

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

SOME very pretty stories appropriate for the beautiful springtime have been sent in by the Busy Bees. Stories supposed to have been told by some of the birds, animals, and some by the flowers. These stories show that the Busy Bees have good imaginations and that they take an interest in the beautiful things about them.

The story which was given honorable mention this week points a good moral for the little writers of the Busy Bees' Own Page. Although most of the Busy Bees understand the meaning of the word "original," there have been two or three who did not know that they had to write the stories themselves and that copied stories are not to be used.

Prizes were awarded this week to Rena N. Mead, queen bee of the Blue side, and to Helen Verrill, also on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Ruth Ashby, ex-queen, on the Red side.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

- Jan De Long, Alnsworth, Neb.
Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
Lillian Merwin, Bennington, Neb.
Mabel Whit, Bennington, Neb.
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Gessie Dahnke, Benson, Neb.
Marie Gallagher, Benkelman, Neb. (box 12).
Ada May, Central, Bennington, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creston, Neb.
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
Elna Friedell, Dorchester, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
Marion Capps, Gibson, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Ledia Roth, 66 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
Ella Voss, 47 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 66 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schurp, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 223 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Evelyn Rutt, 100th St., Neb.
Hester E. Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Majors Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 156 C St., Lincoln, Neb.
Marion Hamilton, 202 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Elna Hamilton, 141 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Irene Disher, 209 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hughie Fisher, 206 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Lillian 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.
Leta Larkin, 30 S. St., Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Eugene F. Oup, Neb.
Gerslevie M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Helen Goodrich, 470 Nicholas street, Omaha
Cliff Plaster, 1219 South Eleventh street, Omaha.
Mildred Erickson, 3709 Howard street, Omaha.
Oscar Erickson, 3709 Howard street, Omaha.
Louise, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
Frances Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.



Little Stories for 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 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.

The May Pole Party

By Rena N. Mead, Queen Bee, Aged 13 Years, Blair, Neb. Blue Side.
It was May day and the children in Glendale were having a fine time in Emma Jane's large front lawn. A big tall pole with green and white strings stood in the center. The little boys and girls filed in one by one, expecting to have a nice time. There were just twenty-four, for that was all that could play at the May pole. Twelve were girls and twelve were boys. All were small, for Emma Jane was only 5 years old.

The Spelling Match

By Verna Kirschbaum, Aged 13 Years, 511 South Twenty-fourth Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.
There was to be a spelling match at school, in which all the children were to take part. The prize was \$10, which was offered by Mr. Gray, who was on the school board.

The Story of the Pine Tree

By Helen Verrill, Aged 12 Years, The Strehlow, No. 15, Omaha, Blue Side.
Now, this is the story Daisy told as I was resting inside the car. It told me why the pine tree holds its branches up. Many hundreds years ago, when pine tree branches grew like any other trees there was a king who reigned over the rainbow. He had a most beautiful sister called Nature, and at each end of the rainbow was a pot of gold. The king had an enemy whose name was Old Age.

Ned's Mistake

By Mary Brown, Aged 13 Years, 2322 Boulevard Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.
Ned, the big Newfoundland dog, was lying by the stove, when in walked a big white Angora cat. The cat did not notice the dog until she came quite near to him.

The Reward

By Helen Heuck, Aged 13 Years, 1638 Lothrop Street, Red Side.
One time a mother offered her two daughters, Ethel and Mildred, a reward at the end of two weeks to the one who had been the most obedient, kind and thoughtful of the girls. Mildred was sure she would get the prize, as she had always been petted more than Ethel.

The Poor Little Girl

By Myrtle Jensen, Ex-Queen, Aged 12 Years, 209 Izard Street, Omaha, Blue Side.
Evelyn's long golden curls and perfect features had always been a source of pride to her admiring, indulgent mother, and today, when Mrs. Van Rensselaer telephoned up that she would call to see the pretty child, Mrs. Bradford had arranged her hair prettier than ever and dressed her in her blue dress and sash.

Mischievous Evelyn

By Myrtle Jensen, Ex-Queen, Aged 12 Years, 209 Izard Street, Omaha, Blue Side.
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Willie's Lesson

By Emilie Brown, Aged 10 Years, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.
Willie Jones, a boy of 8 years, would never mind a lesson, whenever she told him to do anything he would say, "I don't want to." And he would not do it.

The Drove

By Ruth Ashby, Ex-Queen, Fairmont, Neb. Red Side.
Once upon a time, in our hive of Busy Bees, there was a drone. Instead of working hard and writing original stories, as the other bees did, she concluded to copy one out of an old reader that she owned.

Something About Plants

By Ethel Reed, Aged 14 Years, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.
I think the study of plants is very interesting. The leaves of trees are folded differently in the buds. Some are curled with the upper side of the leaf outside, and some with the upper part outside.

Two Good Friends

By William Hamilton, Aged 7 Years, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.
Once there were two boys whose names were Richard and James. James was poor and Richard was rich. On Christmas Richard asked James if he could come over.

Nellie's Education

By Vesta Eschrich, Aged 9 Years, Buffalo, Wyo. Blue Side.
Nellie Harris was a little girl who lived with her mother in a tenement house. They were very poor and Nellie's father was dead. Mrs. Harris saved for a living and was saving money to educate Nellie.

Slow and Sure

By William Davis, Aged 9 Years, 221 Third Street, North Platte, Blue Side.
It was a raw day in December when Paul was going up and down the streets trying to sell prize boxes. He had sold about twenty, when he went home. "Well, Paul," said his mother, "how much money have you?"

The Watched Pot Never Boils

By Helen Heuck, Aged 13 Years, 1638 Lothrop Street, Omaha, Red Side.
All the girls were gathered in Sue's room ready to taste some new candy. Of course, Lou, as Sue's "inseparable," was there and busily stirring the mixture, which just would not boil. No matter how much the girls stirred and peeped into the pan, it stayed just a lukewarm mixture.

The Man in the Moon

By Mary Estella Butler, Aged 7 Years, Arapahoe, Neb. Blue Side.
"Once upon a time," began Aunt Mary, "a man needed some sticks. He put on his hat and went out to get them. It was Sunday, and everybody knew it was wicked to work on Sunday. On the way back he met a man who asked: 'Why are you picking up sticks today?' The man said: 'I have a right to pick up sticks any time I want to.' The other man said: 'All right, you may have an everlasting day; and the man who picked up sticks today will stay in the moon, and you can see him to-day with his pack of wood on his back.'"

Choosing a Flower Queen

By Lillian Rymond, Aged 10 Years, 513 North Twenty-third Street, Omaha, Red Side.
The flowers were having a fine time discussing the matter of who would be queen. At last the rose said: "Let the Lily be queen," but one of them did not want her. It was the violet. By the consent of the others she went to the fairy queen, whose name was Beautiful Fern. She asked her if the Lily would make a good queen. She hesitated and then said, "Yes."

The Naughty Squirrel

By Helen Reynolds, Aged 7 Years, Gretna, Neb. Red Side.
Once there were six squirrels. The mother and father squirrel and the four baby squirrels. They lived in a hollow tree. The tree was in the woods and was a nut tree. One day one of the squirrels ran up to his mother. He saw a dog running after him and ran as fast as his little legs could carry him.

Fairy Land

By Harold Robinson, Aged 12 Years, 211 Howard Street, Omaha, Red Side.
Chu, chu, the train bell rang, as the conductor shouted "All aboard for Fairyland," and the children mounted the train eagerly to go to the land of sugar candy and to see wonders they had never seen. They rode for miles, full of hope and joy, until they reached Fairyland. At last the train stopped and the children filed out one by one.

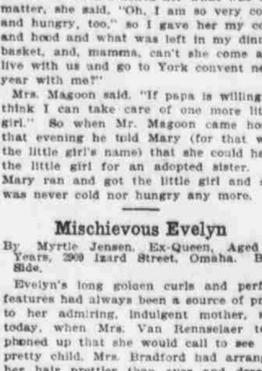
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Illustrated Rebus



Dickey Bird's Letter

By Louise Love, Aged 13 Years, 1003 J Street, Lincoln, Neb. Red Side.
Dear Esther: I wish you would get rid of that horrid cat. She scares me almost to death. Yesterday when I went to take my sun bath Miss Puss beat me to the tub. Today for the first time Helen noticed me when the cat chased me. After she went out puss tried to get into my cage, but the door was too small.

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Squinkie, the African Monkey

By Maud Walker.
GREAT many, many years ago there lived in one of the river regions of Central Africa a monkey by the name of Squinkie. He was the eldest son of an old Mr. Monk, and the freshest berries, and the youngest of carrots for the family larder. In fact, Squinkie was the mainstay of the family after his father's death, which occurred in a most tragic manner.

But as this story is to be told about Squinkie, and not about his parents, you shall not go into details about the sad and gloomy days of his father. Suffice it to say that Squinkie had been obliged to take his father's place as chief fighter and provider for the family, which consisted of the mother, Squinkie, a sister and a brother.

One day, while in the depths of the forest—a place so dense with interwoven vines and underbrush, and so crowded by green trees, whose branches intermingled so thickly that the light of the sun could scarcely penetrate—Squinkie pricked up his ears at a most unusual sound. Now there was not a beast, nor a reptile, nor a bird in all that part of Africa with whom Squinkie was not acquainted. I don't mean that he was on speaking terms with his fellow creatures; he belonged to a species different from his own, but he knew them by sound. He could not see the instant a rhinoceros stepped into the jungle. He knew the soft glide of the snake. He understood the approach of the lion, or the leopard, though he did not see the form of the creature who made the noise of approach. But on this day Squinkie heard some strange rattling of leaves and underbrush, a noise never made by any of the creatures he was accustomed to hearing. He peeped up his ears and listened intently, a feeling of mingled fear and curiosity taking possession of him.

Then, peering through the jungle, Squinkie saw a sight that made his deepest eyes open very, very wide. A black creature, walking on two very long, straight legs, and beside him another creature—a white one—walking on two very long, straight legs. And the limbs that grew out from their shoulders were used for carrying things, the same as he, Squinkie, often used his front legs to carry things. But never had Squinkie stood so upright—just like a tree, with his front legs folded up and carrying strange weapons. Often Squinkie had carried a great stick—picked up from the ground—with which to beat another monkey who might interfere with his affairs in the way of getting what food he desired. But these creatures were the strangest he had ever seen, and did not belong to Squinkie's forest.

Squinkie, knowing that self-preservation meant hiding in the tree, he motioned hurriedly around himself far above the place where he knew these strange creatures would soon pass, for they were tearing vines and branches away so that they might pass through. Just beyond this dense spot was a more open space, where one could get about without so much trouble. And it seemed that these creatures were making for that spot. But to Squinkie's surprise these popped into sight another black being, and all were walking upright on long, straight legs, and all were carrying in their short front legs (they had arms, but Squinkie thought of them as legs) weapons. And still more and more of the black creatures thrust themselves through the underbrush, following the first black one and the tall white one.

"Here's the place we'll find the monkeys," said the leader of the band of tall beings. But, of course, Squinkie did not understand a single word of what was said, and neither would you have understood.



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