

BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

ONLY a few more days before we elect the king and queen for the next three months, or for the spring. Any of the Busy Bees who have not sent in their votes, please send them in by next Tuesday. The winter contest between the Blue side and the Red side has been the closest that we have ever had, and the stories have been sent in splendid form, for not a story has found the waste paper basket for several weeks. There are a large number of stories which we have received and which will be printed as soon as there is room on The Busy Bees' Own Page.

The prizes this week were awarded to Nellie Wood of Omaha, on the Red side, and to Fred Borghoff of Omaha, on the Red side. Honorable mention was given to Beulah Kethley of Superior, Neb., on the Blue side.

The illustrated rebus, "It is time for the birds to come in the trees and the flowers to grow in the field," was answered by Catherine Conrad, 1112 North Fortieth street, Omaha, Neb.

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:

- Jean De Long, Alnorworth, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Madison, Neb.
- Mable Witt, Bennington, Neb.
- Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Agnes Dahnik, Benson, Neb.
- Mary Gallagher, Benkelman, Neb. (box 12).
- Ida May, Central City, Neb.
- Vera Cheney, Cretighton, Neb.
- Louis Kahn, David City, Neb.
- Rhea Friedell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
- Ethel Eise, Fremont, Neb.
- Helga Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marion Capps, Gibson, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gottham, Neb.
- Lidia Koth, 65 West Twenty-fifth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Vose, 47 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 405 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schulte, 321 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Martha Murphy, 222 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Hester E. Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Edythe Krell, Lexington, Neb.
- Alice Gramsmyer, 125 G St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Marian Hamilton, 209 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Ethel Hamilton, 209 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Disher, 230 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Hughie Disher, 230 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Louise Biles, Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Lucille Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letha Larkin, 80 Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma Macquard, Fifth Street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Mildred F. Jones, North Blvd., Omaha.
- Gravette M. Johns, North Blvd., Omaha.
- Lillian Goodrich, 210 Nicholas street, Omaha.
- Mildred Erickson, 210 Howard street, Omaha.
- Oscar Erickson, 210 Howard street, Omaha.
- Lucile Haabe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
- Ether Newman, 284 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Mary Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Eva Hendon, 482 Dodge street, Omaha.
- Juanita Innes, 218 Fort street, Omaha.
- Lillian Witt, 418 Cass street, Omaha.
- Emile Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Meyer Gosh, 84 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
- Ada Morris, 242 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Myrtle Jensen, 259 Iowa street, Omaha.
- Gall Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
- Heien Houck, 123 Lothrop street, Omaha.
- Erneron Goodrich, 301 Nicholas, Omaha.
- Maurice Johnson, 107 Locust St., Omaha.
- Leon Carson, 124 North Fortieth, Omaha.
- Wilma Howard, 122 Capitol Ave., Omaha.
- Hilsh Fisher, 124 South Eleventh, Omaha.
- Mildred Jensen, 277 Leavenworth, Omaha.
- Mabel Shoifelt, 414 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Walter Johnson, 208 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
- Edna Heben, 1610 North Twenty-ninth street, Omaha.
- Brona Carruthers, 221 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Leonora Denison, The Albin, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.
- Mae Hammond, 624 N. St., Omaha.
- Macla L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
- Zola Beddoe, Orleans, Neb.
- Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
- Marie Fleming, Oacola, Neb.
- Loita Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
- Earl Perkins, Redding, Neb.
- Emma Kostal, 115 O street, South Omaha.
- Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.
- Ethel Enis, Stanton, Neb.
- Iris Carson, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.
- Cara Miller, Utica, Neb.
- Max Grunke, West Point, Neb.
- Ethel Estator, Wilcox, Neb.
- Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
- Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
- Irene Heywood, York, Neb.
- Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
- Carrie B. Bartlett, Pontanelle, Ia.
- Irene Raymond, 1121 York, Ia.
- Ethel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
- Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
- Kathryn Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
- Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Margaret B. Withers, Thurman, Ia.
- Fred Sheoley, 280 Troun street, Kansas City, Kan.
- Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Atica, Ind.

One of the Brightest Busy Bees



ALIDA BENNETT, Elgin, Neb.



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper 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.
- Send all contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee.

(First Prize.)

Kathleen's Lesson
By Nellie Wood, Aged 14 Years, 2511 South Thirtieth Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

Kathleen O'Callahan lived in a remote corner of Ireland, nevertheless a very beautiful corner. She was of true Irish character; hot-tempered, but at the same time, kind-hearted and jolly. In her red hair, which gleamed almost golden in the sunlight and her large, blue eyes, you would scarcely believe she was anything but sunny-tempered.

Kathleen was very fond of walking and spent a good deal of her time with her brother, who was taking botany.

It was a lovely, spring day in March. The grass was just beginning to come up and the brown earth was being covered with a blanket of soft, bright green. Dennis and Kathleen were out walking as usual. All at once Kathleen stopped and then bending down cried:

"Oh, here is a shamrock. The first I have seen this year. I am sure it will bring me good luck!"

So saying she thrust it into the bosom of her dress. Dennis had wandered off into another path and Kathleen was left alone.

sleep and will wake, after many hours, refreshed. So I am in no hurry to return to the cottage, for the night is lovely and I will wander about here on the mountain side and enjoy the cool breeze and the fragrance of the pine trees. And—my wonder if a fairy will chance this way. I should be so happy. Let me see—what was it my old Aunt Susan used to say would bring the fairies? Oh, yes, I remember, I'll try to repeat it!"

Then upon her knees little girlie dropped, and holding her hands clasped high over her head, her eyes bent on the ground, she repeated in a solemn voice: "Fairies rich and fairies poor, won't you hear me, I implore? Come this night and visit me and listen to my entreaty." Then, after a moment's pause, little girlie repeated the rhyme, and sitting very still, raised her eyes to the sky, hoping to see a band of fairies coming full wing toward her. But nothing intervened between her and the stars above. Just as she was about to repeat for the third time her little plea to the fairies she heard a slight stir in the bushes behind her, and turning about beheld a white-clad figure approaching her. Girlie immediately thought the form that of a fairy, and, bowing low, said: "Ah, good fairy, you have responded to my call. I am in some trouble. My dear old granny is very ill, and I beg of you to come up to our cottage and make her well. Will you do this for a poor little girl, good fairy?" "Ah, yes, my child, I shall get my wand and go with you. But where do you live?" Thus replied the figure in white.

Girlie gave the information asked for, and the white-clad figure said: "Well, it is quite a walk from this spot to the village, but from my cave there is a shorter route. Will you accompany me to my place, where I shall get my wand? Then we will go on to your grandmother's home."

"You speak of living in a cave," said

at the fair which was to be opened next week. He thought he could sell lemonade and candy. Perhaps, too, his sister Alice would make some of her nice doughnuts and sandwiches for him.

After a while Robbie obtained his mother's consent to try this plan. He easily obtained permission to have a stand on the fair grounds. Everybody in the village who knew Robbie liked him very much.

The fair was to last only one day. Robbie could hardly wait for the time. But the day came at last, a bright sunny morning. Robbie was at the fair grounds at an early hour. He carefully arranged his stand, doughnuts and sandwiches on one side and candy, glasses and lemonade on the other. Robbie prided himself on the lemonade. It must have been good, for his little stand was soon quite surrounded. It kept him very busy. Among the group around Robbie's stand was old Jacob Green, who kept the village store.

He had known Robbie's father and was a great friend of the family. He saw how busy the little boy was and he decided to help him. Robbie was glad of his assistance. Before night everything was sold. Robbie counted his money, finding he had made nearly \$10. With a joyful heart he hurried home to his mother.

"Will this help you, mamma, dear?" he cried, passing her the money. "Oh, very much," answered mamma; "but it helps me more to know that I have such a good, thoughtful son. She clasped him to her heart, kissing him and Robbie was quite contented.

Many times after that he found ways of helping his mother. He grew to be a good and useful man.

(Honorable Mention.)

Ned's Boat Ride
By Beulah Kethley, Aged 10 Years, Superior, Neb., Blue Side.

Ned was a boy of about 12 years of age and lived in a large farm house, only a short distance from a lake, on which Ned's father had often taken him boat riding. Ned's father did not allow him to go for a ride himself and so after asking his father several times that day to take him and he had refused he decided he would sneak away to the lake and try his luck with the boat.

After unlocking it he jumped in and pushing it from the stake felt sure he would have a nice ride by himself.

Then reaching down for the oars he found he had forgotten to put them in and so the boat gradually kept floating and floating down the lake.

Ned had begun to feel frightened and thinking all the time how he had disobeyed his father, wished he had stayed at home. At last he drifted up against some shrubbery and lodged.

A fisherman not far away saw him and rowed to him, bringing him safely to the shore.

Ned ran home and told his father all about his boat ride and said he would never, never try it again.

(Second Prize.)

What Robbie Did
By Fred Borghoff, Aged 12 Years, 3417 Burt Street, Omaha, Red Side.

One bright morning Robbie Dale sat quietly on the doorstep. He was planning how to help his mother, who was poor and needed money very much. Baby Ruth had been sick and there were many bills to pay.

"Oh, dear! I wish I could do something," sighed Robbie.

He sat thinking a while longer. Suddenly a bright idea came to him. "I'll ask mamma!" he exclaimed. His mother was ironing in the kitchen. She looked greatly surprised when Robbie told her about his plan. His plan was to have a small stand

(Third Prize.)

Two Unselfish Girls
By Helen Cross, Aged 11 Years, 212 Front Street, North Platte, Neb., Red Side.

Rose Barclay was 10 years old. Her father was a banker, so Rose had everything she could wish for. But she was a good child and helped everybody that was poor all she could. It would soon be her birthday—only twelve more days. As it was not very long before her birthday, and as she was to have a party, she began to send invitations. There was one poor girl that Rose invited. Her name was Mary Larson. It happened that Mary was the last one to get there the night of the party and all the girls snickered when she came into the room because she did not have on as nice clothes as they did. Each one was to have a game, and the one that was the best got a necklace. Rose got the necklace. She was very glad for her as it was a good thing.

Girlie, a feeling of fear coming over her. She had heard that only wizards and witches lived in caves and that fairies never dwelt in such places, inhabiting the clouds and mountain tops only.

"Ah, yes, my child," replied the white-robed figure, keeping her face covered by a white veil. "Sometimes we fairies go into caves for a little secret study. Even fairies must have privacy at times. I am studying the stars and must steal away from the other fairies of my band."

Girlie, half afraid, decided to follow the white-robed figure to the cave and thence to her own cottage, where she hoped to have her grandmother restored to health.

They walked rapidly up the mountain side and after going a considerable distance the white-clad figure—still keeping her face veiled—turned suddenly into a great shadowy clump of trees. Then above Girlie's head appeared a huge ledge of rock, in the side of which yawned a small black hole. The white-draped figure started to climb up some rude stone steps toward the black hole, which Girlie knew to be the entrance to a cave. Girlie followed, for she was now too much afraid to refuse to obey her strange leader, and the command had been, "Follow me, my child."

Once inside the cave Girlie could see nothing, for total darkness reigned. "Be not afraid," said the voice that had been conversing with her, but it had suddenly grown harsh and grated on Girlie's ears. Then there flashed a dim light in the further corner of the cave, and Girlie saw that her companion had struck fire from a piece of flint, catching it in some bits of

Dance of the Nymphs

I. Under the big oak tree, The little nymphs were seen To dance and to sing, Till the stars their light do show.

II. They dance and they play, And gaily sing, They hold on the branches And gently swing.

III. They come there each eve, When the moon shines bright, To dance and to play, Till the sun gives light.

—Alida Bennett.

My Pet

By Ruth Konigsmacher, Aged 11 Years, R. F. D. No. 2, Council Bluffs, Ia., Blue Side.

My pets are two dogs; one of them has five puppies, but one of the puppies froze to death. They play with their mother all day. When they hear anyone coming they run and hide, but it is not hard to get them. They like to play with me. I dress them in my doll's clothes and play school with them.

I have two bantam chickens that will come to me when I call them. My bantam hen lays eggs.

A Story of Benjamin Franklin

By John Barron, Aged 11 Years, Monarch, Wyo., Red Side.

There was once a little boy whose name was Benjamin Franklin. One day it was his birthday and his father gave him some presents. As he was walking along the street he saw a boy with a whistle. He asked the boy where he got his whistle. The boy said right over there across the street. Franklin went over to the store. The man asked him what he wanted. He said, "I want a whistle, and his mother said he could keep it. This happened when Franklin was 7 years old. Franklin was the man who discovered electricity.

The Little Hero

By Harry Brodkey, Aged 10 Years, Omaha, Red Side.

Little George was 9 years old. He lived with his mother and father on the farm. One day little George went out to play. Suddenly he heard a scream. He ran very fast and he saw that his mother had fallen down into the well. He ran quickly and told the farmers who were near the house. The farmers came and took his mother out of the well. When his mother was out she threw her arms around George, for she thought she would never see George again. When George's father came home he said: "You are a hero, my son, for running so fast for help." After that all his playmates called him "the little hero."

Better Than a Bit of Bread

By Mabel Flings, Aged 12 Years, 1021 West Third street, Grand Island, Neb., Red Side.

There was a little girl called Sally of the name of Sally Groves. Sally's father bought her a pair of red shoes with red strings in them, but she thought it would look nice to have yellow strings.

She put the yellow strings in them and thought they looked real nice. Sally had been taught to obey, and her mother thought they looked too gay, so she took them out.

Just then the doorbell rang and an old man was there and said, "My dear little miss, will you please give me a piece of bread? I have walked a long way this morning and have had no breakfast." "Oh! I'm so sorry for you," she said, and she gave the yellow shoe strings to him. The man took them and went off.

He met a lady on the street and her rubber was coming off. He got on his knees and tied it on with the yellow shoe strings, and for his kindness he received a hearty breakfast.

The lady gave him constant work about the house and garden. You may be sure he didn't forget to call and tell Sally Groves of his good fortune.

Ned and May

By Emma Petersen, Aged 12 Years, 221 Locust Street, East Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

Ned and May were twins and Ned was stronger than May was, but May was brighter than Ned. One day they were playing in the hall and Ned was sliding down the banister, when May told him to be careful not to fall. Ned did not listen, but he got tired of sliding down the banister, so he started to jump the steps. He slid when he was 4 years old I jumped four steps and Ned was five years old I will jump five steps. He started to jump, but he did not jump on his feet, but on his nose. May helped him up and his nose started to bleed. His mother washed his nose, which was as red as a strawberry, but it taught him a lesson.

"Live not to brag, live not to boast, grief comes to those who brag the most."

The Mischievous Monkey

By Ethel Cressay, Aged 12 Years, 825 North Twentieth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Mr. Hagan had a very mischievous monkey. They called him Jocko, which is a very good name for him. One day Jocko sat watching the cook kill a chicken. After dinner he went out in the steroom and got a pan of wheat and then went out and threw it in the pen and the chickens were not very long coming. But Jocko caught bread and while attempting to chop off its head chopped off a leg instead.

He soon got disgusted and threw the one-legged chicken on the ground. The chicken set up a terrible squawking and cackling. The cook came running out to find out the trouble. She soon chopped off the chicken's head and took it in the house to pick it up with an expression on her face that boded ill for Jocko.

All that night Jocko was tied up and was not allowed any nuts for desert at mealtime.

After a few years of confinement in this cave you will be glad of the chance to practice the black art, if for no other reason than to get out into the fresh air.

"But I must go to my granny!" cried Girlie. "I cannot—I will not become a wicked witch! Let me go, I implore you!"

And, running to the cave's entrance, Girlie attempted to pass out, but she came against a solid stone cover to the opening. The witch had rolled a huge flat stone there and barred the exit. Beating her hands against the stone, Girlie began to cry out with all her might: "Fairies rich and fairies poor; won't you hear me, I implore?"

She got no further, for the witch had her by the throat and was choking the very breath out of her body, when of a sudden the great stone rolled from the entrance and a beautiful fairy stood in the cave. With a wave of her wand the fairy cried out: "Perish, wicked witch!" And before Girlie could understand what was taking place the old witch lay dead at her feet.

"I saw that old witch lead you to this cave," explained the good fairy and I followed as fast as I could. I have been watching for her for years and tonight is the first time I have found her. She is the last witch in this country, and now the human beings as well as the fairies may sleep without fear."

And the good fairy went home with Girlie and by her magic made old grandmother well and strong, and also made her and Girlie rich, and soon thereafter Girlie became a great and good princess.

Girlie, the Witch and the Fairy

By Helena Davis.

GRILIE was not the right name of the little maid of whom this story is written; but as some of you might know her, should I write her correct name—for she figures in very ancient history, so I have been told—merely call her Girlie, and let it go at that, for the story will fit one little maid's name as well as another.

Girlie lived in the long, long, long ago, in a country whose name I shall not give for the same reason that I do not give the name of our little heroine. Indeed, it is quite necessary to keep the whereabouts of the little maiden a secret. Otherwise the story would not be so interesting.

Girlie was an orphan living with dear old grandmother in the outskirts of a mountain village. The dear old grandmother was a weaver of cloth, supplying the richest families of the village with their linens. In this way the old lady earned a meager living for Girlie and herself, but they had never a luxury. Only the bare necessities were theirs.

As there were no schools in those days for girls (and few for boys, except for the sons of the rich) Girlie had nothing to take her from home, save to go to the chapel on Sunday morning, and to the neighbors on errands through the week, or down to the market place in the village to buy food for their table. So she and the grandmother were very close companions. Girlie sometimes assisting at the great loom which almost filled the small weaving room. Only one other room had the cottage, and the loom room was the living room and kitchen and bed room also. The second room served as kitchen, dining room and store room.

One day poor old grandmother was ill, too ill to get out of bed, and as there was an order for a piece of linen from one of the rich ladies of the village the old lady was very loath to lie idle.

"I must get out of bed, granddaughter," declared the old lady, trying to rise from her cot. But from sheer weakness she fell back on her pillow, groaning with the pain the exertion had caused her.

Girlie, seeing the feeble condition of her grandmother, felt a heavy heart and begged her to lie still, saying that she—Girlie—would do what she could at the loom that day.

"No, no, granddaughter, you cannot



"YOU WILL GROW UP TO BE A FINE WITCH, AND WHILE YOU ARE YOUNG YOUR POWER WILL BE UNLIMITED."