

The Little Busy Bees :: :: Their Own Page

TODAY we have a message from the new queen of the Busy Bees, Hazel Smith. We have also an interesting letter from the retiring queen, Camilla Edholm, who is spending her vacation in Tecumseh, Neb., and having a good time there.

The first prize goes this week to a new Bee, Katherine Holberg; the second to Mildred Voigt.

There are a number of new Bees joining our hive today. They are: Eva Rush, who does not name which side she is on. Red Side—Walter Averill, Omaha; Leon Kahn, Omaha. Blue Side—Katherine Holberg, South Omaha; Yette Levy, Hastings; Margaret Carpenter, Fairbury; Mary Morton, Benson; Norma Weeks, Omaha; Ruth Yard, Creston, Ia.

The editor of the Children's page would like to explain why several letters which were written some weeks ago have not yet appeared. Some of them were so long that there has not been space to print them. Will the Busy Bees please read the "Rules to Young Writers" on this page and notice especially the direction to use not more than 250 words in their letters. When you have finished your letters, go over them, crossing out unnecessary portions until you have cut down your stories to the proper number of words.

The editor would also like to correct an error on the page last Sunday. It was stated that the Reds won most prizes in the contest preceding the one just finished. The two sides were equal, but the Blues won eleven first and seven second prizes; the Reds, seven first and eleven second prizes.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Caw, Caw, Caw.

By Katherine Holberg, 2319 U Street, South Omaha.

"Caw! Caw! Caw!" said a voice close to me.

I looked out of my window and saw a large old tree full of nests, while great birds were flying about in the branches. Glossy black fellows they were; so I knew they must be crows, though I had never seen one before.

I was staying at my grandma's house in England and my room was so high above the ground that I could see them plainly. Busy enough they were. It was just the time of the year when they build their nests and every one was hard at work.

First one, then another, would come with a great twig in his beak, which he would work into the fast growing nest, and then away he would go for a fresh supply. I used to watch them by the hour, and one day when I was ill and could not leave my room I saw something very strange, which I will tell you.

An old pair of crows had built their nest and had, I suppose, gone off for a day's pleasure before settling down to the work of raising a young brood. Now, on a tree close at hand were a couple of young birds who had lided away their half, and had their home not more than half done. No sooner had the old birds gone than this other pair came over to their nest and began to steal twigs of which it was built. So hard did they work that by night their own was done, but they left the one from which they had stolen in a sorry plight.

(Second Prize.)
My Little Pet.

By Mildred F. Voigt, Aged 11 Years, Davenport, Neb.

I have a little pug dog who is 8 years old. My uncle gave her to me when I was 3 years old and as we could not think of a name that suited us, it was quite a while before she had a name. But one day a neighbor lady was here and she suggested naming her Fanny. Then she was the size of a small cat with little black nose and ears.

Once when I was very little Fanny was behind the stove eating a bone and I began to bother her. She stood it a little while and then bit me on the nose, and I still bear those marks.

Then once again when Fanny was little, she was sitting on the wagon seat between my brothers who had taken her with them hunting. She saw a rabbit and jumping from the wagon was thrown under the wheel.

They carried her home and she lay for many weeks almost dead, but after a while she began to grow better and soon was well again.

A few years later my papa was mowing grass by the road side and Fanny was running along in front of the wheel when my papa said: "Well Fanny are you here?"

Funny turned around to look at my papa and the wheel ran over her, but as it was muddy she slid out from under the wheel. If it had not been so Fanny would have been killed.

But nevertheless Fanny has been a great playmate to me, following me everywhere running races and chasing my cats, but she is very particular about her eating, eating only the dainty things such as candy. She likes all the babies always teasing to be with them when they come. But although I love my dollies, cats and our other big black dog I love Fanny the best.

(Honorable Mention.)
The Rabbit Hunt.

By Leon Kahn, Aged 13 Years, 223 South Twenty-ninth Street, Omaha.

It was a cold December day and the snow was about eighteen inches deep, when six of us boys decided to go rabbit hunting. So we got ready and two of the larger boys took guns and the others took clubs.

We went in a large wooded to a large wood. We then got out and walked until we saw some tracks and we followed them and finally we came upon two large rabbits. We went and got them. When we went home that night we had eighteen rabbits.

The next day we went again, but we only got seven rabbits, but we had much fun.

A Noble Girl.

By Evelyn Althea Ryan, Aged 10 Years, 408 South Lincoln Avenue, Grand Island.

Once in a forest lived a forester and his wife and three children, a girl of 5 years, a boy of 10 and a baby girl of 3 months. The summer had been very dry, so the forester had been out almost all the time.

One day the children were playing in the yard. Their mother was getting water three miles off.

"I smell smoke," said Mary. "It's only the fire in the stove that mamma left burning," said Henry.

Not long after Mary said, "I am going to see, because I don't want it to wake baby."

"Oh, don't; come on, it is nothing," said Henry.

But Mary went and found the whole back of the house was on fire. Elizabeth, the baby, had been left sleeping on

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.
- 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.

Busy Bee Out for Fun



good, but we didn't tell her so; in fact, we had a good deal of fun teasing her about it. While at the table we had a jolly time, with much laughing on the part of most of the girls.

After luncheon we played games and many tricks. But soon we went outdoors again and after playing awhile went over to Turner park, nearby. And on our return trip all agreed they had a most enjoyable picnic.

Our Picnic.

By Ethel Robinson, Aged 13 Years, Lead, S. D., Red Side.

I and three other girls went out for a picnic. The twins, Daisy and Maisey, took their horse, so they could let him graze. We went to a shady spot under some trees where we were close to a spring.

We tied the horse to a tree, then played. We played hide and seek among the rocks. After a while we thought we would go wading in the creek.

When we were wading Maisey got into a hole that came almost to her waist, and I and Daisy had to help her out.

Then we got out and put on our shoes and stockings. We heard the noon whistle blow, so we spread down our cloth and had dinner.

We had eggs, pickles, bread and butter, candy, cookies and cake. We threw cake and bread crumbs to the minnow fish to watch them fight over it.

When we were through eating we played Indian. My chaser one another until we caught them. Then we played we killed them. We played show on top of a big rock. Then we took turns in riding the horse.

About 5 o'clock we went to the plunge bath. My father runs the plunge, so we went swimming. We had fun ducking each other. When we came out we went home. I think we had a good time that day.

I am a new Bee.

Experience with a Rattlesnake.

By Violet Miller, Aged 14 Years, P. O. Gen. Del., Sioux Falls, S. D.

Lucy and Elsie Randolph were both small girls. Lucy was 6 years of age and Elsie was 8.

The two children had been playing school and were using a mouth harp for a pitch pipe. At last they grew tired of playing school and decided to take a walk.

They had not gone far when they saw something black coming towards them and at once saw that it was a snake. They were very frightened and did not know what to do.

At last Elsie remembered hearing how a snake can be charmed by music. She could not play but she blew very softly on the mouth harp.

The snake came along more slowly and they ran as fast as possible towards home.

They reached home in safety and their father later killed the snake.

Don't you think they were brave little girls?

The Conceited Bantam Rooster.

By Otokar Pribyl, Aged 13 Years, 1413 South Eleventh Street, Omaha.

A little bantam rooster while strutting over a field found a magnifying mirror, which, on being broken, was cast aside.

He was greatly rejoiced at the idea of seeing his image, and was very much surprised when he found how large he was.

"How I have been deceived," he said inwardly. "Surely I am of a large size, and need have no fear of any rooster that walks the field."

So with his enlarged view of himself he walked over to a neighboring pen and challenged the biggest rooster in the yard. The fight was short but decisive, and the poor bantam was flung mercifully to a corner, and only escaped with his life through a small opening.

Adventures of Nig.

By Morton Blum, Aged 9 Years, Des Moines, Ia.

When Nig was a dog about 3 years old he lived on Twentieth street.

My mother wanted to sell this house on Twentieth street.

A very kind woman lived in this house. The woman asked my mother if she wanted a dog.

My mother said, "Yes." When I came home that day I think I heard my mother say, "Doggie."

"Morton, what do you think I have for a surprise?" "I do not know."

"A dog!" "A dog!"

Message from New Queen.

OMAHA, Neb.—Dear Busy Bees: I thank you for making me your queen. Now that vacation is almost over the Busy Bees will have many interesting subjects to write on. There were many nice stories sent in by the Bees last Sunday and I was very glad to find that the best story was written by a Busy Bee of the Blue Side. I am 12 years old and in the eighth grade at Monmouth Park school. Will send a story soon. Your constant reader, HAZEL SMITH.

Letters to the Editor.

SIoux FALLS, S. D., Dec. 19.—Dear Editor: This is my first story to the Busy Bees and I sincerely hope it will be seen in print.

I am 14 years old and in the Seventh grade at St. Michael's school.

I would like to join the Busy Bees and wish to be on the Blue side.

I would like you to write a letter to me and explain all the rules and doings of the Busy Bees.

I will close, hoping to receive a letter from you and see my story in print. Remaining yours truly, Violet Miller.

Dear Editor: This is the first time I have written to you I read the funny sheet

every Sunday but I did not know there was a Busy Bees' page till this Sunday. I read the stories and letters of the Bees and liked it very well. I would like to join and be on the Blue side in enclosure a Christmas story.—Ruth Cooper.

Dear Editor: I have been reading the Busy Bees' page every Sunday and like it very much. I would like to be a Busy Bee, too, and join the Blue Side. I am 12 years old and will be 13 September 7. I am in the seventh grade at school. Your constant reader, RUTH YARD, 622 North Vine Street, Creston, Ia.

Dear Editor: I have been reading the children's page every Sunday and would like to be a Busy Bee. I am 13 years old. Your constant reader, EVA RUSK.

Dear Editor: I would like to join the Blue Side. I go to Druid Hill school and am in the Fourth grade.

I am 9 years old and my birthday is January 18. NORMA WEEKS.

Dear Editor: I have been reading the children's page every Sunday, and I thought I would like to be a Busy Bee, too.

I would like to join the Blue Side. I am 12 years of age.

My birthday is June 2. Your new Busy Bee, MARGARET CARPENTER, 916 G Street, Fairbury, Neb.

A Kind Man.

By Nette Levy, Aged Eight Years, Hastings, Neb., Blue Side.

Little Gladys went to the woods to pick flowers. She saw in the distance a tree. It was covered with blossoms. This tree was in the middle of the wood. She did not know this. She went where it stood. She picked some of the blossoms.

Her mamma became worried at home, for it was growing dark. Poor little Gladys was lost. She tried to find her way out, but she could not. When it became about 7 o'clock a man came home from his work. The man knew Gladys's father. He told her to get in the wagon and he took her home. Don't you think he was a kind man?

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