

COME, Tottie, let's go into the yard and play fairy," cried Toodles to his little sister. The morning was warm and bright, just like summer, though it was the first of October. Everywhere the leaves were turning red and yellow and brown, painting the landscape to look just like a great autumn picture in the parlor of Toodles and Tottie's home. "Who'll be fairy this time?" asked Tottie, key in the happy anticipation of playing a game dear to her and her brother. "Who'll be fairy, Tottie?" "I'll be fairy, Tottie, for the last time we played you was fairy, and you got upon the carriage shed for the clouds. I'll climb up the elm tree which has all the little silver-green out of its sides. It's so easy to climb."

"All right," agreed Tottie. And away the two ran into the big fenced back yard where there were a great many splendid trees of spreading limbs, just the sort of place for the game of "fairy." "Now, I'll lie down on this bed of leaves," said Tottie, dropping on the ground which was strewn with leaves of brilliant colors that had fallen from the trees. "An' I'll play a poor lady what is very, very sick, an' lying in a hotel. An' I'll play my little boy and girl have gone to their grandmothers for some bread to keep me from starving, an' that a great wolf monster from the road an' is about to eat 'em up when you—who's the fairy—comes flying up from the clouds an' tells me of my little child-der's danger. You touch me with a wand an' it makes me well, an' I jump up an' get into a chariot what you've brought wif you, an' away we fly like the win' and save my child-der."

"Oh, yes, that'll be lots of fun!" declared Toodles. Then he climbed into the elm tree that Tottie had lain down under, the tree with the many low-growing branches. Once perched on a spreading limb—about six feet from the ground—Tottie said: "I'm all ready now, Tottie. Let's begin."

"Well, I'll play I'm calling to my little boy an' girl. Come, Ethel Grace, an' Harry James, mamma wants a drink of water. Oh, what'll I do?—I'm so very, very ill!" And Tottie stretched herself and moaned moaned as if lying on a bed of sickness. "Oh, my child-der! What will become of them? Spouse a wolf should catch them and eat them up! Oh, what can I do to save them!"

Down he fell with a bump on the ground below.

## Two Popular Busy Bees



LOUISE STILES AND ESTELLE McDONALD OF LYONS, NEB.



## 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.
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 BEE.

(First Prize.)

## Work First and Play Afterward

Willie Cullen, Ex-King Red, 3212 Webster Street, Omaha, Neb.

Frank was a boy about 12 years old and was in the seventh grade at school. It was a Sunday afternoon and Frank had not done his home work yet for last week. He had only this afternoon and evening to do it in for it had to be ready to take to school and hand to the teacher Monday morning.

Frank had just come in from out of doors and had taken up Sunday morning's paper to read. "I think you had better do your home work now, Frank," said his mother. "Oh, I want to read the paper," said Frank.

"Very well, then," said his mother. "So instead of obeying his mother, Frank read the newspaper until 6 o'clock. They then had their luncheon and then the door bell rang. It was Frank's aunt and cousin, who had come to spend the evening. Frank had lots of fun with his cousin, but suddenly he thought of his home work. He left his cousin to do his work, but it was too late to do it now. There was so much noise and talk that he couldn't do it. So he had to put it away.

The next morning he had to stay and do his homework twice. You may be sure he never left his homework undone again while he read the paper. He always does it first now.

His mother said that it served him right because he was disobedient, and it shows there is some truth in the saying, "Work first and play afterward."

(Second Prize.)

## How Loyal Got His Name

Verna Kirschbraun, Aged 12 Years, 311 South Twenty-fourth Street, Omaha, Neb.

Loyal was a big Newfoundland dog belonging to a family named Grey. There were two children in the family. The child-der, so I will. And Toodles got up in a very indignant frame of mind and shook the dry leaves and dust from his head and clothes.

"Oh, I'll not giggle any more," promised Tottie, coming to her brother's side and helping to dust him off. "Come, let's keep on playin' till we've got my little child-der away from the big wolf. An' if we don't hurry up about it we'll be too late."

eldest was a girl of twelve, named Jeanette, the youngest a little girl of three, named Martha. When the dog first came into the family they didn't know what to name it.

A long time went by and the family were preparing for a trip to Europe, and still the dog had no name. The children begged the captain to let the dog sail with them, and at last he consented.

They were two days at sea when a terrible storm arose and the ship started to sink. The life boats were brought down and in the hurry and rush to get in the life boats the family got separated from Martha and she was left on the sinking ship. The life boats sailed away and they had sailed quite far when they discovered that both Martha and the dog were missing.

The dog seeing Martha left on the ship alone had barked but nobody heard him and he found himself alone with Martha. The ship was rapidly sinking when a boat went by and he barked and was soon heard by the people, who took them both on the ship.

The family had waited at Liverpool, England trying to find out about the ship, and when Martha and the dog arrived a short time afterwards they found each other, and because of the dog's faithfulness they named him Loyal.

(Honorable Mention.)

## A Selfish Little Girl

Cecil Winerstein, Aged 10 Years, 1415 Cecil Street, Chicago, Ill.

It's very queer how we little children can be so selfish and only think of our own pleasure. I know a little girl, her name is Laura. One Sunday her mother took sick. During the week her mother had promised to take her to visit her uncle and aunt on Sunday. But as her mother was sick she could not go. Her mother laid down and went to sleep. Little Laura had her mind on this all the time. When her mother had slept an hour, Laura asked her father, shall we wake mamma. Her father said no, she needs the rest. Almost every five minutes she kept on asking the same question. At last she went of her own accord and woke up her mamma. She knew her mamma needed the rest but she thought if she could get her mamma up she might come her to go visiting. This little girl always got what she was promised but this time her mamma was sick so she could not keep the promise. Little girls can't always get what they want.

Laura's real name is Cecil Winerstein.

## The Disturbed Picnic

Helen McFarlane, Aged 13 Years, Lusk, Wyo.

One day Tona, Florence, Alice and Ger-

trude all took their dinner out in the meadow by the creek to have a little picnic. First they fished and went in wading. Then they went over the meadow a little way to some tall rocks called "The Big Red Rocks," but when they got there they saw some boys coming, so they ran back to the creek and hid in the bushes.

After they had sat there a few minutes they heard the boys hallowing and the girls were frightened and ran upon the bank, and there they saw the boys had a snake on a stick and were coming that way, so they picked up their dinner pails and ran over to a big cave in the meadow and went in.

After they had sat there about fifteen minutes they heard the boys coming, so they sat very still. After awhile they peeped out and saw the boys passing by, still looking for them.

All of the girls' faces were red and hot, so Florence and Gertrude went to the creek and got some water in the dinner pail and they bathed their hot faces in the cool water. Alice told the girls to listen and they heard the boys coming toward the cave, so they got out and ran across the meadow, and there they saw Gertrude's brother, Albert, with a load of hay.

The girls called to him and he stopped and took them on the load of hay, and they had a pleasant ride home.

## Result of a Quarrel

Hulda Lundberg, Queen Bee, Aged 14 Years, 388 D Street, Fremont, Neb.

"There! You're lit!" said Ruth. "Oh, I am not, I was on my base," said Evelyn.

"You were not," said Ruth, "and I won't play if you cheat that way."

"Well, don't then," said Evelyn. "I am sure we can get along without you."

Ruth walked away and sat down on the grass.

Evelyn and Ruth were neighbors, so they had been great friends. Evelyn was very impulsive and had short red hair and blue eyes. Ruth had long brown curls and brown eyes. She was more polite than Evelyn.

Evelyn was very jealous of Ruth's curls, so she told every one she hated curls.

When school was out Ruth and Evelyn went home the same way; then Evelyn said "Smarty!"

"Sure! Don't you wish you were?" said Ruth.

Evelyn ran after Ruth, but Ruth was too quick for her. Evelyn fell on a board and tore her dress. She also hurt herself very badly and told her mother that Ruth tore her dress.

The next morning Evelyn decided to get even with Ruth, so she took with her a pair of scissors. After school she told several girls what she was going to do, and they ran after her, but she answered them crossly.

When Ruth was not looking Evelyn ran up to her and grabbed one of her curls. "Ouch!" cried Ruth.

Evelyn pulled her scissors from her pocket and cut—not the curl, which she had intended to do, but her own finger.

Oh, how it hurt! She ran back and forth and cried terribly. When her mother came she took her to a doctor and had the wound dressed. But this gave Evelyn a good lesson and she has now learned not to be so cross to her friends.

## Johnnie's Car Ride

Lena Cox, Aged 12 Years, Tekamah, Neb.

Having never ridden on a train, it was not surprising that Johnnie Harrison should be on tip-toe with expectation, for was he not to go that very day to see his aunt, who lived in Bancroft? The family was ready by 2:30 o'clock, thinking the train was to go at 3:30 instead of 4:30. Mrs. Harrison read a story aloud so as to pass off the time, but it was far from train time when they got to the station. After waiting awhile the train pulled in and then began the bustle and confusion of getting on it. They had to go through two cars before they found seats. When they had taken possession of their seat Johnnie wanted to know if they were going, "for," said he, "it looks like the freight cars and telegraph poles are going instead of us. When they arrived at the station their aunt was there and they all went to her home together. After a pleasant time they returned to their own home, Johnnie happy in the knowledge that he had ridden on a car for once in his life.

## The Departure of Summer

Myrtle Jensen, Aged 11 Years, 2369 12th Street, Omaha, Neb.

It was a cool September evening. The moon was just rising above the eastern horizon, while the silvery stars already adorned the heavens.

A beautiful, graceful young maiden was sitting on the grass in a meadow. The grass was turning brown and was already scattered with faded brown leaves. The maiden looked at her surroundings and sighed and then thought of the sunny days of summer when she would soon return.

"But, oh," she said to herself, "I will miss so many faces that are so familiar to me."

She was Summer, whose place was soon to be taken by Autumn. Father Time had requested her to return to her home in the East. She had, of course, to obey all his commands.

Just then Miss Marigold and Miss Poppy came to bid her farewell. They were sobbing violently.

"Oh, dear Summer, how we wish that you might stay! Please take us with you," they begged.

One by one Nature and all her children—the birds, bees, butterflies and flowers—bade Summer good-bye.

A few days later Autumn appeared upon the scene, while Summer vanished almost immediately.

He treated Mother Nature nicely the first few days, but one night he held a consultation with his assistant, Jack Frost.

The next morning the earth was robed in a thin, white matel, which seemed to sparkle with diamonds. But how fatal those seeming-like diamonds were! Many of the prettiest flowers had perished.

In a short while all of the trees were leafless, the grass and flowers had disappeared and everything was the picture of desolation.

King Autumn did not, however, find it so pleasant to be king for Mother Nature was constantly reproaching him for having treated her so. So he finally gave up the kingdom to Winter.

## Brulser

By Helen Rogers, Aged 12 Years, Omaha, Neb.

One cold Sunday morning a paper boy was going down town very early, and found a poor, sick little kitten. He put it in his cart and wrapped it up in sacks to keep it warm, and gave it to me. When I first saw the cat it would not play at all,

## Prattle of the Youngsters

"Papa, why didn't you wear a pair last night?"

"A pair of what, child?"

"A pair of skates."

"What does the boy mean?"

"Why, Bill, the coachman, told the cook that you had a lovely skate on last night when you came home."—Baltimore American.

Dorothy's mother found her with an alarm clock on her foot and the alarm set for 6 o'clock.

"Well, for goodness sake, Dorothy, what mischief are you up to now?"

"Why, mother, I'm not in any mischief, but my foot's asleep and I want to wake it up!"—Puck.

In one of New York's public schools a teacher was explaining the word "recuperate" to the class.

"Bobby," she asked, "suppose your papa worked hard all day, he would be tired and worn out, wouldn't he?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Then, when night comes and his work is over for the day, what does he do?"

"Ah," replied Bobby, "that's what mother wants to know."—Harpers Weekly.

Before Willie started for Mrs. Smith's house, where he was invited to dinner, his mother gave him some final advice.

"Above all things," cautioned his mother,

but would lay on the floor all the time. We thought he would not live, but now he has grown very large. In the summer he gets so thin that he looks like a shadow, and in the winter he gets very fat. He is a pretty maltese and his fur is very long. We named him Bruiser, because he plays so rough.

One day about a year ago, a parrot lived next door who would call, "come kitty, kitty," when the cat would chase around to see who was calling him, and when he would find out that it was the parrot he would come back looking very disgusted. He comes up every morning early and wakes us up by meowing.

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Harry looked up and saw a little fairy standing beside him. He said, "I will be very glad to have you take me, for I have often wanted to go on such a trip."

The fairy said, "Come, then," and took him by the hand. They went down to a lake and got in a beautiful little boat, all trimmed with flowers. They had a delightful time going across the lake. When they got in Fairyland the little people greeted them kindly and then gave Harry a nice cool bed to sleep in.

In the morning Harry went to see the fairy school and see the sick fairies. Just as he was going to hear them sing, he heard them say, "We are always contented with what we have," and Harry always remembered what he had heard.

Plain, but Sufficient.

The late Josiah W. Leeds of Philadelphia was noted for his life long fight against modesty. Mr. Leeds reformed the theatrical poster, he elevated painting and in a number of cases he even succeeded in having nude statues draped.

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This epitaph, which was cut on the simplest, cheapest stone it is possible to imagine, said:

"This monument is very plain, no doubt, but all the money in the world would not have brought our poor father back to us again."—St. Louis Republic.

## Mighty Himalayan Mountains

THE geological survey of India has just published four large pamphlets giving a summary of the geological and geographical information concerning the Himalayas that has been accumulating for a century since the first survey party was sent out among the mountains in 1807. These volumes are written for the general public and the results are presented in a popular manner.

The first impression one gets from them is that the Himalayas so far exceed every other mountain system in the world in everything that makes the greatness of mountains that they stand in a class by themselves.

Though these mighty ranges have been included in the survey scheme of British India for a century, a great many of their lofty peaks are not yet mapped and there are many hundreds of summits whose height is not yet known. But of the peaks that have been measured there are seventy-five whose height exceeds 20,000 feet.

It is certain that there is no mountain of this height in North America, and if there is so lofty a summit in South America the fact is yet to be shown. Each of these seventy-five mountains is nearly or more than two miles higher than the loftiest eminence of Europe and stands four-fifths of a mile or more above the highest point in Africa.

The geological survey catalogues these seventy-five principal peaks in five classes in order of magnitude. The peaks of the first magnitude, exceeding 28,000 feet in height, include only Mount Everest and Kinchinjunga I; peaks of the second magnitude, between 27,000 and 28,000 feet, are Kinchinjunga II and Makalu; third magnitude, between 26,000 and 27,000 feet, are four peaks; fourth magnitude, between 25,000 and 26,000 feet, are thirty-two peaks; and fifth magnitude, between 24,000 and 25,000 feet, are twenty-eight mountains.

Thus far 887 mountains have been measured whose height is 20,000 feet or more. It is estimated, according to the law of probability, based upon the work already done, that there are probably 1,300 mountains in the Himalayas that are 20,000 feet or more in height.

There are besides many hundreds of prominent but lower summits. Very few of these mountains have native names and the question arises how, as mapping of the Himalayas progresses, shall this vast array of summits be designated.

Of the seventy-five greatest peaks only sixteen have native names. The Survey says it would be a mistake to attempt to

"do not drink tea from your saucer."

Willie promised. When he got back home his mother inquired how he made a fire and himself. Willie said he had enjoyed himself immensely.

"I hope you did everything the way I told you to," said his mother.

"Yes, I did," answered Willie somewhat hesitatingly.

"And you did not drink your tea from your saucer?"

"Yes, mamma, I did," replied Willie, but Mrs. Smith drank her tea from her saucer first."—New York Sun.

The wagons of the "greatest show on earth" passed up the avenue at daybreak. Their incessant rumble soon awakened 10-year-old Billie and his 8-year-old brother Robert. Their mother feigned sleep as the two white-robed figures crept past her bed into the hall, on the way to investigate. Robert struggled manfully with the unaccustomed task of putting on his clothes.

"Wait for me, Billy," his mother heard him say. "You'll find it was a bad dream."

"Get mother to help you," counseled Billie, who was having troubles of his own.

Mother started to the rescue, and then paused as she heard the voice of her younger, guarded but anxious and insatiable.

"You ask her, Billy. You've known her longer than I have."—Everybody's Magazine.

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Plain, but Sufficient.

The late Josiah W. Leeds of Philadelphia was noted for his life long fight against modesty. Mr. Leeds reformed the theatrical poster, he elevated painting and in a number of cases he even succeeded in having nude statues draped.

He lived simplicity as he loved modesty. Orientation he abhorred—especially the ostentation of funerals and cemeteries. He used often to quote an epitaph that he had once seen in a secluded graveyard.

This epitaph, which was cut on the simplest, cheapest stone it is possible to imagine, said:

"This monument is very plain, no doubt, but all the money in the world would not have brought our poor father back to us again."—St. Louis Republic.

Harry's Dream

By Alceda Bennett, Aged 11 Years, Elgin, Neb.

Harry Brown was lying on the ground when he heard a voice say: "I have come to grant the wish you made yesterday."

Harry looked up and saw a little fairy standing beside him. He said, "I will be very glad to have you take me, for I have often wanted to go on such a trip."

The fairy said, "Come, then," and took him by the hand. They went down to a lake and got in a beautiful little boat, all trimmed with flowers. They had a delightful time going across the lake. When they got in Fairyland the little people greeted them kindly and then gave Harry a nice cool bed to sleep in.

In the morning Harry went to see the fairy school and see the sick fairies. Just as he was going to hear them sing, he heard them say, "We are always contented with what we have," and Harry always remembered what he had heard.