

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

THIS is the best page the Busy Bees have had for several Sundays. Letters have come in briskly all week from different parts of Omaha, from other towns in the state and even from other states.

The Children's page editor is wondering if any of the boys and girls have made flower or vegetable gardens this summer. No mention of them has been made in any of the letters.

Only one boy is represented on the Children's page today and he has captured the first prize. So far the girls have done most of the writing, but now the boys ought to be encouraged to write more letters.

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

- Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
Leta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
Earl Perkins, Redding, Neb.
Elinor Ginn, Stanton, Neb.
Lena Peterson, 221 Locust St., E. Omaha.
Ira Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.
Clara Johnson, 221 Locust St., E. Omaha.
Mildred E. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
Leo Beckord, Waco, Neb.
Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
Elsie Siskany, Wilber, Neb.
Frederick Ware, Winfield, Neb.
Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
Edna Benning, York, Neb.
Carrie B. Barrett, Fontanelle, Ia.
Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
Eliel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Katherine Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Ruth Robinson, Manilla, Ia.
Margaret H. Withrow, Thurman, Ia.
Bertha McKoy, R. F. D. 3, Box 5, Missouri Valley, Ia.
Henry L. Workinger, 203 West Huron street, Chicago.
Adelia Serry, Monarch, Wyo., Box 22.
Fred Serry, Monarch, Wyo., Box 22.
Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
Pauline Squires, Grand, Okl.
Fred Shilley, 229 Troup St., Kansas City, Mo.
Mary McIntosh, Sidney, Neb.
Nellie Dietrich, Sidney, Neb.
Eunice Wright, North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
Cecil Simpson, Wilber, Neb.
Phyllis Haag, 622 West Seventeenth street, York, Neb.
Dorothy Taylor, Silver City, Ia.
Mabel Houston, 508 Sherman avenue, Omaha.
Dorothy Tolson, 198 North Thirty-eighth street, Omaha.
Mabel Baker, Grand, Wyo.
Conna Johnson, Wilber, Neb.
Elizabeth Wright, 1223 South Thirty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Marion Egan, 1213 South Thirty-first street, Omaha.
Francis A. Tolson, Pueblo, Colo.
Raymond Tolson, New York City.
Edward Beckard, Waco, Neb.
Eliel Peterson, Fifty-first and C streets, South Omaha.
Harry Reuting, 122 East First street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jeanette Maltride, Elgin, Neb.
Elizabeth Wright, 1223 South Thirty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Minnie Schlichting, Cedar Bluffs, Neb.
Pay Calhoun, Elm Creek, Neb.
Edith Peterson, 221 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
Sadie Finch, 203 Fourth avenue, Kearney, South Omaha.
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Spends Vacation on His Pony



GLENN WILLIAMS.



Little Stories by Little Folks

It was after much trouble we got started for a week-end trip. We had made the carping outfit into four bundles, as there were four boys going along. Instead of following the road like most people do, we cut through the woods. We had to cut some vines down to make a path. As evening came we sighted a glow camp. The queen asked us to cross her hand with a half dollar and she would tell us our fortune, but as luck would have it we did not have that much.

Nero Punishes a Rogue.

Nero was a large Newfoundland dog. One day when the men came out of the dog they all left the basket by one tree. One of them asked if Nero could pick out his master's hoe. As soon as Nero heard that he went and picked his master's hoe out from amongst all the rest of them and brought it home.

The Fairies Talk.

Little Jack had been very naughty and his mother had sent him to bed. He was restless and could not go to sleep for a long time, but finally did so. He was out of bed now wandering through a large field.

Lost in a Blizzard.

One cold evening Edith, Daisy and Jack were sitting around a fire. Daisy said she would tell a story. She began.

A Selfish Boy.

One day John and Tom went to the woods to gather nuts. John said, 'Tom, let's leave some nuts for the poor little squirrels.' Tom said, 'Let's not. The squirrels can get something else.'

What I Play.

There is a little girl about my age that lives near me. She and I put on some of our mother's long skirts that she does not care for.

Dick and Don.

There were two boys whose names were Dick and Don. These boys had planned to go fishing at 6 o'clock, but did not

I'd Rather Be

I'd rather be a bird And live in forest tree, And sing my happy song, Than a billionaire to be. I'd rather be a bird And soar in air on wing, And know the works of God, Than to be a crowned king. I'd rather be a bird And know no strife and pain, Than own the wealth of earth, Causing suffering through my gain. I'd rather be a bird Than anything I know (Except a child just as I am), On all this world below.

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate



VERONICA COFFEY, 1228 Ohio Street.

July 2, 1911.

Table with columns: Name and Address, School, Year. Lists names and addresses of children and their school/grade information.

Then we play we are agents. We take old catalogues that have furniture or clothing in it. We each have an old purse and a pencil, and a book to keep track of who buys and what they buy, the price of the article, etc.

Another thing we play is house. We dress up as ladies, take our dolls and say they are our children. Then we visit each other. We each have our own house under grey canvas that we have made.

Sometimes we catch fireflies or lightning bugs. We put them in a glass jar and put the lid on so they can get air, but not so they can get out. When we have quite a few we let them go without hurting them and watch them fly away.

We play many things, but if I went on to tell them I would get tired.

The Runaway. By Nellie Straver, Aged 11 years, Merced, Cal. Bled. My baby sister named Nig. When we first got Nig he was so gentle any of us could drive him. One time when we drove him it was dusk. My big brother was driving. We went in front of a cow. Nig gave a leap into the air and began to run. My brother pulled so hard that out he went of the cart and I was left all alone.

What Happened to Catherine's Aunt. By Winifred Smith, Aged 13 years, 1248 Park Wild Avenue, Omaha. Catherine was a little girl who lived in Oquonnet, a little town in Maine. Once Catherine said, 'Mother, what happened to Aunt Louise, I never saw her, did I?'

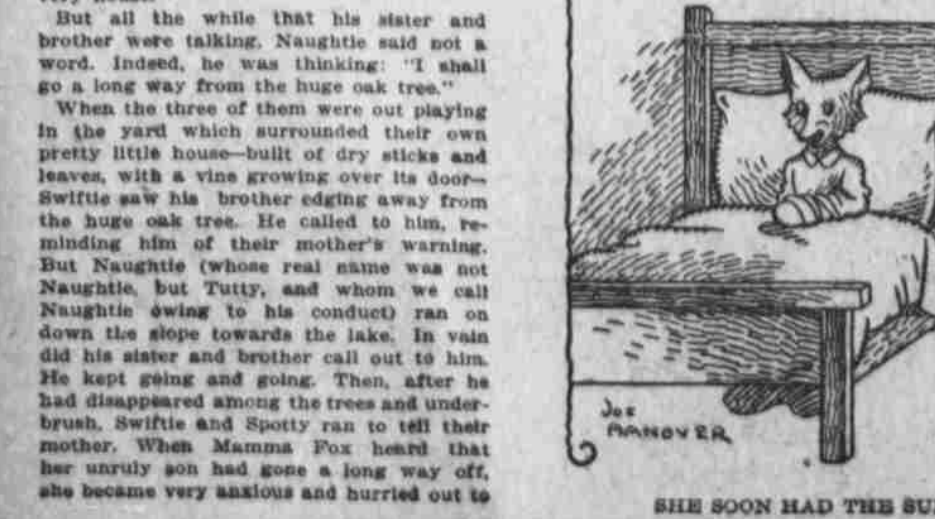
'Alas, my dear, your aunt was killed when very young.' 'Oh, mother, how was she killed?' 'I cannot tell you now, dear, for I am busy. I will tell you some other time.'

Catherine ran and played, but she did not forget about her aunt. One evening as her mother was sitting on the sofa, Catherine came running over and said, 'Tell me the story about Aunt Louise now.'

'Very well. Once when your aunt was very little she and her brother, George, went out into the woods to pick flowers. George got tired of picking flowers and ran to get some. Suddenly he heard a scream and looking up, saw an Indian scalping your Aunt Louise. He ran for help, but before we could get to her the Indian had scalped her and ran away.'

A Race for Life

IT WAS a deep English forest that Mrs. Red Fox lived with her three little ones, Spotty, Swiftie and Naughtie. Naughtie was a son, and you would infer from his name that he was sometimes a bit selfish or disobedient. Well, he was both. And he paid dearly, too, for his shortcomings.



HE SOON HAD THE SUFFERING FELLOW IN HIS BED.

My Robins.

I have just had a chance for the first time to read your paper—the Children's Department in The Sunday Bee—and I would like to write a letter for it, as I have something to tell about my Robin birds, a papa and a mamma, Mr. and Mrs. Robin, who sing sweetly every day in a tree right by my home, and it was here they built their nest, and I seem to hear them say in their song: 'Oh, how happy we are, and we ask you to love us.'

I had one of my friends write this letter on a typewriter for me. I hope that it will be all right.

It did not take the foxes long to cover the distance to their village, and soon Mrs. Red Fox had crossed the threshold of her own pretty cottage. And there she found her son awaiting her. But in what a plight! One paw—a front one—was swollen to three times its normal size, and he was all but exhausted beyond the power of speech.

'When I ran off this morning,' said Naughtie, speaking with effort, 'I went directly to the lake. I had no place in particular to go, so I just rambled about. Oh, mamma, how wicked I was.' And the suffering Naughtie began to cry in his pillow.

'Well, I soon decided it was no fun being by myself, and thought I'd come home—being the best place on earth—and play with Swiftie and Spotty.'

'I was really and truly sorry I had disobeyed you, mamma, and meant to hurry to you and tell you so, and to promise you that I would be naughty no more. But just as I was crossing that ridge—where the big rocks are—I heard a strange noise, and a very much stranger one which went 'pop!' and I felt a stinging in my paw. Then I knew the hunters—that you had told of this morning—had come, and had shot my foot.'

'For a while I feared I would not be able to walk another step, but fear of the hunters, who I knew would come after me if I stopped, made me run along on my three good feet. But oh, the pain!

'Well, I hid here and there, resting a few minutes at a time. But every step I took carried me towards home and you, mamma dear. And at last—after a race for life—I reached here to find you gone. Ah, how lonely it was without you! But I could go no farther, and crept into the house and waited for you. And soon you came—just as you always do. Can you forgive me, mamma?'

After you have fully forgiven yourself, my son, for your past disobedience, and made up your mind to be good and obedient like your sister and brother, then you have my forgiveness. But this lesson has taught you to listen to your elders in future. The next time you might not get off so easily, for you might receive the shot in a vital place.'