

# LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

**S**TORIES which the Busy Bees are writing for this page show a great improvement. The writers are telling their stories more directly. This fact makes them more interesting to the reader, because it tells the story better. It is likewise pleasing to note that more of the writers are telling of their own experiences.

If the readers will notice they will find that the stories which tell of the writer's pets are particularly pleasing. This is both because the thought of the pets arouses a pleasing side of the writer's nature and because the story reminds the readers of their own four-footed and feathered friends.

Why not vary these stories by telling more of the good times—no parties or planned good times, but the informal ones—which you've shared with friends? Tell us about your school friends and chums.

The Busy Bees will be glad to read the letter from the new queen Bee. She bestows the effort of the Blue side to make their representation among the prize winners large.

The prizes this week were awarded to Mabel M. Etchison and Helen E. Morris, both of 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, Alnworth, Neb.  
 Steve DeCoy, Barnhart, Neb.  
 ... (list continues with many names and addresses) ...

## Two Abraham Lincoln Boys

(Born February 13)



### CECIL BROWNE

### WILLIE KURNATH

queen and said: "Oh! Queen, I fear I have helped only one very poor little boy. He is Jack, the cripple, who lives in the alley. He has to sell matches when it is cold with only a ragged coat to cover his shivering body, and at night he sleeps on a bundle of rags in a cellar where the rain runs about. One night I followed him home and slipped into the room beside him. He had only a crust of bread for his supper. I waited until he was asleep and then I transformed his bed of rags into a soft, white nest and put on his thin body, warm white night-clothing. I put a fire in the fireplace, touched the floor with my wand and covered it with a warm rug; the bare table I covered with a nice breakfast; and when daylight came I waited for him to awake.

### CECIL BROWNE

He opened his eyes and looked around, felt the bed and when he saw the table he ran to it and ate as though he never could get enough. I left him smiling and putting on a warm suit of clothes, into which I had changed his old ragged clothes, and wondering who had done so much for him. I hope you will not think my time wholly wasted, good queen, and I will try to do more next time.

## The Bee's Junior Birthday Book



AGNES PAULSEN, 149 Westfield Avenue. February 5, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Walter A. Anderson, 2506 South Fortieth St.	Windsor	1903
Florence Anderson, 2220 Chicago St.	Central	1901
Pearl Betcher, 5311 North Thirtieth St.	Miller Park	1900
Ruby A. Betcher, 5311 North Thirtieth St.	Miller Park	1903
Irene M. Baretter, 2231 Larimore Ave.	Sacred Heart	1900
Charles H. Beal, 5825 Florence Boulevard	Sacred Heart	1900
Albert Backen, 1915 Leavenworth St.	Leavenworth	1900
Dorothy Bargeson, 3328 Bedford Ave.	Howard Kennedy	1903
May Berth, 4015 North Forty-second St.	Central Park	1897
Edna Bowman, 3824 North Twenty-fourth St.	Lothrop	1902
Victor J. Belknap, 2524 North Eighteenth St.	High	1893
Hazel Baker, 2218 Paul St.	Kellom	1893
Leo Callahan, 2022 Charles St.	Kellom	1897
Howard Comstock, 316 North Twenty-sixth St.	Webster	1896
Mabel Conklin, 4114 Cuming St.	High	1894
Hazel W. Creighton, 2023 Howard St.	Central	1899
Lorraine Fair, 510 North Twenty-first St.	Farnam	1903
Helen Freyer, 2412 Seward St.	Lucy	1898
Joe Grasborg, 831 South Twentieth St.	Mason	1896
Margaret Gerrity, 1145 Park Ave.	Park	1904
Elmer Gothard, 1417 North Twenty-fourth St.	Kellom	1902
Nellie F. Gleason, 1596 North Twenty-sixth St.	High	1895
Gertrude Helling, 3121 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1904
Esther L. Hetscher, 2943 Dupont St.	Dupont	1899
Ruth Jobe, 1933 North Tenth St.	Lincoln	1900
Virgil Job, 318 North Nineteenth St.	Central	1899
Helen Larson, 2701 Leavenworth St.	Mason	1903
Fred Levon, 46—Cuming St.	Walnut Hill	1902
Harry Latorosky, 1047 Atlas St.	Forest	1900
Merritt C. McClellan, 3313 Spalding St.	Draud Hill	1903
Anna L. Montia, 1119 William St.	St. Philomena	1904
Elgie Magnusson, 503 Locust St.	High	1895
Margaret Nattinger, 2603 Pierce St.	High	1898
Harry Nielsen, 3302 Vinton St.	Windsor	1899
Richard Olson, 3113 Franklin St.	Long	1897
George Pellison, 2433 South Eighteenth St.	Castellar	1901
Richard Penn, 2815 1/2 Dodge St.	Farnam	1898
Ruth Paddock, 5548 North Thirtieth St.	Central Park	1900
Agnes Paulsen, 1440 Westfield St.	Forest	1899
Vincha Rock, 1236 South Nineteenth St.	Mason	1898
Nora Rhoads, Seventh and Webster Sts.	Holy Family	1899
George Reynolds, 1723 Van Camp Ave.	Vinton	1904
Rose Steinberg, 1019 Harney St.	Pacific	1902
Charles Sprakos, 1231 South Eleventh St.	Pacific	1896
Arthur Swanson, 2004 North Twenty-second St.	Lake	1900
Ann Schwartz, 312 North Twenty-fourth St.	Central	1897
Vincent J. Sullivan, 2846 Binney St.	Howard Kennedy	1902
Gertrude Simon, 3322 Charles St.	Franklin	1904
Katie Trantner, 2022 Martha St.	St. Joseph	1901
Norman Tolson, 1414 North Twenty-first St.	Long	1897
Willie Treylar, 1151 South Twenty-first St.	Castellar	1904
Richard Tigne, 1412 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1900
Waldemar Thomsen, 3319 South Twenty-second St.	Vinton	1898
Fredrick W. Watson, 3330 Parker St.	Franklin	1903

### CECIL BROWNE

took them down there was always something missing, for Pike's Peak held stockings and handkerchiefs.

### CECIL BROWNE

It was a warm day in July and we were to start for a pleasure trip to the mountains. We first went to Denver, where we stayed three days. Then we went to Colorado Springs, where we stayed three weeks. We had many fine trips in the Rockies while there. We hired burros to ride up the South Cheyenne canyon to the Seven Falls. Then we climbed the long flight of steps to the top, and walked on over the mountains to Helen Hunt's grave. We then went back to Stratton's park, which is at the foot of the canyon and were ready for a hearty lunch. Later on in the afternoon there came up a heavy rain.

### THE WONDERFUL BOOK OF POEMS.

By Helen Verrill, Queen Bee, Aged 14 Years, The Strablow, No. 19, Omaha, Neb.

### ELISE AND HER FAITHFUL PET.

(By Alice Irwin, Aged 12 Years, 3113 North Nineteenth Street, Omaha.)  
 Once upon a time there was a little girl named Elsie and she had a pet dog called Rover who was her constant companion. One day Elsie was playing with her dolls in the front yard when she took them for a walk. Not seeing Rover about to take with her she started to go alone. She was so busily engaged in looking about her and talking to her dolls that she didn't realize the distance she was from home.

### LETTERS FROM THE NEW QUEEN.

Dear Busy Bees: It was a great surprise to me when I found that I was again elected Queen. I thank you all very much and will try to think of some interesting stories to write. I read the king's letter, where he hopes the red side will win, but I hope all on the blue side will work hard and not let it.

### THE SMALL MULE.

By Roy Kosall, Aged 12 Years, 603 J Street, South Omaha.  
 There was a farmer who had a very smart mule. One day the farmer had to take a wagonload of sugar to a house. He started to the house where he was to go. Not far from it was a big river. The mule jumped into the water and by the time the man got him out the sugar was all melted. The mule was glad he had not such a hard load.

## Three Little Red Apples

On top the big basket, just outside the grocer's door, lay three red apples. Underneath them, and all around them, were other apples, brothers and sisters, no doubt. But all the others had varying colors, such as green and yellow. Some were pink-checked on one side and apple-green on the other, with variations of shades. But the three little apples of which this story tells were red, redder, redder. Not one spot of any other color marred their richly-tinted jackets. They were as beautiful on one side as on the other. And that is why the grocer had put them topmost of the basket of apples displayed outside his door.

As they lay there one of them nudged the other and said:  
 "Where do you suppose we will go, brother?"  
 "I was just wondering about that myself," replied the apple nudged. "Since leaving the dear old orchard in Maryland I have been bounced about so much that nothing surprises me now. Well, we have seen something of the world, so far, brother."  
 The first apple said, "Aye, we have."  
 Then the third apple, that had been listening to his conversation, said:  
 "Well, we've seen more. I'm thinking before we end our time by sitting snugly in a pile or a dumpling. Ah, apples like us are not eaten at once, for persons buying us want to keep us to look at for a while. So I guess we'll live some time before we go to our destiny in the shape of pie or dumpling."  
 "I'm happy in any case," smiled the second apple, the one that had been nudged. "If only people knew that we enjoy being eaten as much as they enjoy eating us, they'd never hesitate about putting an end to us."  
 "That's because we're born to be eaten," said the first apple.

### PIKE'S PEAK.

By Helen E. Morris, Aged 10 Years, McCool Junction, Neb. Blue Side.  
 Pike's Peak was the name of our donkey. We got him soon after we had been to Denver and Colorado Springs, Colo. We were just having our house built and Pike's Peak was over there most of the time. One day he came upon the porch and walked into the house. An old man, who was there, had to carry him out of the house and down the steps so he would not break his legs.  
 He used to graze in the yard, as it was nice and green. Whenever mamma put any clothes on the line and when she eating all the way home, which was five blocks from the grocery store—he drew from his pocket the red apple and looked it over. "Ain't it a bee-utiful apple, mamma?" he asked, as his mother took off his overcoat and overalls. They had reached home and were in the living room. "Yes, it's a very nice apple, almost perfect in color and shape," replied mamma. "Yes, it's almost too pretty to eat," Johnny declared. "Think I'll save it till cousin Minnie comes over and give her half of it." Then Johnny put the red apple on the table in the living room and ran up stairs to finish some work he was doing in his own room. He was building a boat to sail in the bath tub and wanted to have it ready for the water before his cousin Minnie came in the afternoon.  
 After Johnny had gone up stairs and his mother had gone to the library to read a late magazine. Cook came bustling into the living room with broom and duster. It was her cleaning day. As she swept the feather duster about over the furniture her eye fell on the red apple on the table.

### THE QUEEN AND HER FAIRIES.

By Margaret White, Aged 14 Years, 311 M Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.  
 One day the fairy queen called all the fairies around her and asked each one to tell her what they had done to make people happy.  
 One fairy knelt before her. "Oh! Queen," she said, "I have made a rose more beautiful than all the other roses in the garden and its fragrance filled the air, and I am sure that it did good in the world."  
 Another told her that she made the eyes of a pretty little girl brighter and her cheeks more rosy. Another said she had made a rich man happier by giving him more gold. Each one told of helping some one to be happier than he was.  
 At last a little fairy knelt before her. "Oh, that Johnny is always carrying me fruit from the kitchen and littering up the tables with it. I'll just put this back where it belongs." So saying, Cook took the apple to the pantry and was about to toss it into a pan of apples that stood on a shelf. But the bright color of the pretty thing held her eye. "My, but you're a beauty, little red one." "Guess I'll take you to my little niece, Katie Darlin'. She's that fond of pretty apples. Aha, the little card has been sick. So I'll just bake a nice apple dumpling for her and put some hard sauce with it. I will."  
 That evening, after her work was done, Cook went to visit her married sister and carried along the daintiest bit of an apple dumpling for little Katie. The red, rosy apple was inside that dumpling. It seemed almost prophetic that it should turn into a dumpling—after the conversation on top the basket of apples.  
 Well, Katie ate the dumpling in a jiffy and said it was the finest flavored one she had ever tasted. And so disappeared another of the red trio.  
 And now to return to apple No. 2. He was inside a bag with several other apples of indifferent color and shape. He was the very undermost one, and when the young man, leading the dog, began eating from the bag, our choice red fellow was not brought forth. The young man ate three of the apples, leaving our red one and two others in the bag. These he took home and gave to his young brother, a boy of seven. Mr. Seven-year-old was just going out to join some boys at coasting down the hill, for it was during the moon hour, and he had twenty minutes to play before going back to school. So apples bulging from his pockets and sled dragging behind, he went merrily to the coasting hill. There he gave an apple to each of his two friends, leaving only one apple. The fine red one fell into the hands—and almost instantly into the calcastrous little stomach—of Pete Handy. And Pete did not leave even the core. He ate the juicy red apple—skin, seeds and all. Not a morsel remained to tell the tale.  
 And so, they went their ways, the red apples three. And each was happy in his own way, glad to follow out the path made for him by Mother Nature, whether it be in a pudding, dumpling or just plain raw.

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### IT PAYS.

By Anna Elias, Aged 14 Years, 1506 Williams Street, Omaha.  
 Merchant wasn't very wise; swore he wouldn't advertise. Tried his system for a year, earned a hundred dollars dear.  
 Then the merchant got so mad, put the hundred in the "Bee ad." The "Bee ad" brought so much custom in, that the merchant had to grin.  
 Since then daily, loud he cries: "Geel! It pays to go to The Bee to advertise!"

### ALWAYS ON THE INSIDE

Years passed and the two grew to be men. Andrew enjoyed great riches from the fruits of his steady labors. Tom suffered poverty from his idle pleasures. One day Andrew found him, an old man in the poor house, but Andrew had not forgotten the half of the cherry pie. So he gave Tom a comfortable home.

"THANK YOU, SIR," SAID JOHNNIE