

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

THE King of the Bees writes that in his opinion the page of February 12 was a very "blue page." He asks the Bees enrolled on the Red side to take up their pens and write more stories. The King's advice is good. All loyal subjects surely will heed, and write their stories. Indeed, a number of the Red side have sent in their stories and they appear on the page today.

These stories show an unusual variety. Stories of trips, stories of people, fairy stories and stories about pets are included.

One of the prizes this week is written by a Bee who lives a long way from Omaha, Carrol Atkinson, whose home is in New York City. The other story, strangely enough, tells of an Omaha boy's visit in the east. Berthold Hancke tells of a visit to Ithaca, N. Y.

Both sides are represented by the prize winners.

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

- Jean De Long, Alhambra, Neb.
- Harriet M. Gardner, Neb.
- Lillian Mervin, Beaver City, Neb.
- Abel Will, Bennington, Neb.
- Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Agnes Jampka, Benson, Neb.
- Maria Gagliardi, Bennington, Neb. (Box 12)
- Ida May, Central City, Neb.
- Vera Chesey, Creighton, Neb.
- Leola Hahn, David City, Neb.
- Rhea Fredell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Alida Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
- Estelle Dede, Elgin, Neb.
- Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Anna Voss, 47 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Lydia Roth, 66 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ernest Jensen, 78 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 40 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schuber, Grand Island, S. D.
- Marjorie Murphy, 222 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Rut, Lehigha, Neb.
- Hester F. Rush, Lehigha, Neb.
- Alise Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Luth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Edith Kretz, Lexington, Neb.
- Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Grammey, 136 1/2 street, Lincoln.
- Marian Hamilton, 202 S. street, Lincoln.
- Elise Hamilton, 202 S. street, Lincoln.
- Irene Disher, 202 S. street, Lincoln.
- Hughie Disher, 202 S. street, Lincoln.
- Charlotte Jongs, 27 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln.
- Mildred Jensen, 78 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
- Helen Johnson, 134 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln.
- Althea Myers, 224 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln.
- Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McLaughlin, Lyons, Neb.
- Mildred Jensen, 214 North Street, Omaha.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Lucille Hansen, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Leola Larson, sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison, Norfolk, Neb.
- Constance M. Jones, North 10th, Omaha.
- William Davis, 21 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
- William Hambe, 200 North Nineteenth street, Omaha.
- Frances Johnson, 923 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Marguerite Johnson, 923 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Marie Broviard, 4693 Nicholas street, Omaha.
- Helen Goodrich, 4693 Nicholas street, Omaha.
- Marjorie, 232 South Central boulevard, Omaha.
- Leola Hendes, 462 Dodge street, Omaha.
- Lillian Wirt, Omaha.
- Lewela Poff, 415 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Bessie Poff, 415 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Adger Collin, 466 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
- Edna Morris, 434 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Mildred Jensen, 259 1/2 street, Omaha.
- Edna Fisher, 259 1/2 street, Omaha.
- Mildred Johnson, 259 1/2 street, Omaha.
- Osma Erickson, 259 1/2 street, Omaha.
- William Howard, 259 1/2 street, Omaha.
- Helen Houck, 1833 Lottrop street, Omaha.
- Emerson Goodrich, 4620 Nicholas, Omaha.
- Maurice Johnson, 415 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street, New York City.
- Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth, 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 sentences will be given preference. Do not use over 50 words.
 4. Original stories or letters will be used.
 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
- Prize 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.

noticed that his courage was wavering as the afternoon drew to a close.

Mr. Herbert, our teacher, gave us a lecture on "The Sin of Fighting" that afternoon before we were dismissed.

Alfred tried to get out of the scrape he got himself into, but Donald, that was the other boy's name, would not permit it. Then they fell to fighting. It took place in an old lot. We were highly elated to see Donald win easily.

We then gave three cheers for Donald Waterston for freeing us from an undesirable citizen.

A Beautiful Dream.

By Mildred Carruthers, Aged 11 Years, 423 North Twenty-fifth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Once there was a little girl who lived with her grandfather, as her parents were dead. She was about 3 years old and had one doll, which she loved very much. She was playing with it one day she let it fall and, of course, it broke.

She ran to her grandfather, crying as she went. "Oh, Grandpa, I broke my only doll. He tried to console her, but could not. The next day he tried to fix it, but found it was broken so badly that it would have to be thrown away. He said: "Let us take a walk and maybe I will get another."

Soon they came to a toy store and there were plenty of dolls in the window. One was a beautiful doll that could walk and that was the best in the window or store either. She begged for that, so he went in the store and asked the price.

"Six dollars and a half, sir," the man said.

"They could not buy it. They went home and asked the dinner, which was only a cracker apiece. Then the grandfather fell asleep, and the little girl went back to the same store and was looking in the window, when a carriage stopped and out came a girl and a woman. They went into the store and ordered the doll to be sent up. He tried to console her, but could not. The next day he tried to fix it, but found it was broken so badly that it would have to be thrown away. He said: "Let us take a walk and maybe I will get another."

Then the grandfather went after the girl and asked the storekeeper if he had seen a little girl anywhere, but he did not see her then he woke up, and it was all a dream.

The Fight.

By Carrol Atkinson, Aged 13 Years, 115 West 123d Street, New York City, Blue Side.

Though a fight is not the best way to settle disputes, it sometimes is necessary. In a particular case of this kind it so surprised the unlucky contestant that he has stayed at home ever since.

Alfred Levy's father was fairly well to do and clothed his boy extraordinarily well. Alfred is one of the worst things a boy can have, and Alfred Levy thought he was very handsome, which is more than anybody else ever thought or said, except his parents.

Alfred tried bulldozing around the class, but had only been known to have had a fight, though he boasted of countless victories.

A new boy, who had come into our class but a short time before, did not like the way Alfred was treating the other boys. He challenged him to a fight. Alfred was very brave in the class room, but it was

came at last. Lucy sent her valentines. In the evening Lucy helped her mother with the dishes. She was reading the paper when someone rapped. She went to the door and he walked about ten children. They had lots of fun playing valentine games. After the children had gone Lucy told her mother she was very glad she decided to be good.

A Lesson.

By Sarah Lindale, Aged 12 Years, West Point, Neb. Red Side.

Once there lived a little girl whose name was Ethel. Her mother said to her: "Ethel, come here."

She came and her mother asked her to go upstairs to get a few things if she wanted to go to the party. Ethel wanted to go to the party, but didn't want to go upstairs, so she refused her mother.

Her mother said: "Do you expect to go to the party this afternoon? I don't think you do the way you act."

After dinner the children came to Ethel's home and said: "Are you going to the party?" She said: "I think so." Her mother told them that she had been disobedient and would not go upstairs, so she cannot go. This taught Ethel a lesson, she never disobeyed again; her mother did not have to ask her a second time to obey her.

Condiments.

By Greta Strickland, Aged 10 Years, East Broadway, Council Bluffs, Ia. Red Side.

Which animal travels with the least luggage, and which with the least luggage? The elephant, because he never travels without his trunk, and the fox and rooster least, because they have one brush and comb between them.

Why is it difficult to flirt on the P. O. steamer? Because all the mails (males) are tied up in bags.

What are the hottest letters in the alphabet? K. N. (cayenne).

Why is an author like a Chinaman? Because as his faith comes out of his head. Why is the most polishing king in the world? Blacking.

What do you expect at a hotel? Inattention.

Henry W. Longfellow.

By Emil Cejda, Aged 10 Years, West Point, Neb. Blue Side.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Maine, February 27, 1807. When Henry was a boy there was a war, and thinking of the war he composed a poem. He wrote it in school. One of the older boys got hold of it and had it printed in the paper. Henry's father took the paper in which Henry's poem was printed. When his father read the poem he seemed delighted. Henry went to see what it was. When he saw it was his own poem he began to write many more.

He was educated at Bowdoin college. His father wanted him to be a lawyer like himself. Henry studied the business for awhile. But after awhile the people wanted him to be a professor of modern languages. Later he was made professor in that institution when he was only 19 years old. He died in the year 1882 in Cambridge, Mass.

Betty's Valentine.

By Ethlyn Berger, Aged 9 Years, 663 North Nineteenth Street, South Omaha, Red Side.

Betty got up Valentine's day feeling very bad. She thought she wouldn't get any valentines. Betty ate her breakfast of cornmeal and brown bread. Betty then washed the dishes, scrubbed the floor and got ready for school.

She got to school, and one of the little girls, Mammie White, asked her if she got any valentines. Betty said "No."

Mammie, feeling sorry for her, ran over to the store and bought a valentine. She then told the man at the store to send it to Betty's house by mail.

Mammie went to the schoolhouse and told the other girls and they all went to the store and bought a lot of valentines and sent them by mail.

When Betty got home and saw them she cried for joy.

England.

By Frederick Nelson Keene, Aged 11 Years, 415 West Twenty-eighth Street, Kearney, Neb. Blue Side.

We cross the Irish Sea into England. We land at Liverpool and then go on to London.

First we visit the Tower of London. We see the crown jewels of England. They are kept in glass cases inside of iron cages, which are carefully guarded.

The crown was once Victoria's. It has 2,832 diamonds in it. The ruby in front was worn by Henry the fifth on his helmet.

We then go to see the London bridge, over the river Thames. There are boats on which you can ride for a penny.

The streets of London are narrow and crowded. We ride in omnibuses and climb up a stair to get on top to ride.

England is a merry country, and has many castles and historic places, but cannot stay longer.

Rose in the Fairy's Palace.

By Helen Mack, Aged 10 Years, Atkinson, Neb. Red Side.

A little girl by the name of Rose lived with her mother and father. She was 8 years old. She was happy all through the day, but when night came she never wanted to go to bed.

Her mother said to her one night, "If you go to bed a fairy might come." So Rose went to bed. And sure enough a fairy did come. She was dressed in a dress that sparkled like diamonds.

She said, "Rose, do you want to come with me to see the queen of fairies?" Rose said, "I would like to go." And she went with the fairy.

After awhile they came to a big house. Rose said, "This is an awfully big house."

The fairy said, "This is where I live." And Rose said, "I am sure it is beautiful inside."

The fairy said, "Yes, and I will take you through it." The fairy opened the door. When they got in, the fairy took her through the house. When they came to the last room she saw the queen, but did not get time to talk to the queen because her mother called her.

She wished she could stay a-bed and dream some more. When she got up she told her mother all about it and said she was glad she had gone to bed when her mother told her to.

Eva's Birthday.

By Rosella Beal, Aged 11 Years, 401 J Street, South Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Eva was going to have her 7th birthday. It was going to be on a Sunday.

Eva ran to her mamma, saying, "Mamma, may I have a nice birthday party?"

"Yes," said her mamma smiling.

"Oh, good, good," said Eva, with joy.

Day by day past. Sunday came at last. Eva slept late that day, so it was about 8 o'clock when Nurse came into the little girl's bedroom and patted her seven times.

Eva ate her breakfast and then went out, and sat in the hammock and began to sing. Nurse, mamma, and papa came marching on their trip was over.

Elmira's Christmas Present.

By Dorothy Judson, 12 South Thirty-eighth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

I knew a little girl that was very fond of dolls. She had many dolls and one big doll house that she was very fond of. One day as she was playing in her doll house her mother came in and asked Elmira what she wanted for Christmas. Elmira said she would like a great big doll. So her mother said if she was a real good girl she

The Bee's Junior Birthday Book



February 19, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Mildred Arnold, 1415 North Eighteenth St.	High	1894
Francis Antonick, 3207 Boulevard	Im. Conception	1900
Harry Astleford, 424 Martha St.	Train	1898
Mildred Barber, 1127 Davenport St.	High	1896
Walter Byland, 2307 Kavan St.	Forest	1902
Millie Bub, 1541 Park Ave.	High	1896
Erwin T. Barovsky, First and Spring Sts.	Ger. Lutheran	1899
Helen T. Brader, 2703 North Twenty-fifth St.	Sacred Heart	1904
Francis Bellis, 2524 South Thirtieth St.	Im. Conception	1901
Margaret Campbell, 2519 Corby St.	Lothrop	1898
Viola A. Corr, 4019 Seward St.	Walnut Hill	1905
JAMES DICKSON, 1913 South Twenty-first St.	Castellar	1899
Catherine Dorsey, 3322 Parker St.	Franklin	1901
Joseph Dudrinski, 2717 South Twenty-sixth St.	Im. Conception	1906
Elsie Dinkel, 404 South Nineteenth St.	Castellar	1902
Loretto Egan, 905 South Forty-fifth St.	Columbian	1902
Harry Fox, 2526 Hamilton St.	Kellom	1900
John Ferryman, 1007 South Twenty-sixth St.	Mason	1896
Charles Frost, 3012 Frederic St.	Windsor	1897
Marie Fawcett, 821 Bancroft St.	Bancroft	1903
Walter Gilliland, 1336 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Mason	1900
Clark Hutchison, 2461 South Twentieth St.	Castellar	1905
Martha J. Humphrey, 5711 North Forty-third Ave.	Central Park	1898
Franklin Holbrook	Lothrop	1905
Frank Hurd, 4402 Harney St.	Saunders	1896
Johanna Holzafel, 2018 Martha St.	St. Joseph	1899
Edward A. Hoagland, 3460 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1900
Sebastine Insolera, 707 Pacific St.	Pacific	1904
Jessie Innes, 2769 Fort St.	Saratoga	1898
Laura M. Jensen, 1423 Gust St.	Sherman	1902
Jennie Kealer, 1912 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1898
Anna Kane, 1730 South Eighth St.	Train	1902
Richard Koch, 2633 Harney St.	Farnam	1903
Alfred Lundstrom, 4740 Seward St.	Walnut Hill	1900
Francis McPherson, 2717 Dodge St.	Farnam	1900
John R. Mulick, 3603 Charles St.	Franklin	1899
Rennie Mitchell, 2856 Meredith Ave.	Saratoga	1900
Robert L. Nelson, 3614 Jones St.	Columbian	1900
Ethel Pollard, 22 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1903
Nellie Pearson, 214 South Twenty-eighth Ave.	Farnam	1903
Julia Quinby, Suite 3, Davidge block.	High	1892
Willa Rigby, 1804 Miami St.	Lake	1900
Harry H. Staley, 8555 California St.	Saunders	1900
Helen M. Sorenson, 5603 Florence Blvd.	Miller Park	1900
Edna Smith, 4115 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Saratoga	1903
Marjorie Sylvester, 3335 Ames Ave.	Monmouth Park	1900
Theresa Suics, 913 Atlas St.	Forest	1897
John Trautner, 2023 Martha St.	St. Joseph	1896
Helen Elizabeth Will, 2615 Brown St.	Miller Park	1905
Harry Walstrom, 825 South Thirty-sixth St.	Columbian	1903
Hubert Wyman, 2426 Maple St.	Kellom	1895
Margaret Willard, 2452 South Twentieth St.	Park	1903

Discontented May

MAY JACKSON was a pretty girl, and she was a clever girl, too. But she was a very discontented girl, which made her unhappy. And not only did it make her unhappy, but it often caused her parents little regrets and troubles. They were loving and kind and did everything in their power to make Mrs. Jackson's life not only happy, but useful. Mrs. Jackson insisted on May's learning how to sew, cook and manage a house. For the thought that every girl's education to know these things. And Mrs. Jackson gave May an allowance and bade her keep her accounts straight and told her that she must be economical and thrifty. If she spent more on one thing than she should spend she was obliged to go without something else that she wanted, for her father gave her a sufficient sum to meet the needs of any young girl in moderate circumstances.

And that was why May was so often discontented. She saw expensive trinkets and articles of wear that she coveted, and felt out of sorts over not being able to gratify her over-extravagant taste. And she disliked sewing and mending, mending especially was distasteful to her.

One evening May came from school in an unhappy frame of mind. Her mother, quick to note the mood of her daughter, asked what the trouble was. "Oh," said May pettishly, "I'll have to wear my old frock at the concert tomorrow night. And Stella and Hester both have new ones. Papa gives me such a small allowance that I can't dress like the other girls."

Mrs. Jackson sat down beside May on the bench. "Dear, let's see just how you have been spending your last month's allowance," she said. "Run get your book. I want to go over it with you."

May did as bid, but reluctantly. She had been strictly honest in keeping her accounts, never missing a penny. If she brought led pencil or an apple on her way to school she jotted it down in her pocket day book. And at night, before going to bed, she would set it down in her ledger of "expenses for the week."

"Now, let's run over your account," said Mrs. Jackson, when May returned with her ledger. Then, pencil in hand, Mrs. Jackson ran over the many small items.

"Why, daughter, I see here a good many items spent for hot chocolates, ice cream, nuts, confections, fruit, popcorn, etc. Let me add up the amount that you have spent for these teeth distracting articles. And pretty soon Mrs. Jackson had \$2.25 starting into May's face. "Two weeks' money spent in those things," informed Mrs. Jackson, "and for the preceding two weeks the same amount, doubtless. And that is why my daughter cannot have a new frock. Every week she spends her allowance and quarters for trifles and when the month had been summed up most of the allowance has been really squandered in things that are not useful, but really harmful in many ways."

As at this point the doorbell rang and Mrs. Jackson went to answer it. She found Hester and Stella beyond there. After May had seated them in the parlor and

called out to her mother that her dear friends were calling, Mrs. Jackson joined them, ledger in hand. After cordial greetings she said, "I've just been going over May's little personal accounts this morning, and I think I have an extravagant little girl—extravagant in small matters, you understand. Most of her allowance she really wastes in mere trifles, and then when she feels in need of money, she really really while her bank account will not afford it." Hester and Stella were interested at once. "Oh," cried Hester, "does May have her own allowance?"

"Isn't that just perfectly lovely? I've asked papa time and again to make me an allowance—it's so small—but he says I don't know how to use it judiciously, so I am obliged to go to him or to mamma for every nickel I spend. And," she added with an arch smile, "they insist on knowing just what I want to do with the money. Papa says economy practiced in youth is followed throughout one's life, and he won't hear of my spending money recklessly—throwing it away," as he expressed it. "That's my experience," said Stella. "Mamma has her allowance, in which I am included. But mamma always asks the buying for me. Just last week I asked for a new frock for the concert tomorrow—at which I am to play a violin solo—and mamma said she couldn't afford it. But—" and Stella looked most happy—"she is having a perfectly lovely frock made for me, out of her old white frock—the one that was trimmed with bands of white satin. Mrs. Jackson, you remember it, don't you? Mamma always looked so sweet in it."

"Oh, I remember it very well," said Mrs. Jackson, glancing knowingly at May. May colored slightly. She began to understand something.

After the young callers had made a short visit Stella suddenly remarked, "I really must be going now, for I'm helping mamma and the dressmaker on my frock. I'm doing all the finishing of seams and putting on hooks and eyes. Mamma thinks that I cannot learn younger, and I just love to help make my own clothes. I feel that I'm earning something by saving something."

And Stella laughed brightly.

"I rather enjoy sewing," remarked Hester, turning up her jacket, preparatory to going. "And lately I've done all the family mending. While darning a tablecloth the other evening I conceived of the prettiest pattern for embroidering a sofa pillow. When I'm at my handwork such ideas come to me."

Then adieu were spoken, and Stella and Hester took their leave. Once more alone with her daughter, Mrs. Jackson took up a bit of sewing, saying not a word about May's ledger or of the late conversation with Stella and Hester. She waited till May spoke.

And May was very silent and thoughtful for some time, sitting by the grate, her

eyes on the dying flames that curled round the lumps of coal. At last she jumped up and called to her mother, saying, "Mamma, can you forgive me?" she asked, her voice a-quiver. "I never knew what I owed to you and to papa till now. Why, I supposed that both Hester and Stella had their own allowance, and that they bought all their own things. And I see that they take just what their parents feel inclined to give them. And Stella sews on her frocks and Hester does the family mending. And here am I, with my own personal allowance and lots of time on my hands, complaining of my lot. Mamma, I've been an ingrate. I haven't deserved the privileges you and papa have given me. And—I have never yet worn a frock made from your old ones. I— I have had money to spend as I pleased, and I have pleased to waste most of it. But—I'm going to begin anew. I'll throw away the accusing ledger, and start a new one. And—I'll keep a diary, too, and each day I must feel that I have done something worthy of being written in it."

"Ah, you are my own little May," said Mrs. Jackson, feelingly. "I felt that some day your eyes would see things clearly. And papa has been very liberal with you, hoping to make you self-reliant and of strong character, by allowing you to keep your own accounts. He thinks that girls, as well as boys, should know the value of money, and unless they are put on an allowance—just sufficient to keep their wardrobe replenished, and to buy necessary books and music—they are apt to become wasteful and indifferent to money."

"We learn all things by comparison," murmured May. "And that is how I learned my lesson today. As compared with Stella and Hester—girls I had almost envied till this hour—I occupy a very independent position. You and papa have been doing things for my own good, and all the time I have been discontented and ugly. But—mamma, I have had my awakening. And I shall not allow myself to be lighter." And May kissed her mother's cheek. "Next month my account book will read differently. And this one shall be destroyed." And May, with her mother's consent, tossed the old ledger—whose pages pointed to her many foolishnesses—upon the grate fire, and watched it burn. "Ah," she sighs, as the last vestige of it fell to the ashes. "I have burned my misdeeds. Now for a new start. And—mamma, won't you permit me to help you with the family sewing and mending? My own work won't keep me nearly occupied. I have hours and hours each week that have hitherto been thrown away. I want to be of use from now on."

"Everything will be brighter when you feel that you are helpful to your parents and to your friends," smiled Mrs. Jackson. "I can see happy times ahead of us, for henceforth we are to be comrades—papa, May and mamma."

"Working for each other's good," smiled May. And all of a sudden her old friend of friendliness and discontented dissipation, and life opened up to her gloriously, because it opened up for good.

An Easy Rebus



"NOW, LET'S RUN OVER YOUR ACCOUNT."