

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

NE of the first of your resolutions, Busy Bees, should be a resolve to send in at once your vote for the new king and queen of the Busy Bees. It is time now to choose new rulers.

In making your selections think over those whose stories you have enjoyed and your vote will be an expression of appreciation of their stories.

The prizes this week are won by two stories which belong to any time of the year; that is, to stories which are not holiday stories. Both are interesting, however, for themselves, and well told. The prize winners are Frederick Keens of Kearney, Neb., and Helen Verrill of Omaha, both members of the Bee side.

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

- Jean De Long, Anselworth, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Easton, Neb.
- Lillian Merrill, Beaver City, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
- Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Agnes Lamper, Bennington, Neb.
- Marie Gallagher, Bennington, Neb. (Box 12)
- Ida May, Central City, Neb.
- Yvonne Lindsay, Lexington, Neb.
- Louis Haas, David City, Neb.
- Khos Traudt, Dorchester, Neb.
- Alma Bennett, David City, Neb.
- Emilio Rode, Falls City, Neb.
- Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Anna Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marion Capra, Gibson, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartolomeo, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Anna Voss, 407 West Charles Street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Lloyd Roth, 407 West Charles Street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 407 West Charles Street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Jensen, 115 West Eighth Street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 90 West Charles Street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schulte, Deadwood, S. D.
- Martha Murphy, 224 East Ninth Street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Ruit, Leshara, Neb.
- Hester F. Ruit, Leshara, Neb.
- Alta Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Ethel Kretz, Lexington, Neb.
- Margaret Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Alice Grassmeyer, 148 C Street, Lincoln.
- Marion Hamilton, 209 L Street, Lincoln.
- Elsie Hamilton, 209 L Street, Lincoln.
- Irene Dyer, 209 L Street, Lincoln.
- Hughie Fisher, 209 L Street, Lincoln.
- Charlotte Boggs, 27 South Fifteenth Street, Lincoln.
- Mildred Jensen, 706 East Second Street, Fremont, Neb.
- Helen Johnson, 234 South Seventeenth Street, Lincoln.
- Althea Myers, 234 South Seventeenth Street, Lincoln.
- Leola Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Milton Seiser, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Lucille Larkin, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letitia Hark, South Sixth Street, Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma Marquardt, Fifth Street and Madison Avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- William Davis, 211 West Third Street, North Platte, Neb.
- Louis Raabe, 203 North Nineteenth Avenue, Omaha.
- Francis Johnson, 203 North Twenty-fifth Avenue, Omaha.
- Marguerite Johnson, 203 North Twenty-fifth Avenue, Omaha.
- Emilie Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Helen Godrich, 600 Nicholas Street, Omaha.
- Mary Brown, 222 South Central Boulevard, Omaha.
- Eva Hendee, 402 Dodge Street, Omaha.
- Lillian Witt, 415 Cass Street, Omaha.
- Lewis Poff, 115 Franklin Street, Omaha.
- Clara Jones, 115 Franklin Street, Omaha.
- Bessie Jui, 184 Blinn Street, Omaha.
- Meyer Cobb, 145 Georgia Avenue, Omaha.
- Helen P. Dour, 145 Georgia Avenue, Omaha.
- Ada Morris, 154 Franklin Street, Omaha.
- Nyrtis Jensen, 160 Leard Street, Omaha.
- Clara Fisher, 210 Eleventh St., Omaha.
- Mildred Erickson, 270 Howard St., Omaha.



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 the 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 communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

My Experience in Getting a Kitten

By Margaret Matthews, Aged 10 Years, 222 California Street, Omaha, Neb.

The second day I was at the ranch I was roaming around. I met one of the working men on the ranch and he asked me if I liked kittens. I told him that I did, and he told me there were kittens 2 or 3 days old at the foreman's house. I went there as soon as I could and began to play with them.

The foreman's wife asked me if I had one. I said "No," and she asked me if I did not want to have one. I told her I would if my grandma would let me.

I went and asked my grandma, and she did not say "No," but still, did not say "Yes." She said she would give me a kitten if I would say "Yes" in the end, so I chose a kitten, the prettiest.

I played around till the next day, the day we were going home. In the morning my grandma disappointed me by saying "No, you cannot have a kitten."

I made up my mind then that I would have a kitten. I was happy all morning, and in the afternoon we got ready to go home. My grandma said, "Take the kitten back." I took him back till I got my coat on and then took him and put him in my coat. We got into the buggy and rode to the tracks, because it was only a flag station. The train was late and we had to wait a long time. In the meantime the kitten began to meow.

My grandma said, "Why she is actually so fond of the kitten she is meowing." Pretty soon the train came and we got on. Then we got on the train and it started. But in the morning Dick was dead.

For Dick was a bird and the giant was a boy.

Dick and the Giant

Frederick Keens, Aged 11 Years, 41 West Twenty-eighth Street, Kearney, Neb.

Dick was a very fine singer. Everybody loved to hear him. Every day he sang to some one.

A favorite place of Dick's was down by the lake. It was there he learned his sweet song. One day as Dick was by the lake, a big giant jumped from behind a big rock and caught Dick in his hands and strode away with him to his castle.

When they were in his room the giant said to Dick, "If you don't sing, I will put you in a cage with nothing to eat." But Dick was not frightened to sing, so the giant put him in a cage and gave him nothing to eat, not even water.

He then went out to call another giant in to hear him sing. As the two giants sat down to supper one said "He will sing all right tomorrow." And so they ate their supper and went to bed.

But in the morning Dick was dead.

For Dick was a bird and the giant was a boy.

Christmas at Grandpa's

By Vada Lambert, Aged 10 Years, Auburn, Neb.

It was with a feeling far from happy that Marion Lee got up that Christmas morning. Father and mother had gone to the city unexpecting, and Marion and Eunice did not know the reason, but big Brother Vance went around with an important air. Quiet little Eunice did not try to find out, but Marion did. It was near noon when Eunice ran into the room where Marion was crying. "Oh, grandpa's come after us in the sleigh," Eunice said. "Grandpa was instantly forgotten and they rushed out to where grandpa Lee was waiting for them. They were soon skimming over the snow and were greatly surprised to see grandpa and all the cousins waiting for them. The dinner was not soon forgotten. As they were playing a game grandpa came up and, holding up a finger, with a twinkle

Christmas Among the Poor

By Martha D. Chandler, Aged 10 Years, 223 Fourteenth Street, University Place, Omaha.

Once upon a time there was a very poor widow who had two little children. One was a little girl and the other was a little boy. Their names were Lucy and Harold. Harold was the older and treated his little sister very kindly. He was always trying to get work to earn money for his mother. There was not very much work for him to get, so he was very unhappy.

He had just money enough to get bread, butter and meat for them to eat. As it was getting near Christmas he wanted to get something nice for his mother and his little sister. He thought the dog would be very nice to save up some of his money

Yankee-Doodle

Yankee-Doodle had also paused in the middle of the road, and was occasionally lifting his heels in the air in response to the Captain's kicks, causing the Captain to despair, for he feared he might be set off in the dust of the road.

"And tell me, friend dog, what should I call this creature on my back, if not 'fellow'?" laughingly inquired Yankee-Doodle.

"Think you the name of simpton would be more to his fit?"

"This time Wolf-fang lay down to give full vent to his laughter. He rolled over and over in the snow, his sides shaking like a tree in a storm. Yankee-Doodle also laughing merrily, shaking on purpose so terrifically that the Captain had to lean lightly to his mane or he certainly must have tumbled off. "Ah, my good rider," at last spoke Yankee-Doodle. "I feel very merry this morning. But with your permission we'll go on our way, seeking after that Glory I heard you speaking about. Shall we proceed?"

"Yes, be off at a gallop," ordered the Captain in severe tones. "And mark me, let's have no more of this foolishness on your part." Then, turning to Wolf-fang, who had come trotting on Yankee-Doodle's side, he said: "Now, my foolish dog, if you cannot behave as is befitting the watch dog of a brave captain I shall order you to return to the playroom, where you seem more in place than in the Big World."

Wolf-fang, catching a knowing glance and wink from Yankee-Doodle, pretended to be sorry for his hilarious conduct, and, tucking his tail in all humility, replied: "At your service, brave captain."

Then the three were on the move again. Yankee-Doodle going at a brisk gallop, Wolf-fang close at his heels. And the captain had hard work sticking to his horse's back and found the ride very unpleasant, indeed. He really felt a bit sorry to be astride this uncertain, mischievous Yankee-Doodle. But he was very anxious to find Glory and must bear with hardship.

Pretty soon a creek was reached, and as the weather had not been very cold the crust of ice over it was thin. This the unwise captain did not know, and he reined Yankee-Doodle upon it. But the

and give it to her. He did not know what to get his sister, but finally he thought that a little hood and coat would be nice.

He got the things and they were very glad to get them. His mother gave him a new suit of clothes and his sister gave him a coat and a cap.

He had earned enough money for them to get these things for him. That morning they went to church, and when they came home they had a very nice dinner.

Sir Lagur

By Carroll Brown, Aged 13 Years, Fairmont, Neb.

A very long time ago there lived in an old country a knight whose name was Sir Lagur. There was going to be a war in which he was to take part. All the knights were sitting around the king's table, when suddenly they heard the tramping of horse's feet.

They jumped up from the table and put on their harness and armor, rushing out of the castle with swords drawn and shields gleaming. The battle did not last long for the knights were much stronger than their foes. In a little while all the foes were dead and the knights went back in the castle victorious.

Snowball

By Pauline Svoboda, Aged 13 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb.

It was Christmas eve, and Santa Claus was in his room. He sat by a big curtain. When all the children are in bed this curtain goes up. One little boy was up and the curtain did not rise. As Santa was tired of waiting he fell asleep. Then the curtain went up and Santa was still fast asleep, so a white cat called Snowball jumped up and pulled his whiskers and he awoke and peered the curtain up, he jumped up, packed his sleigh and started off.

The Pilgrims

By Marion Gerber, Aged 8 Years, Nebraska City, Neb.

Long ago, the people in England had trouble. The king would not let them go to their one church, so they went to Holland. They did not like it because their children would learn Dutch, so they came to our country.

When they got here they did not land right away. It was so cold that they had to build log cabins. Then when Sunday came they all went to church. They had forgotten to bring hats. Then they came home they had the Thanksgiving dinner.

Food Problems of Future

THE fundamental problem of mankind is to produce food for himself. The food must grow out of the earth and in the sea.

In the last analysis, it all depends on the vegetable cover of the earth. How to make the vegetable kingdom more productive to the needs of man is therefore a problem that concerns all persons who at any time live in the world.

Great and serious study has been given to this fundamental problem in the last century, and the problem must increase in importance as every new generation adds to the population of the earth. We are eradicating pestilence and insatiation, and are beginning to think of putting an end to war; all this should allow the human race to increase rapidly in the future. But the future increase will probably depend more on social and economic factors than on physical factors alone, and the foremost economic factor is the facility or difficulty with which the race may be fed.

The plant-breeders are of two groups, those who are not connected with an organization, but who prosecute their work on their own resources, usually in connection with a nursery or seed business, and those who are attached to some college, experiment station or government department.

As an unattached plant-breeder, Mr. Charles G. Patten of Charles City, Ia., should be mentioned, both because his work is deserving and because it is of such long standing that I can write of results actually accomplished.

Mr. Patten was a farm boy in northern New York, reared in the general mixed husbandry of that region. At an early age he went to Wisconsin, where, being impressed with the need of apples specially adapted to the climate, he began to raise seedlings. In 1864 he removed to Charles City and settled on the raw prairie near the town, in 1866 he established a nursery business. As he attempted to supply the needs of the new and untried region, he found himself

house and the little shabby house at the end. The little cripple boy came out of the shabby house and up to Fortuna. Fortuna saw that he looked sad and told him "It was the time to be happy."

"I would if I were you," said the cripple, "you have the wishing chair."

Fortuna looked at the chair and saw that it was a wonderful chair, with two fairies on each post. He had never noticed it, nor the cripple boy much before. "I will wish you some wishes," said Fortuna.

"You shall be happier if you wish something for my brother," said the cripple.

The fire cracked. Fortuna saw grand-mother. He wrote twelve wishes. The two fairies guided his hand and he drew a line between his wishes and signed half for himself and half for the cripple's brother.

Christmas morning Fortuna enjoyed looking out of the window and seeing the happy brothers with the toys.

When Fortuna grew old his wish still possessed the wishing: "I'll have five new horses or cold shoes." He never forgot to halve his share.

The Wishing Chair

By Mary Katherine Harrison, Aged 11 Years, 222 North Twentieth Street, Omaha.

"Come," said grand-mother Riches to Fortuna, "and write down your wishes for Christmas. This will get a piece of the wishing chair." Fortuna sat in the purple velvet chair and looked into the fire. He began to see pictures in the fire—a street, the very street in which he lived; his beautiful

Captain Kid Junior Seeks Glory

Now, Captain Kid Junior, I shall not see you again for several days. I am going with mamma and papa to spend Christmas with grandpa and grand-mamma. They live in the city, many miles from here, and we are going on the steam cars. So be a good soldier and keep watch over all the toys. When I return I shall bring many more toys for my playroom. Will you please go to keep watch over for no other soldier shall ever come into this playroom. You are my brave Captain Kid Junior, and none shall take your place.

So saying, George Brand shook the hand of Captain Kid Junior, a fine, big wooden soldier whose joints were so hung together that he could never separate them, a real human. And his uniform glittered with buttons and gold braid, and he wore a shining sword at his side. In fact, every boy who came to play with George Brand exclaimed on seeing Captain Kid Junior for the first time: "Oh, what a splendid fellow! Why isn't he the greatest soldier I ever beheld?" And many other compliments were paid to Captain Kid Junior, the hero of George Brand's playroom.

So you will not be surprised when I tell you that Captain Kid Junior got what we call "the big head." He became a very conceited fellow, holding his head very high—even though it was just a wooden head—and made himself very important among the lesser lights of the playroom. Well, it was not entirely the captain's fault, for you know even human beings (sometimes little boys and girls) will become arrogant and self-conceited when complimented and flattered continually. And sometimes it requires a good lesson—such as Captain Kid Junior got—to cure them of their exaggerated self-esteem.

After George had bidden farewell to the captain, had put him in full charge of the playroom and had departed on his holiday pleasure journey, the captain sat wrapped in deep thought. After a while he arose and began pacing the room with a soldierly tread, his brows knitted and his sword clanking about his gaily painted boot. "Ah," he muttered, "just as a general might on the eve of battle, 'ah, I shall take a bit of a trip myself. I am tired of this camp and shall relish a change. I shall begin making my preparations at once. Let me see—there's the horse and the dog to go with me, one to carry me and to bark when danger threatens, for even a soldier must be prepared to defend himself. Yes, I shall leave this playroom, where I have spent too much of my life in quiet. I would seek adventure. I would crown myself with glory. Ah, yes, that's the word, glory. Every soldier yearns for glory."

So the captain set to work that very day making his preparations to start in quest of glory, though whether or not the captain knew just what the word meant cannot be decided, as he was never questioned regarding it.

The first thing the captain did toward his preparations was to fill a good-sized hamper with food. There were candy, nuts, bits of hardening cheese, crackers and some stale cake lying about in the corners of the playroom where George and his visitors had thrown the remains of their

Lily's Naughty Roller Skates

See, darling, grandpa has sent you a new pair of roller skates. And Mrs. Jackson held up to her little daughter Lily's view a fine pair of roller skates, such as would please the heart of any child.

"Oh, mamma, a pair of new skates is just what I wanted most of all," cried Lily in great glee. "And now I shall roll to school every morning, for the pavements are fine all the way. Oh, how good of dear grandpa to know just what I most wanted and to send these lovely skates to me!"

Then Lily put them on to see if they fitted, which they did exactly.

"Now, dearie, you may run out and try them on the pavement in the block, but don't go too far away from the house. You know the skates will roll very rapidly and you'll have to keep them under strict control," said Mrs. Jackson.

"All right, mamma," promised Lily. Then she was out and flying—or rolling, rather—over the pavement down the street. Oh, how perfectly lovely the skates did roll! They carried her as though she were sailing on wings.

After Lily had been skating for half an hour a little dog came running after her. He was a bright-eyed, jolly fellow and seemed anxious for a frolic with Lily. Lily loved dogs, particularly lively, friendly little ones like the one now endeavoring to make her acquaintance, so she right merrily agreed with doggie to race down the street with him. So away they went, and doggie barked loudly, showing his enjoyment of the sport, and Lily laughed so gaily that passersby stopped to look after the racing pair and to smile. Lily was so excited that she did not notice the direction in which doggie led her, for he was no sooner in one street than he turned a corner into another and went on wildly, barking in high glee.

"Well, I'm tired, Doggie," laughed Lily, stopping to get breath. Then she whistled to Doggie, who came back reluctantly. He loved racing, evidently. Then Lily sat on some steps leading to a small shop, Doggie close beside her. She noticed the street thronged with dirty, ragged children, and began wondering where she was. "Why, Doggie, I don't recognize my surroundings," she said. "Just then an impudent boy came sauntering towards her, grinning. "Hello, Miss," he smirked. "Where did youse git them skates?" "They belongs to me, if I ain't baddy off my trolley. Come, git out of 'em and hand 'em to their rightful owner."

Lily trembled and stood up, looking about her, hoping to find some friendly face. But a group of dirty children had surrounded her by this time, and the boy continued: "Come, me purty miss, git your toosties out of them skates. They're mine. I put 'em on the pavement a bit ago till I went into me uncles' shop under, and when I comes out agin, behold me! They's they air on your toosties. Git out of 'em, and that mighty sudden!"

"But they're my skates, my granddaddy sent them to me," said Lily, beginning to cry. "Please let me go home. I live in Chester Avenue, and I have come too far into terrible experience.



"HOW DO YOU LIKE A DIP IN ICE WATER ON CHRISTMAS EVE?" ASKED YANKEE-DOODLE.

behind, the three adventurers went their way. Down through the hall and out upon the porch they hurried, and then to the big road which seemed to lead in some direction. (Of course, all roads lead in some direction.)

"Well, I see nothing as yet to daunt the heart of a brave soldier," soliloquized Captain Kid Junior, "and this is a beautiful morning." Thus observed Yankee-Doodle merrily. He was trotting along, enjoying the fresh air exercise.

Captain Kid pulled hard on the reins and bit his under lip. "How dare you make so free with me, you four-legged brute!" he cried, kicking the animal's side viciously. "How dare you address me as 'fellow'?" I'm a captain, if you please."

This amused Wolf-fang tremendously. Indeed, he and Yankee-Doodle had often whispered together in the playroom about the Captain's overbearing nature and his enormous egotism. And now that they were in a position to do so they meant to have some fun at the vain soldier's expense. And so Wolf-fang let out a roar, shaking till he was obliged to sit by the roadside. "Well, well, well!" he said, after he could recover from his side-splitting laughter. "It is too funny for words—to hear a horse call a soldier a 'fellow.'"

Barb Driven Home

Governor Stuart of Pennsylvania has become quite a public speaker during his term. He began his campaign four years ago with a feeling approaching diffidence when he came to make a speech. This did not grow less during the campaign, and if anything, became worse when the capitol job was exposed.

When asked to make speeches in the campaign by Republican State Chairman Walton the other day the governor consented, but told this story to illustrate what kind of a talk he might make:

"There was a loquacious Scottish dominie who always had something to say to his parishioners. It was a rainy Sunday, Mrs. McPherson, however, found her way through the rain to the church.

The preacher, coming down the aisle, approached the region's attendant and said: "It is a wet day, Mrs. McPherson."

"Dear mind, it will be dry enough when you get in the pulpit," replied she.—Philadelphia Times.



"WHERE DID YOUSE GIT THEM SKATES?"

"Youse can go when youse hev looked off me skates," said the boy, now beginning to bully Lily by browning at her and shaking a hard, dirty fist in her face.

"Yes, you take off Handy's skates and give 'em to him," screamed one of the ragged, unclothed girls. "You think you're smart, don't you, Miss Flurry?"

"No, all I want is to go home and to keep my new skates," cried Lily. Just then the boy rudely caught hold of her arm, and as he did so the little dog snarled and snapped fiercely at him. The boy kicked at the animal viciously, but the dog was too quick for the clumsy foot. Just what might have happened then no one can tell, had not a big policeman come round the corner. When the group of dirty children saw the officer they gave each other the sign and scampered off in various directions. Lily and Doggie were left on the shop steps, Lily to be treated and Doggie looking rather pathetically. The big policeman came to Lily and asked what was the cause of trouble. Lily told him all and gave the number of her house in Chester Avenue. "Ah, then you are ten blocks from home, little one," explained the officer. "Come, I'll take you to the street that will lead you directly into your own avenue, and about three doors from your own home."

Once within a few blocks of her home, Lily thanked the officer for the service he had rendered her and said she could go on alone now, as she was in familiar familiar surroundings. So, with Doggie at her side, and the skates over her arm (she had removed them before setting out for home), she went on in a happy frame of mind, for she was very grateful to have escaped that terrible boy. "But you, you naughty skates," she said, shaking the skates emphatically. "You behaved very badly towards me, for you carried me into a very wicked place. Ah, I shall never trust you off my own home pavement again. But—" and she turned to Doggie, "I have found a new friend, and unless some one comes to claim you, I shall give you a good home with me." And then she ran into her mother's arms and told of her very terrible experience.