

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

SO MANY Busy Bees sent good letters last week that the Children's page editor had a hard time deciding which were best. He finally chose those which were short, which were written about one definite incident, which told of things in real life and which had most originality.

In articles of 250 words it is easier to tell one main happening than to write about several incidents. The first prize story was about one happening—what the wind did on a certain night. The second prize story was also about one incident—how the author's father killed the gekko.

These stories were successful which were most original—which came out of the minds of the boys and girls themselves. Those letters were best which were about real life. Each Busy Bee is interested in reading about the actual experiences of every other Busy Bee—about their work and play, their picnics and visits, their dogs and chickens, their books and other interests.

Hero Ted and Little Mary

TEDDY ALLAN was 12 years old when he became a hero. And this is how it all happened. But before we tell the story, let us make you better acquainted with Teddy. His mother, of course, called him "Teddy" from the very beginning. She was a "regular brick." But the boys at school often called him "gunkid." Just because he was not big and tough and rough. His face was small and delicate.

Then there was another reason why the boys at school thought Teddy a "gunkid." He had never had a fight! And for the life of him, he could not understand why he should go about fighting like a savage Indian or a wild beast. He had few fights with the boys, and he was never in a scrape. For that other boys did not want to force a fight on him. But he would say, "I take two to make a fight," and run along about his business. When some one would call out, "Forward!" he would "I don't fight with you. I am not a coward, but I am not a hero either."

But Teddy had many admirers among the grown-ups. A great many little boys' mothers would say to their naughty ones: "Why can't you be nice-behaved like Ted Allan? He's always such a little gentleman!"

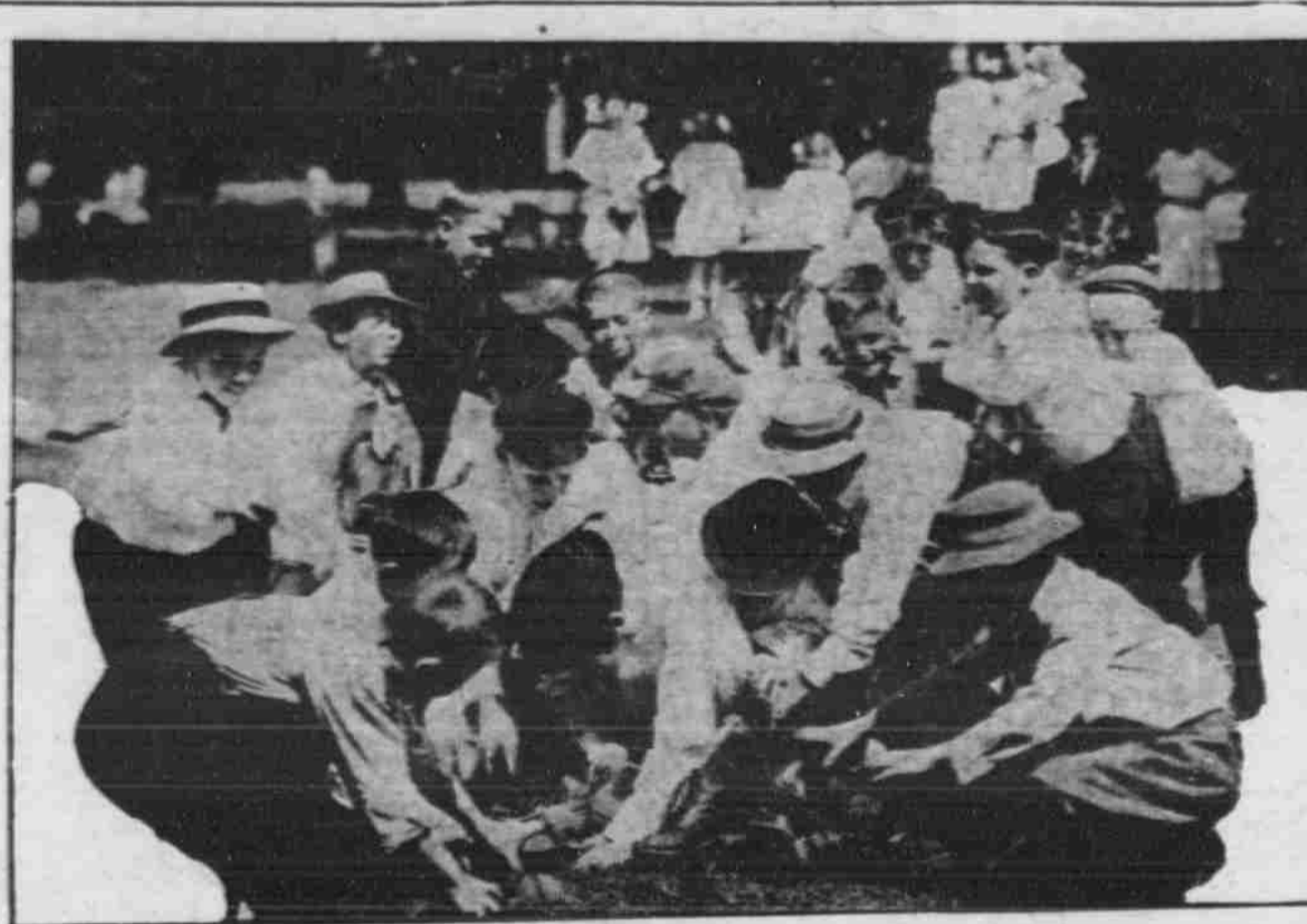
And that expressed the nature of Teddy to a T. He was a perfect little gentleman. One evening, just after dark, Teddy's mother asked him to go on an errand for her to the outskirts of town. A friend of Mrs. Allan's was ill, and she wished to send her a basket of nice delicacies to eat. Teddy was only ten going to change his mother, and hurriedly got himself ready to run the errand. It was a beautiful evening, the moon was just rising beyond a long hill. The pretty town lay so quiet, the people sitting on porches and in yards, getting the fresh air of coming night.

"Teddy soon reached the home of the sick lady, and found her in a very excited frame of mind. 'I sent Mary to the neighbor's for a pitcher of milk, and she has not returned,' she said. 'She's been gone half an hour or more. And her father's gone down town to the postoffice, and I see the train as late—I haven't heard it whistle yet. So he'll remain till the train arrives in order to get some mail, which is very important.'

Adages to Remember

Paths are not channeled by arguments. God help the rich; the poor can beg. Out courtesy pleases much and costs little. Some men of rank are occasionally rank indeed. Silken tongue and hempen heart often go together. The cedar tree perfumes the axe that cuts it down. It's a foolish sheep that makes the wolf his confessor. A loud voice is not always the index of true courage. Tickle the heels of a public cause and you will soon see the feet kick. "Mary!" called Teddy, leaning over the edge of the collar. "Oh, it's me!" cried a little girl's voice, half stifled with sobs. "I fell in and I can't get out. The water's most up to my waist. Oh, get me out, please! Who are you?"

Merry Game for Summer Picnics



A merry game for summer picnics and from a line and race for the shoe pile. The one who secures his own shoes, puts them on and takes them up first wins the race. It is a merry, good natured, eager scramble that comes off at the shoe pile. Shoes are tossed right and left as the boys search for their own, and frequently some boy on the outside of the scrum will find his own shoes come to him flying through the air, hurled by another boy who is eagerly seeking his own. The picture shows how the race was run at a Sunday school picnic in Omaha recently.



Two Sides of a Story.

By Margaret Agnes Holland, Aged 10 Years, Davis City, Neb. I. THE WIND'S SIDE. One day the wind came along and met a breeze. "What have you been doing?" asked the breeze. "Oh, I had some fun last Sunday, May 21."

By George Forth, Jr., Aged 11 Years, 2213 Burr's Street, Blue Side. Once upon a time there was an old Indian, and every year a new child was born unto him. Now when a certain son was 15 years of age he went into the forest and prayed to the Manitou to give his father riches, that the children might not starve.

The Gekko.

By Dorothy Switzer, Aged 8 Years, Fort Crook, Neb. When we were over in the Philippine Islands there was a Gekko in our house. A Gekko is a big lizard, more like a small crocodile. Father shot at it two or three times and hit it but never killed it.

The Fish's Story.

By Mildred Whitehead, Aged 11 Years, Mitchell, Neb. Blue Side. My name is Queen Mary and I live in a beautiful palace. I will tell you the name of my friends and as much of their history as I know. My husband, King George, is a poor fish. All the royal blood he has is in one gold spot on his back. He inherited his fishy blood from his father, King Edward, who was a beautiful whitefish. The little gold spot he inherited from his mother, Queen Alexandra.

Our Picnic.

By Mercedes Jensen, Aged 10 Years, 2213 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb. Red Side. One day last week we went to Elmwood park for a picnic. We had lots of fun playing. Miss Ferguson and Miss Buckley took us. Dorothy Judson, Dorothy Darlow, Josephine Fitzgerald, Catherine Coak, Pauline Coak and I went.

The First Ear of Corn.

By George Forth, Jr., Aged 11 Years, 2213 Burr's Street, Blue Side. Once upon a time there was an old Indian, and every year a new child was born unto him. Now when a certain son was 15 years of age he went into the forest and prayed to the Manitou to give his father riches, that the children might not starve. Then from the air came a voice, and the voice said: "I will not give him riches, but I will give him something equal; but he is the one that is to win it."

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate -



Table listing names and addresses of children whose birthdays were celebrated in July 1911. Columns include Name and Address, School, and Year.

Incident in the Classroom. By Annetta Smith, Aged 10 Years, 128 Park Wagon. We got there safely, picked all the cherries we wanted and started home. The driver reached over to push my feet in better when he fell out of the wagon. There was a very large and heavy girl in the class and like nearly all girls of her build she was not a high jumper.

The Lary Bird. By Irene Bartmeyer, Aged 11 Years, 614 Burr St., Omaha, Neb. Once there was a bird who had two young ones and their names were Bill and Bell. One day in spring as the mother and father birds were resting in their nest with their young ones, mother bird said to father bird, "We should teach our young ones to fly as they are growing to be pretty big."

The Runaway. By Margaret Meier, Aged 10 Years, Winton, Neb. Blue Side. One afternoon our neighbor called and asked if our children would like to go to the country with her and pick cherries. There were eight of us in a small delivery wagon. We got there safely, picked all the cherries we wanted and started home. The driver reached over to push my feet in better when he fell out of the wagon. There was a very large and heavy girl in the class and like nearly all girls of her build she was not a high jumper.