

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

SOME of the Busy Bees forgot to write their age on their stories this week. If the children would look at the Busy Bees' Own Page Just before writing their stories they would see that the prize stories have first the subject, then the name, age, address and the side that the writer chooses.

The editor has received a great many interesting letters from the Busy Bees and regrets that these letters must be answered mostly in these little "chats" each week, for there are too many to write each individually.

Prizes were awarded this week to Myrtle Jensen, queen of the Blue side, and to Edna Heden, also on the Blue side, both of Omaha. Honorable mention was given to Vera B. Cheney of Creighton, Neb., 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:

- List of names for the Postcard Exchange including Jean De Long, Ainaworth, Neb.; Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.; Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.; Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.; Agnes Dahmske, Benson, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Louisa Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.; Hulda Landburg, Fremont, Neb.; Marion Capps, Gibson, Neb.; Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.; Lydia Roth, 935 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.; Ella Voss, 607 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.; Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.; Jessie Crawford, 86 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.; Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.; Martha Murphy, 323 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.; Anna Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Alice Neilson, Lexington, Neb.; Edith Krellt, Lexington, Neb.; Anna Grassmeyer, 154 St. Lincoln, Neb.; Marian Hamilton, 205 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.; Elsie Hamilton, 329 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.; Irene Disher, 209 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.; Huggie Disher, 329 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.; Louise Siles, Lyons, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Milton Selser, Nebraska City, Neb.; Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.; Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.; Lucile Hagen, Norfolk, Neb.; Ethel Harkin, 2013 St., Norfolk, Neb.; Emma Marquardt, 1014 St. and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.; Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.; Heater E. Rutt, Leshara, Neb.; Mildred Jones, 1050 Boulevard, Omaha; Lillian Wirt, 4188 Cass street, Omaha; Eva Brown, 232 Boulevard, Omaha; Ella Henden, 483 Dodge street, Omaha.



Little Stories Little Folks

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil. 3. Be brief and get to the point. 4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

Love Rules on St. Valentine's Day

By Myrtle Jensen, Queen Bee, aged 11 years, 269 Isard street, Omaha, Blue Side. Beesie Lloyd and Mildred Evans were chums. There had always been an intimate friendship between them and they were always together. One day their teacher, Miss Cleveland, asked them to stay and help her with some work. They consented and after they had finished Miss Cleveland remarked: "Girls, you did your work beautifully. Thank you."

Little Pee-Wee

By Helena Davis. FREDDIE GRAY was one of the best-hearted boys in the whole world. He couldn't bear to see any creature punished, mistreated or neglected. He was always on the outlook for poor abused animals, using his little, but noble influence to prevent boys from doing harm to the helpless creatures that could not protect themselves against their mightier foes, and taking to his home such animals as stray cats and dogs to minister to their needs whenever the case demanded.



PEE-WEE WAS PERCHED ON A WINDOW FRAME.

himself. After that he picked some black-berries. He wore a straw hat and put the black-berries in his hat and staid the inside. After awhile he returned to the house, and it rained, and then the sun shone and he saw a great rainbow. The next day he got on the street car and rode home.

The Tame Wolves

By Anna Nilsson, Walnut, Ia, aged 9 years, Blue Side. One time my uncle was out getting some straw at the straw pile, when he spied a big hole in the straw pile. Afterward they found out there were some wolves in the hole. There were two old ones and some young ones and they killed the others. These two were tied up by a big rope in the front yard. Their names were Funch and Judy. They were very mischievous. If a chicken would come by they would pounce upon it and try to kill it. After a while they became very tame and they they sold them.

Russell's Dream

By William Dairs, aged 6 years, 231 West Third Street, North Platte, Neb., Blue Side. Russell was lying in the hammock, when suddenly a fairy stood beside him. She said, "You have been so good this week I will grant you three wishes." "Hurrah!" cried Russell. "First, I wish I would always be rich. Second, I wish I would always be happy. Third, I wish I would get a lot of money, and he closed his eyes and fell asleep. "Your wishes are granted," she said, and flew away.

The Rabbit's Fourth of July

By Ada Donaldson, aged 12 years, Hillsboro, Ia, Red. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and all the rabbits were in the woods. They were to have a Fourth of July dinner and I will tell you what they had: Cabbage leaves, hedge balls seeds, apples, green grass and candy. They bought skyrocket and firecrackers. One of the rabbits named Bunny ran behind a tree and lit a firecracker and it caught the grass.

The Prize

By Dorothy Koepnick, aged 10 years, Bancroft, Neb., Blue Side. It was the last day of school and the teacher had told them she would give a prize to the boy who would write the best story. Ruth Mason was sure she would get it. Her father was very rich and could afford to get her little daughter many nice things. She had everything she wanted.

A Kind Boy

By Hazel Donaldson, aged 14 years, Hillsboro, Ia, Rural Route No. 3, Blue Side. Once there was a boy who lived with his father, mother and three sisters. His name was Howard. He was a very kind and polite boy. He lived on a farm and had lots of work to do, but he was always happy.

The Delayed Christmas Dinner

By Esther Reck, aged 10 years, Bancroft, Neb., Blue Side. One day all the animals gathered together and said: "What shall we have for a Christmas dinner?" "So all of them said they would go to the farmer and ask him for the food. But he would not give them any. So they said they would not need to eat anything they got. But the turtle went and told the farmer to lock his barn on Christmas night, which he did.

On the Farm

By Donald McVann, aged 10 years, 112 North Thirty-first Avenue, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side. One fine day in June a little boy went out to his grandfather's farm and stayed all night. He went out and let the chickens loose, then he fed the pigs. You ought to hear them grunt. Then he drove the cows to pasture, and then he went home and got something to eat.

Brave Bruno

By Marie Elliott, aged 9 years, Beatrice, Neb., Blue Side. The steamer glided far out to sea. Little Tommy stood on the wharf, also big Bruno, his pet dog. Tommy's mother had returned home, for all three had been down to see Tommy's father, who was a sea captain. Start Tommy stood on the edge of the wharf, straining his eyes to see the ship. But, alas for Tommy, he lost his balance and disappeared beneath the waves. In an instant Bruno had also disappeared, and in a few moments Bruno came up, bringing Tommy with him. The dog barked loudly for help and an old skipper came to the rescue. Dry clothing was put on Tommy and he was taken home. Some twenty years later, if you would have looked on a certain green hill in Boston, among a bunch of fragrant lilac bushes, you would see a headstone, and on it the following words:

A Happy Little Girl

By Mildred Johnson, Wahoo, Neb., aged 13 years, Blue Side. "Oh, dear," sighed little Mary Gray as she was coming home from school on an evening. "I wish I didn't have to go to school at all. Just stay out doors all the time." Pretty soon she reached her home, a big white house on the hill and when it was time for supper they all went in to the dining room. Her mamma and papa noticed that she was unusually quiet, so her mamma said, "What is the matter, Mary, you are so quiet?" "Oh mamma, I wish I didn't have to go to school, it is summer time now and I think I might have a vacation."

The Fairy in the Woods

By Donald Gallagher, O'Neill, Neb., aged 10 years, Blue Side. Once there lived a little girl whose father and mother were dead, and she lived with some people who were very unkind to her. It was Saturday and the people sent Bertha to the woods to pick berries. When she reached the woods she was very tired from walking so far, so she sat down to rest before beginning to pick the berries. After filling her basket she sat down to rest again. By this time she could see that it was getting dark and she got up and went to her room. She had to go back to school the next day, but she was very tired and the woods seemed so dark and lonely that she was afraid to stay any longer. Just as she was in the middle of the woods she saw a fairy, dressed in white. This frightened her, but the fairy said, "Don't be afraid, little girl, I am a fairy and won't hurt you." At these words Bertha said, "Oh, good fairy, take me to fairyland." "I couldn't do that," said the fairy, but what brings you here in these dark and lonely woods? Then Bertha told her parents being dead and she was staying with some cruel people. Then said the fairy, "You can come with me to fairyland" and they both flew away to fairyland. Now Bertha is a fairy and she makes other poor children as happy as she is.

the first of June, we will start in one week." Pretty soon the time came and Mary said she had never been so happy before. "When they got there, their aunt met them at the train and said she would get glad if they could stay there always. After a while her papa put up a house and they lived right next to her aunt.

The Children and the Bear

By Bertha Landrock, aged 10 years, 2010 Poppleton Avenue, Omaha, Red Side. One time there was a little girl and her mother who were going to see the little girl's aunt, and as they were going through the woods they met a bear. The bear said: "I have no home. Will you take me to your house and feed me?" "Yes," said the mother. They took the bear home and fed it. The little girl had a little brother and sister at home. The bear was there for about a week and then ran away. When morning came the mother went to feed him and he called and she will be coming. When the children went to school they would get on his back and ride, and when he would come home from school he would go riding.

Honesty

By Mary Berich, aged 12 years, 137 South Twenty-fifth Avenue, Omaha, Red Side. One day Helen was walking down the street with her playmate, Jennie. Helen stooped down and picked up a pocketbook containing \$5. Helen said, "I wish I knew who it belongs to?" "Keep it," said Jennie. Just then a man came along. "Have you found a pocketbook containing \$5?" asked the man. "Yes, here it is," said Helen, handing it to the man. Helen walked home very happy. About a week after a bundle came with Helen's name on it. When she opened it, to her surprise it was a little white dog, and on the collar was printed, "Honesty."

The Party

By Verna Kirshobrun, aged 12 years, 511 South Twenty-fourth Street, Omaha, Blue Side. "Oh, mamma, Jeannette is going to give a masquerade party next Saturday. May I go?" asked Gladys White as she rushed into her mamma's room. "Yes," was the reply, "but what would you like to represent?" "Jeannette says we are to represent something in history and so I'd like to be a pilgrim." The day before the party, when she was going to school, she met Alice New. "Are you going to the party?" she asked. "I'd love to, but we can't afford to get a costume," was the answer. Just then they reached the school and Gladys went into her room. "I'm going to ask mamma if I can't give her my costume," she said to herself. "That would be very nice," said her mother when she told her what she had thought of. "And I have an old Spanish dress that you can wear."

A Chatterer

By Mary Day, aged 12 years, 2843 Franklin Street, Omaha, Red Side. Tommy, a small monkey, was esteemed very highly in a small village in Ohio. His owner was a young man who had trained him to do such and such odd jobs. He had a small bed for Tommy, and put him there every night. No alarm clock was needed in this house, for every morning at dawn Tommy would be seen peacefully climbing, or rather, jumping up the stairs to his master's room. He would uncover his head and say, "Bab, bab, bab, bab." Then he would uncover him again and repeat the chattering. He would often go to the neighbor's houses and rob them of different kinds of food, and then he would run home as fast as he could.

The Pumpkin Maybelle Liked

By Miss Minnie Gotsch, aged 12 years, Bennington, Neb., Blue Side. "I do wonder why grandma is going to bring me a pumpkin," said Maybelle for the twentieth time since the letter from the dear old lady came telling of her anticipated visit. "She knows I just hate pumpkin pies and it's too late for jack-o-lanterns. What do you think about it, mamma?" "I think a little girl had better spend her time playing with her dolls than bringing the pumpkin," said mamma, kissing the anxious little face. "Even if you do hate pumpkin pie, it would be nice to tell grandma so, since she says she will bring you a pumpkin. Do you think so?" "Yes," said Maybelle slowly, "but she knows it now. She always makes me a little apple pie for my very own when I'm there, and the rest have pumpkin pies. How do you suppose she kept the pumpkin from 'way last fall'?"

An Adventure in the Woods

By Alice Boyce, aged 12 years, Carroll, Neb., Blue Side. Four boys, Joseph, William, Edward and Harry, had planned to go berry picking one fine day in summer. They were to start at 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning and take their lunch with them, as they did not expect to return till late in the afternoon. One of the boys brought an axe so that they could mark the trees, for fear of losing their way, for the boys had intended to go further in the woods than they had ever ventured before. The boys went on with long strides until they came to a little house in the woods, which showed that it had not been occupied for many years. The boys wished to go in and look around. There were only two rooms in the house and in them were relics of former times, which showed that a pious hermit once lived there. Some of the things were quite valuable and the boys took them with them to the little town and sold them for much money. They divided the money equally among the four boys, so that there was no disputing about it. The boys said that it was more than berries they got, for they had not expected such a thing to happen.

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