

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

A BUSY BEE who reads a great deal and, apparently, remembers what he reads, has written that the story which was awarded first prize last week was copied. Furthermore, he quotes lines from the story which were very similar to lines in the book from which the story was retold.

Beyond question, we find on investigation, the story which a Busy Bee sent in to this page was a retelling of the first two chapters of the "Biography of a Grizzly," by Ernest Thompson Seton, but there is quite a question about its being copied.

The Busy Bee who retold the story has caught the essential features of those beginning chapters so well that it is more possible to believe that he retold the story from memory than that he deliberately copied it. It seems more plausible to believe that he unconsciously repeated these words of the author because their vivid quality had impressed them upon his mind. Comparing his story with the original, it is easier to believe that a keen, quick and retentive mind caught these phrases and unconsciously repeated them than it is to believe that he made deliberate and conscious selection of them. The story is not repeated sentence for sentence, it is a telling phrase taken from one sentence in one paragraph and completed by one from a distant paragraph. It would require a great deal of skill to consciously pick out these sentences from their place in the older writer's story. What the Busy Bee has done is really that he has condensed the older writer's story. What the man told in two chapters the boy has told in few words; that many of these are the author's words, we believe, is due to the boy's impressiveness.

The story was read to him, or he read it and retold it, but he did not copy it; at least we believe that the boy who read the story cared for it and recognized that the point of it all was that the little bear cub was made "an orphan bear," would not be guilty of "copying," of consciously taking another's story and pretending it was his.

It is a difficult decision. Of course, the story did not belong to the boy, originally—he did not "originate it." He retold it and, consciously or unconsciously, retold in the words of the first author. He gave a condensed version. Under the rules of the page we cannot award him first prize.

A letter from one of the Bees, who has begun to send stories to the page, asks about the Blue and Red sides and how the Bees are assigned to them. The Bees, sending in stories or letter, tell on which side they wish to be enrolled. Most of the writers do this, but those who fail to indicate the side are assigned by the editor.

The writers who do not express their preference are divided as evenly as is possible between the two sides.

Three interesting stories about pets receive the prizes and honorable mention this week. The prize winners are Orlando Smith and Howard Ohman, of the Red and Blue sides, respectively.

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

- Jean De Long, Alnsworth, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Barnum, Neb.
- Lillian Mervin, Beaver City, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
- Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Agnes Lammie, Benson, Neb.
- Marie Gallagher, Benson, Neb. (Box 12)
- Ida May, Central City, Neb.
- Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
- Louis Hahn, Creighton, Neb.
- Rhea Fredell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Alecia Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
- Constance Hoff, Elgin, Neb.
- Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marton Kupper, Genoa, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Anna Voss, 67 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Lidia Roth, 66 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 47 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 208 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Faustine Schulte, Deadwood, S. D.
- Maria Morris, 208 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Heater F. Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Edythe Kretz, Lexington, Neb.
- Marguerite Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Gramscoth, 1215 1/2 Lincoln, Lincoln, Neb.
- Marian Hamilton, 275 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Elsie Hamilton, 229 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Disher, 300 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Hughie Disher, 300 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Charlotte Boggs, 27 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Mildred Jensen, 708 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
- Helen Johnson, 34 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Aneva Myers, 24 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Louise Cilles, Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Merton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Louise Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
- Leola Larsson, South Sixteenth 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.
- Louise Haabe, 208 North Nineteenth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Frances Johnson, 533 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Marguerite Johnson, 533 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Emilio Brown, 422 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
- Helen Goodrich, 409 Nicholas street, Omaha, Neb.
- Mary Brown, 222 South Central boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
- Eva Hendee, 462 Dodge street, Omaha, Neb.
- Lillian Ruff, 458 Cass street, Omaha, Neb.
- Lewis Poff, 815 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
- Justina Innes, 270 Fort street, Omaha, Neb.
- Hassett Ruf, 184 Binney street, Omaha, Neb.
- Myrtle Jensen, 228 North 24th street, Omaha, Neb.
- Helen F. Douglas, 180 G street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Ada Morris, 324 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
- Orvin Fisher, 1219 S. Eleventh St., Omaha, Neb.
- Mildred Erickson, 209 Howard St., Omaha, Neb.
- Oscar Erickson, 209 Howard St., Omaha, Neb.
- Gail Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Helen Howell, 1925 Lothrop street, Omaha, Neb.
- Emerson Goodrich, 409 Nicholas, Omaha, Neb.
- Maurice Johnson, 167 Locust St., Omaha, Neb.
- Leon Carlson, 324 North Fourteenth, Omaha, Neb.
- Wilma Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Hilary Fisher, 1219 South Eleventh, Omaha, Neb.
- Mildred Jensen, 222 Leavenworth, Omaha, Neb.

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 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.
- Prizes and season tickets will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

Red Side

REX.
By Orlando Smith, aged 6 years, 236 South Thirty-second Avenue, Omaha, Neb.

Auntie has a little fox terrier. His name is Rex. He eats meat, milk and bread. Rex tears Auntie's yarn balls all up and pulls the thread all off the spools. Rex ran away one night and stayed away all night and part of the next day. Just as soon as I had finished my lunch I told Auntie I was ready and she put on her things and we went to hunt him. We did not find him, but just as we got home we saw him run down on the corner. A man was playing with him. The man said he found him way over on the railroad. Auntie gave me a strap and the man put it on Rex. Then I took him home, and Auntie gave him a good bath and laid him in front of the register to dry. Auntie ties him out now by his little house. We call his house the bungalow.

Blue Side

Something About Mousie.
By Howard Ohman, aged 11 years, 1042 South Twenty-eighth Street, Omaha, Neb.

Mousie, as we call our cat, was born in the stable, but he did not care to stay in his nursery with the horse. When he was a wee kitten we took him into the house. As he grew stronger and larger he would run quite a long way after me when I went to school, and when I came back he would come out and meet me about half a block from home, and then he would "meow, meow," which meant "please carry me," and I would pick him up and carry him home. Who could help liking such a dear cat. He became such a pet that we all liked him very much. He generally sits in front of the fire when it is cold. He is very fond of mamma and likes to sit in her lap and rub his head against her hand. And then he sings his song, "Purr, purr."

Third Prize

Tillie Texas.
By Norma Rehrman, aged 14 years, 208 Seward Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Tillie Texas was a little bear owned by Mrs. Brown. When only six weeks old she was caught in Texas and was shipped north by express. She wore her name on a silver necklace. Poor little bear! She was too young to leave her mother and at first she would cry like a baby if left alone. Mrs. Brown took her to her own room at night and covered her up in a tiny bed. At midnight she would get up and warm a bowl of milk. Tillie would sit up and clasp her hands around the bowl to steady it. Then she drank all she wanted. After this she would lie down again and suck her paw until she fell asleep. She made a humming noise all the while that sounded like the buzzing of hundreds of bees. When she grew older she took great delight in standing in the door and attracting a crowd of boys to the fence. When she grew tired of walking on her hind feet and holding a stick in her paws she would go behind the door and close it in the faces of the laughing children. On a warm summer day Tillie enjoyed jumping into a tub of water and splashing it all over herself. If the little girls passed her in the water they were careful to draw their dresses closely about them, for she was very affectionate and always wanted to hug them with her wet paws.

Second Prize

The Brown Thrasher.
By Helen Verrill, aged 11 years, Queen Bee, The Strathlow, No. 19, Omaha, Blue Side.

The thrasher is the first real good songster of the year. He generally comes about the last week of April. The brown thrasher is not a real thrasher. They come in May. When the brown thrasher comes north the trees are still bare and the bird can be seen way up on one of the topmost twigs of some hillside tree. His long tail is held straight before him, his head is held high and he sings many difficult high notes with ease. His song is often an invitation to some female bird or an answer to some bird whose fainter notes reach the ear. The last week in April is the most attractive month of the year to a beginner in bird study. There are only a few bushes with leaves, so that it is very easy to see the birds, and the number of species are so few that their songs and figures are easily distinguished.

A Trip I Went On.

By Helen Verrill, Queen Bee, aged 11 years, The Strathlow, No. 19, Blue Side.

About two years ago, when the summer came, mother and I decided to go to Canada, to spend the summer. We started from New Haven, Conn., and went as far as Boston on the train. Then we took a boat and sailed for quite a long time, and after that we took another boat and sailed up the St. Lawrence river until we came to Quebec. When we got there we went to the Chateau Frontenac hotel. It was a very beautiful place, up the hill, so you could look down on the city and up and down the St. Lawrence river. It had summer houses and flower beds all over, and there was a great board walk on one side of it where people could walk for exercise. It was a quarter of a mile long and from fifty to seventy feet wide. It is not called a walk. I just said that, so you would know it was made of boards. It is really called a promenade. The streets there were very narrow and a great many of the people talked French. We next went to Montreal. That is beautiful. We went to the Place Viger hotel, and right in front of it was a lawn and a large fountain. We went to see the great church; it is called De la Ste. Marie. We went to see the rest of the summer on a farm in Nova Scotia, Canada. It was very nice there. They had great, big, white strawberries, and once I stepped right in the middle of a hornet's nest while I was picking some. I found two or three fresh water pearls about as big as the head of a blackhead with the other children. And then we had to go home again and I had to go back to school. But it was a very pleasant summer.

Two Kind Boys.

By Helen Verrill, Queen Bee, Council Bluffs, Ia., R. F. D., Box 184, Blue Side.

John Kingston was coming home from school when he met Willie Green, a poor boy who lived with his mother. "Why don't you come to school?" asked John. "Mother is sick and I stay home to help her," answered Willie. "What do you do?" asked John. "I wash dishes and wood, and get the meals, and a few other things," replied Willie. "That's right, you can help a great deal, but why is the matter with your mother?" "She has a fever and an awful cold." "Have you any medicine?" "No, and no money to get any." "Come home with me and I will give you some medicine." They walked on until they reached John's home. The boys entered and John went in search of his mother. He found her in the kitchen sitting up. He told her about Willie and his sick mother. "Yes, take the medicine to him," she said, "and tell him to give her a tablespoonful every hour." John gave Willie the medicine and Willie started home. He reached it at last and entered. He went to a room and there on a bed lay his sick mother. He related his story to her. All that night he sat by her

BUSY BEE WHO CELEBRATED HER BIRTHDAY RECENTLY.



MILDRED ANSON, The Meridian.

March 5, 1911.

Name and Address.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Don Lee Allen, 5327 North Twenty-sixth St.	Miller Park	1905
Mildred Anson, Meridian Hotel.	Central	1900
Agnes Adam, 1921 South Fourteenth St.	Lincoln	1904
Eddie Boudar, 1312 South Fourth St.	Train	1899
Mildred Bell, 2715 Hickory St.	Miller Park	1896
Sibyl David, 2507 Krug Ave.	Vinton	1905
Bianche N. Chuman, 4923 North Thirty-third St.	Monmouth Park	1897
Mildred Davis, The Creche.	Central	1903
Helen Dougherty, 817 North Twenty-third St.	Kellom	1903
Burrell E. Evans, 2827 Decatur St.	High	1893
Edward Ebbesen, 4008 North Twenty-sixth St.	Saratoga	1903
Ralph Fleids, 3912 North Twenty-first St.	Lothrop	1896
Howard English, 3451 South Fifteenth St.	Forest	1905
Samuel Feller, 2542 Franklin St.	Long	1897
Helen Forster, 815 Francis St.	Lincoln	1901
Opal Groves, 5323 North Twenty-sixth St.	Miller Park	1905
Pearl Greenberg, 517 South Twenty-fourth Ave.	Mason	1895
Frank Glenzer, 3329 Meredith Ave.	High	1895
Kath Huettelmair, 3428 South Thirteenth St.	Vinton	1896
Margaret Hill, 3216 Burt St.	Webster	1900
Irene H. Harris, 2521 Blondo St.	High	1895
Joseph Kreeck, 1321 William St.	Pacific	1890
Elizabeth Kroner, 4744 North Forty-third St.	High	1893
Herbert J. Klein, 735 South Forty-seventh St.	High	1895
John Kirschbaum, 913 Atlas St.	Forest	1896
Norris A. Myers, 4207 Cumings St.	Saunders	1905
Bernice J. McKenzie, 2230 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1905
Helen G. Myers, 1924 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1905
Mamie Mueller, 3620 Jaynes St.	Central Park	1901
John F. Mohatt, 3338 Corby St.	Howard Kennedy	1905
Charles Muir, 4145 Erskine St.	Clifton Hill	1896
Winifred Mahoney, 1413 South Fifth St.	Train	1901
Wallace Muir, 2523 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1900
James Ed Murray, 2232 Miami St.	Sacred Heart	1898
Veronica T. Mutz, 508 North Twenty-first St.	Central	1905
Katherine L. Newbrach, 3221 Pacific St.	Park	1897
Francis O'Toole, 2623 South Thirty-seventh St.	Windsor	1904
Le Roy S. Paulsen, 2862 Meredith Ave.	Monmouth Park	1901
Frances Perkins, 818 South Thirty-eighth St.	High	1893
Henry Ploss, 1915 Oak St.	Vinton	1897
Joe Pasba, 1115 South Fourteenth St.	St. Philomena	1904
Florence Paddock, 5540 North Thirty-fifth St.	Central Park	1897
Anna Maria Polreis, 2727 South Ninth St.	St. Joseph	1905
Hazel Perry, 1626 North Twenty-first St.	Long	1897
Dorcas Ramon, 3860 Davenport St.	High	1899
Ronald J. Rockwell, 5005 North Twenty-fourth St.	Saratoga	1904
Mary Scribner, 1814 Chicago St.	Mason	1900
Anona M. Snyder, 2505 Templeton St.	Saratoga	1904
Yetta Schatz, 1912 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1904
George Thernes, 2626 Decatur St.	Long	1897
Herbert Whittey, 4703 North Sixteenth St.	Saratoga	1897
Josephine Woods, Fourteenth and Leavenworth Sts.	Leavenworth	1899
Adele Whitney, 2919 Boulevard.	Vinton	1896

THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK



This is the Day We Celebrate

March 5, 1911.

beds and at every hour gave her some medicine. The next morning his mother was better, and in a few days was well again. John and Willie were great friends ever after, and Willie and his mother never forgot the kindness of John and his mother.

George Washington.

Vera Murray, aged 10 years, 115 North Thirty-eighth Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

George Washington was born in 1732 on a plantation at Bridge Creek in Westmoreland county, in Virginia. George's brothers had gone to school in England, but as they did not have money enough to send George, he had to get his education in the common schools. He once wanted to go into the navy, but as he wanted to bid his mother goodbye, he felt so bad that he gave up his idea at once. His brother married a daughter of William Fairfax. Lord Fairfax owned immense tracts of wild land in the valley of the Allegheny mountains. They had never been surveyed, so he had George Washington do it. He had many hardships and wars with the Indians while he was surveying. When he was 21 years of age he was selected by Governor Dinwiddie to carry a message to the French along the Ohio river. He started from Williamsburg on October 13, 1753, and returned January 16, 1754. He found the French trying to make a settlement within the British territory. He brought back a description of it to the governor. Washington was elected commander-in-chief on June 15, 1775, and served all during the Revolutionary war until Cornwallis' surrender. He was made the first president of the United States on April 30, 1789. He served eight years as president. While on a journey he took a severe cold and died on December 17, 1799.

What I Saw at the Horse Sale.

By Arthur Mason, King, aged 12 years, 125 North Second Avenue, Fremont, Neb., Red Side.

There was a horse sale in Fremont, February 16, 17 and 18, at the race track. As I like horses, I went to see it. The first thing I saw was a large draft horse. It was pure black, man was riding it and as he hit it with the strap his hind legs would go up in the air and when that touched the ground its front legs went up. I then passed on. I next went and looked into the stall. I first saw a very large black horse with its mane tied up in red, white and blue. It was tall and pitted the horses I passed into the yard. A man was leading a handsome gray horse with yellow harness. It was very spirited. He had to be very careful of the horse which told him. That is all I stayed for, as I had told mamma I would be home at that time.

The Boys' Debating Society

PAUL SMITH was elected chairman of the meeting. It was not wholly due to Paul's ability to preside as an officer of dignity that caused his comrades to confer the honor upon him. It was his name which stood him in good stead. Paul was a very worthy name, one indicating strength of character and wisdom of mind. The meeting—which was being held by the boys for the purpose of organizing a debating society—was called to order by Paul, who spoke in rather an embarrassed manner. He stamped his foot upon the floor of the barn-both and the society was holding its meeting and cried out: "Everybody keep quiet! Meeting called to order!" Then Paul stood looking about him awkwardly. "Ask if there are any motions to be put before the house," whispered Bricktop Jones. "That's the first thing that's in order."

"Any motions to put before the house?" asked Paul, a bluish spreading over his rosy face. He knew that everyone present had overheard Bricktop's whispered advice. "Mr. Chairman," said Bricktop, rising with all ease, "I move that we elect a secretary." Then Bricktop ran down on the legs he was shaking with Davey King. "Second the motion, Davey," he whispered. "Second the motion," replied Davey. The chairman stamped his foot upon the floor in a peremptory manner. "Address the chair when you want to speak," he ordered. "Oh, I didn't think," excused Davey getting upon his feet. "Mr. Chairman, I second the motion."

has been—has been carried. How'll we have?"

"I nominate Hank Tolver." And Bricktop rose to his feet.

"Second the nomination," cried Davey, also rising to his feet.

"I object!" yelled little Bill, meaning mischief.

"Say, Bill, just you speak when spoken to," advised the chair. "You're out of order—busting in like that. Now, Hank's been nominated for secretary of the Debating society. All in favor of him, rise to your feet."

All save little Bill rose to their feet.

"Hank's been duly elected secretary for the Debating society," informed the chair.

"You don't need to," informed the chair. "And now, ladies and gentlemen," went on Paul, "we'll get to business."

But a sly snicker ran round the left when the chair said "ladies." Paul noticed it, and felt the crowd was laughing in his sleeve at him. So he explained: "I think it is always the best to address a crowd in that way. Then, if there happens to be a lady present, she's not slighted. And if there's not a lady present—well, it shows we have the—the fair sex in mind. So, again, I'll say 'Ladies and gentlemen, we're open for business. Has anyone here an idea in his head? If so, let's have it.'"

"Mr. Chairman," said Bricktop, rising and thrusting his hands deep into his pockets. "I have a few suggestions to make." Then he waited for recognition from the chair. The chair, not knowing what was expected of it, just sat looking at the standing member.

"You must say 'Mr. Bricktop,'" informed Bricktop, in a loud whisper.

"Mr. Bricktop, you have the floor," said the chair, stamping his foot for quiet. Little Bill was whispering loudly to Tommy Peters, and Tommy was nickering.

"This is what I have to suggest," said Bricktop. "That we have a subject for debate each evening."

"You have all heard what Bricktop says," but the chair, with the left hand, said that the slightest heed to the disturbers below, so after trying their lungs, the naughty fellows took themselves off, going to little Bill's home, where Mrs. Baker was just lifting a big pan of sugar cookies from the oven.

"Oh, mamma, give us some!" begged Bill, his eyes feasting on the soft, yellow cakes.

"Where have you been since school?" asked Mrs. Baker, handing each boy two hot cookies.

"Oh, the big boys are having a debating society down in old Uncle Adams' stable loft," explained Bill. "And Tommy and I went there to have some fun, and they chased us out."

"Oh, for shame, Sonny!" reprimanded Mrs. Baker. "Why weren't you a nice boy? It's ugly to disturb a meeting."

"But they wouldn't let me vote as I wanted to," explained Bill. "But Tommy and I don't care, do we, Tommy? We'd rather play ball in our back yard than to dis-kiss questions about dawgs, dawgs haven't so terrible much sense, after all."

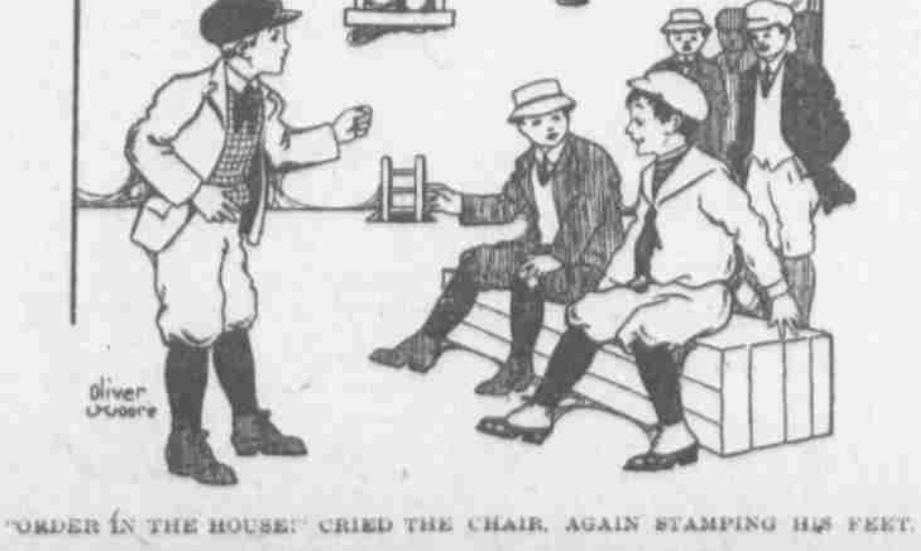
"About as much as Paul and Bricktop," said Tommy, his mouth full of cookie. "But come on, Bill, let's play ball. I'd hate to stay there in that hot—hot, and there comes all the boys! The meeting's broke up!"

"Hello, kids," cried Paul, who no longer on his dignity, had forgotten the recent unpleasantness occasioned by little Bill's conduct in the barn loft. "Say, got another cookie?"

"None," said Bill, stuffing the last crumb into his round cheek. "Had'd the meeting come out, Mr. Chairman?"

"Fine and dandy, Bill," said Paul. "We're to meet next Saturday, at 2 o'clock," said Bricktop. "And every mother's son wants to be there on time. If a fellow's late he'll be fined a penny. See?"

And all the boys laughed and Harry drew a ball from his pocket and five minutes later a game was going on in the back yard of Bill Baker's home, each boy having been treated to a hot cookie by Mrs. Baker.



"ORDER IN THE HOUSE!" CRIED THE CHAIR, AGAIN STAMPING HIS FEET.