

# LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

**T**HE Children's page editor was pleased to receive the post card sent by the Busy Bee who lives in Gretna, and who wrote saying "Thank you" for the prize which she won for her story of July 2. The card was very pretty and the editor thanks the thoughtful Busy Bee.

The editor regrets that she cannot publish stories from the 16-year-old girl who wrote last week from Wyoming. The age limit for contributors to the Children's page is 14. The young girl's story is printed, however, since she did not know the rule. It is well written and the author should not stop writing. She should send her stories to some paper or magazine which takes articles from young people of her age.

The first prize this week is awarded for an imaginative story—a "make-believe" story—about a dream in which incidents happen which never could occur in real life. This is the first time in a month that a purely imaginative story has taken a prize. The prize stories of the last four Sundays have been either actual experiences of the boys and girls themselves or descriptions of nature.

The second prize has been carried off by a brand new Busy Bee, who has just moved to Nebraska, and who writes about herself and her interests.

## Another Fine Picnic Game



SACK RACES ARE LOTS OF FUN FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

the house came and ate the bread with the poison on it. Of course he died, and the case was taken into court. A young lawyer, seeing her pronounced guilty, went to work and won the case. He afterward was talked of as a hero and the work he did was talked of as a noble deed.

### How the Mortgage Was Paid.

By Ione Craig, Age 12 Years, Erie, N. D. Blue Side. Once upon a time there lived a lady whose name was Mrs. Brown. She had six children and they lived in a little house which was mortgaged. She had a son named Ted, who was the oldest of the six children. He was 12 years old. One morning he started out for the woods to chop down some wood for fuel. On his way he had to cross a bridge on which a railroad ran. When he was just about in the middle he saw something which chilled his blood. It was a large piece taken out of the track and then took an old red handkerchief out of his pocket, put it on the stick and started to run down the track for there was a train due in ten minutes. He had just got far enough away from the danger spot when the big engine came in sight. Then Ted waved the danger flag he had made.

The engineer saw him and stopped. He asked Ted the trouble and Ted told the story to him and the people. A collection of \$15 was then given by the passengers to Ted, who had saved their lives. Ted thanked them and went home. He paid the \$100 mortgage and spent the \$5 his mother was very proud of him after that.

### Clara's Visit to Fairyland.

By Pauline Swoboda, Plattsmouth, Neb. Clara Brown was lying in the hammock reading fairy tales, when she heard a soft voice saying, "Would you like to visit fairyland?" "O, yes," cried Clara; "there is where I always wanted to go." So the fairy took Clara into a nice yellow pumpkin carriage drawn by two snow white rabbits, which ran over clouds and through the air until they came in sight of a large white palace. They drove up to the palace and stopped by a big arch made of roses and ferns. The fairy changed Clara into a nice little fairy dressed in a long white gown and a silver white wand and a silver wand was placed in Clara's hand. Next the fairy led Clara into the ball room where many and many fairies were dancing. The music stopped and Clara was seated on a little red chair. She was ready to dance when the music began. Pretty soon it did begin and another fairy came to her and asked her to dance. So Clara began to dance, when she felt something pushing her, she opened her eyes and found Baby Bess pushing her out of the hammock.

these trees. Mother's gone and we can be down before she gets back." "All right," assented Walter. They had been up in the tree about twenty minutes when Walter exclaimed: "Oh, Marie! there comes mother. Hurry down, do." Such a scramble to get down, but Marie was higher up than Walter. She had taken but one step when she slipped and fell to the ground. Her mother saw her and ran forward. Marie broke her left arm just above the elbow. That night after the doctor had dressed it and gone and everybody had gone to bed Marie thought: "That fall did me more good than any scolding or whipping could have done. I'll learn to obey what I'm told now."

### Marie's Resolution.

By Pearl Mae Warner, Aged 12 Years, Gretna, Neb. Blue Side. One day Marie and Walter Harrison were playing in the front yard in the shade of several tall ash trees. They had been playing there for about an hour when Marie exclaimed: "Say, Walter, let's climb these trees. I'll climb this one and you climb the one next to it." "O, no, no, no," replied Walter. "Mother told us not to just this morning." "Walter is right," called their mother from the parlor window, where she had overheard what they had said. "I do not want you to climb those trees. I am afraid you will fall."

### The Mysterious Player.

By Etta Fater, Aged 12, 314 South Tenth Street, Omaha. "Matilda," mamma called softly. "Don't, dear. Baby's just beginning to get sleepy." The sharp little pitter of trills and scales on the piano kept on. "Mamma, stop playing at once!" Mamma's voice was now a command, but still the notes of the piano continued. She did not dare to get up because baby was almost asleep. At last the noise stopped. Matilda tip-toed into the room. "Matilda," said mamma gravely, "didn't you hear me tell you to stop drumming on the piano?" "Why, I never, mamma," whispered Matilda, surprised. "I haven't been in the music room at all." "Then it must have been Olivia, but it didn't sound like her. She really plays little tunes." "Olivia is out in the hammock, mamma." "Why?" mamma said. "And the boys are gone. Who could—Hark!" The sound of notes again, running up and down the keyboard. Matilda's eyes grew large with astonishment. It was a queer tune, with many kinds of



## Little Stories by Little Folk

**Making a Goose of Myself.**  
By Mary Katherine Harrison, Age 11. Tot was a little girl who lived in Duck River bottom, but she had never ventured farther to the river than the rail fence. On day as she sat on the sofa, eating gooseberries and listening to the quacking of ducks and geese, as they splashed in the water, she exclaimed, "How, I wish I were a goose." Suddenly she found herself padding along in the cool mud under the shady willow and enjoying the soft, spongy web-footed tracks. There were many nests filled with big eggs all along the bank. Soon she came to a little house where the vines grew the thickest all built of reeds and weeds. Tot peeped in. No one was at home. In she walked. A table was all set. There were three chairs; there were some middle-sized and one small. But Tot sat only in the small reed chair until she sat the back out. On the table were three eggs, but Tot ate and ate only of the smallest until she ate it all. Getting up she saw herself in a water mirror. Her mouth was yellow with the yellow of the egg. "O," laughed Tot. "I've got a yellow goose bill, and bless me if here isn't a pair of wings by the fireplace. This finished me. I'm a goose. Quack! Quack!" She was so tired, though, that she naturally waddled up to a row of beds. The first was too high and hard, the second was too low and soft, but the third was just right and she lay on it and fell fast asleep. Soon Mr. and Mrs. Goose and little Cousin Ducky came home, for this was their house. "Quack!" cried a big voice; "some one has been here." "Quack!" cried a softer voice. "It's some wild thing." "Quack!" cried a little voice. "She broke my chair back and ate my little snack." In a row all three marched to the beds. "Quack!" cried the first voice. "Here's wild goose in my looking stick." Up jumped Tot, really feeling very wild as the hissing, yellow bills so near her face. "What wings?" quacked little ducky. This reminded Tot that she had wings and out the window she flew, back to the stile. There her mother found her waving her arms so frantically that she shook her and asked, "Whatever are you doing?" "O," laughed Tot, waking up, for she had only dreamed all this, "I've been making a goose of myself."

**A Noble Deed.**  
By Louis Miksaac, Aged 12 Years, 1221 1/2 Louis Street, Red Side. There was once a servant living in England who had a maid servant who was considered very trustful. One day she bought some poison to poison rats and was putting it in the bread when she was called out and in her haste forgot the poison on the table. While she was away the little boy of

**A New Busy Bee.**  
By Dorothy Anderson, Aged 10 Years, 2174 West Third Street, Grand Island, Neb. Red Side. This is my first Sunday in Nebraska. My papa bought an Omaha Bee today and I took pleasure in reading the Little Busy Bee's page and thought you might like to hear from a little stranger in Nebraska. We came here from eastern Iowa and are going to make this our home, so you may hear from me often. I am 10 years old and have just finished the fourth grade in school. There were twenty-two boys and girls in my class. One day our teacher took us out to the river for a picnic. Some of the boys took fishhooks and lines, some base balls and bats and they enjoyed themselves fishing and playing ball. We girls played games and wove baskets of willow and grass stems. One of the boys killed a big water snake and frightened the teacher and us girls with it. A farmer living near our picnic grounds brought us some nice ripe apples and a large bucket of milk. He let some of us ride his pony. We went home about 4:30 o'clock in the evening tired and dusty, but glad we had gone with our teacher for an outing.

**My Doves.**  
By Willie Laubacher, Aged 11 Years, Rufus, Ore. I have about thirty doves and I have a little house for them. The old doves come and feed the young ones. They catch bugs and grasshoppers. I watch them water the little ones—they bring a drop to every young one. I have six tumbler doves. It is fun to watch them. They fly nearly out of sight in the air and then tumble down. I have white doves, blue, gray, and I had a black dove, but he died. I have a dove that will eat out of my hand, but she gets scarey once in awhile.

**The Rescue of Ruth.**  
By Edna Volght-Dike, Aged 18, Hamilton, Mont. Blue Side. Don't! Don't! Don't! What is it? What can it mean? Our questions are soon answered, for out of fire house No. 19 rushed four horses drawing a fire engine and some more horses drawing something else. Faster, faster they go and it seems but an instant when they stop before a

**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.  
6. The 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.

**When Daisy Was a Fairy**  
I WAS all so very, very funny, or, at least, after they knew about it, it seemed that way to Daisy and her new neighbor, Chubby. But, to begin with, let me introduce to you Daisy, a dear little golden-haired girl of 8, and Chubby, a dear little chap of 6. Daisy's home was a lovely big-roomed bungalow among giant trees in the rear and rose bushes and lilacs in the front, and a vast green grassed lawn stretching about for ever such a distance. And Chubby's home was in a summer hotel on the cliff, just about a stone's throw from where Daisy lived. Chubby's father and mother had only come there to live, and Chubby did not know that such a person as Daisy was in existence. Neither did Daisy know anything about Chubby. But they got acquainted—after the funny thing happened which I am going to tell you about. One lovely summer afternoon Daisy, who was a really and truly "summer girl" (for she could climb and walk and jump and almost swim) decided to go up in "big old Elmy." Now "big old Elmy" was a giant tree which grew quite a way off from Daisy's house. Daisy could easily climb quite into the top of old Elmy, for her papa had nailed tiny steps about the old tree's trunk, and it was very much like climbing a ladder. Still, it was quite a brave thing for a little golden-haired girl to do—to climb in the big branches of old Elmy. After Daisy had gotten well into the tree, away up among the thick branches where some birds often hid themselves from wicked, stone-throwing boys, she found a nest in existence. Neither did Daisy know anything about Chubby. But they got acquainted—after the funny thing happened which I am going to tell you about. One lovely summer afternoon Daisy, who was a really and truly "summer girl" (for she could climb and walk and jump and almost swim) decided to go up in "big old Elmy." Now "big old Elmy" was a giant tree which grew quite a way off from Daisy's house. Daisy could easily climb quite into the top of old Elmy, for her papa had nailed tiny steps about the old tree's trunk, and it was very much like climbing a ladder. Still, it was quite a brave thing for a little golden-haired girl to do—to climb in the big branches of old Elmy. After Daisy had gotten well into the tree, away up among the thick branches where some birds often hid themselves from wicked, stone-throwing boys, she found a nest in existence. Neither did Daisy know anything about Chubby. But they got acquainted—after the funny thing happened which I am going to tell you about.



feet. (Daisy had on white stockings and slippers.) "Oh, it's a fairy!" whispered Chubby to himself. Then his tears ceased to flow and he ran quite close to the body of old Elmy and looked up for several seconds. His blue eyes grew big and round, and his tiny bosom swelled. Surely, this was a fairy he saw in the tree-top. His mamma had told him fairy stories very often, told them with his two small, dirty fists. Chubby was in some sort of trouble. But Daisy did not know it, for she did not see him. But pretty soon Chubby saw Daisy. He had come quite close to the big tree-old Elmy—and had heard Daisy's song. So he looked up. And, lo! there, among the green tree branches, sat a golden-haired creature all in white, even to the blue-rompered form wading through the tall

## The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate - JULY

July 30, 1911. Name and Address. Name and Address.

Sarah Abramovitz, 2212 South Thirteenth St.	Lincoln	1901
Raymond Allen, 2215 Grant St.	Lake	1900
Gertrude Altmann, 1813 Willis Ave.	Lake	1902
August Caito, 5301 North Thirteenth Ave.	Monmouth Park	1904
Delbert Callahan, 2123 Cass St.	Central	1898
Gertrude Cooper, 514 North Twenty-second St.	Central	1902
Freda Christensen, 410 Center St.	Train	1896
Willie Farmer, 2417 Ellison Ave.	Saratoga	1899
Leo Ferzely, 1222 South Twelfth St.	Pacific	1905
John Green, 1611 Nicholas St.	Cass	1902
Harry M. Green, 717 North Twenty-third St.	Kellom	1902
Lillie Hoffman, 1932 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1899
Arthur Jensen, 4315 Pacific St.	Beals	1897
Myrtle Johnson, 2819 Decatur St.	Long	1896
Edna Kisor, 1145 South Twenty-eighth St.	High	1894
Catherine Kisicki, 2413 South Twenty-ninth St.	Im. Conception	1904
Russell Leek, 207 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1901
Evelyn Mooney, 2216 Grace St.	Lake	1900
Philip Motz, 1619 North Thirteenth St.	Franklin	1903
David Nordstrom, 4736 Seward St.	Walnut Hill	1897
Mary Pasha, 1109 South Fourteenth St.	St. Philomena	1903
Everett Penton, 2224 Clark St.	Lothrop	1897
Dorothy Pierce, 3906 North Eighteenth St.	Lothrop	1903
Bernard A. Primeaux, 2049 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1904
Eleanor V. Porter, 2512 Parker St.	Long	1904
Ruth M. Powell, 2637 Hamilton St.	Long	1904
James Roney, 4124 South Thirteenth St.	Columbian	1901
Henry Rosensteln, 1923 Paul St.	Kellom	1904
Alice L. Ruchton, 930 Glenwood Ave.	Franklin	1897
John Singleton, 1428 North Twenty-second St.	High	1895
Clara Smolinski, 2926 South Twenty-third St.	Im. Conception	1903
Louie F. Stowe, 935 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Webster	1903
George Stuart, 2477 Webster Ave.	Miller Park	1902
Maclie Taylor, 2625 Decatur St.	Long	1899
Wilbur Theelen, 2625 Bristol St.	Lothrop	1905
Melroed J. Timmins, 2920 Port St.	Miller Park	1905
Teddie J. Vanderpool, 2417 Erskine St.	Lake	1905
Fred J. Vaverka, 2223 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1896
Cyrus L. Watson, 1709 Laird St.	Lothrop	1902
Roderic Wiley, 1017 North Thirteenth St.	Franklin	1903
Ralph Wilson, 3822 Marcy St.	Columbian	1898
Lila Youngs, 2439 Emmet St.	Lothrop	1896

sharps and flats and many flury places. Then it stopped short. Mamma held out her hand to Matilda and they stole to the music room door together. No one was there. Tom, the cat, lay curled up on the sofa in a dose, not looking at all as if he had seen a ghost. So the queer little mystery stayed undisturbed until a day or two after. Matilda suddenly stepped right into the middle of it. She was hurrying through the hall and she heard the piano going again in that funny way. "Oh, my!" she thought. "There is the piano playing itself!" But she had stopped at the door, and there was Tommy playing a tune all himself. Tommy! Who would have thought it? Matilda stood and watched him. He leaped from the piano stool to the keyboard and whisked lightly back and forth in great delight at his own music. His soft, padded toes struck the notes gently and made funny little scales. Matilda could not help saying "oh!" but she had no more than said it than Tommy was on the sofa, apparently sound asleep.

**"Thank You."**  
By Agnes Kane, Aged 12 Years, Care O. N. Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Several winters ago a woman was coming out from some public building when the heavy door swung back and made the egress somewhat difficult. A little street urchin sprang to the rescue and as he held the door open she said, "Thank you," and passed on. "D'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion. "No. What?" "Why, that lady said thank ye, to the likes o' me." At the conversation which she could not help overhearing, the lady turned around and said to the boy, "It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that." Years passed away, and last December when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston whom she thanked. "Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

**A Rose.**  
By Madeline Cohn, Aged 10 Years, 1902 Park Avenue, Omaha, Red Side. One day a vase of pansies was on the table, and one large American Beauty rose was in with them. After the family had gone the largest pansy addressed the rose thus: "We feel very much honored, Madame Rose, in having such a large, beautiful and sweet-scented flower as you are in the same vase as we are; we wish to ask you if you will be our friend and let us know if it will be any trouble for you to tell us the history of your royal life." At this the rose was flattered, so she proceeded to tell this story: "My great grandmother was the most beautiful rose ever known to exist. When she grew old she died, and her beautiful pink dress, which had so many folds, decayed and fell apart. Her soul fell deep into the earth (it is understood that seeds are the souls of all plants), and another bush was soon started. My grandmother

**The Consequence.**  
By Madeline Cohn, Aged 10 Years, 1902 Park Avenue, Omaha, Red Side. Mrs. Wright was a very good woman, or rather some might think that of her. I noticed one bad or weak point in her character, which is she was fond of her only child, Helen, and so was the father. But she never thought of the wrong she was doing not only to the father, but to the child. She liked to have penicils, thus she needed warm, nice weather. The angels noticed her very much and they were thinking what they could do for Mr. Wright, who worked very hard for his family. One day it was warm and the blossoms were on the trees. Mrs. Wright thought they could go to the woods for a picnic, where there was such a delightful odor. But something occurred which prevented her. She then thought, "I have promised it to Helen and we will go tomorrow." Then the fairies had their chance. "Oh," said one, "I know, let us send her a dream." They all sat down, since they all liked her plan, to consider what dream to send her. At last they agreed to say exactly, some did not to send her this dream. When Mrs. Wright closed her eyes the dream was one mass of ice and snow. "Oh," she said in her sleep, "what a day for a picnic! Jane, I want you to find out from the weather man what this means." And after a while Jane, the maid, brought back this note: "Dear Madam, I am sorry to state that Mother Nature will allow Father Time no control of the Earth, their child. It is time for spring, but Father Time has nothing to say when Mother Nature says, 'It shall be winter.' And so you see it is winter. Yours truly, H. B. ANDREWS." Mrs. Wright opened her eyes and saw her daughter turning off the alarm. "It is good he did not stop the clock and snow." "What did you say, mother?" she asked. And then her mother related her dream. Helen was 10 years old and understood when her mother explained what they depicted Mr. Wright of. They did not tell him, but they acted it. The fairies were pleased with their success, but who knows even now if the fairies intended it only for Mrs. Wright or for everyone. But leave this question till you answer. What would be the consequence if her dream was true?