

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

BUSY BEES: Do you know that it is time for you to begin thinking about your choice of a new king and queen for the children's page? All contributors to the page and all boys and girls who read the stories on the page are entitled to two votes—one for the boy whose articles they have enjoyed most during the last four months; one for the girl whose letters they have liked best.

The boy who receives the most votes will be your new king for the following four months. The girl who receives the most votes will be your new queen. The present king is Mary Katherine Harrison of Omaha; the present queen, John Ashby of Fremont.

The results of the election will be announced September 3. All votes must be in by August 30.

The editor wishes the Busy Bees to remember to write their letter on but one side of the paper, to state their age and address and to name which side they are on—Blue or Red.



Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)
Nature Study.
By Camille Edholm, Aged 9 Years, 116 South Thirty-sixth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

July 19 we went to East Omaha, Ia. It was quite cool when we started, but later it turned warmer.

Carter Lake was very low at this place, the deepest part not being over a foot and very muddy.

There were many cattails where the water had gone down and I brought one home.

A long boat dock stretched across the mud and water and so we walked out to the middle of that part of the lake.

Besides cattails we saw reeds, white vervain, chlorey, partridge pea, sundrop, iron weed, bristly crowfoot, water arum, yellow thistle and smartweed.

The only birds we saw were sandpipers.

We found a few shells in the mud and got our shoes very muddy.

We ate our lunch on the boat dock and made little boats out of our sandwich papers and sent them out to sail.

For our lesson we went to Dr. Whinnery's residence to see his great collection of Nebraska birds. He has about 200 different kinds, most of them in glass cases and he hopes to get more.

We learned the principal families of birds and how to know them by their feet, tail, flight, beak and note.

Dr. Whinnery gave us each a field check list of birds published by the Nebraska Ornithologists' union. We marked these cards according to the different families of birds to help us remember.

We learned that all hawks except two are harmless to chickens and that the mother hen will always know this by the white bar across the tail and will hurriedly call her chickens under her wing.

There was a mackerel sky which looked as though it would rain, but it did not.

(Second Prize.)
Farm Life.

By Mary Donnelly, Aged 11 Years, 211 Locust Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

I lived on a farm three years ago. I liked it there very well. I had a pet horse and called it Tom.

When we would hitch the horse up to the buggy he would go as slow as an old man.

I had a pet hen and her name was Polly. She would come in the house and lay an egg in the bed. When we would be away she would lay the egg on the door step.

We had a team of cream-colored ponies and they were very nice. We had a team of grays and they were working horses. Their names were Dick and Bell.

I had a cow and her name was Beesie. She was a nice cow and I could milk her.

(Honorable Mention.)
The Disobedient Fish.

By Mildred White, Aged 10 Years, 2211 North Twenty-eighth Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

In a small stream nearby there dwelt a family of fishes who called name the trout. There were two boys and two girls, also a mother and father.

The two boys were very naughty and wished to swim down the stream into the lake below, but the mother, who knew better, said that they should stay at home for there were many dangers in the lake.

But one day when everybody was out of the way they started. Soon they came to a large rock which they had to swim around, when, what was their surprise to see a large worm dangling in the air.

Limber, which was the youngest, darted forward and soon disappeared. Poor little Poke was left behind. Now, of course, we can all guess that Limber was caught—a foolish fish on a hook and line.

Slow Poke wished that he was safe at home, but his pride was too strong to go back. He swam on till he met Mr. Picklehead when he was devoured, and never heard of after that. This is the end of the disobedient fish.

Bessie.
By Clara Roesper, Aged 14 Years, Grand Island, Neb.

Our beautiful pet was called Bessie. She was a collie. Her fur was soft and brown and she was very sensible. She heard every word we said to her and seemed to have many thoughts of her own besides.

One day we sent off some of her pretty puppies on the train. She went with us as we went to the train and seemed very lonely. A few days after we missed her. We soon found out that she had gone to take care of her puppies.

One evening Bessie came to us in great agony. She lay at our feet and raised her brown eyes as if asking for help. We did everything for our pet. A cruel man had given her poison. She suffered for three days the greatest pain and then died. We buried her as a great friend. We decorated her grave with greens and flowers.

My Sparrow.
By Thelma Fredericks, Aged 12 Years, 222 East Fifth Street, Grand Island, Neb.

I like birds and think it is very wrong to kill them.

One day as I was going along a building I saw a little sparrow that could not fly and it was out of the nest. So I tried to catch it and after a while I did. I took it

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.

Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

First and 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.

home with me and took care of it. It grew very tame and would come and take crumbs off the table.

It got so it flew to every place in the house. But one day as my grandma was going along the floor she stepped on something and then she heard a little cry and she looked down and there was my sparrow dead. She did not mean to hurt it, but I was very sorry about it and so was grandma and then we buried it. This is a true story.

Nature Study.
By Camille Edholm, Aged 9 Years, 116 South Thirty-sixth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

In my first letter I made a mistake about the rose-breasted grosbeak singing seven months of the year. I should have said seven weeks instead.

July 12 and 13 the nature study class went to Florence, both days being very warm, with cirrus, nimbus and cumulus clouds in the sky.

We saw thirteen new plants, but only one new bird—a kingbird.

In order to study the rocks of the riprap on the river bank for fossils we carried hammers to break them.

We found brachiopod, rice grain, crinoid or stone like, flint, fossil coral, iron-stained limestone, water crystal and Pennsylvania limestone fossils, some of which have the queer names of finger nail and walking stick.

After we ate our lunch Miss Wood showed us the water works called Minne-Lusa, pumping station, and we went down two flights of stairs until we came to the water. Minne-Lusa means clear water. It was only a few inches deep, but it was very muddy. There was a little sidewalk all around the room, and we walked around on it several times. It was so much fun to walk on a little sidewalk entirely surrounded by water.

On the outside steps of the building we saw a number of dead bees and we found out that they were drones who had been stung to death by the worker bees, which have a hive in the tower of the building. The workers had thrown the drones out because they would not work.

On a Picnic.
By Orlando Smith, Aged 7 Years, 2307 South Thirty-second Avenue, Omaha.

While I was at my grandma's we went for a picnic. We went down town and got some bread and some pickles. Then we came back home and got mamma.

A woman took us to Flint creek in a big buggy. There was mamma, grandma, my two sisters, a little boy and I. When we were going through the ford the woman was a little nervous. She was afraid the horse's check rein was tied too short and she got on the horse to loosen the rein, and the horse got scared and jumped. Then the woman jumped off in the ford and got all wet. She caught the rein as she went down. That kept the horse from running a wee bit. The woman drove out of the water and drove on to the other side of the creek. We all got out of the buggy. Then we put on our bathing suits and began to bathe. Then we got out and went to eat our lunch. After that we stayed a little while. Then we went and bathed some more. We came back then and got a cool drink of spring water. After that we all went home. On our way home there was a windstorm and then it began to rain.

The Flicker.
By Ruth Louise Redfield, 2004 Binney Street, Omaha.

I am in the fifth grade in the public school and as the flicker is the bird for the fifth grade, I will tell you something about him.

Besides being called the flicker he is called the yellowhammer and golden-winged woodpecker.

In length he is from twelve to thirteen inches, or about one-fourth again as large as the robin. His head, and neck are bluish gray with a red crescent across the back of his neck and a black crescent on his breast.

The male has black check patches that are wanting on the female. He is golden brown, shading into brownish gray and barred with black above. The wings, linings, shafts of wings and tail quills are a bright yellow. Above the tail is white, conspicuous only when the bird flies.

The flicker is usually a resident of the United States east of the Rocky mountains, also found in Alaska and British America and occasionally found on the Pacific slope. The flicker is commonly seen from April to October.

Jack's Disobedience.
By Dewey Sherer, Aged 13 Years, Wood River, Neb., Route 3, Box 7, Blue Side, Original.

"Shall I go?" No. Yes. This was the question that had been puzzling Jack for the last week; or you might say, for the last year. But now as he was sitting on the edge of his bed, the thought was at its highest degree.

Jack had gone to bed that night to think, not to sleep; and he had been thinking for many hours (for now it was far past midnight) merely on the one subject and that was, "Shall I leave home?"

Jack had lived with his stepfather alone for the last four years, his mother having died and left poor Jack alone with his cruel stepfather who did not care then for the 6-year-old boy.

They had lived in the new country about five years, coming there when settlers were few and far apart and many a tree sent far its roots in the soil which would be tilled some day.

But going back to Jack's troubles, we find it about 2 o'clock in the morning, and Jack out of bed before the old clock on the shelf had sounded the third peal which rang out with a clear tone.

Jack noiselessly dressed himself and fixing a lunch, he slipped out the back door into the night's cool August air.

Jack hesitated for one moment to listen to see if everything was quiet. Hearing no noise he went round the house and down the side path to the road.

There was no moon, but the stars were shining brightly to see some distance. His heart was beating rapidly by the time he had reached the road and was walking briskly down it.

He had gone for a little way when he heard foot steps close behind him and he soon understood that his stepfather was following. He knew that there was no use to try to escape so he turned briskly around and there standing looking into his face was his stepfather.

He asked Jack why he wished to run away from home and Jack said that he was too cruel to him. Jack's stepfather understood the case for he knew that he had been very cruel to his boy. He then took Jack by the hand and they both walked down the road very quietly until they reached home.

Then walking silently in, Jack told his stepfather how he had planned to run away. Then his stepfather told him that if he would stay at home with him he would try and be more kind to him. Then they both went quietly off to bed and Jack never tried to run away from home again.

In the Realm of Childhood



THE FAIRY THAT LIVED IN THE BOOK.

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