

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

THE BUSY BEES prefer short stories rather than continued ones, so that these stories are held until the entire article is sent in. Scores of little readers too young to remember stories from one week to another is one reason for not using continued stories, and another reason is that some of the older Busy Bees who write these sometimes forget to send in the last chapter, or perhaps they get tired before the article is finished. An exciting sent in part of an excellent base ball story this week, and if he will send the rest of it the complete story will be published.

Prizes were awarded this week to Hazel Stanwood, on the Red side, and to E. Robert Frady, also on the Red side. Honorable mention was given to William Davis, ex-king of the Red side.

The illustrated rebuses, "A barking dog never bites—so the proverb runs," was correctly answered by Pauline Edwards of Fremont.

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

- Jessie Lee Long, Anaworth, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Harrison, Neb.
- William Miller, Fremont, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
- Anna Gottschalk, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gottschalk, Bennington, Neb.
- Agnes Dampke, Benson, Neb.
- Maria Gassinger, Bennington, Neb. (Box 13)
- Anna May, Lincoln, Neb.
- Vera Caneey, Wright, Neb.
- Louis Hain, Davis City, Neb.
- Edna Kraschel, Dorchester, Neb.
- Aleida Bennett, Light, Neb.
- Enice Hude, Falls City, Neb.
- Edith Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Isolda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Edna Hays, Lincoln, Neb.
- Marguerite Harlowe, Cothurnburg, Neb.
- Anna Voss, 47 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Lyla Rott, 65 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Edna Voss, 47 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Costello, 315 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 49 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Hamilton, 259 L. St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Martina Murphy, 93 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- High Hunt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Hester E. Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Edith Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Edith Kretz, Lexington, Neb.
- Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Alice Gramsmyer, 145 C. St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Marian Hamilton, 259 L. St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Edith Hamilton, 259 L. St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Disher, 209 L. St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Hughie Disher, 209 L. St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Charlotte Boggs, 27 East Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Mildred Jensen, 76 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
- Helen Johnson, 34 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Althea Myers, 24 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Edith Brown, Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Edith Brown, Lyons, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Edith Brown, Lyons, Neb.
- Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letha Larkin, 30 Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
- Edna Marquardt, Norfolk, Neb.
- Edith Brown, Lyons, Neb.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Platte, Neb.
- William Davis, ex-king of the Red side.
- Frances Johnson, 303 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Marguerite Johnson, 333 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Emilie Brown, 4010 Nicholas St., Omaha, Neb.
- Mary Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas St., Omaha, Neb.
- Eva Hendes, 4010 Nicholas St., Omaha, Neb.
- Lillian Wirt, 414 Cass street, Omaha, Neb.
- Lewis Wirt, 414 Cass street, Omaha, Neb.
- Edna Jones, 239 E. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.
- Bessie Ruf, 181 Binney street, Omaha, Neb.
- Edith Brown, Lyons, Neb.
- Helen F. Douglas, 1981 G Street, Lincoln, Neb.



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.

Prize

By Hazel Stanwood, Aged 12 Years, Seward, Neb. Red side.

Once upon a time there was a little boy whose papa gave him a little colt that was about two weeks old.

When the colt grew to be a horse the boy broke him, and soon became very fond of his horse.

The boy grew up to be a man and married a nice lady, but still kept Prince (for that was the horse's name).

Then they used him for a driving horse. After awhile they moved from Nebraska to Kansas, and took Prince with them.

In Kansas they put him in a pasture with two colts.

One night he got out of the pasture and the colts followed after him.

The next day he hunted for whom he belonged missed him and the colts.

They hunted and hunted for him and the colts and at last they found him about fifteen miles away from Nebraska.

Prince had gone to the depot where he had been unloaded and the colts had followed him.

Prince then started up the railroad track towards Nebraska and the colts had followed him.

Prize

By E. Robert Frady, Aged 12 Years, Oak Bluffs, Neb. Blue Side.

"Oh! I wish I had never come out here," said Harvey Taylor, a boy of 13 years. "It can't be helped," said his mother. "I believe I'll go out and get Slippery and ride over into the ravine."

Slippery was caught and saddled and taken to the ravine. It was a nice place to lie down, I believe I will try it." So down he climbed and laid him-

self at the foot of a tree. Soon he was in the land of "Nod."

"Get out of me road or I'll run ye down," cried a burly Irish cowboy. "I won't," cried back Harvey. "Bus-z-z-z! What was that? It was a large bee from the hives at home. Ouch! Oh, ouch! Help! It was the Irishman who cried out because the bee began stinging him. Bus-z-z-z was all the answer he got except another sting. He gave another yell and rode away at full speed.

As he rounded the curve out of sight the bee turned into a brownie. "Did you ever write a story for the Busy Bee Page?"

"Next week The Omaha Daily Bee has brought home by his father and to his surprise the first prize was awarded to Harvey Taylor, Laramie, Wyo.

(Honorable Mention)

The Forest King
By William Davis, ex-king of the Red side, 221 West 3rd Street, North Platte, Neb. Red Side.

A large crowd of animals could be seen in the heart of a forest early one morning. The reason they were there was because the king, the lion, had just died and they were going to choose another king.

The wolf said, "I think I ought to be king, because I can run the fastest." "Nonsense," said the fox, "I am going to be the king, because I am the craftiest." "I think Black Bear should be king," said one. But Black Bear said nothing. "Of course, I should be king," said the tiger. "I would kill anyone that came near me." Just then a little rabbit came up and handing a letter to Black Bear, saying: "Before King Lion died he wrote this and told me to give this to you, when he died. Here it is." The bear opened the letter and read aloud: "My Dear King Bear—When I die, by my wishes, you are elected king. Your friend, The Lion."

The animals looked at each other in surprise to think of Black Bear being king. The bear himself was surprised. The wolf said: "As the lion wishes the bear to be king, I shall be done," and so the bear was elected king.

(Honorable Mention)

The Two Brothers
By Harry Brodkey, 55 South Twenty-eighth Street, Omaha, Neb.

There lived in the town of London, two brothers, one was Tony and the other was Fred. Fred was a rich man, but Tony was poor. One day Fred told Tony that he was going to take a trip to the south in the United States. When he came there he saw his friend John on the train, who had some negroes with him. His friend told him they were his slaves and one of them cost him \$200. When Fred got off the train he saw that there were many slaves in that part of the country. In a few years after living in the south he also bought some slaves.

About ten years later his brother got money enough and came to the north of the United States. When he got there he found out he could not find any work, so he went as a soldier in the United States army.

Soon the civil war came on and in this war both brothers fought against each other and died.

(Honorable Mention)

Elsie's Dream
By Dorothy Parsons, Aged 10 Years, 592 North Forty-second Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

It was a hot day and Elsie had gone out into the hammock to read her book of fairy tales. She had read long when a fairy stood before her. "Good afternoon Elsie," said the fairy with a "vif fairy hand." "I am to be," said Elsie. "Oh, no, you're not," said the fairy and she waved her wand over Elsie three times and Elsie became three inches tall. And then a little golden chariot appeared before her. They rode through the forest and reached the fairy palace. Then Elsie and the fairy stepped out of the chariot. When they got inside, the fairies were just going to give a ball and all the fairies would be there. The dance had just begun when Elsie heard her mother calling her to come to supper. Elsie told her mother her dream and wished that she could have slept longer and heard the rest of her dream.

(Honorable Mention)

Princess Marjorie
By Helen Verrill, aged 12 years, Queen Bee, The Stronoh, No. 13, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

One day Princess Marjorie was told to Master Bellinger?" she gasped. "A good fairy brought it to me," he replied honestly, and she also rung the bell for me this night."

"Ah, I have heard many talking of the bell's ringing this evening," said the old lady, "and they came to me asking me all about you. I told them you had been ill all day and that I was making gruel for you to eat on your return from your bell ringing. But—I cannot understand how this all came about. No one has entered the door myself and not a soul has called during your absence. I heard you come in and at once got the gruel to fetch to you, and I had almost forgot it. Here it is, Master Pietro." And the good old woman set a tin tray in Pietro's room, on which rested a bowl of hot gruel.

Pietro tried to explain to his landlady about the fairy, but she shook her head. "You are not a common mind lad," she said, "it comes from ringing the church bell while so young," she said, looking admiringly at Pietro. "And the angels from above have come here and furnished up your room. But—I expect to come in here some day and find you have flown away."

Pietro was forced to smile at his landlady; but her words came true in a very short while, for after Pietro learned to play the organ the fairy came one night and led him far, far away from the attic room to a great city where he was engaged to play a wonderful pipe organ in a great cathedral, a place that was one of the wonders of the world. And great throngs of people came on purpose to hear the child organist play, for none had ever played as he played in that great house of God, and his playing, like his bell ringing, became a marvel, and he could not make the people believe that his inspiration and help had come from the bell fairy on the head when she saw the interior of the attic room. "Where did you get all this,

by her father, the king, and get her lessons.

While she was trying to do the old king went to sleep. The pages and lords were nodding, too. When all was quiet the little princess, fair and rosy, got up and tiptoed out of the room and went into the garden; she walked around till she found a secret door and through that she passed.

Down by hedges and beds of myrtle she wandered, tearing the lace on her dress. Her arms were bare and her hair blown back, her dress was torn, but she seemed not to notice that.

Suddenly she stopped by a brook and, "Shall I take off my shoes and stockings," she thought. Finally she sat down and drew them off, and went wading down the stream. It was beginning to get a little dark; the princess was half afraid, but as she was wondering what to do next she looked up and saw a little girl not far off. "Come and play," called the princess. They played together till Princess Marjorie to her house.

They sat out in front of the cottage and each had a bowl of bread and milk for supper. And when it grew a little later each went to bed on a pile of straw.

Meanwhile the whole palace was in an uproar. Everyone was hunting for the princess. They went out with torches and hunted and hunted, but all that could be found was pieces of lace and the princess' shoes and stockings.

After two hours' search in the morning they found her playing with the cottager's child.

"Furnish the ragged people," cried the king. "No, you will not dare," I love her, we have played together. You shall not touch them, for I ran away," replied the little princess.

(Honorable Mention)

The Selfish Girl
By Ethlyn Deager, Aged 8, 268 North Nineteenth Street, South Omaha, Red Side.

One day Julia and Hilda were coming home from school. Julia was a very polite child and very poor. Hilda was a selfish child and had a number of her own ways. Julia was going to get some medicine for her sick mother. A man was standing by the counter; he had a dime and a nickel. He said: "Come over here, girls." They came over and he said, "Which one do you want? The dime or the nickel because it was the largest? The man laughed and said, "I thought you would take that one." Then Hilda said: "I am going to buy some candy." She did not get very much. When they got outside Julia said: "You took the largest because the dime is little, and you got more with a dime." This taught Hilda a lesson.

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The May Party
By Jeanette Thurston, Aged 10 Years, Gering, Neb. Red Side.

On the first of May some children were invited to a May party. They got ready and started out very happy. Their hostess received them politely and they sat down to wait for the other guests. When they were all there they began to play. They played all the games one could think of.

They got tired of playing and rested a while. While they were resting some men put up a May pole. Each child had a bright colored ribbon and they danced around and around until they were called to lunch. They had ice cream served in cones, wafers and salted almonds in heart-shaped boxes and napkins folded in the shape of slippers. It was a very nice lunch and everyone enjoyed it. They played a little while and then it was time to go home. They all said they had a very nice time.

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The Double Rescue
By Margaret White, Aged 12 Years, 233 Massachusetts Street, North Platte, Neb. Red Side.

On the banks of a river sat a poor little child singing to herself in idle play swaying as if to rock her dollie to sleep.

Not noticing her danger so near the water she fell off the bank into the deep water. The people that saw her fell cried for help in dismay. No one stirred as if to rescue her until Doug Tray leaped over the banks to get her. He came up with the live child clutched in his teeth and leaped again for what the people did not know. But though he took her to the shore he found the child dead in his arms.

Many people praised him for his bravery and Tray was known forever after for saving Marie's life.

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My Boat
By Derrell Healey, aged 7 years, West Fifth street, North Platte, Neb. Red Side.

I have a little boat at home. Yesterday I took it down to the pond and it sailed fine for a while. Finally it turned over and I went into the pond after it and slipped and fell into the water. I went home and mamma said I surely was a sight; my clothes, face and even my hair was muddy. Mamma put me in the tub. No more boat sailing for me for a while.

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The Dream a Child Had
By Myrtle Sickerter, aged 10 years, Greina, Neb. Blue Side.

There was once a small child who had such a grand dream that she dreamt it twice and wished she could dream it always. She thought she was a queen, with a crown on her head that shone as bright as the stars, and a dress of gold. She sat on a throne and all the people came to her feet. Men came from far and near and paid court to her as to the real queens. The child felt that it was a great thing to be a queen and could scarcely keep back the tears when in the morning she put her dress on, for it had no gold and she was a poor little girl. Then she thought of her dream and wished that she could have slept longer and heard the rest of her dream.

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The Garden Spider
By Helen Verrill, Aged 12 Years, Queen Bee, The Stronoh, No. 13, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

The spider web is a beautiful thready thing, going from a center out and then round and round just like a figure.

At the end of the spider's body are some things called spinnerets, out of these spinnerets it sends the fine hairs of silk to make the web. It joins the hairs to the web. Elsie told her mother her dream and wished that she could have slept longer and heard the rest of her dream.

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The Lost Child
By Florence Kalasek, Aged 11 Years, 725 West 12th Street, Plattsmouth, Neb. Red Side.

Once there was a girl and her name was May. She was 5 years old.

One day she told her mother that she was going to take a little girl's house to play. But her mother saw a butterfly. She thought she would get it. So off she went, but just as she was going to get it it flew away on another flower that was away off.

So the butterfly went from flower to flower and so did little May. They went for a mile that way. But soon after that May found herself in a large field. She did not know what to do. The corn was so high that it went over her head and pumpkin vines all around. After a while, she heard someone coming. May started to run, but a vine that was lying there, made her fall. She got up and ran again. Soon she saw it was her uncle coming after her. He took her home and May told the story and then said she would not run after butterflies again.

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Gerda's Dream
By Russell Myers, Aged 11 Years, 273 South Thirty-second Street, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Gertrude had helped her mamma plant trees and flowers. That night she dreamt she was in the garden and the trees had grown big and the flowers were grown and were in bloom. She thought the tree had a soft hand touched his shoulder. "Wait," she spoke the voice that had addressed him on the bell fairy stairs. "Wait, I wish to speak to you."

"Oh, what shall I do?" he cried in a low voice. "If only papa might have lived—or mamma!" (Pietro's mother had died during her illness and the child was an orphan, depending solely on his own resources.)

"Don't worry, dear Pietro." It was a sweet voice that spoke to him. As it was now quite dark on the bell fairy stairs, Pietro could not see who was addressing him. But he had never heard so tender and sympathetic a voice since his dear mother died.

"Do not bother about the bell, dear Pietro," repeated the voice. "I will ring it for you. And you shall return to your bed and shall not let it again till you are quite well, for I will be here to perform your work for you."

Then Pietro heard a soft step on the stairs just above him and at the exact

Happy Boy

Some flowers to big white birds; then they went up to Fairyland.

While she was trying to do the old king went to sleep. The pages and lords were nodding, too. When all was quiet the little princess, fair and rosy, got up and tiptoed out of the room and went into the garden; she walked around till she found a secret door and through that she passed.

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By Russell Myers, Aged 11 Years, 273 South Thirty-second Street, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Gertrude had helped her mamma plant trees and flowers. That night she dreamt she was in the garden and the trees had grown big and the flowers were grown and were in bloom. She thought the tree had a soft hand touched his shoulder. "Wait," she spoke the voice that had addressed him on the bell fairy stairs. "Wait, I wish to speak to you."

"Oh, what shall I do?" he cried in a low voice. "If only papa might have lived—or mamma!" (Pietro's mother had died during her illness and the child was an orphan, depending solely on his own resources.)

"Don't worry, dear Pietro." It was a sweet voice that spoke to him. As it was now quite dark on the bell fairy stairs, Pietro could not see who was addressing him. But he had never heard so tender and sympathetic a voice since his dear mother died.

"Do not bother about the bell, dear Pietro," repeated the voice. "I will ring it for you. And you shall return to your bed and shall not let it again till you are quite well, for I will be here to perform your work for you."

Then Pietro heard a soft step on the stairs just above him and at the exact

The Fairy in the Belfry

BY ANNIE JAMES.

PETRO was so weary! He had been quite ill all that day, but when the time for ringing the church bell came he dragged himself from his poor little bed (in a garret room) and proceeded to the church bell.

Pietro was a bell-ringer—a pale, frail little chap, 12 years of age.

Winter and summer, at exactly the same hour each morning and evening, Pietro might be found in the old belfry, ringing the great bell. "Clang-clang! Clang-clang!" went the bell's mellow voice, and it was Pietro who could make it sound like the voice of some sweet singer. And whenever Pietro took hold of the bell's rope and drew the bell into motion people on the streets within sound of the great bell stopped to listen attentively. "Like angels singing," an old lady had said once. "Sounds as though the bell's clapper were tapped gently by a fairy's fingers," an old man had replied.

On the evening of which I write Pietro was ill. All day long he had been flushed with fever, and an aching hard to endure was in his limbs. Oh, how he longed to lie in his bed, poor as it was, instead of dragging himself out to go to the church to ring the bell. But he received a small sum of money for his work as bell-ringer, and that income kept him clothed and fed. Of course, his clothing was cheap and his food simple, but clothes and food he had. So he felt that no matter how ill he was he must go to his work.

As Pietro climbed the belfry stairs a weak voice greeted him and he sank on the steps. He dropped his head on his arms, wondering what he should do. He could not mount another step. And from where he sat he could not reach the bell rope. Oh, to be so ill at bell-ringing time was hard! For two years no other hand had touched that bell rope. It was when Pietro's father died that Pietro became bell-ringer. His father had been so employed during his life, and it was he who had taught Pietro to ring the bell. On account of Pietro's youth another small sum was paid to him, and that was why he could not perform the other duties which fell to the bell-ringer, and so he was employed to ring the bell only. Once, when his mother was ill, the church sexton was asked to ring the bell in the boy's absence, and it proved so unsatisfactory that Pietro was recruited to attend to the ringing himself in future.

And now, on the evening of this story, Pietro found himself so weak that he could not climb another belfry step and lay on the stairs in an agony of fever and pain.

"Oh, what shall I do?" he cried in a low voice. "If only papa might have lived—or mamma!" (Pietro's mother had died during her illness