

# THE LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

**H**URRAH for the boys! Until recently most of the stories have been written by the girls, but during the last few weeks a large number of boys have joined and most of them are on the Red side, so that will help considerably, for the Blue side was a little ahead. Some of the boys are from Wyoming and several are from our own state, and a number of Omaha lads are writing for the page. The editor has sixteen stories on hand written by the boys. Some will be printed this week and some next week.

Two or three of the children have written that they have typewriters and they wish to know if they may send in their stories typewritten. They may send them in either printed or written by hand, whichever they prefer.

Some of the Busy Bees forgot and wrote on both sides of the paper this week.

Prizes were awarded this week to Rector Searles of the Red side and to Veda Lambert of the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Blanche Hall of the Red side. Special mention should also be made of the story by Leo Beckord, on the Red side.

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

Joan De Long, Alameda, Neb.  
Irene McCoy, Barnard, Neb.  
Lillian Mervin, Beaver City, Neb.  
Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.  
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.  
Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.  
Agnes Lampkin, Bennington, Neb.  
Marie Gallagher, Bennington, Neb.  
Ida May, Central City, Neb.  
Veda Lambert, Fremont, Neb.  
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.  
Irene Fredrick, Dorrance, Neb.  
Anna Bennett, Dorrance, Neb.  
Eugene Hode, Falls City, Neb.  
Evelyn Reed, Fremont, Neb.  
Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.  
Marion Capps, Grand Island, Neb.  
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.  
Anna Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Lydia Hall, 405 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Jean Crawford, 405 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Martha Murphy, 223 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 Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.  
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.  
Alice Grammer, 1545 C St., Lincoln, Neb.  
Marion Hamilton, 1529 L St., Lincoln, Neb.  
Eileen Hamilton, 1529 L St., Lincoln, Neb.  
Irene Disher, 260 L St., Lincoln, Neb.  
Hugh Disher, 260 L St., Lincoln, Neb.  
Charlotte Rogers, 303 Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Mildred Jensen, 308 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.  
Helen Johnson, 234 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Alfred Allen, 234 South Sixteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Joseph Kline, Lyons, Neb.  
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.  
Helen Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.  
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.  
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.  
Lucille Harkin, Norfolk, Neb.  
Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.  
Letha Larkin, 308 Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.  
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue.  
Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.  
William Davis, 212 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.  
Louise Raabe, 200 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.  
Frances Johnson, 324 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.  
Marguerite Johnson, 323 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.  
Emile Brown, 323 Boulevard, Omaha.  
Helen Goodrich, 405 Nicholas St., Omaha.  
Mary Brown, 323 Boulevard, Omaha.  
Eva Hendon, 405 Dodge street, Omaha.  
Lillian Witt, 438 Cass street, Omaha.

## A Strong Watch Dog

**T**HE little black watch dog is fierce and strong; He carefully watches the house all day long;

And calmly he sits, and never stirs he, For he is the kind of dog that they all fear;

His face is so natural that tramps won't come near, For he is the kind of dog that they all fear;

And if they but glimpse him they come back no more, For they don't want to meet the watch dog at the door.



## 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 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.
6. 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 King of Fire.

By Rector Searle, Aged 13 Years, Ogallala, Neb.  
One time Ralph came home from a ride in the automobile, very cold. He was cross, besides. After supper he went as close to the stove as he could. He soon fell asleep. He dreamt that he got so cold that he could not move. At last he could move around a little and he got up and put in more wood and coal, but did not get warm. He kept putting in more and more wood and coal until the stove became red hot. All of a sudden the stove gave a great puff and the door flew open. A little man stepped out. He introduced himself as "Fire Fairy" or "The King of Fire." He asked Ralph if he would like to visit the sun. Ralph said he would if it was warm there. The little man said it was and for him to come along. So into the stove they got and up, up they went right through a mile of electric lights, and on to a palace. When they went into the palace they met some of Ralph's chums. They danced, sang and had the best time. Ralph said he had never had so much fun. After the amusements were over they had refreshments. Then he heard the little man call, "Ralph, it's time to get up."

He never had any darkness, and you know that all creatures need a certain amount of darkness. If it had not been so, our all-wise Creator would not have given us the night. So Peek-a-Boo was robbed of one of the things most necessary to his being, the darkness of night.  
And all the time, the boy clerk was watching poor Peek-a-Boo. And he could read in the little owl's big, solemn eyes the story of the heartbreaking, his longing to be free again. And day by day the boy wondered how it could be planned to get him away.

But a very happy day was in store for the boy. One evening when he went home his mother ran to greet him, laughing and weeping for very joy. His father had been pardoned from the prison. The guilty man had confessed on his death-bed to the crime his father was being punished for.

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### Where Fairies Got Their Magic

By Veda Lambert, Aged 10 Years, Auburn, Neb.  
Long, long ago, fairies had no magic. All the good done by them was the good we can do. One day the powerful sun king sent messengers that two sunbeams had been lost on their way to the earth, and whoever found them would have granted their greatest wish. Many tried, but failed. At last, Queen Violet made up her mind to search. After a long and tiresome hunt, she found them. You cannot imagine her joy in finding them. When they reached the beautiful sun palace Queen Violet went to the throne room to tell her news. Then the king asked her what her wish might be. She replied: "My greatest wish is that my subjects and myself may have magic so we can do more good than now. So to do the things impossible without it." "Granted," said the king. "In awakening in the following morning you will find yourselves gifted with magic." How happy was Queen Violet who hurried home to tell of her good luck. As the king had said when awakening they were able to do the good they had wished for. So the fairies got their magic with which they can do such wonderful things.

### The Disagreeable Ant.

By Blanche Hall, Aged 11 Years, West Twenty-second street, Kearney, Neb.  
The ants were planning on having a ball on Washington's birthday. They were going to have it in the queen's palace, where everything was so nice.  
One little ant did not believe in dances and wished to make everybody else disagreeable, so he wrote some invitations to his friends, which said:  
"We request the pleasure of your presence at a party at Homer's, February 22, at 8 o'clock."  
"Come to this instead of the dance," he had told some of his friends about it and they told others to go to the dance, and now all would be happiness again.  
The father would return to them within a few days, and he had written to say that they would all go far, far away and begin life all over again. Oh, what a happy day this was for the boy! But on the following morning, as he entered the shop, the eyes, solemn and sad, of little Peek-a-Boo looked at him, and they seemed to say: "When you are gone I shall have no friend in the world!" And the boy decided he must let Peek-a-Boo out of prison before he went to his own happiness.  
That Saturday his week would be finished, and he would give notice to his employer that he would work for him no longer, as he was going with his parents to another town far distant. So he decided upon a plan. He wrote an appealing note to his employer, begging him to let Peek-a-Boo free, to let him, the boy, carry him back to the woods where he belonged. He offered as payment for the owl his weekly wage of 50¢. The note was written from the very depths of his sympathetic heart, and when the employer read it he was deeply touched. Maybe, after all, it was not right to keep the little owl in prison. And he set to thinking seriously, and when the boy asked for his answer concerning Peek-a-Boo, he said: "Jones, you are an unusual boy. I feel that you are right. Perhaps your own deep sorrow has made you more alive to the sorrow of other creatures. I will allow you to take Peek-a-Boo to the woods and turn him loose. The stuffed owl and the little artificial one will do for show-window purposes. And never mind about the price you offered me to liberate the bird. You have earned your money and I could sell the owl's liberty to you. You need the money for yourself and mother. But I can afford to lose the amount I paid for the bird—if I may call it lost. In the end I think I shall be gaining something—the lesson of mercy and justice."

The boy's face was so full of happiness that it was a good sight to behold, and for the first time during their business association the employer grasped the clerk's hand and shook it warmly. "You'll get on in the world all right, young fellow," he said. "One who wants to let live as well as live will have friends everywhere he goes. Good luck to you, Jones, and good luck to little Peek-a-Boo and may he find his family—wherever they are. You may take him to the woods whenever you care to."

The boy took down the cage and, happier than he thought it possible to be, he walked bravely out of the shop. And at home he found his father waiting for him. And the reunion at his home that night was too sacred for us to look upon. And in the darkness of a little room Peek-a-Boo rested, enjoying the black shadows of night and feeling in his wise little head that tomorrow all would be well again for him. And it was.

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### How Arthur Saw the Circus.

By Leo Beckord, Aged 13 Years, Waco, Neb.  
For the last month Arthur had looked at the circus posters on barns close to the road every time he went to town. He had heard that they gave passes to the people for letting them pass pictures on their buildings, but Arthur's father's barn was too far from the road, so the circus agents did not put posters on their barn.

Arthur hoped to earn enough money to go to the circus, but his father had been sick and he had to help at home. The day of the circus came, but Arthur hadn't earned any money yet. All the other boys were going to the circus, but Arthur looked at his fishing pole and started for the lake. There was a quick sand along the eastern shore so he had to be careful not to get in it. He got into his boat and started to row away from shore when he heard a large splash behind him in the bushes and a shrill scream over his head and saw a huge elephant coming into view. His trunk was curled and his white tusks gleamed against the green background and his eyes danced wickedly. He had seen the young fisherman before he showed himself, for he was headed for him.

Arthur nodded for dear life for the animal was in the water after him. He headed the boat up the lake for the east shore. Hardly had he reached the shore when he jumped out and climbed a tree near by. The elephant came up and started to drink as Arthur thought, but before he knew what was up the elephant was throwing water at him. The elephant kept this up for a time, when he sent up a shrill cry of terror for he was stuck and sinking in the quick sand.

Arthur got down and ran for home. On the way home a boy told him that the largest circus elephant had got away and there was a reward of \$10 to the person that found him. Arthur saw a clown and a crowd coming and he told them his story. They went and got the elephant out of the sand. Arthur was given a ticket to the show and was \$10 richer than any boy in town.

### A True Story.

By Verdon Leggett, Aged 13 Years, Buffalo, Wyo.  
One time three boys and myself went up in the mountains to camp for a week. There were the two Left boys and my brother and myself. We got a man who was hauling lumber from the sawmill to take us up.

We got up there and fixed camp up and then it was time to go to bed. We rolled in and woke up early the next morning and got up and cooked breakfast. When we got through we washed our dishes and went fishing. We all caught some fish and had some of them for dinner and some for supper.

There was a little branch of the creek ran right down past camp and we put our nets in the water to keep them from getting too warm.

### George Washington.

By Deloma Lamborn, Aged 12 Years, Auburn, Neb.  
George Washington was born February 22, 1732, in Virginia.

When he was only 11 years old his father died. He liked to play he was a soldier. His brother Lawrence was an officer in the British army and George was very proud of him in his fine uniform and often drilled his little friends and played he was captain like his brother.

When he became a young man he was a surveyor. He fought the French and Indian war and had a narrow escape from being killed as four bullets passed through his coat. When the revolutionary war broke out he was appointed chief commander of the American army.

After the war was over he went to his home at Mount Vernon. But he did not stay there long, because in 1793 he was elected the first president of the United States.

He served two terms and was begged to serve a third, but he refused.

In December 1799 he was out in a severe storm and took sick.

He died at Mount Vernon in 1799, much loved and honored.

### The Cave.

By George Gook, Aged 11 Years, Plainview, Neb.  
Once there were four boys and their names were Harry, John, Howard and Ray. Harry and John were brothers and Howard and Ray were brothers.

They wanted to build a cave in the hill and they asked their father if they could and he said, "Yes."

So they built the cave.

### A Kind Deed.

By Bruce Taylor, Aged 11 Years, Abbot, Neb.  
There once lived a boy named Andy Baker. He lived in the state of Nebraska and his father was very rich, and Andy was very selfish and very cruel to animals.

Not very far from where Andy lived was a poor boy named Jack Brown, and he had a dog. One day Andy saw Jack's dog walking along the road and Andy thought he would shoot it. So he got his gun and was about to shoot when he saw Jack coming, so he walked off, but Jack saw him, but he did not say anything. Not long after that Jack and his dog were walking along the banks of a river when he heard a shout for help a little way up stream and turning a bend he saw Andy hanging on a boat that had upset. Andy could not swim and he would have drowned if it had not been for Jack, who said to his dog, "Go, fetch him!" The dog plunged into the water and swam to Andy and grabbed his collar between his teeth and swam to shore. So the dog that Andy was going to shoot saved his life.

### Andy's Valentine.

By Marvin Trimmer, Aged 9 Years, Sidney, Neb.  
It was near St. Valentine's day when Andy Gordon began to think he would not get any Valentines.

Andy Gordon was a poor boy, who had to sell papers for a living. He had not had good luck. His mother had little money to send Andy to school.

His mother was a poor widow, whose husband had left her but little money. Andy was only an infant when his father died.

Andy's teacher was going to have a Valentine box, so Andy's mother said he might go to school.

At last St. Valentine's day came. In the morning Andy got up early and dressed. When Andy's mother got up Andy had the fire built ready for his mother to get breakfast. After breakfast Andy went to school. He was surprised to find that he was the first one in the school room. He found his teacher busy, but he did not have any Valentines.

Andy got down at his desk and got his lessons for the morning. There was going to be a prize given for the best one that day.

At noon Andy went home and got his dinner and then went back to school. After recess all the children were anxious to see who got the prize.

Andy was surprised to receive the prize. It was a valentine.

When they opened the Valentine box Andy got many other little Valentines.

When Andy got home his mother was glad to hear that her son got the prize. That night Andy went to bed with a happy heart.

### Abraham Lincoln's Boyhood.

Keith Kimere, Aged 10 Years, 1903 Cass Street, Omaha, Neb.  
Abraham Lincoln was born in a rude log cabin in Kentucky. The cabin did not have a floor, the earth served for that. He was born on the 12th of February, 1809.

His father was a farmer; a very lazy man, too. He couldn't write his own name. His mother was a very nice woman. She taught everything she knew to teach little Abe. Abe's sister was two years older than he. She helped her mother in every way she could and was a bright girl for her age.

Their food was potatoes and corn bread, and the meat they got from the wild animals. Their clothes were made out of leather and two tiger skins. The boys were made of linen-woolly. The work was hard, and little Abe had to work, too. He would run along behind his father's plow and drop the seed in the furrows.

They moved to Indiana when Abe was 7 years old, because his father thought there was better soil there. They traveled in a wagon train, which was very dangerous, but little Abe thought great sport.

They crossed the Ohio river on a raft. Mr. Lincoln could not manage his raft, and it upset. He saved some of his goods; these he left with a sister till he came after them. When they got to where Mr. Lincoln had chosen, he built a half-faced camp. It had no windows, doors or fire place. It had skins stretched across the front of the camp.

After they had lived in this place for one year, Mr. Lincoln built them a better cabin. For chairs they had slab stools, for a table a log cut in two, resting upon four legs. The bed was made in one corner of the house, and they would make a kind of a frame with a forked stick in the ground. They would put sacks of leaves on ropes stretched across the frame. Abraham Lincoln had but few books. What he did get he read over and over again. His mother died when he was 10 years old.

I think that people ought to try, even if they are poor. Abraham Lincoln was poor, but he was determined to try and he succeeded. He became one of the greatest men that the United States ever had.

### A Burro Ride

By Inez Hoole, Aged 12 Years, Benkelman, Neb.  
Last summer, when we were in Colorado, my uncle and cousin, Esther, were visiting us. One day we decided to go out to Seven Falls. We rode on the car six miles. Then we mounted burros, which carried us to the foot of the falls, and then we went up the steps. When we got to the top we were very hungry, so we ate our dinner, and about five burros crowded on top of us; they wanted to have some dinner, too. One of them came to my brother and snatched his bread out of his hand. My cousin Esther had her kodak with her and she took our pictures on a big rock out in the stream.

Then we played on the side of the mountain until we were tired and started for home. When we reached the foot of the falls we mounted the burros again. My uncle and my 6-year-old brother were on one burro. This burro bucked and nearly threw them off.

Esther and I got our burros started going so fast that we could not stop, so we soon reached the stand, and that ended our burro ride.

We have recently moved to a ranch from the city. I have no playmates out here, and so I have become interested in "The Children's Department" of The Bee, as it comes to the ranch every day.

### A Kind Lady

By Rose Kennedy, Nebraska City, Neb.  
There was once a very poor girl, whose mother was dead, and her father was very cruel to her. He made her go out into the streets and sell a lot of trinkets. He did not give her any money she made, but spent it all on himself.

One day this girl was going along the street when a lady stopped her and bought something from her. She looked very sweet and kind.

The next day the girl saw the same lady, and this time she stopped and talked to her.

"What is your name, my child," she asked, "and why do you look so sad?"

"Helen Brown," answered the girl. "My mother is dead and my father treats me very cruel. He does not give any of the money I make, but keeps it all for himself, and I need a pair of shoes very badly."

"Come into this store and I will get you some shoes and also a cloak."

"Oh, thank you very much; you are so kind to me."

"Never mind, dear. I will always be kind to every little girl like you."

In a few days Helen's father took sick and died.

Hearing this, the kind lady adopted Helen and was ever after a kind, loving mother to her.

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### Frank's Dream.

By George Nicholson, King Bee, Aged 13 Years, Abbot, Neb.  
One day a boy named Frank was reading. He fell asleep and he was dreaming about fairies and that he was in fairyland and was going to see the fairy queen at her palace. He went to her palace in an automobile that flew up in the air and as he went along he saw lots of flowers. When he got to the queen's palace he saw a lot of other fairies there. When the queen saw Frank she showed him all over her palace and when Frank had seen all the palace, the queen showed him all the land that belonged to the fairies. As they were going along Frank saw a lot of fairy children going to school. He stopped at the school house and he saw all the scholars. He thought that they learned their lessons easy. After the fairy queen and Frank had stayed at the school house for a while they went farther on. Frank asked the queen if he could stay in fairyland all the time. The queen told him that he could stay if he wanted to. Frank said he would stay. Frank often went to see the school. At that moment Frank woke up to find that it had all been a dream. He said

that he wished it had been true. Frank told his mother about his dream and she said it might come true.

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