

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

THE first week of school has passed—in Omaha at least. So, of course, the Busy Bees are having new interests and new experiences. Since each Busy Bee likes to read about the doings of every other Busy Bee, let some of next week's letters be about the beginning of school. What school do the Busy Bees attend? Who are their teachers? What will they study this year? What interesting experiences are they having in connection with school?

The newly elected king Bee gives some suggestions on writing in the message which he has for the Busy Bees today:

- Edith Amund, Sherman, Wyo.
Carroll Atkinson, 415 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street, North City.
Aida Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Charlotte Boggs, 27 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Emil Brown, 232 South Central Boulevard, Omaha.
Mary Brown, 232 South Central Boulevard, Omaha.
Zola Beddoe, Orleans, Neb.
Leo Beckert, Waco, Neb.
Edna Benitt, York, Neb.
Carrie E. Berr, Fontanelle, Neb.
Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
Mabel Baker, 21 West Thirty-third street, Omaha.
Helen Bartos, 224 South Fourteenth street, Omaha.
Marion Albert Bradley, 415 North Nineteenth street, Omaha.
Agnes Britton, 215 Cuming street, Omaha.
Millard Boyd, Chadron, Neb.
Evelyn Bercovitz, 103 Farnam street, Omaha.
Clark Booker, Gothenburg, Neb.
Irene Bartlett, 215 West street, Omaha.
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
Vera Chesny, Creighton, Neb.
Marion Cugpa, 121 West Thirty-third street, Omaha.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 264 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Ione Craig, Erie, N. D.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Meyer Cohn, 114 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
Leon Carson, 114 North Fortieth street, Omaha.
EMMA Carruthers, 221 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Ira Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.
Fay Calhoun, Elm Creek, Neb.
Phyllis Corbett, Sidney, Neb.
Agnes Damper, Benson, Neb.
Irene Danner, 200 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Mary Danner, 200 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
William Duggan, 21 West Thirty-third street, North Platte, Neb.
Leonora Denison, 57 William street, Omaha.
Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
Nellie Dieckhoff, Sidney, Neb.
Annie A. Doster, Pueblo, Colo.
Mary Douglas, 114 Locust street, Omaha.
Helen Downey, 221 West Twenty-third street, Omaha.
Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard street, Omaha.
Oscar Erickson, 3709 Howard street, Omaha.
Edna Egan, Stanton, Neb.
Camille Edholm, 118 South Thirty-sixth street, Omaha.
Thelma Ehrhardt, Logan, Ia.
Rhea Freidell, Dorchester, Neb.
Orin Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street, Omaha.
Helen Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street, Omaha.
Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
Sadie Finch, 205 Fourth avenue, Kearney, Neb.
Frank Freeman, 1411 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
Thelma Fredericks, 322 East Fifth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Helen Fisher, 222 Cass street, Omaha.
Annie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Marie Gallagher, Bennington, Neb.
Annie Grawner, 145 C street, Lincoln.
Emerson Goodrich, 490 Nicolai street, Omaha.
Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
Frances Gumpert, Fremont, Neb.
Helen Goodrich, 409 Nicolai street, Omaha.
Mabel Houston, 305 Sherman avenue, Omaha.
Louis Hamlin, David City, Neb.
Marian Hamilton, 222 L street, Lincoln.
Elia Hamilton, 222 L street, Lincoln.
Eva Hendes, 423 Lodge street, Omaha.
Gail Howard, 478 Capitol street, Omaha.
Helen Houck, 478 Capitol street, Omaha.
Wilma Howard, 478 Capitol street, Omaha.
Edna Hagan, 222 Chicago street, Omaha.
Mae Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
Phyllis Haas, 62 West Seventeenth street, York, Neb.
Margaret Holland, David City, Neb.
Lillie Holcomb, 478 Capitol street, Omaha.
Marie Hoagland, 1302 West Fifth street, North Platte, Neb.
Luntia Hason, Kearney, Neb.
Donald Haas, Kearney, Neb.
Juanita Innes, 278 Fort street, Omaha.
Marie Kersen, 278 Fort street, Omaha.
Helen Johnson, 34 North Seventeenth street, Lincoln.
Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Frances Jones, 523 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Marguerite Johnson, 523 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Myrtle Jensen, 423 Lodge street, Omaha.
Walter Johnson, 423 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
Mildred Jensen, 423 North Nye avenue, Fremont, Neb.
Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Mildred Whitehead, Mitchell, Neb.



Little Stories by Little Folks

A Queer Pet

By Margaret Holland, Aged 11 Years, Creighton, Neb.
One day my two brothers and I found a hole that a ground mole had dug the night before. We brought water and tried to drown him out. One of us would pump water, the other one carry it and dump it in, and the other one would watch the hole. We did that nearly all morning, but we never found it. That afternoon we started to do it again, and in a little while the mole stuck his head out. My brother picked it up like they pick up baby kittens, and took it out of the hole. We took a very large box and put dirt in it. We put the mole in it and he started to burrow. He was soon out of sight. For the next two days we had lots of fun watching the earth raise up where he was burrowing. One morning we found him with his paw hurt. He soon died and we were very sorry about the death of our queer pet.

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 300 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. 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.

NEWLY-ELECTED QUEEN OF THE BUSY BEES.



CARMILLA EDHOLM.

A New Busy Bee

By Mark A. Oakes, Aged 10 Years, Creighton, Neb.
I am a new Busy Bee and if you will let me I will join and will write stories. My first stories will be: THE SWALLOW.

(Honorable Mention.) A Little Gardener.

By Evelyn R. Hansen, West Point, Neb.
In a country on the other side of the world there lives a little bird called the garden bird. This bird not only builds a house for himself, but he makes a garden around it. Shall I tell you about him? The first thing he does after he has made up his mind to build is to find a nice spot of ground with some kind of shrub growing near the center of it. Then he piles green moss on the ground all around this shrub. I do not know why he does this, but I think that it is because he sees the moss better than the dry ground. After this he brings a great many long, green twigs, which he breaks off and sticks them in the ground around this shrub, so that they will lean against it near the top. He leaves one side open for the door. The twigs soon take root and grow. After he has thus built his house the busy little bird sets about making his garden. All around his house he clears off a space for a lawn, carrying away every stone and stick and bit of straw that is in the way. Then he covers this space with the finest moss that he can find. Upon this moss-covered lawn he lays many pretty berries and pink flowers; and as often as the flowers fade he takes them away and brings fresh ones. Now, this is a very large house and garden for a little bird. The house is sometimes three feet long and more than one foot high, and the garden is often six feet long or even longer. There is enough of room in this pretty little home for twenty little birds.

A Rabbit.

By Arthur Mason King Bee, Aged 13 Years, 126 North Second, Fremont.
It was a Saturday morning in the latter part of October when two boys decided to go rabbit hunting. The boys' names are Phil and Fred. Their dog was named King Phil, but he was nicknamed Jack. King Phil followed the rabbit trail by scent. It was 4:30 o'clock when they started out. After calling King Phil they started out on a trot. The grove which they were going to was about three miles away. It was 7:30 when they got there, so, showing the dog where they would stay, they let him go. In about two minutes they heard the dog bark and knew he had found a rabbit. He came to them with a rabbit in his mouth. Two rifles shot at the rabbits and both fell dead. After putting the rabbits away they hid. Again the dog brought one empty building with him. He ran to the very cellar—a sort of dungeon—beneath the old house and there he placed Toney on the ground. "Now, my fine lad," said the sailor. "I mean to use this button tonight. So, until I have had what use of it I need shall come to me as a prisoner. You promise you that. Tomorrow morning your father will find a letter under his door telling him where to find his son. I mean to gag you and tie your hands and feet so that you can't move. But before I do promise not to scream. But if you make an outcry, off comes your head." Toney had been half-suffocated, but when he could speak he asked: "What did you mean to do with the button?" "Why, I might as well tell you, my friend, for you'll know it all tomorrow. I mean to rob the noble's palace of its gold and silver plate, its rare treasures, such as gems of great price. Also I shall carry away any coins that may be hidden there. No you know why I want the button?" Toney's heart was heavy. Oh, to think that he—whom the good gentleman was treating with such kindness—should be responsible for his benefactor's loss! He began to weep and to beg on his knees that the man would not do so wicked a thing. The sailor soon hushed him up, however, by putting a wooden gag between his teeth, after which he tied the poor little fellow's hands behind him and his feet tightly together. Then, the wicked fellow hurried out of the cellar and went off towards the palace. But he did not carry the button in his pocket—as he thought he was doing. While in the act of tying the sailor's feet the button had slipped from the sailor's greasy pocket and lay hidden beneath Toney's jacket. After the man had gone, Toney began trying to loosen his hands from the hard rope which held them. (The sailor had had the rope and gag in his pocket, for he always carried such things, being a very dangerous fellow). But in vain did the child struggle, he could not loosen the cord. But just as he was on the point of giving up in despair something bright rolled from the under edge of his jacket. Toney's eyes bulged. As sure as fate, it was the button the good gentleman had given him. How could the sailor happen to drop it? Toney began wriggling towards the button when a sudden light burst from the knotted rope. Then it took but a moment to undo his feet and to pick up the precious button and leave the horrible faculty in his hand and against his breast. His father was on the point of starting home, supposing his son had gone there from the noble's library instead of coming to the shop as was his habit. Toney excitedly told his father the story of his short imprisonment and the wicked sailor had in some way dropped the button. The good father was more excited than his son, and ran out and called to a bailiff to accompany him at once to the palace of the nobleman. As the three hurried along, little Toney relating the story in detail, they saw a dark form slouching along close to the wall of the palace. Toney pointed him out and said in a whisper to his father: "There's the sailor now. He hasn't discovered the loss of the button yet." Then the bailiff and Toney's father and Toney crept into the shadow of some trees and waited. The sailor went to the palace gate and rang the bell. A man let him in. Then the bailiff and Toney also went to the gate and Toney, who knew the gatekeeper well, passed through the sentinel's window and called softly to the man. He opened the gate without asking a single question for Toney was allowed to enter at any time that he wished. The three entered the courtyard and went to the door of the palace. There they saw the sailor standing, fumbling in his pocket as if trying to get something. He did not

The Magic Button

IN THE long, long ago there was no such thing as a public school, and children were educated at private expense. Therefore, a rich man's sons had far better advantages of education than did the sons of the poor man. (Girls were not considered in the matter of education in the time of this story.) There dwelt in a city—the capital of a kingdom—a barber and his family. They were poor and dwelt in a common part of the town, a place where congregated sailors, fishermen, armurers, smiths and workmen of all kinds. Can't you guess the name of the barber, and his wife was Nene. Their one child was named Toney. He was 10 years of age at the time of the beginning of this story. One day little Toney sat looking out across the blue waters of the bay which lapped the very edge of the street on which his father's shop stood. And Can't, observing the wistful look in his son's eyes, asked: "What would you like, Son? You seem unhappy." "Yes, father, I am unhappy. There are the three princes—the king's sons—who have everything their hearts crave. And the best of tutors are employed to give them learning. But they say the princes will not apply themselves, and do not care for study. Now I should love to have an opportunity to learn all that is contained in the vast books that one sees in the book shops." Can't's shop to have his fine beard curled and his hair trimmed at the ends. (Men wore long hair and full beards in those days.) Can't bowed low to the gentleman and prepared the chair for him. Then the gentleman, seeing Toney sitting beside the door, said to Can't: "Your little son, my good Can't! Whereupon Can't proudly said that Toney was his only child. And to Toney's embarrassment the proud father repeated all that Toney had said about wishing for an education. "Ah, I see. The little one wishes to be educated, and the gentleman smiled indulgently at Toney. "Well," he said, again addressing Can't, "what shall I do for your son, my good fellow? I have as fine a library of books as is to be found in the kingdom. Shall I allow your son the privilege of the library? Can he read?" Can't shook his head, whereupon Toney sprang to his feet. "Yes, father, I can read. Uncle Jacob taught me how to know the letters and to pronounce the words they spell. Yes, I can read quite well." "Ah, and I never knew your good old uncle was teaching you to read," declared Can't with surprise. But he also showed pleasure. Then he turned to his patron. "If you will be so very good as to allow my son Toney to read from the books in your library, I shall be your debtor for life. And you shall pay me nothing when you come to my shop." "Nay, nay, Can't, my good fellow," said the gentleman, putting up his hand. "I shall pay you in the future as I have in the past, and shall not consider you indebted to me because your son reads in my library. It will be good for the volumes, for they need airing." Then the gentleman paid Can't and arose to go. At the door he gave Toney a button which he had left lying loose in his pocket. "It's a silver button with gold mounting," he explained. "It came off one of my silk waistcoats and I dropped it into this pocket. Just by chance I found it there in reaching for a coin for your father. I shall tell the servant in charge of my door to admit the little boy who presents to him a button bearing my coat of arms. All my servants know the peculiar design of my buttons. So if you keep this button carefully put away, and use it only when making admissions to my palace, it will stand you in good stead." The following day Nene, Toney's pretty

little mother, dressed Toney in his best Sunday clothes and let him saunter forth to the palace of the noble who had promised him such riches in the way of reading. At the door of the palace Toney was admitted when he took from his pocket the button and showed it to the servant in charge. Then Toney was conducted along a splendid hall to the library which opened to Toney the greatest hopes and possibilities. It was lined and lined with splendid books. All that week did Toney read from the books in the great library. And each night he went home to tell his mother wonderful things. He was learning all about the stars, the moon, the sun. He also read much philosophy, which he understood well for a boy of his years. The world was revealing her great secrets to him. He was happy. One evening as he ran homeward from



BUT IF YOU MAKE AN OUTCRY, OFF COMES YOUR HEAD.

Jack rabbit and six little rabbits. All the little rabbits were taken alive. At noon they had ten live rabbits and five dead rabbits. They went home happy.

Thanks from the King. FRENCH, Neb., Sept. 4, 1911.—Dear Editor and Busy Bee: I want to thank all the Busy Bees for voting for me. As most of you know I was king once and I was surprised when a letter came to me from the editor, telling me I was elected King.

It is for the Busy Bees of the red side to get busy. As both sides were even, we must get ahead of the blue side this year, as the blue side always won. Most of the Busy Bees have been away, so can't they tell of their experiences. Some have been hunting, fishing, picnicking and traveling; they might write about it. With best wishes to work hard, I am your king. ARTHUR W. MASON, P. S. Don't get discouraged.

Her First Letter. BENSON, Neb., Sept. 4.—Dear Editor: This is my first letter to the page. I read the page every Sunday and like the stories very much. I am 8 years old and in the third E. We had a Sunday school picnic this summer. We had a nice time out at the picnic. Our school starts September 11. I like to go to school. I have a baby brother and he is 15 months old and his name is Henry. My letter is getting long, so I'll close. Yours very truly, MARGARET JOHNSON, R. F. D. Route 1, Box 24, Benson, Neb.

A Schuyler Bee. SCHUTLER, Neb., Sept. 8.—Dear Editor: I wish my name to appear in The Bee's Junior Birthday Book. I was born September 1, 1900. School, Colfax. ALDA S. LEGLER, Schuyler.

The Silenced Grumble. By Mary Elias, Aged 12 Years, 1505 William Street, Omaha. There was a humble bumble bee who grumbled while he hummed. But his grumble soon was hummed. By the time he humbled hummed. After rumble and much mumble. "Was his humble grumble dumbled. For 'I want you, my honey.' Was the tune he humbled hummed.

KATE SANBORN ON ELOPEMENT Why society girls elope with chauffeurs, a recent example of which is the Geraghty-French episode, is explained by Kate Sanborn, the author, who says in the Boston Transcript: "Girls of society, those of the moneyed set, are surrounded by an almost impenetrable wall of convention. This is the first requisite to exclusiveness. Once the barrier is torn down there is no more exclusiveness. And in the exclusive circles, in that narrow prescribed radius, there are not only so many men. Often there are not enough to go around at dances and at parties. "The men are not what one would call brilliant specimens of their sex. Not that they are not many real, true men in society, but the vast majority are so over-refined, so full of social affectations, so stilted in their nature and so hampered by the restrictions of their social positions and their financial status that they are little better than puppets or men of straw. "Why should one expect a woman to marry a man of straw? Why should a woman tie herself up with a man whom she cannot love? The world cries 'scandal!' when a girl is married to a man of her own set, whom it is evident she doesn't love, and yet when a girl takes her fate into her own hands and marries for happiness irrespective of wealth or social position, the world likewise cries 'scandal!' "Where is the consistency of this? It is human nature that each sex admires what is the most characteristic trait in the other, hence a woman always wants a manly man, and vice versa. "It can easily be seen how a girl with healthy mind and a normal desire for the partnership of one should prefer a real man to one of the namby-pamby creatures with whom she comes into daily contact."

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate



IDA RAIMAN, 1320 Capitol Avenue. September 10, 1911.

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