

BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

MOST of the Busy Bees have been enjoying themselves, judging from some of the stories and letters sent in. Many of them had lots of fun playing Halloween pranks and, better yet, several of the boys and girls have gone nutting and picnicking in the woods. Not only did they gather nuts, but had sport watching the birds and squirrels and playing outdoor games. The editor is pleased that so many of the Busy Bees appreciate the beauties of nature. Excellent stories were sent in last week and this week about the wonderful autumn colors and the sports and the frolics of this season of the year. Let us have some more stories like this. The stories of travel are also interesting to Busy Bees.

Several boys have joined the ranks of the Busy Bees this week and have given considerable assistance to the Red side. One of the new writers won a prize and another received honorable mention.

Prizes were awarded this week to Ruth Kirschstein of Omaha, on the Red side, and to Arthur Mason of Fremont, also on the Red side. Honorable mention was given to Arthur Wurdeman of Leigh, Neb., on the Red 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.
Jean De Long, Alameda, Neb.
Irene McCoy, Burlington, Neb.
Lillian Marwin, Beaver City, Neb.
Mabel Wirt, Burlington, Neb.
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Minnie Gotsch, Bennington, Neb.
Agnes Damme, Benson, Neb.
Marie Gallagher, Benson, Neb.
Ida May, Central City, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Louise Hahn, David City, Neb.
Rhea Fiedler, Dorchester, Neb.
Eunice Rode, Falls City, Neb.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
Marion Cappa, Gibson, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Lydia Roth, 86 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
Vera Ross, 45 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 48 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 225 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Hugh Kutt, Lehigh, Neb.
Hester E. Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Grammer, 143 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Marie Hamilton, 209 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Elin Hamilton, 209 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Irene Disher, 209 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Hugie Disher, 209 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
Charlotte Boggs, 27 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Helen Johnson, 234 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Beatrice McDowell, Lyons, Neb.
Milton, Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucile Hansen, Norfolk, Neb.
Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
Edith Larkin, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Orin Fisher, 210 S. St., Omaha, Neb.
Mildred Erickson, 708 Howard St., Omaha, Neb.
Oscar Erickson, 708 Howard St., Omaha, Neb.
Louise Takala, 200 North Nineteenth street, Omaha, Neb.
Frances Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
Marguerite Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
Eunice Brown, 409 North Omaha, Neb.
Helen Goodrich, 409 North Omaha, Neb.
Mary Brown, 233 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
Eva Hendon, 443 Dodge street, Omaha, Neb.

Tommy Rides the Comet

By William Wallace, Jr.

SAID, boys, have you been reading of the appearance in the heavens of Halley's comet? Tommy Grey of several of his school fellows one evening after school as they wandered their way home, saw the comet. Tommy was the first to see it, for it is something like 400,000 miles distant from us," he went on to explain. "But there is a photographic instrument in use by the astronomers that can take the pictures of bodies in the heavens which no telescope can bring close enough to be seen by the human eye."

"Say, Tom, you ought to be an astronomer," suggested Fred Davis. "You're always reading everything about planets and moons and comets. As for me, I prefer to keep both feet on the ground and let the heavenly bodies take care of themselves. I hope the comet won't come close to earth, that it can be seen with the naked eye, for in that case this globe might go through Mr. Comet's tail. And that would be the last of us."

"Bah, ignorant kid!" sneered Tommy. "If you'd read along these lines you'd know that no comet can ever hurt us. We each have our place in the great system, and one planet recognizes the rights of his neighbor."

All the boys laughed at this, and Art Wilson said: "Well, seriously, Tom, do you have a keen desire to have a personal introduction to this comet which you tell us has appeared so far away? I don't doubt that you'd be able to go to Mars or the moon or some future day. And maybe the comet won't be inaccessible, for in his age of wonders some genius will suddenly invent an airship that will not only travel like the lightning, but have a store of good breathing air in tanks to supply the lungs of the navigator."

"A right, kids, heard of the greatest scientist if you will," returned Tommy. "But the study of our neighbor planets and those tramps, the comets, is of deep interest to me, and I mean to be an astronomer some day. And if it is ever possible to reach a distant planet—which sounds foolish to me now—I shall be one of the first to engage a steamer in the airship making the journey."

As the boys had reached the gate to Tommy's home by this time, the subject of conversation changed from comets to lines. Tommy's fine old dog, who was wagging his tail in welcome to his master, and after a few minutes of general conversation, the boys took themselves off toward their respective homes, while Tommy went into the house, kissed his mother, answered a few anxious inquiries from her as to his day in school, and then hurried to his "den," at top of the house. There he drew forth some old books and papers of a very heavy and serious aspect and began looking over them. They dealt with the science of astronomy and Tommy was soon deeply buried in them.

As the evening advanced Tommy continued to read by the dying light that came through the one window, for he meant to read as much as he could before his mother should call him to supper, which would be at half-past six.

As the dim daylight faded altogether Tommy was on the point of rising to light the gas jet when he heard a soft tapping at his window. Then of a sudden a great flash of light entered his room and made it more radiant than the sun. He turned to the window to see who might be there—three stories above ground—tapping at the

One of the Queen Bees



HELEN HEUCK.



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 300 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.

Father Time and Grandchildren

By Ruth Kirschstein, Aged 10 Years, 308 Grand Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Have you ever heard of Father Time and his grandchildren? If not I will tell you. Father Time had a daughter named, Year, and her children, or rather Father Time's grandchildren were, kind little Spring, beautiful Summer, the gay artist, Autumn and bold, fierce Winter. Each child was a favorite of Father Time, but Spring was the most loved because she was the baby. Father Time was a very old man with a long flowing beard and white hair falling in wavy masses over his shoulders. He was very kind to many, and just to all and many came before his throne (for you must know he was a king) to ask advice.

Father Time, his daughter and his grandchildren all lived together in a wonderful palace in the sky. No mortal has ever discovered of what it was made, so we will have to guess. I imagine it as a palace made of a misty product tinted with delicate, changing colors and never the same.

Heavens you could want. And we're continually running into new territory. Change! Why, we get a new view every million miles.

"I'm ready to go with you, sir, at any minute," said Tommy. "I'm deeply interested in the study of astronomy."

"Then let's be off, son," said the queer old man. "But before we depart I would better tell you that we can't be back this way for some time. Can you remain away for a long period?"

"When will the comet return this way again?" asked Tommy, hoping the man would say "Not for ten years." That would

give him plenty of time in which to study the heavens undisturbed.

"Oh, she'll be due here again in about seventy-five years," said the queer old man. "You don't mind a short time like that, do you?"

"Not at all," said Tommy, determined to be as brave as any one could be. "I'm ready to go, sir."

"Yes, there'll be some change in things on your little, slow-going globe, son," smiled the old man. "And as life is so short on the earth—as compared with life on a comet—you'll find the grandchildren of your school friends quite old and worn."

down dashed Winter in his snowy chariot, roaring with rage for his sister's pretty work made him feel both sad and gloomy. Then calling on his little nephew, Jack Frost, they would go out on their journey of destruction, freezing lakes and rivers and breathing heavy frosts into the air. The flowers were dead, the bare trees stood out against the cloudy sky and things were in possession of Winter.

(Continued.)

The Cunning Squirrels

By Arthur Mason, Aged 11 Years, 648 North Clarkson Street, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

John and Rob had a lovely large walnut tree in their yard, and one fall it was full of great, green walnuts and they had planned on enjoying them when they were ripe, but there was a family of squirrels who liked walnuts quite as well as little boys and they said: "We must get those nuts before those boys do and we are much the best climbers, so before frost we will store them away." And so they came day after day, mother, father and the three squirrel children, and no matter how the boys threw clouds at them, and even the cat, Peter, tried to catch them, they came until every nut was stored away for their winter use.

When the boys told their father he said: "Well, they know little boys can buy nuts all the winter long, while some day they may go hungry, and after all we can take a lesson from them, to always be careful when there is plenty and save up for times when we may not be able to get what we wish."

(Honorable Mention.)

A Nutting Trip

By Arthur Wurdeman, Aged 11 Years, Leigh, Neb. Red Side.

Last Saturday we went to a nutting party. We were out to the woods in the country. We took our lunch with us and we went out on a hayrack.

There were twenty of us. We started at 9 a. m. We arrived there at 9:30 a. m. We went to the grove and put our dinner buckets down near where we were to gather our nuts. We found that Jack Frost had broken the hard shells of acorns. We hunted many acorns, then we went to the walnut grove and picked many of them. We saw many squirrels. They were eating the nuts from our sacks and we caught one of them, but we let him go again. He scampered like the wind. We watched him climb a tree to his nest. Then we got our lunch and ate it. After our lunch we went after berries. We got a good many. Then we started to play many games. The favorite was "run a mile." This always got laughed at.

After playing we went to the place where we had our nuts and our lunch baskets and then we went home saying: "That this was the jolliest time we ever had."

The Little Orphan

By Ronald Wyckoff, King Bee, Aged 11 Years, Wilber, Neb. Red Side.

One cold Christmas night a little orphan was sitting outdoors on the cold and icy steps of one of the neighbors. Her golden hair was flying in the whistling wind and she had no shoes whatever. She just had a thing scarf, and was very cold. As she looked into the window she saw the fire-place with children sitting around it playing with their toys. As she was thinking about the warm fireplace she dropped off to sleep.

The children went to the window to look at the snow. There they saw a pitiful little girl sitting on the cold steps fast asleep. They told their mother all about it and she went out and awakened her and took her to the house by the fireplace and gave her clothes to put on. They gave her some supper and as she was eating they hung gifts on the Christmas tree for her, and she was happy ever after.

The Jack-o-Lanterns

By Helen E. Morris, Aged 9 Years, McCool Junction, Neb. Blue Side.

George and Robert had planted some pumpkin seeds in the spring. It was just a week before Halloween. A lot of the seeds had come up and were now very large pumpkins indeed.

Thursday morning George and Robert went out to the garden to see what kind of pumpkins they had. They found they had quite a nice field of pumpkins.

Every night they went to see how their pumpkins were coming on. Saturday noon, after dinner, they went out into the garden and each got a big pumpkin. They were so large that the boys had to get a wheelbarrow, on which they put the pumpkins. They set them on the porch and hurried away to get a big spoon with which to dig the pumpkins out. Then they ran out to where the pumpkins were. They took out their jack-knives and cut a line around the

But you'll be in the vigor of your prime. Ah, ha! Nothing so fine as riding on a comet's tail!"

Then Tommy followed the old man out through the window, and soon found himself sailing through soft, radiant light, in a sort of airship, one very different in construction from those invented by our world's people. Up, up, up they went at a terrific speed, and before Tommy hardly realized that he had left his own earth on a shaft of light. Behind him and before him stretched light, light, light. For a million miles he might have seen nothing but light, light, but his vision became powerful enough to reach that far. He was on the very center of the tail of Halley's comet! His heart beat with happiness. At last he would see Mars, Venus, Saturn, Jupiter, the moon! Oh, he would visit them each as the old man had visited earth; only he would remain longer on each of the planets than his queer companion had stopped on earth.

Just as Tommy was holding his eye to a telescope to get a good look at the small planet—earth—which they were leaving rapidly, he felt some one tugging at his shoulder. What did the meddler want, anyway? Maybe some comet man or boy was wanting to look at him, thinking him a curiosity. "Stop bothering me!" he exclaimed. "Can't you see I am occupied with the telescope?" Go away!

"But it's supper time, son, and the food is on the table, getting cold. I called and called, but you did not come down. Then I came up to find you fast asleep over this great book you love so well. Come, wake up, child, and come to your supper. You must rest, my dear Tommy."

Tommy stirred, moved a benumbed arm which had lain beneath his head. Then he opened his eyes to see his mother standing beside him, shaking him by the shoulder.

"Oh!" sighed Tommy, in disappointed tones. "My ride on the comet's tail was only a far-fetched dream. How disappointed I am. Why, I should not have returned to this place for many years. And here I am in time for supper."

A Child's Wish

I WISH I were a fish, to swim,
Or a wild bird, to fly;
I'd see the mysteries of the deep
And wonders of the sky.

I'd visit caves in ocean's bed,
Where man can never go;
I'd sweep above the storm-black clouds
To mountains capped with snow.

I'd see all things that're hard to find,
For I'd both swim and fly,
Were I a lovely fluky fish,
Or a bird up in the sky.



stems. Then they pulled the tops off and began to dig. Soon they had all the inside dug out. Then they took the seeds and dried them so they might plant them next spring. Then they cut eyes, noses and mouths in their pumpkins, but Robert, who was small, made his pumpkin look like it was laughing.

Then, setting their pumpkins on the steps, they went into the house. Each took 2 cents and went down town and got some candles. When they came back they got some matches and each took a candle and lighted it. Then they made holes in the top to let the smoke out. Then they blew their candles out.

After the coals, wood and coal were brought in, they ate supper. After supper they lighted their jack-o-lanterns. They put them in front of the house on two posts which they had put up that day. Then the boys dressed up in sheets and stood beside the posts. When any people came along they said "Boo!"

Some little children came along and were almost scared to death when the boys jumped out at them.

After awhile the boys went into the house and went to bed, leaving the jack-o-lanterns alone to scare the many people passing by.

A Mischievous Visitor

By Vera Diekover, Aged 10 Years, Atkinson, Neb. Red Side.

Alfred White was a little mischievous boy and he was always asking questions. He lived in Chicago, where there were no flower gardens or nice green lawns.

One day he went to Sioux City, Ia., to visit his grandparents. He had never in his life picked a flower off of a bush. Mrs. Hayes, his grandmother, was very fond of flowers and always had a large spot of ground for them.

The first thing when Alfred reached the house he ran into the garden. There he saw some large sunflowers. He thought they were trees.

"Grammy, may I cut down a tree?" he asked. Mrs. Hayes handed him a knife and let him go. He said he was going to play George Washington. He soon had the tree chopped down and was back into the house.

"Now can I put the cat in the washing machine and turn the crank?" "Yes," said his grandmother. "Oh, do you think I would do that?" he asked. "No," said Mrs. Hayes. "I don't think you would."

That evening Mrs. Hayes sat down to the desk to write a letter to Alfred's father to let him know how he was getting along.

"You had better write to mamma instead of papa, because she worries more than papa does," said Alfred. "I'm going to write to her if you don't."

It was now time for him to go to bed, so he could not say any more about the letter.

He was soon fast asleep. He first dreamed about cutting down the tree, then of the cat, then he thought of the letter and began to cry in his sleep.

The next day he did not try to drown the cat or do anything else naughty.

My Voyage to America

By Adelaide Howe, Aged 14 Years, 423 North Fifth Street, North Platte, Neb. Red Side.

I left England on the 5th day of May, 1909, after spending most of my life in the city of Liverpool, which is a well populated place. We sailed on H. M. S. Haverton, on which we had a very pleasant trip. There was music and dancing and all kinds of games and amusements. The third night we were on board the steamer, one of the boilers burst, which caused a kind of a panic on deck, for the people all made for the lifeboats and got prepared to swim if the boat should go down. But mother kept us in our bunk, for she said that was the safest place. But it was soon over, for the captain told us that the steamer could go on one boiler, so that calmed the people.

We passed some very pretty scenery at night.

"This was a combat between two giant insects, one a tarantula, the other a Calcutta roach," he said. "I had bought him from a Malay for a pound of butter, and for an insect he was a remarkable creature. The roach would come to me to be fed, and he would crawl about on my hand with the utmost fearlessness. His favorite place of refuge was inside the bottom of my coat sleeve."

"A favorite way of catching ordinary cockroaches in the far east is to sprinkle flour in a bowl, covering the bottom and the inner side, and leaving a depression in the middle. The spider, though less active in the morning would find the bowl almost filled with insects, which had been caught in the flour as securely as in a fine wire cage."

"One morning after rising I took a look at the bowl and was spilling by what I saw. The spider had been in a comb. Below the rim was a ring of cockroaches struggling to get away from an awful duel between a tarantula and my Calcutta roach in the bottom of the bowl. I stood

Queenstown. There were various kinds of models shaped out in grass which from the boat looked loved the banks of Newland. Then we looked over the banks of Newland. There we saw two whales a short distance from our steamer, which were of monstrous size. Then after that we came in sight of nothing till we reached the Delaware river, and there we saw some nice buildings on the banks of the river which reminded me a lot of the River Mersey, Liverpool. We next arrived at our landing place, Philadelphia, where we had to pass two doctors and the customs house. Then we got our train for North Platte on the 18th day of May, and we arrived on the 23d day of May, and my whole journey was, from England to America fourteen days on water and three days and four nights by train. My journey was 5,600 miles, which were pleasantly spent.

The Fairies and the Star

By Caroline Bixeman, 603 South Lincoln Avenue, Grand Island, Neb. Blue Side.

Once upon a time in a beautiful wood lived a band of fairies who had a very wise queen.

One morning the fairies saw a star which was very large. They went to the queen and told her. She, not knowing what it meant, told one-third to go in the water, one-third to go through the wood and the rest to fly all over so to find out what it meant.

The wood and water fairies went to their places and came back with no answer. But the fairies going to the star saw a gate and a beautiful angel, who asked what they wanted. The fairies asked what the star meant. The angel said there was another race called the human race and was going to take possession of the land and all on it. The fairies looked up and said: "We will give all our riches if God will spare our lives."

The angel said their lives were safe, but they must only be seen at night, and if they were seen at day the human race would drive them away. Happy and yet sad, the fairies came home and told the queen what happened. But the fairies, keeping the angel's word, lived happily ever after.

The Ant and the Dove

By Leland McEwen, Aged 7 Years, 622 West Twenty-fifth Street, Kearney, Neb. Red Side.

One hot day in August an ant went down to a brook to drink, but the poor thing felt into the water and could not get out. A dove saw it and dropped a branch into the brook. The ant got on the twig and so got safely to land.

A Story About Ella

By Mildred Hofsford, Aged 10 Years, Ordan, Ia. Red Side.

Mrs. Brown had a little girl named Ella. They were poor and had just moved to New York. There was a large house next door and the people who lived there were very rich. Mrs. Brown sent Ella over to the large house with a nickel to get some tomato soup for supper.

Ella started off. When she got to the door she rapped and a nicely-dressed woman opened the door. She asked Ella what she wanted. Ella said: "I have a nickel, please give me some tomato soup."

"Yes, I have," said the woman. "Just wait until John comes in from milking." Soon John came in with the fresh, warm milk. The woman poured some out into a pail and gave it to Ella. The woman gave her an apple besides and Ella gave the woman the nickel and said: "Good-bye" and then started home.

Insects in Death Struggle

"I have seen many strange sights in my time," said Peter Gayer, assistant manager of the Knickerbocker hotel, New York, the other day, "but never have I witnessed a combat like the one I saw on my ship at Calcutta."

Mr. Gayer, who is 55 years of age, explained, had spent most of his life at sea until he settled down a year or two ago to the excitement of life in a busy New York hotel.

"This was a combat between two giant insects, one a tarantula, the other a Calcutta roach," he said. "I had bought him from a Malay for a pound of butter, and for an insect he was a remarkable creature. The roach would come to me to be fed, and he would crawl about on my hand with the utmost fearlessness. His favorite place of refuge was inside the bottom of my coat sleeve."

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Oliver Moore

TOMMY STEPPED ASIDE THAT THE VISITOR MIGHT ENTER.