

# OUR LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

SO MANY new Busy Bees have joined or have just begun to write stories for the Busy Bees' Own Page, and several have written to ask the meaning of the Blue side and the Red side, that this explanation is made. Every three months a new Queen is chosen to lead the Blue side and a new King to lead the Red side, and the Busy Bees choose which side they wish to help. Each side tries to win the most prizes for good and original stories. In the last contest, ending January 1, the Blue side won, but in the present contest the two sides are even, seven prizes having been awarded to the Blue side and seven to the Red side since January 1. So this will probably be the closest contest that the Busy Bees have had. Last year the Blue side was the stronger, but most of the new Busy Bees have joined the Red side and a few of the older Busy Bees have decided to help the Red side, so that the two sides have equally good writers. The Busy Bees must be careful not to have their stories over 250 words.

Two good stories were sent in this week about George Washington, and the Busy Bee editor was also pleased to receive a clever little poem by one of the Busy Bees.

Prizes were awarded this week to Fred Sorry of Monarch, Wyo., on the Red side and to Margaret Dodge of Fremont on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Rena Mead of Blair on the Blue side.

Several new names have been added to the Postcard Exchange this week. Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to any one whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

- Irene De Long, Anaworth, Neb.
- Jean McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
- Lillian Morrin, Beaver City, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
- Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gotsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Adna Dahmke, Benson, Neb.
- Ida May, Central City, Neb.
- Vera Cheney, Central City, Neb.
- Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
- Rhea Friedell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Marion Cappa, Gibson, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gottenburg, Neb.
- Lylea Roth, 606 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 497 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 406 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schulte, 232 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Martha Murphy, 523 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Heater E. Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Allie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Edith Kretz, Lexington, Neb.
- Alice Grassmeyer, 1454 C St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Marian Hamilton, 209 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Elsie Hamilton, 209 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Disher, 209 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Hughie Disher, 209 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Leola Sillies, 209 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Lucille Hasen, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letha Larkin, Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma Marquardt, 37th street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Mildred E. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Ethel Erickson, 254 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Mildred Erickson, 208 Howard street, Omaha.
- Oscar Erickson, 270 Howard street, Omaha.
- Louis Raabe, 269 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.



### 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 Bee.

### George Washington

By Fred Sorry, Aged 13 Years, Monarch, Wyo., Red Side.

It has been 119 years since Washington died. His picture is in nearly every school in the United States. When George was a young boy he played soldier with his playmates, and the boys made their swords, flags and guns. Sticks were used as guns, a handkerchief tied on a broomstick or a long stick was used for a flag. His father whittled a sword out for him. He was born in Virginia, February 22, 1732. His father was a planter with a large landed property; his mother was a woman of great character; she had little education, like other women at that time. He went to a school in a field. Washington grew up to be a man of great strength.

### Helene's Dream

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

Helene was a pretty child, 11 years old. But she was selfish and this spoiled her good looks. It was St. Valentine's day. Helene was not a favorite because she was so selfish. She had not received a valentine and all the others had got such pretty ones. When she went to bed she was too sleepy to let many ugly thoughts crowd her brain, so she passed on into Slumberland. From Slumberland she went to Dreamland. The first person she saw was the queen riding a white horse. The garden was full of bushes and shrubbery, but instead of flowers and fruit they were covered with valentines, large and small, pretty and homely. The queen told them that each had a valentine and they must look for it. As they found them they passed from Dreamland back to Slumberland. Helene was one of the last ones left in Dreamland. When she found the valentine it was just a card with a black heart upon it and there was no verse upon it, either. Helene turned a tear-stained face to the queen for an explanation of this state of affairs. The queen told her she had given Helene a pretty valentine. As this Helene began to cry, and she awoke and found her mother calling her to get ready for school. She was ashamed of her old self. Mother

### Gretchen's Adventure

By Margaret Dodge, Aged 10 Years, 1263 Park Avenue, Fremont, Neb., Blue Side.

One September morning as Gretchen had been reading, her eyes hurt and she leaned to him almost like the juice of sugar cane. He was disappointed. He expected it to taste like maple syrup. "Isn't any of it sweeter than this?" "Oh, this tree is as sweet as it can be," cried Simon from a tree to the left. "This is just like honey," exclaimed Jacob, to the right. Charley sampled both, but neither seemed to him as sweet as the other. The boys were by this time emptying the buckets into the larger pails and hanging the empty vessels back under the drip, and Charley did likewise. Soon all the pails were filled and they carried them back to the hut, where Mr. Moulton poured them into the great kettles on the hearth and over the brick firebox, and they went again for more sap. It was something like work for all the trees had to be visited, and some of the sap was to be carried quite a distance. Some places, Simon told him, they hauled the sap in a tub, on great sleds, but the ground was too rolling here to permit of it. But the boys talked of hunting and trapping and didn't mind the work at all. When all the trees had been gathered from they ate some mince pies and crullers, which Charley thought very good, because the extra exertion had made him hungry. Mr. Moulton dipped some sap from one of the kettles and poured it into a glass, and Charley was surprised to find that this was very sweet. He understood now how syrup was made by boiling the sap down. After luncheon the sap was to be gathered

back and rubbed them. Just then there came a knock at the door and in came Gertrude. "Can you go to the pasture with me?" she asked. "Yes," answered Gretchen. After they had come to a rock by the pasture Gretchen said: "I will stay here till you come back." When Gertrude went Gretchen noticed two small houses, one about two feet high and the other one foot high. She lay down and looked in. Instantly she became so small that she could walk right in. There was a chair, a table, a stove and a cupboard. There was also an old man working with something that Gretchen could not understand. She visited with him, but at last he said: "You must go; Gertrude will come. Don't ever come back. Don't forget me and wait and see what happens."

So she went, but Gertrude was not in sight. You must remember she is little yet. She visited the next house. As she went through the green curtains at the door she noticed a little lady sitting on a sofa. She arose when she saw Gretchen and greeted her. She talked with Gretchen, but at last she said the same thing that the old man had. Gretchen went out and was again her real size. Her mother was calling her, for she had been dreaming. This is a true dream, for I dreamed it myself.

### A True Story of the Dutch Bure and His Horse

By Emma Peterson, 221 Locust Street, East Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

There once lived on the shores of Holland a Dutch bure and he had a horse. One day a great storm came up at sea. A ship almost wrecked came in view. The storm was so bad that no one would risk going out. Up came the Dutch bure on his horse. He was a brave man and a kind-hearted man. He heard the cries of the people in the ship. He did not care for the black, roaring sea, but got a rope, hitched it to his horse and got on his back. They plunged out into the black, roaring sea to the ship's side. The people caught hold of the rope and the brave horse pulled them to shore, then went back again and got another load. But this time he got weak and the cries of those left perched the heart of the brave man. He risked it again, but did not think of his own life. He gave his horse the spur and out into the sea he went again, never to return. He got to the ship, the last man got hold of the rope and the brave horse tugged and pulled, but he gave out before they got to the shore, so they all drowned in the sea. So dared and died the brave Dutch bure and his horse.

### Buying a Dog

By Howard Doty, Aged 13 Years, 113 N. Street, Lincoln, Neb., Red Side.

"Good morning, Mr. Wilson," said Mrs. Johnson, as she walked into the dog store. "Good morning, Mrs. Johnson, is there something for you this morning?" "I would like to look at some of your dogs this morning," said Mrs. Johnson. "Step right into this room and look them over," replied Mr. Wilson. "Oh, what a cute dog," said Mrs. Johnson, as she looked at a little dog that was curled up on an old dog mat. "What is the price of that dog?" asked Mrs. Johnson. "Twenty dollars," replied Mr. Wilson. "Well, I guess I'll take it," said Mrs. Johnson. "But how will I get it home?" asked Mrs. Johnson. "I will put it in a basket for you," replied Mr. Wilson.

### Adventures of a Penny

By Eunice Wright, Aged 10 Years, Fremont, Neb., 58 North Bell Street, Red Side.

My adventure is very interesting. I will tell you about it. I was once a plant growing by the side of a road. My friend Mountain used to talk to me to keep me company, for although there were very many other much more beautiful plants growing beside me, they would not speak to me, for they said I was very, very ugly and they talked to me as if I was a piece of dirt. I was taking my nap a large rock fell on the earth that covered me. I was awakened and in the spring when it was time for me to come into the warm sunshine again I found that I could not get up. He said for me to cheer up and he would tell me what it was. He said for me to gradually creep under him and he would make me harder into copper, he called it, and so I did, and by and by I began to turn brown. One day something dreadful happened. Some men came with some pick axes and cut in the side of old Mountain and came and got me. I knew not what was going to happen to me next, so I bade farewell to my friend Mountain and he thanked him for all he had done for me. He said he helped me because I tried to help myself. He said goodbye to me as a penny took me and a whole lot of other pieces just like myself in a cart on a track. That was the last I expected to see of my old friend Mountain. I was put into some machinery and was painfully crushed, but came out a round piece of metal, which the people called a penny. I had some letters printed on me like this: "1909." I was given to a man, who gave me to a little girl. She went downtown and bought some gum with me. I was put into a cash drawer and the next day I was given to another little girl, who gave me to a blind man. He bought a suit of clothes with me and some nickel and silver money. The next day he got me into his pocket. One day a fairy came to me in that pocket and told me that my master was going to take a trip to my old friend Mountain. I was overjoyed at the news that I was to

thought she had a different girl because she didn't whine at being called so early when it was nearly 8 o'clock. Her teacher noticed a marked difference, too. She didn't scowl when she was called to recite. The girl soon found a new companion. You may be sure Helene received as pretty a valentine as the others could get for the next time she visited Dreamland on St. Valentine's day.

### Story of George Washington

By Marie Klings, Aged 13 Years, 162 West Third St., Grand Island, Neb., Red Side.

George Washington was born on the 22d of February, 1732, on the banks of the beautiful Potomac, in Virginia. His father's name was Augustine Washington; he was the son of John Washington. John Washington had a family, of which Augustine was the second son. Augustine Washington was married twice. His first wife was Jane Butler, by whom he had several children. His second wife was Mary Ball, who is well known in American history, and was the mother of George Washington. Augustine Washington, the father of George Washington, died when George was 10 years old, in the year of 1742. George Washington was our first president. If he were living he would be 77 years old the 23d of this month. He died December 14, 1799, from the effect of a cold taken while riding over his vast estates to give directions.

### The Failure

By Catharine Dodge, Aged 12 Years, 1253 North Park Avenue, Fremont, Neb., (Red Side.)

I sat a thinking. All day and all night; Thinking and thinking Of what I would write. But all my thinking Was in vain, as you see; Was in vain, as you see; As A, B and C. I thought I'd write a poem With ten verses or nine, But I wanted it to contain The word Valentine. You see it's a failure, With verses four; I'm very sorry, But I can't think of more.

### The Mischievous Twins

By Arthur Friedman, Aged 11 Years, 303 North Twentieth Street, Red Side.

"Oh, dear me, I can never have anything nice, or keep anything like other folks," said Mary, as she went into the parlor and found her little brother and sister, destroying the beautiful window plants her aunt had brought her from Paris. And now the pretty things are all destroyed. How could she bear it? Having done this entirely unconscious of the twins seemed, and little Lute held up one of the pretty bluebells for her sister's admiration, as if she thought picking it off had been a very praiseworthy act. Nurse had partly dressed Lute and left Josie in bed for a few minutes while she ran downstairs. A bright idea had come into the little fellow's head and he had pulled off his nightgown and dressed himself in an apron and with Lute had marched, both barefooted, down to the parlor to search for amusement. "There never was such an unfortunate girl as I," sobbed Mary, "no other girl has such a horrid little brother and sister. They are always in mischief, I'm sure I hate them both."

### A Good Girl

By Helen Verrill, Aged 12 Years, The Omaha, No. 15, Omaha, Blue Side.

Once there was a little girl who was very good and kind to every animal and insect. She helped her mother with the house work, for they were poor and had no servants. On the 17th of May was her birthday and this morning she got up very happy, for it was her birthday, and she was 10 years old. Her name was Mary. Mary's mother was too poor to get her anything but a little 10-cent cake. Her father was away and her brother got her a little box of candies for the cake. Mary was 10 years old. She was very happy with what she got. She did not know there was a better present in store for her. When she was done with her work she was going across the street and saw the river and lay there about ten minutes, when she heard soft music and saw a fairy boat coming near her. It stopped and ten fairies made a ring around her and sang. When the queen asked her to come to fairyland with them she went and saw many beautiful sights, but I have not room to tell them and so we will leave her in fairyland until next week.

### A Lesson Learned by Two

By Marie Rich, Aged 12 Years, 613 West First Street, Grand Island, Neb., Blue Side.

"Please help me dry the dishes, Mary," said Agnes. "No," said Mary. "I can't today, because I promised the girls to come early." "Please," she asked again. "If you don't I'll be late." "I don't care," said Mary. "Agnes' temper was not of the best, so she got mad right away. "Don't, then, miss Stinky. I hope something happens to you for being so stingy." As Mary was used to this, she did not pay much attention to it and went to school as if nothing had happened. About 3 o'clock she felt sick, so her teacher said she might go home. As she was going across the street she slipped, and before she could get up a horse and buggy had gone over her right leg. Someone picked her up and inquired where she lived. As soon as she got home a doctor was called and the bone set in place. When Agnes came home and saw the doctor's buggy she ran into the house to see what was the matter. Mary got well again, but it proved a lesson to both.

### How Two Boys Got to Go to the Circus

By Alfred Anderson, Aged 14 Years, Nehawka, Neb., Blue Side.

It was the day before the circus and about every person in the little village of Hamilton was talking about it, for it was the coming thing to have a circus here. The circus tents were already being erected and many boys crowded around the tents asking numerous questions of the circus men. One could see circuses on most any old building or telephone post in the village. The children were wild with delight at the thought of seeing a circus. But there were a few who were not so happy. Among them was Fred Burns. His folks were too poor to let him go to a circus, which cost a dollar to see. So Fred had to swallow his sorrow and try to be content as a good boy should. On this particular day he was sitting on his father's gate kicking furiously at the boards, when it chanced that his friend Tom Barton came up the road looking as gloomy as six days of rainy weather. "What's the matter now?" sang out Fred from the fence. "You'd think there was something the matter with you if you couldn't go to the circus tomorrow," replied Tom. "I'm glad you can't go. Now I can have some company tomorrow. It was the only one who wasn't going to the circus," said Fred. Tom climbed on top of the gate with Fred and the two boys talked for about half an hour, when Fred said, "Tom, let's go down to the pond and take a row." To this Tom agreed and they started down the road. They hadn't gone far when they met a crowd of men and boys who were walking very fast and talking excitedly. When Tom and Fred asked what was the matter they all cried in one breath, "The elephant got away and they can't find him!" "Let him run away, I don't care, come on, Fred," said Tom. The two boys reached the pond and rowed around half an hour. Then firing of their sport, they landed. Just as they got out of the boat they heard a loud noise in the bushes close to them. They looked in that direction, and imagine their surprise when they beheld a large elephant coming toward them. They instantly recognized him as that belonging to the circus. "Run for your life, he's after us," cried Tom. A crowd of men and boys who were in the tree stood at the water's edge. To this the boys made a dash. It is hard to climb a

## At the Sugar Camp

By Charles Lincoln Palmer.

W ERD goin' to the Sugar camp next week. Want to go along, Charley? It was Mr. Moulton speaking to his nephew, Charley Moulton, one Saturday afternoon in midwinter as he was preparing to drive home after a call at his brother's house in town. "Of course I should like to go. Please, mamma, can't I go?" asked Charley. "I don't like to have you miss school." "I will give Charley half of the sugar made from the sap he brings in," said Mr. Moulton. "It will do the boy good to rough it a little." Mrs. Moulton reflected. She remembered how once, as a girl, she had visited a camp and how she enjoyed it, despite the cold. After awhile she said: "I have a great mind to let him go." "Hurrah!" shouted Charley, considering the matter fully settled. "Where's my cap and overcoat and mittens?" Mr. Moulton laughed, and the mother set to work getting ready the things he was to take. In the meantime she was giving him instructions and advice, not half of which he could remember, and telling the uncle to take good care of him. At last they were off. Charley and his cousins, Jacob and Simon. They had great times that night, sitting before the big fireplace, popping and cracking corn and cracking walnuts. For supper they had mush and milk, a great crock of milk setting on the table to supply the several bowls, and they told Indian stories after supper. The next day they fed the horses, and tumbled in the hay in the large mow, and hunted bee nests. It was so different from the way that Charley usually spent Sunday, at Sunday school and the Junior league. During the day they packed kettles



and pans and bedding and various other things in the great wagon, ready for the start to the Sugar camp, the next morning, and the entire household retired very soon after dark. It was so early in the attic where the rafters were hung with strings of pumpkins, sage and pennyroyal and other medicinal herbs the aunt had prepared against a day of need, he imagined all sorts of uncanny shapes moving amid the shadowy outlines and was so frightened he could hardly sleep at all. But if they went to bed early they got up even earlier. It didn't seem to Charley like it could be much past midnight. He could scarcely open his eyes at all. But when he got down stairs he found the feedings already done and breakfast almost

ready. They ate by candlelight and the light of blazing logs in the fireplace, and then they clambered in the wagon and were off. There was a drive of about two miles ahead of them, mostly through heavy timber, between the branches of which the stars shone like eyes. All things were so solemn and still, and it was so early that Charley slept a little. It was just coming daylight when they halted before a cabin in the woods and began to unpack their things. Charley assisted in carrying things into the hut, while Mr. Moulton kindled a fire on the hearth and another in a brick oven surmounted by a great kettle. As he worked, helping to unload the things and put them in place, Charley noticed how black the straight trees seemed against the shallow snow on the hillside and the pearl gray of the morning sky. He also noticed that in the fireplace in this house were two stout hooks which would move from side to side, evidently intended for holding a pot or kettle. The unloading being over, horses and wagon were sent back home, by help brought for that purpose. "It is going to be a fine day, boys," remarked Mr. Moulton, going out and examining the sky. "The sap will run well. You youngsters had better take pails and gather the sap while I get in more fuel." The boys seized the pails and raced through the woods. Soon they came to trees from which little sapouts protruded, and under each was a small bucket or a trough to receive the sap which dripped from the end of the spout. Charley was surprised to find that things were already in readiness, and the bracing morning air, the still forest, the solemnity of nature, filled him at once with awe and an exultation of spirit which prompted him to shout,



THE BOYS SEIZED THE PAILS AND RACED THROUGH THE WOODS. "Oh, isn't it fine!" he cried. "Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, and his voice rang and echoed through the wood. "Taste it, Charley; isn't it sweet?" Charley tipped a half-filled bucket to his lips and sipped of the contents. It tasted

hut, and drawing the covers over their heads, passed into the land of dreams. Once during the night Charley partially awakened, and saw the fires burning brightly, while great shadows flitted among the rafters and over the log walls of the hut. His uncle was stirring one of the pots. It took him sometime to really understand where he was, everything was so strange; and then he slept again. In the morning Charley saw quite a number of molds of maple sugar on a shelf in the room. It was the first time before he understood how they were made; then he saw his uncle pouring the liquid, after it had boiled to a certain consistency, into the molds as they sat in the snow. In a few moments the liquid crystallized and there were the molds of sugar. Mr. Moulton and the farm helper alternated in keeping the fires up at night, so the sap might be utilized as it flowed. The first day the snow began to melt, and ere long had entirely disappeared. Then, as the weather became balmy, Charley was thrilled with the forest sounds—the bark of the squirrel, the cry of the jay and the call of the crow as he circled in the blue far above. Occasionally they had to tap the trees in new places to continue the flow of the sap. It was all a wonderful process to Charley. Raking the dead leaves from the ground, he found tiny sprigs of green, the promise of future flowers, and mating high up into the trees he saw buds as every sprig, and been working about them. The bees also were swarming at the sap of the trees. "Why do the bees come?" asked Charley. "Why, don't you know?" asked Simon with an air of superior wisdom. "They make honey from the sap just as we make sugar from it." "Why don't we make honey out of it if the bees can?" "This time Simon was puzzled. He pretended to be too absorbed to hear. "Well, why do the bees swarm in the tops of the trees? The sap isn't flowing there is it?" This time Simon heard. "No," he answered, "but the trees are coming into bloom there. They always begin to bloom at the top and the bees leaves first. I don't know why, because, of course, the blood can't come in the sap flows, and they say the sap is in the roots all winter, so that it has to pass through the tree trunk to reach the branches." "I don't see any flowers," objected Charley. "No, maples have no flower leaves. But they are in bloom all right. This means that the sap will soon cease to flow and the sugar season will be over." "Sure enough, it was so. By Saturday noon the small drippings had been gathered and boiled down, and the spikes removed from the trees. Then the utensils were collected, the sugar and syrup loaded into the wagon and the hut was abandoned for another year. Charley would have liked to stay another Sunday with his cousin, but his aunt, knowing a mother's heart, thought he had better return home. And he did, bearing with him stores of syrup and sugar, and still sweeter memories that will remain with him while life lasts.



THIS QUEER-LOOKING MAN WANTS TO FIND HIS BOY. WHERE IS HE?