

# BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

THREE little Busy Bees from one family each sent in a story this week, the younger two being new Busy Bees. This little Busy Bee not only got two of her own little brothers and sisters to join the writers for the Busy Bees' Own Page, but also two or three little school friends, too. That little Busy Bee will never be called a drone. The editor was very sorry to hear that one of the little Busy Bees had copied a story last week from the "Second Reader" which is used in the public schools, and it must be that the little writer did not know the meaning of "original." The Busy Bees must think out and write their stories by themselves or they are not original and may not be used. The editor received a good story from a little girl 15 years of age this week and we were sorry not to print it, but the age limit for the Busy Bees is 14 years.

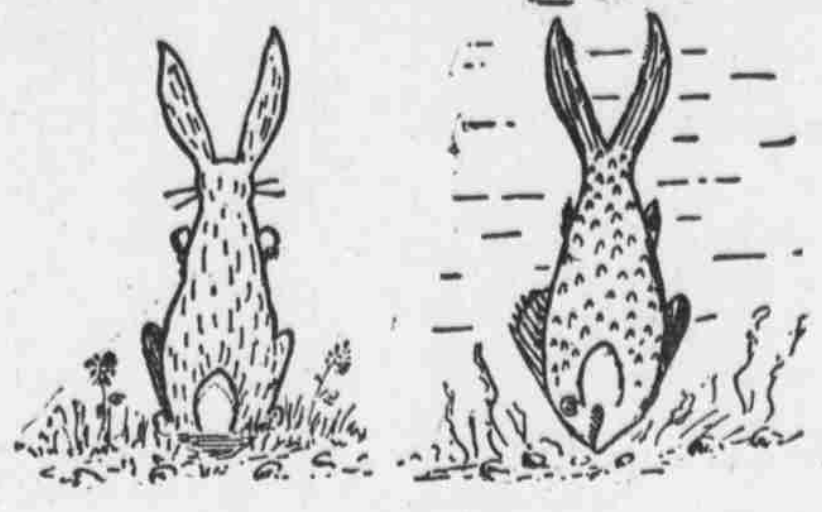
The prizes were awarded this week to Lee Beckard of Waco, Neb., on the Red side, and to Frances Waterman of Omaha, on the Red side, and honorable mention to Mary Brown of Omaha, also on the Red side.

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

- Jean De Long, Alton, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
- Lillian Merwin, Heaver City, Neb.
- Mabel White, Burlington, Neb.
- Agnes Dahms, Benson, Neb.
- Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
- Louise Hahn, David City, Neb.
- Rhea Fredell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
- Ray Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.
- Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 405 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Lydla Roth, 605 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 607 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Edythe Kretz, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
- Marian Hamilton, 202 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Alice Grassmeyer, 158 C street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Elsie Hamilton, 202 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Disher, 200 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Hughie Dalton, 203 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Milton Seiler, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Louise Hanson, 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 Rutt, Leehara, Neb.
- Heater E. Rutt, Leehara, Neb.
- Lillian Wirt, 418 Cass street, Omaha, Neb.
- Hever John, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Ada Morris, 2434 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
- Muriel Jensen, 2903 Isard street, Omaha, Neb.
- Tall Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Helen Jenck, 1625 Lethrop street, Omaha, Neb.
- Mildred Jensen, 277 Leavenworth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Mabel Sheffert, 4914 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Wilma Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Emerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha, Neb.
- Helen Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha, Neb.
- Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha, Neb.
- Ellah Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street, Omaha, Neb.
- Louis Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth street, Omaha, Neb.
- James Richman, 2211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Walter Johnson, 2406 North Twentieth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Mary Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
- Emilio Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
- Eva Hendee, 4922 Dodge street, Omaha, Neb.
- Juanita Innes, 258 Fort street, Omaha, Neb.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
- Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
- Zola Beddoe, Orleans, Neb.
- Marie Fleming, Occola, Neb.
- Lolla Woods, O'Neill, Neb.
- Earl Perkins, Redding, Neb.
- Emma Kostal, 138 O street, South Omaha, Neb.
- Ethel Enns, Stanton, Neb.
- Edna Kral, Stanton, Neb.
- Clara Miller, Union county, Neb.
- Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
- Edna Carney, Union county, Neb.
- Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
- Mary Fredrick, York, Neb.
- Edith Ames, York, Neb.
- Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Attica, Ind.

## New Animal Analogues

By the Author of "How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers," Prof. Robert Williams Wood, Johns Hopkins University



**The Bunny. The Tunny.**  
The superficial naturalists have often been misled. By failing to dis-crim-in-ate between the tail and head: It really is unfortunate such carelessness prevails, Because the Bunnies have their heads where Tunnies have their tails.

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## How Orphan Billy Found a Mother

By Maud Walker.

A YEAR before this story opens a carload of orphan children were sent from a great eastern city to the far west. These little homeless, and for the most part nameless, waifs were distributed about among farmers in various sections west of the Mississippi river. Some of them found good homes, others were not so fortunate. Among the latter was Billy, the subject of this story. He was 9 years old at the time of his being "shipped west," and he had no other name than Billy. This little pet name had been found pinned to his dress on the morning when a policeman picked him up in one of the public parks. And on the paper that gave his name as "Billy" was written these words: "Somebody be good to my little boy, Billy, and God in heaven will bless you." But so far that "somebody" had not been found, and Billy's lot had been a pretty hard one. In the asylum where he had lived prior to his being "shipped west" he had known only severity and work. The little time that he and other orphans were allowed to play was after work and study hours, and then they were too tired to make joyful use of their leisure and preferred to lie about on the hard soil of the uninviting playground, with its jail-like high fence, and rest their tired limbs. And lying there they would wonder if in some other world they would have parents and mamma, like other children—children of the great big outside world. So often these little orphans would watch with wonder the "other children" going past the asylum, and a cry would sometimes burst from their lips and tears spring to their eyes as they compared their own desolate life with those care-free and happy children on the "outside."

And Billy had been one of the little mourners, for these heavy-hearted orphans could hardly be called anything else. And when one day the news spread throughout the asylum that about fifty of its inmates were to be "shipped west" Billy was one of the first to cry out: "Oh, let me be one of them! I want to go to—a home."

And Billy was one of those chosen to be sent to the farmers living in the far west, and he dreamed of the time when he would not wear clothes just like all the other

orphans, but would have a nice Sunday suit, like the "outside boys." And for every day he would dress like the grocer's delivery boy who came to the asylum, and who was so neat-checked and merry, and who dressed in blue overalls and aingham shirt, and who whistled such lively tunes as he drove up to the grounds.

And with a light heart Billy was carried far, far away towards the setting sun. And with a still lighter heart he was told that he was going to a place where a man and his wife kept a little railroad station eating-house, away over the mountains, near Salt Lake City. And this man and woman were to be his parents, for they had no children of their own.

But after the first hour in his new home Billy was sick for the loveless asylum. His new "mother" was a cold, sharp-tongued woman, tireless in her work and tireless in making Billy work also. And the new "father" was a red-nosed man, given to drink, as Billy afterwards learned. So, this was the "home" Billy had not dreamed of. And his hopes died during the first hour of his existence there.

And all day long he was alone with this strange, unaffectionate woman and red-nosed man, save for ten minutes at the noon hour, and the minutes again at 4 o'clock in the evening, when trains stopped to allow their passengers to procure sandwiches, pie, doughnuts and coffee at the little station eating-house. And during the ten-minute rush twice a day Billy was happy, for there were people laughing, chatting, bustling people, eating, drinking, as fast as they could. And Billy helped to wait on them, work he much enjoyed, for though tired out from constant toil in the garden and kitchen the excitement of the crowd made him forget his weariness.

And so life passed on and on in the lonely place with the woman whom he could not call mother, and the man whom he could not call father. But neither of these "new parents" seemed to care about what he called them, so that he did his work well, he was not corrected when he addressed them as Aunt Jane and Uncle Tom. "I may find a mother some day," he would whisper to himself. "A good woman that will love me for my own sake, and not just feed and clothe me for



## Little Folk

**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, NEB.

## An Imaginary Trip to the Moon

By Leo Beckard, Aged 12 Years, Waco, Neb. Red.

Some friends and I once made up our minds to take a trip to the moon in an airship. So we got our airship made, but when he wanted to go, he would not go. So we had to get it fixed better. After a while we got started. Some people told us the moon was made of green cheese. We did not believe them; so we were going

to find out. We found out that it was not. The man who guided the airship did not go the right way, but hit the man in the moon in the eye and blinded him, so after that he did not shine so bright. We saw many different sights and people. The people laughed at us and we laughed at them. We did not like it there as well as we did at home. So we thought the best thing for us was to go home. We turned our airship around and started for home. We were going to light in the city of Denver, but by a mistake lit on Pike's Peak at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

In the morning we saw one of the most beautiful sights, which is to see the sunrise. In the morning at 8 o'clock some clouds came and we rode down on their backs, and at 11 o'clock we got on the train and returned home safely. Hoping to take another trip some time, but not to hit the man in the moon in the eye, because I am afraid that if we did, he will not shine at all.

## Emma's New Dress

By Frances Waterman, Aged 12 Years, 546 South Twenty-Fourth Avenue, Omaha, Red.

"Oh, girl, mamma is making me a new dress!" cried excited little Emma Wyatt.

She was served with their "quick lunch" in the eating house he slipped out to the platform and walked up and down by the side of the train. He could see the passengers sitting beside the windows, some of them eating the lunches they had bought from him.

Billy paused in front of one of the windows, which was open, a sweet-faced lady put out her hand to him. "Come here, little man," she said. And when Billy stepped close to her window, looking up into her kind face, smiling, she handed him a great yellow orange.

"Do you live here, little man?" she asked, smiling down on him.

"Yes'm, I live here with the gentleman and lady who keep the eating house," replied Billy. "But they're not my mother and father," he quickly explained, for he thought he was their child. Then he added: "I haven't any mother or father. I am an orphan and was shipped west a year ago. Since then I've lived here, ma'am."

"And have you a good home, dear child? And do you love the woman and man with whom you live?" There was so much sympathy in her voice, so much solicitude, that Billy's eyes glistened with tears. He dared not try to speak, so she shook his head. Then, thinking he had done something wrong, ran down the station toward the engine.

Once outside the glare of light of the car windows, Billy stood panting, tears streaming down his cheeks. How heavy his heart was! The few kind words spoken to him by the gentle-voiced lady in the car had roused all the longing in him for someone to love, and someone to love him in return. Ah, how he could love that dear lady who had spoken so sweetly to him and who had given him the big orange! Oh, if he only dared—

Then a plan unfolded itself in his mind. But it was a plan he feared to follow out. But why should he? There was nothing to lose and everything to gain. He would be well off anywhere as here. There was no hope of anything better happening to him while he remained a drudge for the cold-hearted, thankless man and woman with whom he now lived. Yes, better risk anything. If the dear, good lady should not want him he could—

as she lay there. "Ethel was dressed the best after all."

## Honorable Mention. Smarty

By Mary Brown, Aged 12 Years, 2322 Boulevard Avenue, Omaha, Red.

One fall evening when we were waiting for papa to come for supper we noticed as he neared the house that he had something under his arm like a small basket, but when he stepped into the kitchen he did not have it. We begged him to tell us what he carried, but he only said he did not have anything. Well, we knew better, but did not ask him again.

The next morning when mamma went to feed the chickens, and as she opened the door of the chicken house she saw Mr. Turkey with the rest of the chickens.

When mamma came into the house she told us what the bundle was that papa carried under his arm the night before.

We called him Smarty, and every time we went into the yard and called him he would come, no matter where he was.

About two days before Thanksgiving Smarty was gone. We hunted and hunted, but Smarty was nowhere to be found. We had to give up having a turkey for dinner.

The day after Thanksgiving Mr. Smarty was seen coming into the yard holding his neck so proud as if to say, "I know Thanksgiving is past and I am coming home again." We will take better care of him next Thanksgiving.

lines and bobbers as they could be traced. At dinner time they were discovered missing. Their father and neighbors soon started after them. It was not very hard to follow them because of the tracks the horses made in the mud.

They found them the next day while the Indians were camping. They killed two of them, but the others ran, leaving the boys behind.

The boys were taken home to their mother, but now they have a big story to tell the other boys.

## Kittie and Little Brother

By Margaret McCormack, Aged 7 Years, 1222 South Thirty-second Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue.

My mother went out to see grandpa, who was sick, and took my little 2-year-old brother with her. While there he played with the cat, and when he started home he asked grandpa to give him the cat, so she gave it to him, and mother brought it home in a basket. When little brother was sitting on the floor playing with the cat he thought it tail looked too long and he went and got a large nail and asked mother to nail the tail up on the cat's back, so he wouldn't step on it. Mother said that would be cruel and would kill poor kittie.

## Jeanette's Lesson

By Louisa Stiles, Aged 13 Years, Lyons, Neb. Blue.

The Lawrences lived on a large farm near the village of Newbury. About once a week Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence went to town to buy groceries, dry goods or anything they happened to need. Jeanette, their only child, a girl of 11 years, was generally allowed to accompany them, but on one occasion they were in a hurry, so she was left at home with Mary, a girl who worked for them. Jeanette was modest and always wanted to see what was in everything. When Mary finished her work she went to her room to do some mending and Jeanette was left alone. First she tried to amuse herself with a book, but being unsuccessful in this, she took an apple and went out doors to the swing. After a few hours her parents came home and while her husband unharnessed the horses Mrs. Lawrence took her purchases into the house and putting them upon a high shelf, went in search of Mary. Jeanette followed her mother in the house and when she saw her she hid behind a chair near the shelf and climbed upon it. Her mother had promised to bring her some candy and she saw a package which she thought contained it. She carefully pulled it to the edge of the shelf and started to untie the string, when the chair slipped and she fell. She did not catch except for a sudden prickling in her eyes. She gave a sudden scream which brought her mother and Mary to the rescue. Mary picked up the package which had fallen from the shelf, its contents being plentifully sprinkled over Jeanette, in her eyes included, and which contained not candy, but ground red peppers, while Mrs. Lawrence washed the peppers from Jeanette's eyes. I think this cured Jeanette of meddling, especially as she was not allowed to have any candy.

## The Dog's Dance

By Prudence Winterstein, Aged 7 Years, 706 W. Military Ave., Fremont, Neb. Red.

Once upon a time there was a town called Dogtown. The houses were made of wood and mud, and each had two rooms. Well, once a little dog wanted to have a dancing party, but the father said, "Wait and have it Halloween night."

But the little girl said, "Papa, I can't wait 'till Saturday, it is too long."

"But you will have to wait anyhow," repeated the father.

So the little girl went to bed angry. In the morning she said, "Papa, may I have Jack lanterns for decorations and have ghosts?"

"Yes," said the father, "that is why I wanted you to wait."

So she went to the dogs' public school very happy.

That night after school she said, "May I write the names of the children, mamma?"

"Yes," said the mother.

So she wrote the following: "Sport, Daisy, Nellie, Sir W., Sue L., Rags, Fido, Spots, Buttons, Dora, Toots, Billy and Bertha."

Well, at last Saturday came and they were all there.

Sir W. danced so hard he fell down. The refreshments were cream, potatoes and fried chicken.

## Two Short Stories

By Eleanor Mellor, ex-Queen, Aged 12 Years, Malvern, Ia. Blue.

Dorothy was a very pretty child, but not very agreeable to have around. She knew she was pretty, but did not care about the way she acted.

One day her mother had callers and Dorothy was very annoying to her mother, so she sent Dorothy to her room. Dorothy felt very ashamed of herself.

After awhile Dorothy's mother came up and told her that no matter how she acted she was always judged by the way she acts.

Dorothy remembered what her mother told her, and now all of Dorothy's playmates think she is very nice.

Charley Wright was a poor boy and had to earn his living by selling newspapers. He had always wished he had a bicycle, and tried hard to get it. He would watch the boys as they came to and from school on their bicycles and wish that he too had one. But he no longer thought of the bicycle but kept on selling papers.

He had now almost seventy-five cents, but he knew that that little sum would not buy a bicycle. Just then a little child happened to run across the street and stopped in front of a coming street car.

It's mother was not watching it so Charley jumped in front of the car and saved the child just in time. The mother had just missed it and saw Charley pick the child up. She called Charley across the street and gave him his reward of five dollars. Charley thanked the lady and went home and took the money he had saved in his bank, which was only 50 cents, and put all of it together and got a second-hand bicycle.

Charley is now a messenger boy in the city of Chicago.

## A Thanksgiving Turkey

By Pearl Maupin, Aged 12 Years, 2315 North Twenty-Eighth Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red.

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there lived a family of five children and their parents, who were very poor. They lived in an old family shanty of two rooms. This family had no clothing to wear, and what people gave them was just four more days till Thanksgiving, but these people did not expect to get anything extra good to eat, for they had no money to buy it with.

Well, Thanksgiving came at last; and what do you suppose happened. Some little girls brought their big turkey, and they were so thankful over it that they invited the little girls over to eat with them. They all had a pleasant Thanksgiving day.

## Petty and Teddy

By Emilie Brown, Aged 10 Years, 2322 Boulevard Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red.

One day when papa came home for dinner he brought me two little geese. They were only one week old and the funniest little things you ever saw. I called them Petty and Teddy. Pretty soon they got to know their names, and when I call them they will come, no matter where they are. They have feathers now and are big.

Mamma said we were going to have them for Thanksgiving dinner, but I bet she don't get them, because I am going to tell them all about Thanksgiving, and tell them to run away for a few days so they will not get killed for our Thanksgiving dinner.

## Little Eleanor's Surprise

By Marie Mitterdorff, Aged 12 Years, 915 East Avenue, York, Neb. Red.

Eleanor was sitting in the big chair by her mamma crying.

"What are you crying for, my child?" said her mother.

"Oh, only because we are not going to grandpa's farm Thanksgiving," said Eleanor.

Nothing else was said in regard to it until a day before Thanksgiving, when a letter came from her grandpa, but Eleanor's mother would not let her read it.

Eleanor woke up Thanksgiving morning feeling almost heartbroken. As Eleanor was dressing for dinner she heard a bus drive up near her house, but did not pay any attention to it, thinking it was driving up to a neighbor's house, until she heard a dear familiar voice calling, "Eleanor!" she was then happy, for her dear grandpa, grandpa and auntie had come to spend the day with her instead.

## Two Boys' Adventure with Indians

By Rena N. Mead, Aged 12 Years, Blair, Neb. Blue.

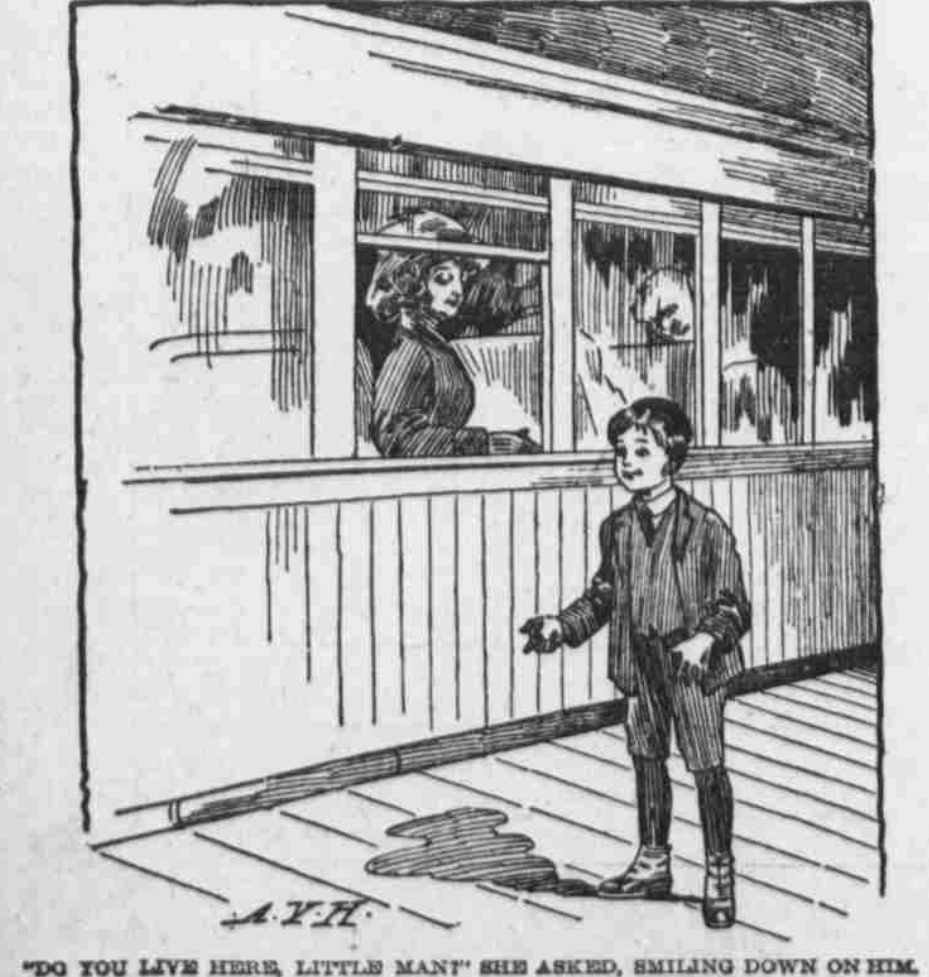
John and Harry lived in the west before the civil war. Their father was a brave trapper. There were many Indians near, but the boys were not afraid.

Their home lay near a creek, where the boys went fishing, and good fishers they were, too.

One day, as John and Harry sat fishing, they saw about a dozen Indians riding toward them. They could not run because the Indians would overtake them before they reached home, so they hid in the bushes. But the Indians had seen them. The Indians came up and stopped to fish. They seemed friendly. Presently the boys found themselves in the grip of two Indians. The Indians put them on two horse's backs. The Indians then started back at breakfast pace for fear somebody would discover them. The boys fell off in the mud once or twice, pretending they did not know how to ride. They dropped their

## Little Student

"I love my music practice, And study every day. And sometime in the future I'll know just how to play. And I shall also learn to sing. And reach the notes so high. That though I'm sitting on the earth My voice will reach the sky!"



"DO YOU LIVE HERE, LITTLE MAN?" SHE ASKED, SMILING DOWN ON HIM.