

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

SEVERAL children have written to the Busy Bee editor asking if they may write continued stories...

If the Busy Bees have followed all the rules, their stories have not been thrown in the waste basket...

The Red side is ahead. This is the first time for many months. But a number of the Blue side decided to help the Red side...

Prizes were awarded this week to Margaret Langdon of Gretna, Neb., and to William Cullen, ex-king, and honorable mention given to Ruth Ashby, ex-queen.



Little Stories for Little Folks

Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. Use pen and ink, not pencils.

playing and performing. The humped-back camel looked at the crowd of boys and girls pointing at him.

A Kind Deed

By Gladys Hartwell, Aged 13 Years, Newark, Neb. There once was in Washington a girl by the name of Edith Winters.

A Good Lesson

By Adale Tendryk, Kearney, Neb. Blue Side. "Oh, dear," cried Ethel, as she awoke the day before Christmas.

Unselfishness

By Beulah Jackson, Aged 11 Years, 215 South Twenty-third Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side. "Oh! I am so tired," said Helen, leaning over to lay her head on her mother's lap.

Prosperity

By Richard Hartwell, Aged 8 Years, 1014 North 16th Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side. Once there was a boy named Peter and another boy named Robert who were brothers.

My Baby Sister

By Ruth Hamilton, Aged 8 Years, 4103 Davenport Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side. She is a year and a half old. She is as quick a lightning.

Olive's Strange Visitor

By Margaret Langdon, Aged 10 Years, 215 South Twenty-third Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side. Olive's room was on the ground floor and looked out upon the shrubs and flowers at the back of the house.

Albert Learns a Lesson

By William Cullen, ex-king, Aged 11 Years, 3213 Webster Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side. One day Albert was coming home from school. He had a strap of books over his shoulder.

The Toboggan Party

By Alta Wilken, Aged 13 Years, Waco, Neb. Red Side. "Oh, mamma, Sadie Stone just sent me an invitation to come to her house Friday to a toboggan party."

The Two Bears

By Cecil Martin, Aged 9 Years, Geneva, Neb. Red Side. Once a bear was looking for food. After he had gone about half way through the woods he saw a trap that had some food in it.

Teaching the Chickens to Swim

By Myrtle Jensen, Queen Bee, Aged 11 Years, 209 Izard Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side. Mrs. Hoffman was reading an article in a monthly magazine.

The Broken Vase

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Games On the Lawn

By Sigrid Sandwall, Aged 11 Years, 724 North Eighteenth Street, South Omaha, Neb. Red Side. All the little grandchildren were spending the day at grandma's.

off, and there were great trees to make it nice and shady, while the birds sang from morning till night and it made one happy to hear them.

Up in the garret was an old baby carriage that the children's mamma and papa used to ride in when they were little and grandma let them take that to play with.

The large moon shone on the soft white snow and the birds left over winter were in their nests.

Next morning after breakfast she went over to the little blind girl, whose name was Jane Wood.

Two thousand years ago there once lived two beautiful little fairies. They dwelt beside a large lake, whose waters were as clear as the sky.

Just then Hortense came in and announced the new minister.

Isabell and Josephine had also heard the bell ring and were looking over the banister rails upstairs.

Isabell handed her the vase, and after looking at it she said, "We'd better put it back again."

As Mrs. Hoffman knew nothing about it, Isabell explained the whole affair.

As the minister came into the hall, having heard the crash.

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Brave Maggie

By Helena Davis. (First Prize.) Olive's mother looked from the window at the snow storm and, turning to her little daughter, said: "My child, I fear you will not be able to go to school today."

"Oh, mamma, do not say that," begged Maggie. "I haven't missed a single day of school this term, and I am so anxious to continue in the same good way."

"You are a dear, studious little girl," smiled Maggie's mother, kissing her only daughter on her rosy cheek.

"I don't know what Mr. Jackson means by leaving his sheep out in this pasture when it is snowing," mused Maggie.

When the clock struck four and the little country school was dismissed, Maggie with glowing cheeks, turned round the brow of the hill towards her home.

But there are times in our lives when superhuman strength seems to be given us in our hour of need, and so it was with Maggie in this emergency.

Albert woke up only to find that there was no brownie near him. He then knew he had a dream, but he never forgot the rule which he carried out even to this day.

Bobby's Dream

By Ruth Ashby, ex-Queen, Aged 13, Fairmont, Neb. Red. "Dear me, I haven't a thing to do this day," said Bob Evans, nestling deeper into the big chair.

"How would you like to take a trip with me?" said a voice. Bob started and looked around, for he thought himself alone.

"I guess I would," said Bobby. "Very well, then, close your eyes and count to ten and then open them," Bobby obeyed.

Half-frozen lamb. After Maggie had explained the situation the good mother put her arms about her, saying: "One dear little lamb gave succor to another dear little lamb in distress, and I have comfort and happiness for both."

Prosperity

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"Oh, mamma, Sadie Stone just sent me an invitation to come to her house Friday to a toboggan party; please may I go?" asked Jennie and her mother said she might.

"I wish, I wish," began Albert in his dream. He was startled by someone saying to him, "Well, what do you wish?"

The Broken Vase

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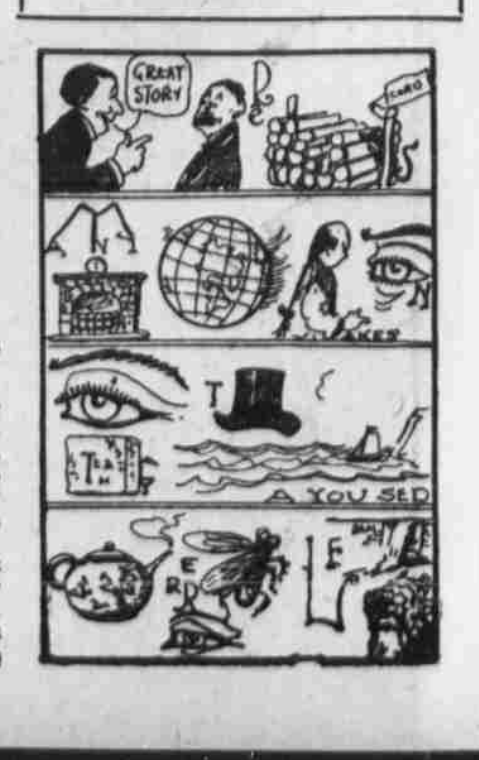
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Illustrated Rebus



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