

BUSY LITTLE BEES: THEIR OWN PAGE

THIS is May day, and the Busy Bee editor hopes that all the children will enjoy it and help the other little children to have a good time. Several of the Busy Bees must have been thinking about May day, for a number of good stories have been sent in which were especially appropriate for this day.

This is the time of year when the children should think of some good stories about trees, animals and birds. A few of these have been sent in.

Special mention should be made of the youngest writer for the Busy Bee page, little Gracie Taylor of Elsie, Neb., who is only 6 years old. There are probably a number of Busy Bees this age, but little Gracie is the youngest writer. Dorothy Taylor, aged 9, and Bruce Taylor, aged 11, have been faithful writers for some time.

Prizes were awarded this week to Marie Pritchett of Cody, Wyo., on the Red Side. Honorable mention was given to Elizabeth Wright of Omaha on the Red Side.

Mr. Davies' article on trees is omitted this week, at the request of the author. Next week the last and most interesting of the series will be published. It will deal with birds, and tell why they are necessary to man's life.

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

Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.
Doris E. Davis, Bismarck, N.D.
Julian Marvin, Beaver City, Neb.
Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Mildred Erickson, Bismarck, N.D.
Agnes Dampkin, Benson, Neb.
Maria Gallagher, Benkenham, Neb. (Box 12)
Daisy Max, Central City, Neb.
Vera M. Clegg, Central City, Neb.
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
Rheba Fredell, Drexel, Neb.
Aleda Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
Elsie G. Hodges, Elsie, Neb.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
Marion Capps, Gibson, Neb.
Margarette Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Anna V. Lee, 47 West Charles Street, Grand Island, Neb.
Lydia Roth, 66 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
Eila Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 110 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
James Crawford, 409 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schmitz, 42 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 93 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Lemora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.
Max Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
Mabel H. Hart, Lincoln, Neb.
Zola Beddoe, Orleans, Neb.
Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
Marie Fleming, Orleans, Neb.
Earl Perkins, Redington, Neb.
Edna Peterson, 221 Locust St., E. Omaha.
Ina Clegg, 221 Locust street, county, Nebraska.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
Mabel Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 645 C St., Lincoln, Neb.
Marian Hamilton, 309 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
Ethel Miller, 220 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Ethel Fisher, 209 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hughie Disher, 209 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Charlotte Borgs, 21 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Mildred Jensen, 30 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
Helen Johnson, 34 South Seventeenth street, Fremont, Neb.
Althea Myers, 24 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Milton Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Lincoln City, Neb.
Louise Hart, Norfolk, Neb.
Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
Leila Larkin, So. Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth Street and Madison, Neb.
Genvieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
William Davis, 221 West Third street, North Loup, Neb.
Louise Baase, 209 North Nineteenth ave., Omaha, Neb.
Frances Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth Street, Omaha, Neb.
Marguerite Johnson, 93 North Twenty-fifth Avenue, Omaha.
Carol Simpson, Wilber, Neb.
Phyllis Haag, 632 West Seventeenth street, York, Neb.
Mabelle Morris, Silver City, Ia.
Mabel Houston, 303 Sherman avenue, Omaha.
Dorothy Wilsonson, 436 North Thirty-eighth Street, Omaha.
Mabel Baker, Lander, Wyo.
Corinne Allison Robertson, Wilber, Neb.
Elizabeth Wright, 1322 South Thirty-fifth Avenue, Omaha.
Meyer Cohn, 346 Georgia avenue, Omaha.

Nursery Rhyme Rebus



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 contributions to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee.

First Prize

May Day

By Marie Pritchett, Aged 10 Years, Cody, Park County, Wyo. Red Side.

One day in May some little girls and boys were spending a day in the woods. It was May day and there was no school. One little girl was to be queen and so they put a wreath of flowers around her head.

"This is our Maypole," said one. "We must decorate it very prettily. They soon began to hunt flowers. The May flowers popped out from the grass.

One little girl went away by herself. She followed a little brook. Once in a while she would find a flower or two. This led her into the woods farther and farther.

Pretty soon she came to a cluster of flowers. Some were pink, some were violet and the rest were white.

She stayed by the brook and watched it run over the rocks. Pretty soon she followed it back again to where the children were playing. She heard them calling to one another.

They were saying, "She's found, she's found." She stepped up and said, "Who's found?" Why I was not lost." She said: "I

soon, either, for almost immediately a clap of thunder shook the earth and the rain fell in torrents.

With the first burst of the rainfall, Mr. Sing-loud found a great black hole, and into it led his frightened little wife. Her heart was fluttering terribly, for never before has she been caught in a storm of such severity. Their former trip north had always been made during a week of fine weather. But this journey had not proven so propitious.

Once inside the hole, Mr. Treetop Sing-loud began to peer about him. He did not know that he and his mate had entered the hayloft of a big barn. But he knew the place was a queer one, and that a sweet fragrance filled the air. It was the odor from the hay which filled his nostrils.

"Here is the largest nest I every beheld," he said to Mrs. Sing-loud. But Mrs. Sing-loud was too much exhausted from the last half hour's speedy travel and flight to reply at once. She sank down on the soft hay and rested. Oh, how comfortable was this immense nest! She felt she might sleep unmolested and happy over night.

"We're snug and safe," said Mr. Sing-loud, snuggling close beside his little mate. "We'll stay here till dawn."

"Yes, we'll at least find a hole or a crevice into which we can hide from the storm," said Mr. Sing-loud.

So earthward went Mr. and Mrs. Sing-loud, just as some big drops of rain began to fall. And they were not a minute too



THE BOY HUNG THE LANTERN ON A PEG IN THE WALL

a good time they thought they would go out on the grass, but after they got there they felt so droopy and tired. Finally they reached their stems and they said they would never leave them again—and they didn't.

(Special Mention)

Nellie's Dream

By Gracie Taylor, Aged 6 Years, Elsie, Neb.

Blue Side.

Once upon a time a girl named Nellie was in the garden when a fairy appeared and said: "Come with me. I will take you to fairylanad, where you can see the queen. Will you come?" "Yes," said Nellie. The fairy waved her wand and six birds appeared and a coach and a coach. Nellie and the fairy got in the coach and were soon off to fairyland.

When they got there they went to the queen's palace, and just as they were going to open the door of the palace Nellie awoke and found it was all a dream.

How Bertha Won the Prize

By Dorothy Taylor, Aged 9 Years, Elsie, Neb.

Blue Side.

Bertha Grant was a poor girl. Her mother worked hard for a living. There was to be a prize given to the scholar who got along with the lessons best at the school where Bertha went.

Bertha studied hard and when the day came that the prize was to be won all of the scholars were excited. They all wanted to know who had won the prize. That night before the school was let out the teacher said: "Bertha Grant has won the prize."

Bertha was very happy as she took the prize from the teacher's hand. I will leave you to guess what the prize was. Mrs. Grant was glad that her daughter had won the prize and so were all of Bertha's schoolmates.

Always Do Your Duty

By Helen West, Aged 12 Years, Wisner, Neb.

Blue Side.

Once there was a carpenter who loved his work but liked to cheat.

A rich man said he was going away and while he was gone he wanted a house built in a valley. The carpenter said he would build it.

He thought while the man was gone it was a good time to cheat so he would not build the house well.

He had other men help him. He did not make it out of anything that was good.

The house was finished before the rich man got home. When he did get home he went with the carpenter to the house. While they were there he told the carpenter that he could have the house. He was then sorry that he didn't make his own home better. After that he never cheated.

How Mr. Peacock Went to Fair

By Helen McCachen, Aged 12 Years, Cornwall, Prince Edward Island, Canada. Red Side.

Mr. Peacock was proud. He had a fine long train, a splendid crest and the gayest blue-green coat that was ever seen, and all day long he would strut up and down the barnyard and say, "See what a beauty I am." The geese and ducks and turkeys were much pleased at this beauty; indeed, they said of what use is your beauty, can it hatch eggs? Tell us that. And they turned their backs and walked away. These are stupid creatures, said Mr. Peacock, why should I stay among them? I will go to the fair, for there people will see my beauty and admire it. So he spread his tail like a fan, raised his crest and strutted off down to the fair. Pretty soon he met some young men who were also going to the fair. Ah! said Mr. Peacock, these people will admire me, and he strutted more than ever. "Look," said the men, "what a fine peacock, and what splendid feathers he has. They are just what we want for our hats!" They surrounded Mr. Peacock and in spite of his screams of rage and terror tore out three or four of his finest tail feathers and went away laughing. Presently he fell in with a large flock of geese which a boy was driving to the fair to sell. He spread his tail and tried to push his way to the head of the flock, but they took no notice of him and waddled steadily on, keeping close together. "Make way you stupid creatures," said Mr. Peacock, "keep your dirty feet off of my fine train." "Quack!" said an old gray goose, the grandmother of the flock. "Keep Catherine put in her hand, 'what a beauty,' she cried. "I will take it down to the jewelers and have it examined," said Molly who saved the train they gave Harry some money to buy her new harness. Molly was never sold.

How the Big Dipper Was Put in the Heavens

By Alberta June Outhouse, Aged 11 Years, Loup City, Neb. Red Side.

It was a very busy day at the home of the Days of the Week. They were preparing for a banquet given on Tuesday. This was Monday, and they only had two days to prepare for it.

Their home was in the Heavens, and it was a beautiful place. One room was trimmed in diamonds and gold, another in silver and opal, and the reception room in diamonds, pearls and gold.

Those invited were all kinds of Fairies, Stars, Moths, Moon, Sun, etc.

Tuesday night was a nice, breezy evening. Everyone came, even Sun and Moon, who had on such a bright red that Moon, who sat by his side, looked like gold. Once Moon and the Fairies and Stars were standing talking when Sun came up and said, "Oh, you look exactly like the form of a dipper." Now every night before the Sun goes to rest he sees the big dipper in the north. And that is how our big north dipper happened to be.

Anna's Dream

By Burdette Ellis, Aged 12 Years, 3801 Ames Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Anna woke up very late one morning and could not go to school. She liked to go to school and felt bad when her mother said she need not go.

About 10 o'clock Anna felt tired and crept into the Morris chair and began reading. At 11 o'clock she felt someone touching her arm. She turned around and was surprised to see a fairy, who said, "Anna would you like to go to Fairylanad?" Anna quickly said, "Yes." Before the fairy came Anna had been thinking of her chum, Nellie, who was her age but much poorer. The fairy then said, "Follow me," and they entered an airship. As Anna stepped in she grew smaller and soon was the size of the fairy.

They soon were in Fairylanad and were greeted by a crowd of fairies. And then they met the queen who said, "I believe this is the girl that refused to give one of her three dolls to her chum who has none." Anna hid her face and began crying. Just then she felt her mother's arm around her neck saying, "What is the matter?"

"Yes, I am your Uncle John," laughed Tom. Well, it was his uncle, and the contents of the pocketbook were money and bonds, the loss of which would have ruined him.

A Happy Vacation

By Helen Houck, Aged 14 Years, 1825 Lathrop Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

The long summer vacation had now begun. Edith looked forward to it, without much pleasure for all her little playmates had gone to the seashore. That is all but one of them and she was to go the next week. Now, Edith's parents had decided that they could not afford to go away this summer. Just as Edith was thinking of this, the postman came. He had a letter for her and she went back to the hammock to read it. Suddenly her mother heard a scream of delight. She met Edith at the door excitedly waving a letter. Then Mrs. Smith (Edith's mother) read the letter and found out that it was from Edith's little friend, who had not yet gone away. Inviting Edith and her mother to go to the seashore with them for three or four weeks. Her mother could get passes on the train for all of them and they owned a cottage at the seashore, so it would not cost Mr. Smith a cent.

Of course they accepted and after they got home Edith declared it certainly had been a happy vacation.

The Brownie Valentine

By Margaret Matthews, Aged 2 Years, 285 California Street, Omaha, Red Side.

The Brown mansion was all astir Monday and I know you can't guess why. They had a new baby. It was born on the 14th

of February, and they thought they had gotten the nicest valentine of all. The first Sunday in March the baby was to be baptized and its mama and papa were trying to think of a name, for now the time was drawing near for the valentine to be baptized. The valentine was a girl. Finally the time came and it was baptized and named Winifred Winnie Brown. In a few months she began to say mama, papa, cat, dog, rat and cow, and in a few months more she could say little sentences. About the eleventh month after she was born her mama taught her to walk.

New Year's Eve

By Edna Rohrs, Aged 13 Years, 212 Locust Street, Omaha, Red Side.

It was New Year's eve and from all the houses came a warm glow and sounds of music and happy laughter. Surely all were happy tonight. But no, one lonely little wif contradiests the statement. One poor, lonely, hungry little child.

Surely, she thought as she stopped before a large house they will give me something to eat here, and she went up to knock on the door.

But before she could knock, the door flew open and a child richly dressed in velvet and furs came forth. As she saw the wif, she said to her, "chase her away, we don't want no beggars here."

So sadly the little wif turned from the door. Oh, how hungry I am she moaned, sinking slowly down. Hungry little one, did you say hungry? asked a pitying voice, and looking up she saw a beautiful woman bending over her.

As she nodded listlessly the woman gave a wondering cry. Why, she said to the gentlemen at her side, it is my dead sister's child. Ah! the magic of those words, my sister's child; no more cold hungry days for the poor little wif. A new home was opened to her as a New Year was opened to all, in which to try to do better.

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