

LITTLE BUSY BEES AND THEIR OWN PAGE

A BUSY BEE who has read about sponges and been interested in the reading recently wrote a story about them, telling what she remembered from her reading. In a letter she asks if it is fair to write such stories; that is, tell of what you remember from reading instead of from seeing for yourself. It certainly is. A large part of the experience of everyone is made by reading of others' investigations, or hearing of others' adventures, and by no means limited to own actual contact with life. To retell the story in quite fair, and quite different from copying the story. In reading you call information quite in the manner in which bees call honey from the flowers; information becomes yours to use, and retell, if you choose, as a story.



(First Prize.)

Experience of Tripp County. By Edith Carlson, Aged 11 Years, Witten, S. D. Blue Side.

This is the time we have to be careful because of the rattlesnakes. It seems queer that the Indians are not afraid of them and can pick them up in their hands without being bitten. Last year we had lots of experiences with them. Whenever we had to go anywhere we had to carry a stick. One afternoon my sister and I were out walking. Pretty soon I saw a rattlesnake lying on the ground. I hallooed, "A rattlesnake!" We were pretty frightened. I told my sister to get a stick and we would kill it. It rattled pretty loud. Nobody was home but us girls, so we hit it on the head a few times and killed it. It had six rattles and a button. We had a big horse that was bitten by a rattlesnake, and died. We had some small chickens. One disappeared very soon. Mamma went out to look for it. Just back of the chicken coop was a rattlesnake with the chicken's head in his throat, so mamma had to kill him with the chicken in his mouth. It seems in the fall there are a lot of snakes. When coming and going to school we killed one every day. We killed seven one day. I don't seem to be as much afraid of them now as at first.

(Second Prize.)

A True Fish Story. By Eugene Beachy, Aged 9 Years, Carleton, Neb. Red Side.

I would rather read stories than eat and I think the Busy Bees write some good ones. Well, I am going to give you one and I am not making it up either. It is all true. One day this week Freddie Hall, Roland Eastabrook and I decided that we would go fishing after school, in the evening. It was lots of fun to get ready and we just struck the right spot for fish worms. When we were all ready, along came papa with his auto and I asked him if he would not take us boys down on our farm where the Sandy runs through. My papa pitted us and said he would, and we piled in and were off in a jiffy. Well, say, we were not gone long until we had nine big cat fish and we started for home, and my mamma fried the fish for us for supper. It was a fish supper and we ate fish. But Roland could not get enough fish and just called for more fish right along. That night he took sick. He got more fish than he cared for and was not in shape to go with us the next day.

The Airship. By Carroll Brown, Aged 11 Years, Fairmount, Neb. Red Side.

"Please, mister, can't I go up with you?" pleaded a little boy of a man standing by a big airship. "Oh, well, I will let you go this once if you will not ask again." "The boy readily promised and in the afternoon the airship was taken out of the shed to a wide level piece of ground. He started the engine and lifted the elevating planes and the airship left the ground and swayed in the air and then righted. They sailed along at a great height. Suddenly Mr. Wain turned pale and lay back in his seat. In an instant the boy saw the turn of affairs and, grabbing the elevating plane, he pointed the airship toward the ground. The airship swayed and dived like a kite. The boy had heard some airmen talking about different ways without her. She was such a homebody—always there when the children came from school and when her husband came from his store. The motto of "What is Home without a Mother?" might well have been in every room of the Browns' house and answered by each member of the household in this way: "Home without our mother is very lonely, indeed!" The first evening after Mrs. Brown's departure Lily took Madge into his confidence. "Mamma," he said, as the two sat in the library listening to their mother's lessons together, "I have a scheme."

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 snappy articles will be given preference. Do not use over 500 words. 4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page and second prize 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.

and see if you can find two eggs so I can bake a cake for tea?" She replied, "In a minute," and went on playing with her kittens.

Soon mother called again. This time she answered, "Yes, mother," and went slowly to the barn.

While she was gone a beautiful automobile decked in flowers and ribbons went past and in it sat a dear little girl with her mother.

When she came back her little brother told her what he had seen. Then Stella began to cry. Her mother, feeling sorry for her, took her in her lap and told her that if she had done the errand at first she might have seen it. And after that Stella never again said "In a minute."

From May to May. By Jeannette Miller, Aged 14 Years, Fairmount, Neb. Blue Side.

Last year as usual May held away. Her reign was full of bright sunny days when beams of light, waiting the sweet scent of blossoms from the orchard. She sent her ministers to every hillside and valley to cheer the little flower whom the sun smiled at and who opened their bright eyes every morning when it showed its shining face over the horizon. After the day was over the flowers were tired and thirsty. May would send silvery dewdrops sliding down on the moonbeams to cool their hot lips. Some days the little flowers grew very tired and hot. Then May would have a gray veil of clouds over the sun's face and from the veil cooling little rain-drops would fall with a soft pitter to every leafy roadfarer and meadow blossom. Thirty-one days passed and June came to claim the throne. May stepped down to give June away and went to wander in the rose gardens that sprung up under June's tender care.

Grace's Visit to Naples. By Florence Brugger, Aged 16 Years, 250 Fulton St., Columbus, Neb. Blue Side.

Grace's father had promised her she could go abroad in May. It was May now, so she was teasing her father to let her go. Her father said that on the 20th of May she could go. It was the 18th of May, so Grace was getting ready for her trip. On Saturday morning Grace bought her ticket and got on the train with her father. In about two weeks she was in the harbor of Naples. There she saw little naked boys, lying on the warm sand or diving for coppers. She asked her father where their mothers and fathers were. He said they were likely they did not know that they had any fathers or mothers. "How do they get something to eat?" said Grace. "By diving for coppers," said a gentleman, who had been listening.

That evening Grace was taken to the great cathedral, so it was late when she got home. On her way home she had to be careful not to step on the people because they sleep on the pavements and out in the streets. They are always naked because it is so warm. When she got home she said that had been the queerest visit she had ever had.

Spring. By Margaret Folsen, Aged 11 Years, 3015 Jackson Street, Omaha, Neb.

The heralds of Miss Spring had been very busy; they had woven leaves for the trees and plants. The violets had already jumped up. The children came to the woods and picked some of the violets.

Jack Frost thought he would do some good, but his father heard his plan and whispered to the people to put cloths around the things that were up. So Jack Frost was fooled. The fairies are still at work. The cottonwood trees have been very good, so they have made great big leaves. I hope Jack Frost does not come again. I think Father Winter will make him behave.

Stella's Punishment. By Mildred F. Voigt, Aged 11 Years, Davenport, Neb.

One day Stella and her little brother were playing with their kittens on the porch when mother called to Stella, saying: "Stella, will you please run to the barn

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book This is the Day We Celebrate



May 14, 1911.

WARD LEWIS, 3428 South Fourteenth Street.

Table with columns: Name and Address, School, Year. Lists names of children and their details.

The new queen sends her greetings as follows: Dear Busy Bees: I was happily surprised at being elected the new queen Bee. I thank you all, the Red and Blue. I will try to be a helpful and pleasing queen.

As the world looks so beautiful now, I know we will have a rich kingdom if all the Bees gather in the sweets. Your new queen, MARY KATHERINE HARRISON.

The prizes are awarded to Edith Carlson, Witten, S. D., and Eugene Beachy, Carleton, Neb.

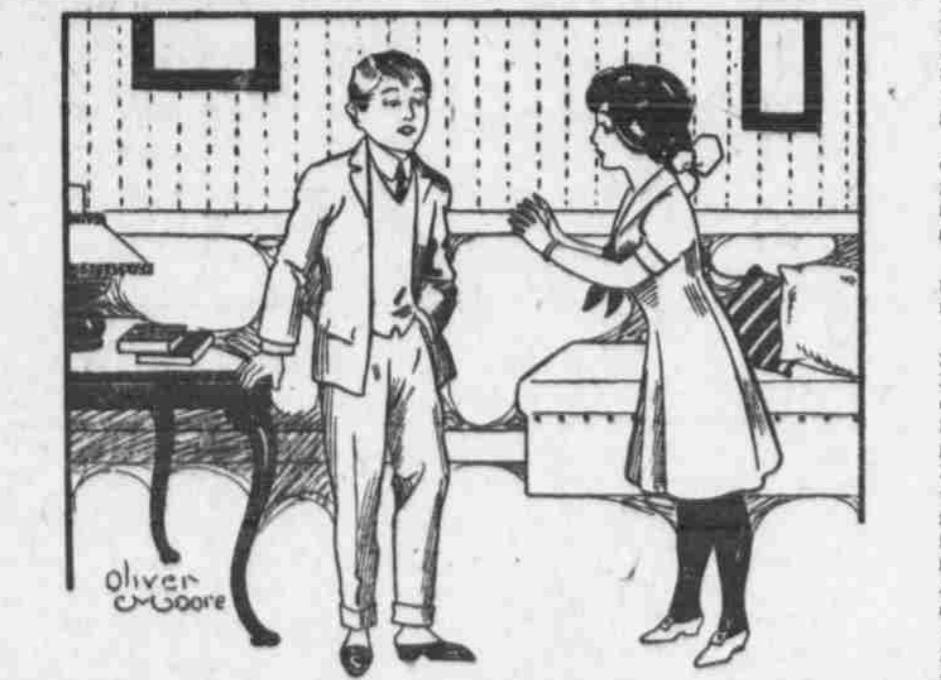
Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

- List of names and addresses of children and their families, including Jean De Long, Irene McCoy, Lillian Mervin, etc.

logical sharp of the Zoological society, which set the whole lion house in a roar. The baroness switched to a more plaintive tune, and the King growled deep and long, and kept on walking round and round. "But look at the tiger!" exclaimed one of the watchers. Empress was cuddled up in a striped ball near the bars of her cage. The baroness, attired in a wonderful purring like a six-cylinder car, and waving palm trees, elected to try the first experiment on Silver King, who houses in an empty lion cage as next door neighbor to Empress, a young Siberian tiger. The singer was so sure of the power of her music that she was willing to go in the cage with the King and touch her lute, but Dr. Brenner thought a barrier of strong iron bars between the singer and the beast safer. With the first notes of a rippling lay American.

Those Wonderful Brown Children

THE Browns lived in a pretty country town. There were six in the family—the two parents; Billy, eldest child, aged 16; Madge, eldest daughter, aged 14; Lily, second daughter, aged 12; and Babe, aged 8. A lovely family, as you will agree with me after you have read this story. It was during the fine month of May that Mrs. Brown was called east to see her aged mother. The dear old grandmother was quite ill, and when the letter came, asking her daughter, Mrs. Fanny Brown, to come to her, the family Brown set down to talk it over. "How can we afford it?" asked anxious Mamma Brown, her own dear mother's letter lying open on the table before her. "Mother needs me, I'm sure; at least the dear old soul wishes to see me. Of course, Sister Grace, with her to give her every attention. But—Mother's like all mothers, wants to see each of her children when she's ill." "Yes, Fanny, you must go to her." So spoke Mr. Brown. "I know I'm a bit hard pressed for money just now. It's the season when I have to carry the farmers over till the crops are in. But we'll have to arrange some way for you to go." (Mr. Brown was a country merchant, and was always close-run for money till the farmers—to whom he sold all sorts of merchandise, shoes, boots, hardware, etc.—harvested their crops. And his bills came due every thirty days, thus calling on all the ready money he had in bank.) "Say, mamma, you can have my five dollars," said Madge. "I can wait for my summer hat a little longer. My spring sailor is so pretty and becoming that—with an additional quill at the side—will look quite dresy enough for most occasions. So, take my five, please." "Oh, thank you, dear," said Mrs. Brown. "Guess I'll have to accept your offer, daughter. But I don't like to make you wait for your summer hat. You wanted it for the Sunday school picnic next week." "I might get it spoiled, did I have it," declared Madge. "No, it's as well for me to wait till June."



MADGE CLAPPED HER HANDS, "OH, THAT'S FINE, BUDDY! GOOD FOR YOU!" "Indeed it is!" agreed Mr. Brown. "And I'll rake together the money for you to come home on. And you'll have to have some new things, won't you—a hat and gloves, and such?" "No, dear, I'm pretty well equipped, so far as clothes are concerned. So, I'll get on without spending any money for new things. My first anxiety is for mother, and the second for you and the children during my absence." Then everybody got busy helping Mrs. Brown to get off for her visit to the east. She left on the next morning's train. But before going she had said to Billy and Madge: "The spring house cleaning must wait now, indefinitely. You know, I had Mr. Jackson order a full line of lovely paper for the dining room, the spare bedroom and the parlor. But I could not possibly think of asking papa to have the paperhanger and the painter to come to do the work when every dollar counts in his business till midsummer." Then Mrs. Brown had gone, and the Browns home seemed very, very lonely

Their Affliction



Johnny—Ray, pa, what is the meaning of premonition? His Dad—Premonition, my son, is what ails people who are afflicted with the "I-told-you-so" habit. She can drive old Peggy, for a babe could do that. "I now smell a mouse," smiled Madge. "And the price they pay for use of horse and phaeton might apply on the work of papering our house? Am I right?" "Never right-er," declared Billy. "And the Franklins will make by the bargain, for they'll not need the paid driver. Besides, it'll afford the sick girl more pleasure to swing along in our low basket phaeton, behind a perfectly safe horse, than to go in a rickety old livery buggy with a strange man stuck in to hold the reins." Madge clapped her hands. "Oh, that's fine, Bubby! Good for you! We'll get the house all done while mamma is away and spare her the work. I'll see to everything mornings and evenings when out of school. And all day on Saturday. We'll get through finely, I know. Mamma is a good domestic, too, and will carry out any order I may give her." "So far, so good," said Billy. "And tomorrow morning bright and early I'll hitch up old Peggy to the phaeton, drive to the Franklins and strike a bargain." And Billy was as good as his word, and that forenoon friends of the Franklins were pleased to see Besie Franklin, a very ill girl, taking the air in a comfortable phaeton, with only her mother beside her holding the lines, for not even the most timid person would be afraid to drive good old Peggy.

Two weeks later a wire came from Mrs. Brown saying she was enroute to her home. The family gathered at the depot to meet her on her arrival. Then, as happy as they could be, they hurried home. Mrs. Brown brought the good news of her aged mother's complete recovery, and that added to the good cheer of the reunion of mother and family. But they were waiting till the mother should enter the house. And when at last they were assembled in the lighted parlor, Mrs. Brown looked about her in a dazed sort of way. "Why, my dears, this is—Fairland! How did you have the decorating done? Bless me, everything is as I had planned it before! I went east!" "Oh, mamma, it was Billy and Madge," cried Lily. "All I did was to help Brother sandpaper the woodwork of evenings—before he painted it." "An' I carried the paint buckets out for him," cried Babe. "Once I failed and split myself in the paint. But Bubby didn't scold me. He said: 'Accident's will hap-