

BUSY LITTLE BEES IN THEIR OWN PAGE

RENA M. MEAD of Blair, Neb., was chosen queen of the Blue side for the next three months and Fred Sorry of Monarch, Wyo., was chosen for king of the Red side.

Under the able leadership of Myrtle Jensen, who has been queen of the Blue side, and Maurice Johnson, king of the Red side, for the winter, we have had the closest possible contest between the Busy Bees, as each side has won twelve prizes during the last three months. The Red side would have won had not one little Busy Bee sent in a copied story about two weeks ago, to which the editor's attention was called by two or three of the Busy Bees.

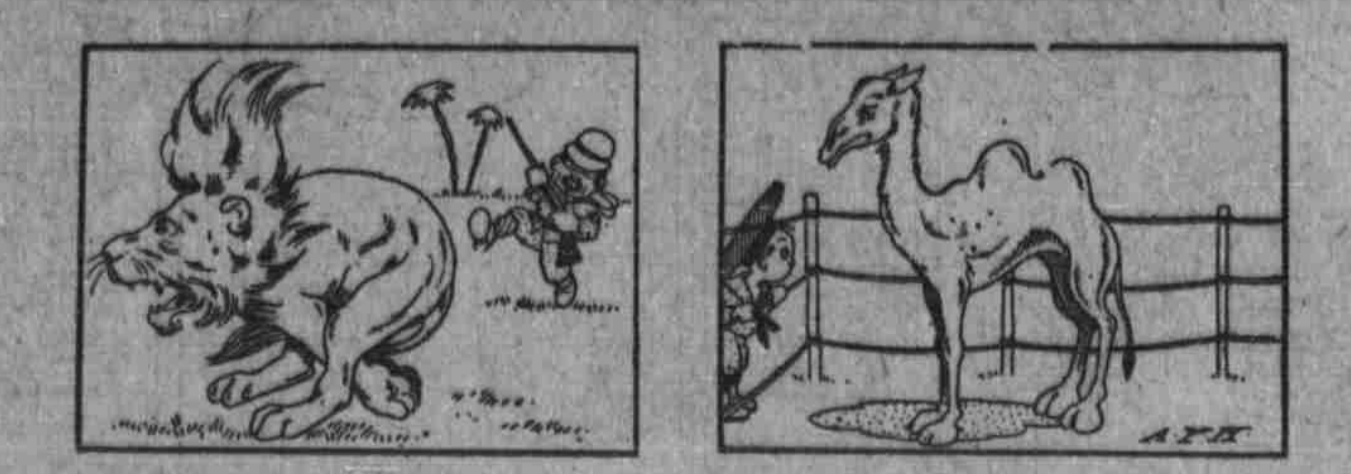
Some of the Busy Bees are too little to know the meaning of the word "original," so they should ask someone who is older to explain it to them. All of the stories should be thought out or made up by the children themselves, and if they have any help, or should write some story that they have read some place else, they should write that the story is not original.

Prizes were awarded this week to Helen Johnson, on the Blue side, and to Pauline Coed, on the Red side. Honorable mention was given to Marjorie Thornton, on the Red 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:

- John De Long, Alhambra, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Hastings, Neb.
- Lillian Marvin, Beaver City, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Huntington, Neb.
- Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gutsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Anna Dehnke, Bennington, Neb.
- Maria Gallagher, Bennington, Neb. (box 13).
- Eda May, Bennington, Neb.
- Nora Chedy, Bennington, Neb.
- Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
- Edna Franklin, Bennington, Neb.
- Emilie Bode, Falls City, Neb.
- Edith Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Hilda Langberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marion Capra, Gibson, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Lidia Roth, 625 West Twenty-first, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 87 West Chicago street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 40 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Jensen, 415 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Martha Murphy, 23 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Hester K. Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Katherine Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Evelyn Kratz, Lexington, Neb.
- Alice Grassmeyer, 154 G St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Marian Hamilton, 209 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Edie Linton, 410 Nicholas street, Omaha.
- Irene Fisher, 288 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Virginia Fisher, 288 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Nilton Boler, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Lucia Hansen, Norfolk, Neb.
- Edna Larson, Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Mildred V. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Eileen Goodrich, 410 Nicholas street, Omaha.
- Mildred Erickson, 270 Howard street, Omaha.
- Oscar Erickson, 270 Howard street, Omaha.
- Louis Raabe, 269 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
- Lena Peterson, 2311 Locust street, East Omaha.
- Mary Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Eva Hendee, 463 Dodge street, Omaha.
- Junia Innes, 270 Fort street, Omaha.
- Lillian Witt, 412 O street, Omaha.
- Edna Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Meyer Cohn, 242 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Ada Morris, 234 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Myrtle Jensen, 239 Isard street, Omaha.
- Marjorie Coed, 412 O street, Omaha.
- Helen Houch, 222 Lehigh street, Omaha.
- Ernest Goodrich, 410 Nicholas, Omaha.
- Maurice Johnson, 127 Locust St., Omaha.
- Leon Capra, 114 North Fortieth, Omaha.
- Wilma Howard, 422 Capitol Ave., Omaha.
- Ellen Fisher, 127 South Eleventh, Omaha.
- Mildred Jones, 270 Leavenworth, Omaha.
- Edna Heden, 278 Chicago street, Omaha.
- Walter Johnson, 222 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
- Emma Carothers, 211 North Twenty-first street, Omaha.
- Leona Demoss, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.
- Mae Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
- Edna Behling, York, Neb.
- Zola Berdoo, Orleans, Neb.
- Anna Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
- Katherine Miller, Malvern, Ia.
- Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
- Karl Perkins, Readington, Neb.
- Emma Koster, 270 O street, South Omaha.
- Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.
- Ruth Enis, Stanton, Neb.
- Edna Reynolds, York county, Neb.
- Clara Miller, York, Neb.
- Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
- Edna Reynolds, York county, Neb.
- Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
- Katherine Miller, Malvern, Ia.
- Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
- Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
- Edna Reynolds, York county, Neb.
- Edith Mulholland, Box 7, Malvern, Ia.
- Eleanor Miller, Malvern, Ia.
- Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Edna Reynolds, York county, Neb.
- Fred Sorry, Monarch, Wyo.
- John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
- Edith Amens, Sheridan, Wyo.
- Pauline Squire, Grand, Okl.
- Fred Shales, 209 Group street, Kansas City.
- Henry L. Werhager, care Sterling Remedy company, Attica, Ind.

Tommy's Soliloquy



I'd hate to be an elephant,
For one is always waten up,
And the other is too big.

I'd hate to be a roaring lion,
With the hunters after me,
I'd hate to be a monkey queer
A-hanging from a tree.

I'd hate to be a tall giraffe,
That sits 'neath a load-stool,
For one is always waten up,
Or a poor, unhappy mule.

I'd hate to be a camel slow
In a men-ag-er-rie.

I'd hate to be a common tool,
That sits 'neath a load-stool,
For one is always waten up,
Or a poor, unhappy mule.

I'd hate to be a common tool,
That sits 'neath a load-stool,
For one is always waten up,
Or a poor, unhappy mule.

Little Stories by Little Folks

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 100 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Give your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
6. First and second prize of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE.

Spring and Summer

By Helen Johnson, aged 13 years, 124 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb. Side.

The cold, sharp winds and the soft little snowflakes were whisking when they heard the sweet voice of Miss Spring.

The trees burst forth their brown buds which will soon be leaves. The half-open violet peeps through the delicate young grass growing in the woods, which the children so love to pick as they amble through it. The cool breeze blows the leaves of the palms and ferns which are put on the porch to get the rays of the warm sun.

At last summer approaches and the daisies, sunflowers, roses and other flowers turn their smiling faces, covered with dew, to the sun. The beautiful roses climb over the fence and large bunches of them are seen on all the teachers' desks.

Robin, bluejay, oriole and other birds fly from the sunny south to join the little sparrows, which have stayed during the long, cold winter.

The bees fly about, resting on the flowers and sipping honey from their sweet faces. The butterflies, which now and then are seen pecking between the violets, are also frequently visited by the busy little bee.

The butterflies fly around in the air and alight on the sweet peas, which fill the air with fragrant odors.

It is very hard to tell which is the more pleasant—spring or summer—but summer is my favorite, with its green vines and beautiful flowers, and the merry-making of the picnics and lawn parties.

Helen's Lesson

By Pauline Coed, aged 9 years, 2718 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb. Side.

"Come, Helen," said her father, "are you going down town with me?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, go and get ready. Now come and we'll go. Helen you wait outside this store while I go in."

While she was waiting an old man came by. He dropped two nickels and Helen picked them up and gave one to him and put the other in her pocketbook. There she said to herself, I believe papa will not be out for a long while, so I will go over to the drug store and get me a soda water with the nickel the man dropped. While she was drinking it her father came in and said to her, "Where did you get the money to buy your soda with, Helen?"

"Where did you get the money to buy your soda with, Helen?"

gally colored. And more than that had happened. The cover of the book had suffered an accident. Once while dipping the brush into the glass of water Little Jack tipped the glass and some of its contents went on the floor, running under the book and staining the cover very badly.

From one book Little Jack went to another, and the Finger family kept the paint brush busy till the illustrations had been colored in a very crude way in three great volumes. Then the Finger family became tired—or maybe Little Jack's stomach made a protest against further work by the Finger family, insisting that it perform some work on his own account. So putting the books on the table again, and removing his paint box, brush and glass of water, Little Jack strolled out of the room and went in quest of food.

At the kitchen door he was met by a very ugly face, for Cook knew by instinct what a little boy visited the kitchen for, and she had no time to be preparing lunches for any one just then. There was a cake in progress of making, and a chicken to be dressed for dinner. So her face was not inviting when Little Jack looked into her vein.

"What do you want, Master Jack?" The question was sharp.

her mother. The next morning the dead body of Gertie was found between the two buildings. She is now up in heaven with her dear old grandma and mother, while her father has been sent to the penitentiary.

When Dick Played St. Patrick

By Philip Phillips, 124 North Thirty-first, Avenue, Aged 12 Years, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Dick. One Saturday he heard of St. Patrick. So he thought he would play that he was St. Patrick.

He put on a red robe and went to show his mother.

"Oh, no," said his mother. "You must dress in green."

"Why?" asked Dick.

"Because St. Patrick drove away snakes," was his mother's reply.

"All right," said Dick. Dick got some cloth, but it was not the color. So he got some green paper. This he fitted out to fit him. He got some string and dyed it green. His little brother pulled it around for him while he chased it, pretending it was a snake, and he was St. Patrick. After awhile he fell down and got a bump on his head and could not play any more.

Gertrude's Books

By Rose Kennedy, Aged 11 Years, Nebraska City, Neb. Red Side.

Gertrude's mother had hidden her some books for Christmas and had hidden them on the shelf of a closet.

One day about a week before Christmas, Gertrude's little brother was looking in a dark corner of a closet, when he came upon the books, and wanting to do some good, he took them down from the shelf, carried them to another room and hid them behind the cabinet.

Gertrude's mother when looking for them they were not on the shelf and after searching for some time gave them up for lost, and so had to buy some other books for Gertrude.

Some time afterwards, when the heavy cabinet being moved, to the surprise of everybody, a shower of new books came tumbling to the floor.

All eyes at once turned to Tommy, who had forgotten the mischief he had done, was looking as much astonished as any one.

Tommy expected to be punished by being put to bed or sent up to the closet. But his relatives only laughed, and Gertrude caught him up and kissed him. She was so happy at having the books that she could not bear to scold Tommy.

Grace and Hazel

By Mary Langdon, Aged 7 Years, Gretna, Neb. Red Side.

There was once a girl, whose name was Grace. She had no father. She and her mother had to do the best they could to make a living, but they were happy.

Grace had a friend across the street, whose name was Hazel. She was kind and rich.

It was Grace's birthday and they had saved up some money to let Hazel have dinner with them. When she came she had a large wooden box on which it said, "Grace All." When she opened it she found a pair of shoes, stockings and mittens, a coat, a hat, and best of all, when she found a package containing \$100 for them both together.

Grace is now a rich lady and is taking care of Hazel, who is an invalid.

A Midnight Mystery

By Marjorie Thornton, aged 11 years, 811 North Main Street, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

One night I happened to be in the school room just as the church clock struck the mysterious hour of midnight. I was afraid and crept into a corner. I heard the books in the bookcases dancing about and screaming at the top of their voices. The pins, lead pencils and slate pencils in the drawer were screeching and squeaking, oh so loudly.

I heard a squeaky little voice say: "Please let us out." I did so, thinking they would keep quiet, but they no sooner were out than they bumped at me and pushed me into a corner.

The books hit me with their pages, the pins pricked me until I begged for mercy. Then they began to tell me how unkindly I treated them. They kept at me until I promised to treat them kinder. I promised and then the church clock struck 1.

I was glad they had gone. Just then somebody called me and I saw them all scamper to their places just before I awoke. I was glad it was only a dream.

How the Rainbow Came to Be

By Mary Brown, Aged 12 Years, 222 Boulevard, South Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

We celebrate Christmas because it was the day Christ was born and Easter as the day Christ died for us. I will tell you some more about Christ and how the first rainbow came to be.

Once God flooded the land with water so that everybody was drowned. When the new world was born He promised the people he would never flood the land again and in order that He would keep His promise He said that every time it stopped raining and if the sun came out right away there would appear in the northwest across the sky, in the shape of a bow all the colors which would show that He is keeping His promise. These colors were red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and purple. It came out so soon as it stopped raining and because they were in the shape of a bow.

Be Kind and Gentle

By Pearl Palmalter, Aged 12 Years, 7534 North Sixteenth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

There was once a little girl named Gertie. She was very poor. When her mother died Gertie and her father went to live with her grandmother. But her grandmother, who was old, soon died and Gertie was left with her great father. He drank and spent all the money he made. On Christmas eve Gertie was sent out to beg. It was an awful cold night and Gertie did not have any warm clothes like other children. Gertie met many rich people and asked them for some money, but they pushed her away with rough words. Gertie felt very sorry for it she would go home without any money her father would whip her. She was looking in the shop windows, when somebody jerked her. Gertie was very frightened. It was her cruel father. He asked her if she had any money. She only had 5 cents. He took it away from her and pushed her out into the street. Gertie was very sorry to see him go in a saloon. She stayed out till the clock struck twelve. She was very tired and cold. She then went and sat down between two buildings and fell asleep. Gertie dreamt that she saw her dear old grandma and she took Gertie to heaven with her and

of broken bits of glass.

After the bread and jelly were eaten, Little Jack found that he had gotten his new suit all messed with jelly, and that one of the members of the Finger family was bleeding where it had been cut by the broken glass.

Just as he was wondering what to do about the mess on the floor and on his clothes the front door opened and some one entered. Then Little Jack's mother called out, "Where are you, Mamma?"

Little Jack did not answer at once, for he felt that he had been into mischief, and shame caused him to wish to put off meeting her, but he waited for his mother to enter the dining room, which she did pretty soon, calling to cook: "Where is my little man, cook?"

Then Little Jack was obliged to come from the pantry, and with his head hanging, said: "I'm here, mamma. But—but the Finger family—"

He could say nothing more, and waited till mamma took in the situation. She did so at a glance. Then she took a peep up the pantry door, and what she did the Finger family got. She asked in a very stern voice:

"Told me some pictures in some books?"

admitted Little Jack.

Finger Family and Its Punishment

By Maud Walker.

THE Finger family were in dishonor. They had been guilty of a serious crime. And now they were suffering the penalty of their wrongdoing.

The Finger family consisted of ten members and were equally guilty. And how I shall tell you about the Finger family, and about their conduct which brought their dishonor. And now they were suffering the penalty of their wrongdoing.

The Finger family belonged on the two hands of Little Jack Arrow. And Little Jack Arrow was a 7-year-old boy, who had a very dear mamma and papa. But Little Jack Arrow had no sisters or brothers, therefore he often got into mischief. I say "therefore he often got into mischief," for had he possessed a sister or a brother it is very probable the Finger family would have been kept so busily engaged with play that they would have behaved themselves very nicely. But of course, there can be no good excuse for a Finger family's bad behavior, even though their wrongs consist of one sister or one brother to keep him out of mischief.

Well, this is the way it all happened: One day Little Jack Arrow's mamma said to him: "Sunny, I am going shopping, and shall be away from home all afternoon. As cook is very busy in the kitchen, and Jane has an afternoon off, you will be your own master during my absence. Will you behave very nicely while mamma is away I shall question you closely on my return, and I hope you will do nothing you will be ashamed or sorry to confess. Remember, how eager Finger family is to get into mischief, and do your best to in-



DOWN IT CAME, PASSING LITTLE JACK'S HEAD LIKE A FLASH OF LIGHTNING

she asked Milo about it, and she made him tell her his whole story, even about his box home. And Mr. and Mrs. Stanton adopted Milo, and ever after, the small child Dorothy, had a playmate.

A Rainy Day

By William Hamilton, Aged 7 Years, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Lillian was invited to a party, but her mother said that the wind was blowing so hard that she could not hold an umbrella up.

"We will have a party here," said her mother. "But, mother, who shall we invite?" "We can invite the dolls dear. You can go and dress the dolls, and I will put on my party gown." One of the dolls had a pink dress, and the other a blue one. Lillian had a long skirt and her hair done up in a knot on the top of her head. Mother made some sandwiches all in little bits of pieces for the dolls, and Lillian got out her little table. After lunch they played games. When Lillian went to bed, she said: "Mother I think I had more fun here than I would have had if I went away."

A Coon Hunt

By Erwin Nielsen, Aged 10 Years, Bancroft, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Mother and Busy Bees: I will write my first story today. It was one bright day in September, when I and two other boys went hunting for coon—we had no gun. One boy had an axe and I had a pitchfork handle, and the other boy had a club. We hunted a long time and then lay down to rest, when we heard the dog barking. We ran to see what it was for and what was out of him there was nothing in sight but a bunch of grass. I took my pitchfork handle and turned the grass over, and a coon ran out and swam across a stream to the other side. We went across and found it. It bit one dog's leg and we sent him home. Then we ran the coon over the valley and into a pasture, then it was out of the brush and we killed it, skinned it, and sold the hide. This is a true story.

Finding a Daughter

By May Bertch, Aged 12 Years, 127 South Twenty-fifth Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Side.

When the western part of the United States was still settled with Indians a party of white men went to California to search for gold. After many weeks of weary traveling they reached their destination. Having good luck, in three months they started for home.

One day just after dark, as they came in sight of an Indian camp, they heard cries as if someone was in pain. Drawing nearer, they saw an Indian girl tied to a post and an Indian man with a club in his hand beating her. The man was angry and told him to stop or he would shoot. Then getting of his horse he cut the cords that bound the girl. The men then rode on and camped about half a mile away.

The Indians held a council that night and decided to kill the white men for stopping their chief from beating the girl. In the morning the Indian chief told the white men they were planning revenge, and they were to take her with them and said she was not an Indian, but had been stolen by the Indians when she was 3 years old, and her name was May Jane Brown. Mr. Brown clasped his daughter in his arms. They all got safely away.

Ema's Birthday Present

By Helen Macaulay, Aged 12 Years, Kearney, Neb. Blue Side.

"Oh, dear, dear, what a rainy rainy weather," said Ema Hanel to Mrs. Hanel.

"Well, dear, it does the trees and flowers good, but please run and play for I have a headache. Go to the nursery and lie down."

The Hannels were a very wealthy family. Mr. Hanel being a banker, and they lived in a very nice house in New York.

It was a rainy day and Ema was so lonely.

"I'm going to see what day it is, maybe—why it's my birthday," she said out loud, "and mamma forgot me. Oh," she wailed, running in the nursery and throwing herself on the floor. "mamma forgot me and I'm 8 years old."

During this time Mrs. Hanel stole in the nursery and heard her cries.

"She thinks I've forgotten her birthday," she said to herself. "I'll give her a little surprise." She stole out of the house to the barn. She brought out a dear little pony, took it up to the house, upstairs and into the nursery. There she tied it to the bedpost, then sat down to see what would happen.

Ema had gone to sleep. Very soon Ema woke up.

"Oh, mamma," she screamed, "is it mine? My pony?"

"Yes, dear, it's your birthday present."

"I thought you had forgotten me, but you couldn't, could you?" she said patting the pony. "Cause I'm your big girl now. I'm 8 years old," she said.

"I know it," said Mrs. Hanel. "You'll soon be 9 years old."

The next birthday she got a little cart just right for the pony.