

BUSY LITTLE BEES AT THEIR OWN PAGE

THE BUSY BEES must not get impatient if their stories are not printed immediately, for there are more stories than room on the Busy Bee page just at present, but not any of the stories will be thrown away and they will all be printed.

A few votes have been sent in for the next king and queen. Some of the Busy Bees have written to ask who were the kings and queens during the last year and some new readers wish to know about the Red side and the Blue side. Every three months a king is elected to lead the Red side and a queen for the blue side, then the little writers on the Blue side and on the Red side each try to see which side can win the most prizes. Last year from October to January the Red side won the most. The three months preceding that the Blue side won the most prizes.

Last April Fred Sory of Monarch, Wyo., was elected king and Rena N. Mead of Blair county; July 1 William Davis of North Platte was made king and Eunice Bode of Falls City queen. In October Frances Johnson of Omaha was elected queen and Ronald Wycoff of Wilbur, Neb., king. The present king is George Nicholson of Abbott and Helen Johnson of Lincoln is the queen.

Prizes were awarded this week to Nellie Dedrick, on the Red side, and to Alta Kibler, on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Dorothy Judson, on the Red side.

Two other stories which were especially good this week were written by Elizabeth Wright, on the Red side, and by Fern Everitt, on the Blue side.

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

- Jean De Long, Alaworth, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
- Lillian Mervin, Beaver City, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
- Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Agnes Dampke, Bennington, Neb.
- Marie Gallagher, Benkelman, Neb. (Box 12)
- Ira May, Central City, Neb.
- Vera Chesney, Fremont, Neb.
- Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
- Rhea Friedell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Aida Bennett, Egin, Neb.
- Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
- Ephel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Hilda Lindberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marion Capps, Gibson, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Aina Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Loyola Roth, 66 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Castello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 406 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schulte, 413 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Martina Murphy, 403 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Hester E. Butt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Edythe Kralitz, Lexington, Neb.
- Margerie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Alice Grassmeyer, 1546 E. St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Marian Hamilton, 3029 L. St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Aida Hamilton, 410 Nicholas St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Diemer, 3029 L. street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Hughie Diemer, 3029 L. street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Charlotte Rogers, 1546 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
- Helen Johnson, 734 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Aitha Myers, 294 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Louise Edles, Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Hildie Hansen, Norfolk, Neb.
- Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letha Larkin, 30 Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma Marquardt, 1517 street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- William Davidson, 1517 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
- Louise Kaaba, 3609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Frances Johnson, 928 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Marguerite Johnson, 928 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Emile Brown, 3222 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
- Helen Goodrich, 410 Nicholas St., Omaha, Neb.
- Mary Brown, 3222 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
- Eva Hendale, 442 Dodge street, Omaha, Neb.
- Adrian Johnson, 315 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
- Lewis Poff, 315 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
- Jack Coad, 3715 Farnam street, Omaha, Neb.
- Bessett Ruf, 184 Binney street, Omaha, Neb.
- Janita Jones, 739 Fort street, Omaha, Neb.
- Meyer Cohn, 548 Georgia avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Ad Morris, 344 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
- Muriel Jensen, 299 Isard street, Omaha, Neb.
- Orrin Fisher, 1313 S. Eleventh St., Omaha, Neb.
- Mildred Erickson, 206 Howard St., Omaha, Neb.
- Oscar Erickson, 206 Howard St., Omaha, Neb.
- Gail Howard, 472 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Helen Housh, 125 Lothrop street, Omaha, Neb.
- Emeraon Goodrich, 125 Lothrop street, Omaha, Neb.
- Maurice Johnson, 127 Locust St., Omaha, Neb.
- Leon Carson, 118 North Fortieth, Omaha, Neb.
- Pauline Cook, 3715 Farnam street, Omaha, Neb.
- Wilma Howard, 472 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Hilda Lindberg, 472 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Mildred Jensen, 207 Leavenworth, Omaha, Neb.
- Edna Heden, 2789 Chicago street, Omaha, Neb.
- Mabel Sheffert, 494 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Walter Johnson, 246 North Twentieth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Emma Carothers, 321 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Gretchen Eastman, 125 South Thirty-third street, Omaha, Neb.
- Leona Denison, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha, Neb.
- Miss Hamilton, O'Neill, Neb.
- Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
- Zola Beddoe, Orleans, Neb.
- Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
- Mario Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
- Lois Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
- Earl Perkins, Redington, Neb.
- Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.
- Leola Peterson, 211 Locust St., E. Omaha, Neb.
- Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Nebraska, Neb.
- Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.
- Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Leo Beckord, W-9, Neb.
- Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
- Pauline Peterson, York, Neb.
- Fredrick Ware, Winfield, Neb.
- Edna Belling, York, Neb.
- Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
- Pauline Peterson, York, Neb.
- Ethel Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
- Ethel Muhlolland, Box 7, Malvern, Ia.
- Leona Carothers, York, Neb.
- Katherine Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
- Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Pauline Peterson, Manilla, Ia.
- Margaret E. Witherspoon, Thurman, Ia.
- Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 3, Box 25, Missouri Valley, Neb.
- Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Attila, Ind.
- Adelena Sory, Monarch, Wyo. Box 22.
- Fred Sory, Monarch, Wyo.
- Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
- Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
- Pauline Squire, Grand, Okl.
- Fred Shelley, 230 Trout street, Kansas City, Mo.
- Mary McIntosh, Sidney, Neb.
- Nellie Dedrick, Sidney, Neb.
- Eunice Wright, 122 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
- Carl Simpson, Wilbur, Neb.
- Phyllis Haas, 322 West Seventeenth street, York, Neb.

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.
- First and second prizes of books will be given to the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE.

The Letter Party

By Nellie Dedrick, Aged 10, Sidney, Neb. Red Side.

Merna's new tablet had only a few letters on it and as soon as it was closed and locked on the writing desk they began to jig and waltz about.

My Pet Canary

By Dorothy Judson, Aged 10 Years, 112 South Thirty-eighth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

I have a little tame canary and I call him Chickadee.

A Rose and a Violet

By Elizabeth Wright, Aged 12 Years, 1223 South Thirty-fifth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

One beautiful summer day in a beautiful old-fashioned garden there was a rose and a violet growing side by side.

The Doughnut Man and the Cookie Dog

By Alta Kibler, Aged 12 Years, 717 West Twenty-first Street, Kearney, Neb. Blue Side.

The doughnut man and the cookie dog lived in a cupboard. They were very unhappy, and so would you be if you lived in a cupboard all your life.

opened they could see men, women and children passing the window.

The History of a Penny

By Ruth Kirschstein, Aged 11 Years, 3001 Grand Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

I am an old dull penny. I was born on the shores of Lake Superior and was only a bit of copper.

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she did not mean to brag, but she was the daintiest and prettiest, and if it were not for her, children would not go out into the woods looking for flowers.

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Evening



When dear Little Boy, And dear Little Girl, Are ready for bed, you know,

In the snug cozy corner They sit with Mamma, Who tells them a story, so low.

She tells them of fairies Who live in the clouds, And who can fly through the air; And after she's through They're almost asleep, And then it is time for their prayer.

So down on their knees Go the two Little Ones, And feelingly pray to their God To keep them through night Till the next morning's light, Then they go to the sweet Land of Nod.

heard that the little girl was sick with the same disease that the paper boy's mother had, and I think she got it from putting me into her mouth.

The Gold Nugget

By Claud Frimman, Aged 13 Years, Chapinville, Neb. Blue Side.

Once there lived a boy and girl, whose names were Brown. The boy's name was Harry and the girl's name was May.

A Querer Lion

By Carol Simpson, Aged 10 Years, Wilbur, Neb. Red Side.

Lily was visiting grandma's farm, and she was delighted in everything she saw.

Discovery of Coal in West

By Fern Everitt, Aged 13 Years, 621 West Twenty-first Street, Kearney, Neb. Blue Side.

Many years ago people used wood for their fires in America. Coal was used a little in England to run the factories, but little was used in the home.

Little Anna's Visit to Fairland

By Helen Weenen, Aged 13 Years, 214 North Twenty-fifth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

It was snowing hard, and little Anna was very cold. Under one arm she carried a box of shoe strings that she was selling.

Marian's Birthday

By Eneld Linsborg, Aged 9 Years, Fifty-fourth and Clark, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Marian's birthday was the 23rd of February, the last day of the month. She was very happy.

Jimmy-Boy

By Helen L. Clark, Aged 10 Years, 1613 North Twenty-third Street, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

LITTLE Jimmy sits a nodding At the supper table; He's eaten all the goodly things That he, poor child, was able.

Catherine's Reward

By Helen L. Clark, Aged 10 Years, 1613 North Twenty-third Street, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Catherine had been very good all morning. She had helped her mother iron, she had swept the house and was very tired, so she thought she would go out in the hammock and read her new fairy book.

Bert's and Julia's Good St. Patrick

By Florence May.

IT WAS ST. Patrick's day, and as Bert and Julia don't want to go to school in the morning over the country road they fell to talking about the good and great deeds of St. Patrick.

"It would be so wonderful to know such a person. I wish we might have saints alive as well as dead, for they would do us so much good."

"We do have them alive as well as dead," declared Bert, the older of the two.

"But, of course, one has to be very very great and good to become a saint. And we do have very, very good people living in every age, though we do not call them saints. Now, when one saves another's life, or gives in charity to the poor, one is then almost a saint."

"Oh, no!" cried Julia. "A very wicked person might save another's life. And, also, one living a bad life is often very charitable. So, you see, you cannot bear out your argument. It takes a person very near to God to be a saint—one who cannot sin."

"Yes, I guess you are right," agreed Bert. "But we do have people who are good in every sense. Still we do not call them saints."

"I call our mother a saint," said Julia, in a low and feeling voice. "She does nothing but good to everybody. And just think what she is to us—and our home! I think such mothers as ours should be saints."

"Yes, but you don't find many mothers as good as ours," declared Bert.

"That is the way we think," laughed Julia. "But if we take a vote from the children at school as to who should be sainted in our community, why, each child would vote for his own mother, just as we would vote for ours."

Bert had to agree with Julia, and then the subject was changed. But throughout the day Julia kept thinking of good St. Patrick, and wishing that she might meet with someone who was really and truly a saint. That evening as she and Bert went home they decided to stop at the house of a very poor family to inquire after their health. There were only three in the family—father, mother and young son. And their livelihood was gotten from a small tract of very wretched, sandy soil which required the tilling of every acre, and which grew things so stingly. Indeed, it was said of this family that they suffered dire want during the winter and early spring, for their provisions usually gave out before another crop could be grown.

In response to Bert's tap at the door a boy's voice called out, "Come in." Bert and Julia entered the wretched abode and saw the mother on the bed, very ill. The father was sitting beside a rusty stove in which struggled a fire of green wood. The boy who had invited them to enter was preparing a meal over the miserable fire, and looked up as the visitors entered, smiling. "Ah, howdy do, Bert and Julia," he said. "And he placed chairs for them beside the stove. Then speaking to his parents, he explained: "Mother and father, this is Bert Donivan, you have heard me talk so much about, and his sister Julia. They are schoolmates of mine—when I go to school you know."

Mr. and Mrs. Day (the name of the family on whom the Donivan children were calling) spoke very cordially to Bert and Julia, and Mrs. Day said: "I hope you will excuse the unkept appearance of our house. But I am too ill to get about, and Mr. Day is just recovering from a serious sickness, and the work all falls upon Patsy. But he is such a good son. I really cannot tell you how noble he has been during our trials of the past month."

"Yes, Patsy is a fine boy," spoke up Mr. Day, warmly. And he looked lovingly at his son, who was making some porridge. Patsy's face flushed from embarrassment. "Oh, mother and father only think I am so great," he laughed. "You must excuse them for praising me so, for I am their only olive branch, you see."

"Well, there are very few boys like our Patsy," said Mrs. Day. "And during his father's and my illness he never complained once of the work he had to do. He has been obliged to remain away from school two weeks, but he has kept up with his studies just the same as though he had attended regularly, for every night after his work was done he sat beside the fire and got his lessons. You see, the teacher drops in here on his way to the school house of a morning and lays out Patsy's lessons for the day. And it has been such an encouragement to the boy to have the teacher look up such interest in him, he has such a trial—waiting on two sick folks, and all alone."

"Yes, and he has had the wood to cut, and the cows to milk, and the horse to feed and care for, and the chickens to tend. In fact, he has had his hands more than full," said Mr. Day, adding his praise of Patsy to the list of his wife. "But people anyone had told me that the boy could accomplish so much, and do it so cheerfully and so well, I would not have believed it. He has really saved my life, for he went to see the doctor regarding me, told him all my symptoms—we couldn't afford to have the doctor come out here—also got some medicine. Well, the doctor said it was absolutely necessary for me to have the medicine given every hour for the first twenty-four hours, and after that every two hours till the pain subsided and the fever fell. So what did this boy of mine do? Why, he cut up my wife, his eyes, the clock, and on the very minute my medicine was given me. And all the next day the same—without sleep! Well, on the second night his mother—who was very ill, but who could get up and about occasionally—sent him to go to bed and sleep, and she gave me up, here—also got was up before dawn, and at work cutting wood, for we were about out of fuel when I took down on my back. Oh, I shall never be able to tell you what this boy of ours has done for us. He is the noblest of God's creatures."

The feeble man's voice shook with emotion and he wiped moisture from his eyes. "I bless the day Patrick was born," he added.

"Patrick!" exclaimed Julia. "Is Patsy's name really and truly Patrick?" And she looked inquiringly first at Mr. Day and then at Mrs. Day.

"Yes, of course, he is our dear Patrick," replied Mrs. Day.

"Didn't you know that Patsy is only a pet name for Patrick?"

"Well, I had never thought about his being really and truly Patrick," said Julia.

"I am so glad that is his name, though," Bert laughed outright. "Who is looking for a St. Patrick today," he explained.

"And I guess she has found him. I'll agree that Patsy is as near a saint as live children ever get to be. He is certainly a joy to his parents, and all us kids at school swear by him, he's so reliable and kind-hearted. I say he's a brick."

"And I say he's a brick," said the second.

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BERT AND JULIA ENTERED THE WRETCHED ABODE.

Jimmy-Boy

By Helen L. Clark, Aged 10 Years, 1613 North Twenty-third Street, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

LITTLE Jimmy sits a nodding At the supper table; He's eaten all the goodly things That he, poor child, was able.

And Papa smiles at Jimmy-Boy; And Mama strokes his head, Then Papa gently lifts him up, And takes him off to bed.

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