

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

HAVE any of the Busy Bees learned any new outdoor games recently? If any of the children know of any and will write a description of the game and send it to the editor of the Children's page we will be pleased to print it, for all of the children like to play out in the open air and will be glad to know of new games. Only a few stories have been sent in about birds, animals, trees, gardening and subjects of that kind.

The queen bee, Helen Verrill, has written that she is going to Connecticut this summer, but will send stories to the page, just the same. Another Busy Bee, Ruth Guyer of Fort Crook, expects to go to Alaska for two years. The editor hopes that the children who travel will send in some interesting stories about their trips for the other Busy Bees to read.

Prizes were awarded this week to Arthur Mason of Fremont, on the Red side, and to Elizabeth Wright of Omaha, also on the Red side. Honorable mention was given Veronica Kennedy of Alliance, on the Blue side.

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

- Joe De Long, Ansonia, Neb.
Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
Lillian Marvin, Beaver City, Neb.
Nabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Minnie Giesch, Bennington, Neb.
Agnes Dampke, Benson, Neb.
Mafie Galingger, Benkelman, Neb.
Ira May, Central City, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Cleighton, Neb.
Verna Hahn, David City, Neb.
Alice Froun, DeSmet, Neb.
Aleda Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
Ethel Eddy, Fremont, Neb.
Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
Morton Gapp, Fremont, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Anna Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Lyla Roth, 606 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 406 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schultz, 114 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 923 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Hugh Butt, Leshara, Neb.
Hester E. Butt, Leshara, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Krutz, Lexington, Neb.
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Grammeyer, 186 C St., Lincoln, Neb.
Marion Hamilton, 2023 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
Elsie Hamilton, 2023 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
Irene Disher, 209 L Street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hughie Disher, 209 L Street, Lincoln, Neb.
Charlotte Rogers, 22 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Mildred Jensen, 708 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
Helen Johnson, 824 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Althea Myers, 24 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Milton Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucile Hasen, Norfolk, Neb.
Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
Ethel Larson, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Gwendolyn M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
William Davis, 221 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
Louise Kaabe, 200 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
Francis Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Marguerite Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Emile Brown, 522 Boulevard, Omaha.
Helen Goodrich, 402 Nicolai street, Omaha.
Mary Brown, 402 Boulevard, Omaha.
Eva Hendee, 402 Louise street, Omaha.
Lillian Witt, 402 Boulevard, Omaha.
Mervin Poff, 315 Franklin street, Omaha.
Juanita Immes, 478 Fort street, Omaha.
Hansett Huff, 478 Fort street, Omaha.
Meyer Cohn, 486 Georgia avenue, Omaha.

The Frog Family in the Pond

By Helena Davis.

ROAK! Croak! Croak! Croak! Croak!
To the Boy and Girl sitting on a fallen log on the bank of the Pond, the above vocal sounds made by Mr. Frog meant more than idle vocalizing. But had the Boy and Girl known the Frog language they would have understood the meaning of the five 'croaks' that came in base notes from the edge of the water. Mr. Frog was calling to his wife, Mrs. Frog. The good lady had gone to call on some neighbors at the farther end of the pond, and during her absence something had happened which caused her husband to call to her to come home at once. The meaning of the five 'croaks' that came in base notes from the edge of the water, Mr. Frog was calling to his wife, Mrs. Frog. The good lady had gone to call on some neighbors at the farther end of the pond, and during her absence something had happened which caused her husband to call to her to come home at once. The meaning of the five 'croaks' that came in base notes from the edge of the water, Mr. Frog was calling to his wife, Mrs. Frog. The good lady had gone to call on some neighbors at the farther end of the pond, and during her absence something had happened which caused her husband to call to her to come home at once.

And like all mothers, poor frightened Mrs. Frog hurried home as fast as she could go, keeping in the shadow of the moss-covered stones that grew beside the pond. And the trees and tall grasses sheltered her from view of the Boy and the Girl who would have pelted her with stones had they caught sight of her. On reaching her own home, which was the coolest place underneath a great projecting rock all covered with moss, and which was only two inches from the water in which the Frog family loved to bathe and disport themselves, Mrs. Frog found little Greenback crying from pain. He was not saying 'Oh, mamma, I have been hurt so badly! Oh, oh, oh, oh!' like children cry. He was calling out a series of sad little croaks, each particular croak sounding exactly like the other croaks to the human ear. But to the Frog each particular croak meant something like this: 'I have been hit by a huge rock thrown from a monster on the bank. Had it hit my head, it would have killed me, Mamma. Oh, how the stones bruised and tore my ankle.' Mrs. Frog, with her anxious husband's aid, soon had the little Greenback injured ankle bound up with a broad, soft made of grass, with some healing clay underneath it. And little Greenback declared he felt like going to sleep now, and resting so, in his cozy bed he crawled and was soon asleep, a loving mother sitting beside him. 'I'll drop down the Pond and get some



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 500 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write year, 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. The prize will be weak. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee.

An Unknown Hero

By Arthur Mason, Aged 12 Years, 1205 N. Irving St., Fremont, Neb. Red Side.
In the southland is a grave with a stone marked with a word, 'Unknown' upon it. In it lies a hero not written in the pages of history, but remembered by his descendants. It was in September, 1864, the Ninth Maryland army corps under General Burnside marched into one of the fiercest battles of the rebellion! A corporal was thinking of the mother, sister and home as he was his 21st birthday, but just then the officer in the rank above him was killed. The captain said, 'Corporal, take that man's place and stand by your death.' The enemy was driving them back when a man shouted, 'Corporal Hughie run for your life, or you will be taken prisoner.' 'I must stand by my men,' was the reply. In a few moments he with a number of others was taken prisoner and sent to the almost unknown, but terrible prison at Salisbury, N. C. His playmate in childhood, Helen got an invitation to Margaret's party, which was going to be on Saturday. She asked her mother if she could go, but her mother said she had to put the child to bed. Helen felt very angry because she could not go, and said she would go anyway. She had some money, so the next morning she went downtown and got a present. In the afternoon she was in the water not quite to his shoulders, he belted forth wildly, joining his voice to that of his sister. 'Yes, I'll never do so again,' agreed the Boy, still keeping his eyes bent on the ground. 'I guess it was wrong for me to do as I was doing when I fell into the Pond, and that was not on my way, and punishment, I'll tell Mamma all about it, and-if she thinks I deserve it, I'll go to bed without my supper. I hope I really didn't hurt any of those little croakers, Sir.' 'Well, in future be quite sure that you do not hurt them,' said the young man. 'And now I'll be on my way, and shall believe you a repentant boy, sorry for his past wickedness. Good-day to you both.' The Boy and Girl stood looking after the young man till he was lost to view behind some trees; then they turned slowly toward the trees and Helen had to stay home and play with Ruth. Helen felt very angry because she could not go, and said she would go anyway. She had some money, so the next morning she went downtown and got a present. In the afternoon she was in the water not quite to his shoulders, he belted forth wildly, joining his voice to that of his sister.

Helen's Lesson

By Veronica Kennedy, Aged 11 Years, Alton, Neb. Red Side.
Helen lived on the banks of a large river. She had a little sister named Ruth, who was only 3 years old. One Friday afternoon Helen got an invitation to Margaret's party, which was going to be on Saturday. She asked her mother if she could go, but her mother said she had to put the child to bed. Helen felt very angry because she could not go, and said she would go anyway. She had some money, so the next morning she went downtown and got a present. In the afternoon she was in the water not quite to his shoulders, he belted forth wildly, joining his voice to that of his sister. 'Yes, I'll never do so again,' agreed the Boy, still keeping his eyes bent on the ground. 'I guess it was wrong for me to do as I was doing when I fell into the Pond, and that was not on my way, and punishment, I'll tell Mamma all about it, and-if she thinks I deserve it, I'll go to bed without my supper. I hope I really didn't hurt any of those little croakers, Sir.' 'Well, in future be quite sure that you do not hurt them,' said the young man. 'And now I'll be on my way, and shall believe you a repentant boy, sorry for his past wickedness. Good-day to you both.'

A Fire

By Paul Hasted, Aged 12 Years, Sand Creek, Okl. Blue Side.
One evening about 5 o'clock as I was selling papers I heard the fire bell ring. I listened till it got through; then I knew it was near my home. I ran with all my might home, but it was a mattress factory burning and was across the street from my home. I was scared. I thought it was going to burn the town up. The firemen put the fire out after five hours' hard work. This happened in the state of Ohio.

Edna and the Golden Water

By Hase Hanwood, Aged 12 Years, Union, Neb. Red Side.
One day as Edna sat in the shade of a large oak tree she began to think how nice it would be to go across the ocean and see the large city of London. She got up and started to go to the brook to get a drink out of the spring. When she came to the brook, the water in the spring look like it was golden water; but Edna thought it was the sun that did it. She made a cup of her hands and drank some of the water. No sooner had she drank some of the water than she became a very rich lady in London, where I suppose she is yet. This is her dream.

Margaret's Dream

By Dorothy E. Judson, Aged 10 Years, 112 South Thirty-first Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.
One nice June day when little Margaret was swinging in the hammock she fell asleep and dreamed about a little fairy. One day when she was playing in the yard a little fairy came to her and said, 'What do you wish little girl?' Margaret said, 'I wish I had a little Shetland pony and a little cart.' 'Will you come to my house little girl and then I will give it to you?' she will ask mother,' said Margaret. Her mother said, 'Yes she may go.' So the little fairy took Margaret's hand and they flew through the air, till finally they reached the house. The little house was so tiny that Margaret had to stoop down to get in the tiny little door. In this little house was a little tiny cupboard and a little bed, and table and chairs and a lot more tiny things. The fairy gave Margaret her little pony all harnessed up to the little cart. Then she gave Margaret a big doll all dressed up and a little trunk full of all sorts of clothes. Margaret thanked the little fairy and got in her cart and started off. Margaret came to see the little fairy very often.

My Trip to the Moon

By Mabel Baker, Aged 13 Years, Lander, Wyo. Blue Side.
It was a warm day in the middle of summer when my playmate and myself decided to go out for a good time. We took our lunch baskets with us and started for the woods. When we had walked but a short distance we saw a crowd of people gathered together. As we were inquisitive we soon found out that it was an airplane. We hurried to the place. My playmate began to examine it, and if there was anything about it she did not understand, asked questions concerning it. As she discovered a long pole, she suddenly exclaimed, 'What is this thing used for?' 'Press it down and you will find out,' said a voice behind her. She did so and before we had time to speak found ourselves sailing upward in this beautiful airship. We went straight toward the moon, but this we did not know. As we were thus sailing along we passed flocks of birds. These became more rare the farther we

The May-Man

When the moon is rising, During th' month o' May, Children love to watch it, And leave their sport and play. For in the moon, so glorious, The old May-Man is seen; And if you count your fingers And say 'Red, white and green,' And keep your eyes upon him, Your wish will then come true; For the moon's old May-Man Will do all he can do.



Grandma's Story

By Vesta Eckrick, Aged 9 Years, Buffalo, Wyo. Blue Side.
The children were staying at grandma's house on a vacation. One night they all came round her and begged for a story. 'Shall I tell one about when I was a little girl?' she asked. 'Yes, yes,' they all said. 'Once when I was about 8 years old, my mother was going to have a party. She dressed me up and told me to be careful not to get my feet cold. 'Just then the door bell rang, and she went to the door and said nothing more to me. 'But I wanted some of the good things so I thought I would dress up like a lady and go in the back way so she wouldn't see me. 'When they were seated at the table, I sat down, too. But mamma saw me and called me back. She told me to go to my room and stay until the party was over and she would come up. 'When it was over, she came and talked a long time. When she was through, she put me to bed and I did not get my supper. 'So that is the end of my story.'

A Self-Willed Child

By Jeannette Jaeger, 606 Underwood Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.
Once there was a little girl about 4 years old. She was a self-willed child. In being punished she did not cry, but went to the hall and got her clothes, as she was determined to go away and not come back. She put the door open, and seeing the dark she closed it, and seeing the door was open she went in the next room and sat down and began to pout. After a while she walked to the door again and opened it and said to her father and mother, stamping her foot, 'If you ask me I will stay here, but you don't ask me.' The mother said, 'If you will be a good girl you may come and stay.'

Lillian's visit to Fairyland

By Mildred Wohlford, Aged 8 Years, 3311 Hamilton Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.
One day Lillian sat down to watch the snow, suddenly before she knew it a shining young lady drove up to the window and asked Lillian as they called her for short if she would like to go to Fairyland. She said she would like to go very much, but she was too big. At that very moment the lady touched her with her wand—she was changed to a fairy like the lady who came after her. Then the lady said, 'step into my chariot.' Lillian stepped into the little chariot and rode to Fairyland, the queen greeted Lillian respectfully and showed her all around, and there were lots of pretty things in Fairyland. And after she had seen everything the fairy who brought her took her back to her own home again and when she awoke she found herself in her little bed all covered up nice and snug. That must have been a dream she thought, no doubt she was mistaken.

Dorothy's May Basket

By Gretta Dyson, Aged 11 Years, 947 E. Sixth street, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.
'There,' said Dorothy, 'I have finished the last May basket.' She lined them all up in a row. 'But I've forgotten that poor little girl,' she said. Then she made a May basket for Margaret and lined it up with the other ones and it was the prettiest one. It took her an hour to make it. She gave the May basket to Margaret. The poor girl thanked Dorothy for it. She liked it very much, and Dorothy was paid back by other May baskets given to her. The little poor girl saw Dorothy at school every day. Dorothy brought the little poor girl old clothes and money every day. The little poor girl bought clothes with the money that Dorothy had given her. They thought very much of each other. One day when Dorothy was over to Margaret's house, Mrs. Jackson, Margaret's mother, took sick and Dorothy ran home to tell her mother to give her some medicine for Mrs. Jackson. Dorothy's mamma, Mrs. Gardner, went with Dorothy. Margaret did not have a father. Mrs. Jackson died and there was nothing left for Mrs. Gardner to do, but to adopt Margaret. 'Dorothy, how would you like to have Margaret for your little sister?' said Mrs. Gardner. 'Of course I would,' said Dorothy. She jumped up and down and hugged Margaret.

The Fright of the Indians

By Fae Thompson, Aged 13 Years, 225 N. Logan street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.
The fright of the Indians. Once upon a time there lived a family by the name of Brown. There was Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, George and Bessie. One day Mr. Brown was called to a neighboring town on business, and Mrs. Brown went with him. They lived in a very numerous children and they came often to the village. The children said they were not afraid and they promised to take good care of themselves.

Who Is It?

A queer little man In a funny old hat Passed down the road one day; We watched for him early, We watched for him late, But he must have gone off to stay. For the queer little man In the funny old hat Never came back our way, And that is the reason We all supposed That he had gone off to stay.

well. We also passed clouds of dust and smoke. To our great surprise and delight we soon arrived at the home of the Indians. There was much remained of the people of ancient times, because whenever any one came to see them they received them with great hospitality. They prepared a great feast for us in which they gave us the very best they had. After we had finished eating they began questioning us: where we lived; what kind of a country it was; if it was very fertile or not; what our errand was, etc. To all of these questions we gave the shortest possible answers, as we would rather listen to what they said, whereby we could find out more about them, than to spend our time talking. These people lived in beautiful houses, which were quite small, but everything was neat and in its proper place. The people themselves were very beautiful, quite small, with dark complexions, and well built.

John's Birthday

By Corinne Robertson, Aged 10, Wilber, Neb. Blue Side.
Tomorrow will be John's birthday. Oh! but wasn't he glad. He would hardly wait.

Manus McManus

By Lizzie Donnelly, Aged 8 Years, Council Bluffs, Ia. Blue Side.
Manus was a poor man who had lost his calf. He was going along the road when he saw some fairies having a dance. 'Good evening air, and where are you going?' 'Oh, I am looking for my calf,' come dancing up to him, Manus was going to get it, but the fairies said they would help him. He thanked them and went home. He found his calf in the morning. He was very happy. He had some money, so he bought some clothes for his wife and children. He was very rich now.

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'HELP! BROTHER IS DROWNING!' HE CRIED WITH ALL HER STRENGTH. 'HELP! HELP!'
A stock broker who had his new 40-horse power 1910 model automobile delivered to him the other day decided to celebrate the occasion, the market being dull, by a run on the country roads. To be on the safe side on his gasoline supply he decided to stop at a garage to have the tank filled. As it was being measured out he turned to his very sturdy chap of 6, who had followed him inside the garage, to impress upon him the dangers of gasoline. Calling him by name he said: 'You would go straight to heaven if I put a match to that gasoline.' Looking his father straight in the eyes, he replied: 'And where would you go, Dad?—New York Sun.'