

BUSY LITTLE BEES THE OMAHA PAGE

THE Busy Bees have sent in some splendid stories this week and the editor is sorry that they may not all receive prizes. But if the little writers continue to send in such good stories they will certainly receive prizes. A number of letters have been received from the Busy Bees saying how much they enjoy stories written by certain Busy Bees who have been contributing to the children's page for some time, so, although these little writers may not receive prizes for all of their stories, the children who read these stories appreciate the work of the most interesting writers. Remember that practice makes perfect and it is usually the children who send in the greatest number of stories who receive the highest award for their work.

Prizes were awarded this week to Eunice Wright of Fremont on the Red side and to Myrtle Jensen, ex-Queen on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Frances Johnson, Queen Bee of the Blue side.

Special mention should also be made of the following excellent stories sent in this week: "Mors About the Green Worm," by Sadie Finch of the Blue side; "The Fairies in the Woods," by ex-King William Davis of the Red side; "The Mouse Wedding," by Mary McIntosh on the Blue side; "The Golden Rule," by Helen Heuck on the Blue side; "Lillian's Lesson," by Phyllis Corbett on the Red side, and "The Magic Rock," by Helen Verrill on the Blue side.

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

- Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
Irene McCoy, Alaworth, Neb.
Lillian Martin, Beaver City, Neb.
Anna Gotsch, Bennington, Neb.
Minnie Gotsch, Bennington, Neb.
Agnes Damski, Bennington, Neb.
Marie Galtagher, Bennington, Neb.
Ida May, Central City, Neb.
Vera Conroy, Lincoln, Neb.
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
Rhea Freidelt, Dorchester, Neb.
Eunice Kodis, Fairbury, Neb.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
Marion Capps, Lincoln, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Lydia Roth, 606 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Irene Lomello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 406 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 322 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Lincoln, Neb.
Heater E. Rutt, Lincoln, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lincoln, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lincoln, Neb.
Anna Neilson, Lincoln, Neb.
Elythe Kreitz, Lincoln, Neb.
Marjorie Tomlinson, Lincoln, Neb.
Alice Gramsmyer, 1545 C St., Lincoln, Neb.
Marion Hamilton, 2025 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
Ella Hamilton, 2025 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
Irene Disher, 2030 L Street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hughie Disher, 2030 L Street, Lincoln, Neb.
Charlotte Rogers, 225 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Helen Johnson, 234 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Edith McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Edith Seiser, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucille Haas, Norfolk, Neb.
Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Larkin, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Norfolk and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Genevieve M. Adams, Norfolk, Neb.
Orin Fisher, 1210 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.
Mildred Erickson, 200 Howard St., Omaha.
Pearl Erickson, 200 Howard St., Omaha.
Louise Raabe, 2607 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
Frances Johnson, 323 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Marguerite Johnson, 343 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Emile Brown, 3229 Boulevard, Omaha.
Helen Goodrich, 4019 Nicholas St., Omaha.
Mary Brown, 2227 Broadway, Omaha.
Eva Hendee, 4022 Dodge street, 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 each 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.

King Winter

By Eunice Wright, Aged 11 Years, 512 North L Street, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.
All the birds, animals and fairies were gathered about a tall old elm tree in the midst of the largest forest in fairyland. They were planning how they would greet old King Winter. Mr. Owl was telling his plan, as he was the wisest. He said: "Now, all of the birds, of course, will be gone to the south, but the fairies and the animals will still be here. They can give King Winter our heartiest congratulations and greetings. I think it will be best to sing a song in his honor. I will now sit down to my desk and write it."

Impressions of the Grand Float Parade

By Frances Johnson, Queen Bee, Aged 14 Years, 623 North Twenty-fifth Street, Lincoln, Neb. Red Side.
It seems but a few short hours ago when King Ak-Sar-Ben XV arrived in the royal city, accompanied by all his royal attendants and in all his regality, but in reality it has been days. Perhaps more than a few out-of-town Busy Bees had the pleasant privilege of witnessing the great event of King Ak-Sar-Ben's visit, namely, the glorious night parade, but for those who didn't get to enjoy the delightful opportunity of being present at this Gate City pride, I am going to give them a brief description of what one little Busy Bee saw in the grand spectacle as it moved proudly down the beautifully lighted streets.

A Girl Heroine

By Myrtle Jensen, ex-Queen, Aged 12 Years, 209 Izard Street, Omaha, Blue Side.
Ferris Harding was a girl of the golden west. She lived in a small settlement on the wide prairie where her father owned a great ranch. She was just in keeping with all the phase of western life, but had as kind and gentle a disposition as any person to be found.
She was just going to a spring some three miles distant to get a fresh supply of water. She jumped into the saddle on her long maned pony and in a moment was galloping away. "Such a picture!" thought her mother, glancing through the window and indeed she was, with her wealth of golden-brown hair streaming over her shoulders and her broad-brimmed hat drooping far over her forehead.

The Magic Rock

By Helen Verrill, Aged 13 Years, The Strehlow (No. 19, Omaha, Blue Side.
One day when Ellen was out walking on the seashore she came to a very large rock that had a handle. She was so surprised to see a rock with a handle that she sat down to think about it.

Lillian's Lesson

By Phyllis Corbett, Aged 13 Years, Sidney, Neb. Red Side.
Lillian Martin was a child 12 years of age. She was a good sensible little girl, but her heart had been in her fondness for reading. She would sit all day, and all night, too, if her parents would let her, with a book in her hand.

The Quarrel

By Mabel Stafford, Aged 13 Years, North Platte, Neb. Red Side.
There were once two girls, Helen and Hazel, who were playmates. Helen's mother called her for supper and she went in the house and left Hazel standing at the door outside. Then Hazel went home and told her mother, who got up very early for Hazel and invited twelve girls to come to her party, but she did not invite Helen to come to the party.

The Fairies in the Woods

By William Davis, Ex-King, 22 West Third Street, North Platte, Neb. Red Side.
The fairies were to have a party in the woods. Queen Lilly was listing the invitations. This was the guest list: King Beetle, Miss Rose, Miss Violet, Miss Fern, Miss Fairy, Miss Wren, Miss Flurry, Miss Larkspur, Miss Lily, Mr. Cicada, Mr. Grasshopper, Mr. Robin Redbreast.
Mr. Grasshopper, she said as she finished. At last the night for the party arrived. There on the throne was the queen of fairies, King Beetle came and received shouts of joy. Next King Bee and his wife. Then Jenny Wren and Robin Redbreast, and the little grasshopper. He was dressed in bright green and also received praise. They played games for awhile and then the queen said: "We will eat." They came to a table and all sat down. Then the bees and beetles came down. The bees began to pass honey around. The beetles passed water in mugs. At once the lights went out, so they all went home.

More About the Green Worm

By Sadie R. Finch, Aged 11 Years, Twenty-first Street, Avenue 4, Kearney, Neb. Blue Side.
Little Green Worm, wrapped in his pretty blue cocoon, was dreaming through all the long, cold winter days and nights. Old North Wind saw him and said, "Now, I'll have some fun with that little fellow. I'll shake little Green Worm out of his cozy house." So he laughed and laughed. He shook the tree and tossed the tiny house about, but it did not frighten the little Green Worm. It did not loosen the threads of silk that were so carefully fastened to the twig. Then a dismal fellow, called Cold Rain, came out of a dark cloud, and brought his daughters, Sleet and Hail, with him. They beat on the little house and tried to pull it to pieces, but it was very strong and they could not hurt it. One night, when the wind and the rain were blowing, and the stars shone very brightly in the sky, Giant Cold came from his home near the North Pole. He drove strong, white horses, that came very swiftly. Now poor little Green Worm will surely die! Nothing can resist Giant Cold—the flowers wither and die, leaves curl up, brooks grow still, and the birds fly away when they hear him coming. But the little Green Worm is safe and happy in his house. He had one friend, Miss White Snow, who spread a downy cover all over him, and promised to keep him safe. At last the sun grew warm and the birds and blossoms called that it was time to wake up. The violet whispered, "It is May! The birds are singing, 'Lazy Fellow, Wake Up, Wake Up!' Green Worm could sleep no longer, so he opened the door to his house and came out of it. Something very strange had happened. He did not feel like himself. Instead of five pairs of short legs he had three pairs of long, slender ones. How sweet everything was that lovely May morning. Something whispered to him, "You have wings! You can fly!" Sure enough! Oh, how happy was Green Worm! He fluttered down into the garden, lighting on one flower after another. They all nodded and seemed glad to see him. He wondered why he was not hungry, for he remembered he used to be always hungry. Then he noticed that his strong jaws, that could bite so well and so fast, had disappeared, and a long, thread-like tube, prettily coiled, had taken their place. A pan of water stood in the garden, which he used for a mirror. There he saw his

New Queen's Letter

Dear Little Busy Bee Voters: I wish to most heartily thank each and every one who helped to elect me queen of the Blue Side for the next three months. It was indeed a surprise to me, as I had most enthusiastically cast my vote for Ruth Ashby, and had even asked three certain Busy Bee writers to vote for her, also. At present my music and school lessons occupy much of my time, but I shall contribute as much as possible. Hoping that the future three months will be as interesting and just as successful as the last three months, and that the Red Side, under their new king, will work earnestly for the laurels, thus making a close contest. I remain your faithful Busy Bee, FRANCES V. O. JOHNSON, 323 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha, Aged 14.

The Mouse Wedding

By Mary McIntosh, Aged 10 Years, Sidney, Neb. Blue Side.
Down in Bill's cellar there was a great scurrying for there was not to be a great wedding? It was to take place in a large corner on one of the shelves. Mr. and Mrs. Mouse and their daughter and son, Belle and Fred lived in this corner. Belle was the bride, while a very curly little mouse by the name of Gray was the groom. The morning before the day set for the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Mouse were up very early and set out to find food for the wedding.
Soon after they left Belle and Fred awoke and at once commenced to decorate the rooms. This house only had four rooms, but it took quite awhile in getting it decorated to their taste.

Not Invited

By Helen Stovetta, Aged 11 Years, Sidney, Neb. Red Side.
One day a little girl named Dorothy was to have a party and invite every child she knew. It was to be a birthday party. The day came, and every child was dressed in her best. All but one little beggar, who was sitting on the sidewalk, and Dorothy called her in and asked her what her name was, when she said, "Nancy Ferris." "Come with me, dear," said Dorothy. Mrs. Dainty had some clothing and gave it to her. She had a dress, pink hair ribbons, new shoes and stockings. "Now you may go with Dorothy and make yourself at home."
After the games were played the lunch was served. Nancy's eyes were as big as saucers as she looked at the big turkey with steaming hot gravy and many other good things. The next course served was cake, sherbet and ice cream. "If you wish, dear, you may stay all night." "Oh, mother will beat me if I don't go home matches." "Oh, I will give you some money! And anyway, I want you to stay here and be my little Dorothy's friend. Your mother may work for me for \$2 a month." From that time on Nancy and Dorothy were good playmates and Nancy did not have to sell any more matches, and had a very happy life.

The Golden Rule

By Helen Heuck, Aged 13 Years, 1423 Lothrop Street, Omaha, Blue Side.
"Say, Sid, will you do me a favor?" So spoke a nice-looking boy about 15 years of age. His small sister, Marion, was about five years his junior and she almost idolized Fred, as he was named. Just now Marion had just gotten comfortably settled when Fred burst in with this remark. Stiffing a sigh she put down her dolls and ran upstairs for Fred's watch.
The next morning as they were preparing to go to school Marion asked Fred to hand her a book she could not reach. Fred, without turning, said, "Oh, don't bother me, I'm in a hurry." Then he slammed the door and went out. Marion had to drag a chair so she could reach the book and then run to school.
Their mother had noticed these two instances and that night she called Fred into a room and asked him if he remembered the Golden Rule. Then adding a few more "motherly" things and they came out. Fred never again refused to do anything for Marion.

A True Story

By Clara Hensick, Aged 13 Years, Woodstock, Neb. Blue Side.
Once my uncle told me the following story:
Once there was a little boy whose name was Willie. He was the only son and was 5 years old. His parents tried to make him obey, but he would not always do so. One Sunday his mamma washed and dressed him in his new shoes and Sunday suit. Then she said to Willie, as she gave him a good-bye kiss, "Come right home from Sunday school. Do not stop on the way to look at anything, for you will make mamma very uneasy."
Willie said he would not, but when he was going home he forgot and was looking at some fishermen draw in a large fish. As he was leaning over to see, his feet slipped and he fell in the water. Some of the fishermen went out quickly in a boat and drew him in. He was ill for many days and all through his fever died that he was sinking.

The Doll

By Annie Hensick, Woodstock, S. D. Aged 10 Years, Blue Side.
Once there was a little girl who was playing with a doll and a big beautiful wings and exclaimed, "Why, I'm not green, and I'm not a worm! What am I?" Just then two children ran by, and one cried, "Oh, do see that lovely butterfly!" "No," said the other, "that's a moth, isn't it?" They tried to catch him, but Mr. Moth flew into the apple tree, and sucked a little dew and honey from the pink blossoms. "This is grand! What a miserable fellow I used to be, crawling on the ground and eating such coarse food. How Gay Margold laughed at me when I tried to climb the tree. Where is he? I must find him and tell him it is my turn to laugh." Margold could not be found; he had died when Giant Cold came. Day after day Mr. Moth fluttered about, and though very happy, he grew tired and weak. He no longer cared for honey and dew. His work was done, and it was time to go. So, one day Mr. Moth ceased to breathe, and the children found him lying in a bed of violets and brought him in for their cabinet, where he may still be seen.

Marie, the Little Artist

MRS. ADAMS had always been very proud of their one child, Marie. She was an exceptionally bright little girl, always standing at the head of her class in school, and calling for the highest praise from her drawing teacher. Indeed, it was in her drawing that Marie was most proficient. She was what her mother called a "born artist." And anyone looking over Marie's folio of drawings would agree with the parents that the child was unusually gifted in that line.
But Marie's parents were too poor to give her the advantage of study in a city where the best training was to be had. Their home was in a small town on the Pacific coast and the one teacher of drawing there was a lady who was herself only an amateur, but who gladly imparted that knowledge she had of art to Marie Adams.
One day while looking out over the great blue ocean Marie wished she might try her hand at painting a bit in water colors. The tint of sea and sky appealed to her artistic eye and she could not satisfy herself with charcoal or crayon on white paper. "It seems like leaving out the soul of the picture to leave out the color," Marie said to herself. When she went home with her sketches that afternoon she told her mother of her longing for a box of water colors. And mother like Marie would agree with the drawing teacher and inquire what the price of an outfit of water colors might cost and where they might be procured.
"Let me just give you my 'Artists' Material Catalogue," said drawing teacher. "You will see by it that you can procure the desired materials from a house in Los Angeles. I am so glad you think of getting colors for Marie. She sees the color everywhere and it hurts her to be obliged to confine herself to black and white. I will gladly assist her all that I can with the mixing of her colors."
That very evening an order for water colors and brushes was sent to an art dealer in Los Angeles, and Marie's name was signed to the order. And for two days Marie lived in the skies of hope, waiting patiently for the colors to come to her. At last, on the morning of the third day, the box of water colors and brushes, and a pad of water-color paper, arrived by express to Miss Marie Adams. Marie declined to eat any luncheon that day, and with colors and pad in hand, hurried down to the seashore. Ah, how she would get to know what she would look from her paper as it looked in nature.
So intent on her work was Marie that she did not observe several ladies and gentlemen approaching the spot where she sat in the shadow of some huge rocks. She did not know their presence all the while of the ladies spoke: "What are you painting, little girl?"
Then Marie looked up and beheld the strangers grouped about her.
"It's my first attempt with colors," she explained. Then she held up for inspection the quick sketch she had made. It was so true in color and drawing that the party of ladies and gentlemen were astonished to hear it was Marie's first color sketch. "Why, the little girl has exceptional talent," declared one of the gentlemen. Then all fell to praising Marie's work. Marie, stated at their encourage-



WHY, THE LITTLE GIRL HAS EXCEPTIONAL TALENT! EXCLAIMED ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN.