

The Busy Bees :- Their Own Page

ONLY those letters which win prizes and honorable mention are printed on the Children's page today. The reason for this is that many more letters than could be published came in week before last and they will have to be printed before last week's letters. But last week's letters will appear on the Children's page in the very near future.

A number of new Busy Bees write asking the rules of the Children's page. "Rules for Young Writers," you will find on this page. The new Bees also ask information on the Red and Blue sides. The Busy Bees are ranged on two sides, Red and Blue; the reds under a king, the blues under a queen. A new Bee may join either side. The object is to see which side can win the most prizes. Every four months an announcement is made of the winning side. At this time also the Busy Bees elect their king and queen. The next election will be May 5.

The new Bees today are Cora Bishop of Percival, Ia., and Dorothy Switzer of Fort Crook, Neb., on the Red side and Pauline Semerod of Omaha and Nina Needham of Clara, Ia., on the Blue side. Harry E. Tyler of Hastings, Neb., and Martha Elizabeth Adams of South Omaha do not state which side they wish to be on.

The first prize goes to a new Bee, Harry E. Tyler of Hastings, Neb.; the second to Grace Hand of Fremont, Neb.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Novel Amusement.

By Harry E. Tyler, Aged 13 Years, 615 North Lincoln Avenue, Hastings, Neb.
Three of my friends and myself have a fine way of amusement, we think. We have found out that it works fine, too. One of us writes a play and after the cast is selected we have lots of fun getting up costumes. After we have practiced it over several times we give it before our friends and neighbors.
The last play we had was entitled "The Hanger" and was written by Kendall B. Taft. It was a western drama and it required about forty-five minutes for its production. The cast was as follows: The Ranger.....Kendall B. Taft
The Sheriff.....Harry E. Tyler
The Horse Thief.....Carl Moore
The next play we are going to have is entitled "The College Chap." It was written by Harry Anderson.
I think this is a fine way for amusement and I hope all the Busy Bees will agree with me.

Indians.

By Grace Hand, Fremont, Neb.
We used to live in North Dakota, but came to Fremont about four years ago. There were a great many Indians up there. The Indians were not bad, mean ones, when we lived up there, only they were drunk. One day in the evening a wagon stopped out in front of the house and an old Indian came to the door. Mamma was afraid and locked the door. It was just the scroon door. He came to the door and showed us a small tin-pail. He nodded towards the well, then pointed to his pail. Mamma thought that he meant, "Could I get some water in this pail?" Mamma nodded. The old Indian must have understood for he turned and went to the well and filled his pail, then he went back to the wagon. The men drank first, then the squaws or women drank. It seemed a strange way to do, but I think they thought it was all right. I hope my story will be in print, not in the waste basket.

My Favorite Books.

By Cleary Hanighen, 337 South Thirty-Seventh Street, Omaha, Blue Side
For a few weeks this winter I was sick and was confined to the house. Many of these dreary and restless hours were made interesting among my books. We had purchased a set of Charles Dickens' works early this year and they at once sprang into favor that has not subsided and grown dull. I was often found laughing and crying over "David Copperfield," shaking with mirth at the witicism of Sam Weller in "Pickwick Papers," and the tender innocence of little Nell in "Old Curiosity Shop," and sympathizing with Oliver Twist against the brutality of Bill Sikes. I like Dickens very much and I heard his son lecture here, having the extreme pleasure of shaking his hand.
I often allowed myself the delightful pleasure of wandering in the land of legend with Washington Irving, shivering over that horrible phantom, "The Headless Horseman," and enjoying one after another beautiful picture of the Alhambra. I like Irving very much, my mother having a set of his works.
The delicate fragrance of Nathaniel Hawthorne has often perfumed my brain with beautiful thoughts.
Of the writers of our day Harry Van Dyke and William D. Howells are my favorites. Van Dyke's stories have often entranced me with their beauty and the story of "The Other Wise Man" has found no warmer attachment than mine. I have but one of his books, "The Blue Flower," but I hope to obtain more and I want with pride that I have that author's signature.
In the history line I like Parkman and Fiske and I have Parkman's entire works though I haven't any of Fiske's. I hope the readers of this page will like my favorites and will try some of them.

The Passing Show.

By Rebecca Katzman, Aged 12 Years, 235 R Street, South Omaha.
Once there was a boy. He was very poor. He did not have any parents. He lived with his aunt. His aunt was poor, too, so he had to work.
One day when he was coming home from work he stopped to watch a show. He was laughing at the boy on the elephant when a man came up to him and said, "Would you like to ride on the elephant?"
He said, "Yes; thank you for asking me."
The man took him and he had a good time.
After the show was over the man said, "Have you any parents?"
Then the boy said, "I have no parents. I live with my aunt."
The man went to his aunt's house and asked her if the boy could come and live with her. She said he could, so he did, and after that he did not have to work for a living.
I hope to find my story in print.

Chickens.

By Robert McAliffe, 1119 Seward Street, Omaha, Neb.
I am going to write about chickens. Last year my father bought a pair of white "banties" and a little white after that I bought a brown hen. I set the

brown hen on fourteen eggs and eight hatched. There were four white "banties" and four brown "banties." All the white ones died so I have only the four brown ones left and they are pretty big now.

The Picnic.

By Estella Moore, Aged 19 Years, Alma, Neb.
Last year when I was in the Fourth grade in school our teacher asked us if we would like to have a picnic. We all said that we would. So she said that if we would be good all the rest of the month we could have one. I think nearly everyone of us was good all the month.
The week before we were to go we had to plan where we were going. Some of the children wanted to go to the river and our teacher said she would like to go for she thought that we could find different kinds of birds' nests and stones to hang in the room. But she didn't think that it was best for some of the boys or girls would wander into different places like they always did and we could have more fun all staying together.
The boys and girls didn't like to miss going to the river, but they knew that it was no use saying anything about it. So they asked if we couldn't go to a creek not very far off and our teacher said that was where she thought of going, so that was settled and off our minds. She said we had better get our work or we wouldn't have our lessons.
The next day she said that the Fifth grade would like to go with us and they wanted to know if we cared, and of course we all said, "Yes," for we could have more fun with more children.
So we fixed it so that the Fifth grade could take half of the lunch and we the other half. It just happened that one of the boys had got a new wagon and it was quite large so we had him put the ice cream in. We got other little wagons to take other things in that we needed.
The morning finally came when we were to start. We were to go at 9:30 in the morning and be back about 4 o'clock. The children came trooping in with their baskets full of goodies. We couldn't hardly wait till time to start. But our teacher said that we couldn't go until we got quiet for we were so noisy.
It took us quite a long time to get ready, but at last we got started. We had to wait about a mile or a half and so we were pretty tired when we got there. So we thought we would wait a while. When we were rested we went to putting up the swings and things we had brought to play on. When we had got that done we played games and things to amuse ourselves while they were getting the lunch.
I will not stop to tell all for there is too much to tell but I will tell you that we had a very nice time and all got home all right. I am 19 years old and live in Alma, Neb., and wish to be one of your Busy Bees.

Tilly's Vacation.
By Gertrude Nowinski, 45 South Thirty-Third Street, South Omaha.
It was summer. Tilly went to her grandfather's house, who lived on a farm. One morning her sister, Nellie, woke Tilly up and said, "Come and eat your breakfast. After breakfast I will show you something."
"All right, Nellie dear, I will," said Tilly.
So she ate her breakfast thinking what it would be. What could it be? Do you want to know? It was a little white pig, as white as snow.
Tilly said, "Nellie, after dinner I will show you something nice, too."
They ate dinner. After dinner Tilly went to the barn and got a little pink pig. When she got into the house and gave it to Tilly, she said, "This is what I said I would show you."
Nellie had never seen a pink pig. So when she saw it she said, "Oh, I am so happy. I will take it home tomorrow."
The next day they went to see their mother. Nellie taking her pig and Tilly her pig.
I will close for this time. Hope to find my letter in print.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin.
By Eva Hugenberg, 129 North Thirty-Fifth Street, South Omaha, Blue Side.
One day last spring we went to the woods to gather flowers. We became tired and sat down under a large maple tree, and I am going to tell you what we saw.
Two robins were busily flying to and fro with twigs, which they were together to form the outside of their nest.
Near the maple tree was a small creek, hence there was damp earth there. The two robins were not slow in making use of that. After the outside of the nest was completed, they carried the mud to

Outdoor Life of Busy Bee Queen



On Swinging Rings

On one of the very coldest days of the season when most people were inside hovering unhappily around the fireplaces and radiators, a little girl out in the west part of the city was having the time of her life out in the snowdrifts skimming the cat and hanging by her toes on the horizontal bar of her outdoor gymnasium.
The little girl is Camilla Edholm, who is always healthy and happy, who is 109 per cent fit all the time and lives twenty-four hours a day. The reason, she will tell you, is because she exercises outdoors every day, no matter what the weather is. Snow and wind and rain have no terrors for this outdoor girl. She just laughs when the drifts pile up outside and plunges out into the midst of them. At one time this winter the snow piled up around the swinging rings, burying them out of sight, but this did not keep the little outdoor girl off the horizontal bar.
The outdoor gymnasium is in the big backyard of the Edholm home on South Thirty-sixth street. It is well equipped. There are the horizontal bar, on which Camilla does the knee drop, the knee swing and the muscle swing; the swinging rings on which she can curl up into a bird's nest; a shoot-the-cat, on which it is great sport to slide down; an old-fashioned rope swing, on which it is good exercise and lots of fun to "work up." The thing about this outdoor gym-



Playing in the Snow

nastium which makes it more delightful than any of the indoor gymnasia is the plentiful supply of fresh air.
"Camilla's friends enjoy the outdoor gymnasium with her. They gather in the Edholm yard after school and on Saturdays to take a turn on the bar or a swing on the rings. And they agree with her that there is no more fun than playing in the outdoor gym."
Camilla likes all sorts of outdoor life. In the spring when the buds begin coming out on the trees and the birds take

up their residence with us again she, together with a dozen other little girls of her neighborhood who belong to a Nature Study club, scours the woods and fields around Omaha, at Florence and at Bellevue to find out Mother Nature's secrets.
Camilla is 10 years of age and in the Fifth grade at Columbus school. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Edholm. From September until January she was queen of the Busy Bees and leader of the Blue side.

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 350 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: OMAHA DEPARTMENT, OMAHA, NEB.

the nest; and now came the curious proceeding. When Mr. Robin carried the mud to the new home, Mrs. Robin shaped it with her soft feathered breast. When the mud was molded to suit her, she and her mate gathered soft, fine grass and wove a very soft lining.
After that was done we went home, and I enjoyed my trip very well. After that I knew how robins built their little nests. I hope this story will be in print.

Our Trip to the Circus.

By Charlotte Robb, Aged 12 Years, Lexington, Neb., Blue Side.
Once a few years ago my sister and our cousin went to Kearney to a big circus. We started at 9 o'clock in the morning and arrived at Kearney at 9 o'clock.
Our friends were at the train with their horses and buggy to meet us. We drove around the town and had a good time.
At 12 o'clock the parade came by and there were elephants, camels and lots of other things of interest.
After the parade we had lunch with our friends on a pretty green lawn under some shade trees.
At 3:30 o'clock we started for the big circus. It had begun to rain as hard as it could. We found the train was late, so we waited at the depot, and at 12 o'clock the train came. We didn't care it was raining, for we had a good time and were glad we went to the circus.

My Favorite Pastimes.

By Alfred B. Mayer, 631 South Twenty-ninth Street, Omaha, Red Side.
As I was glancing over the Busy Bees' page, I noticed that we should write a story about our favorite pastimes.
I am, as most every boy or girl is, interested mostly in my school work.
I like to ice skate, roller skate, play tennis, base ball and all such games, but I do not care for foot ball.
At school we make articles with carpenter's tools such as bread boards and sleeve boards.
The games which I like to play best are tennis and base ball.
One day we were playing tennis and I ran over to the other side of the court and just as I was going to hit the ball I happened to cross my legs and I fell down. When I tried to rise I found that I had sprained my ankle. I could not play for two weeks, but even then that did not spoil my desire to play.
From the King Bee.

The Daisy's First Winter.

By Eunice Skaketter, Aged 9 Years, Gretna, Neb., Blue Side.
Once upon a time there was a daisy who grew by the side of a brook. There were trees and other flowers about her, but they had all had winter but her. The days grew colder and colder. One day the daisy said to the tree, "Is this winter that's coming?"
"Yes," said the tree, "but have no fear, for the good Shepherd will care for us all." At last winter came. All the leaves fell

off and all the flowers died. Then snow came and all the birds and butterflies were gone to the south. It froze harder and harder. First it froze her blossoms; then it froze her leaves, and last the snow covered her head. The tree said, "Be patient. Spring will come." At last spring did and all the flowers came and the daisy was as bright as ever.

A Kind Deed.

By Gladys Van Ness, Aged 12 Years, 1119 South Eighteenth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.
Helen and Dora Snow lived across the street from a poor family. Their names were Helen and Fannie Stone. It was drawing toward Christmas time and Helen and Dora were trying to think of a plan for the poor children. At last Helen thought of a plan and they were going to ask their parents to give them leave. "Mamma," said Helen the next day, "will you give me some money?"
"What for, my dear child," explained her mother.
"Well, you know those poor children across the way—well Dora and I want to buy them some new things."
"Well," exclaimed her mother, "what would you like to buy?"
"Mother, we want nothing but clothes and food, and wish papa would dress as Santa Claus."
"An excellent idea, my children," exclaimed their mother, "your wish will be granted."
That afternoon they bought coats, hats, dresses and shoes and sent provisions enough to last a month. Helen's father also slipped a five-dollar gold piece in the top of each of their stockings.
When Helen woke up next morning there was also a surprise for them, for they each got a blue silk dress, ribbons and capes to match. The poor children came running in half an hour later showing their presents, but Helen and Dora never told them that they bought the things.

John and His Squirrel.

By Rebecca Katzman, Aged 12 Years, 235 R Street, South Omaha.
Once there was a little boy and his name was John. John had a squirrel which he liked better than any of his toys.
One day his father said, "John, if you don't get your lessons, I will take the squirrel away from you."
So John went to get his lessons. After he got through with his lessons his father told him he could go out and skate on the ice. So he went.
As he was skating along he saw his squirrel up in a tree. He called to it to come down, but it only threw some leaves down on his little master. John sat down on a rock and began to cry. He soon fell asleep and didn't know that when he fell asleep his squirrel crawled into his pocket and stayed there.
His father at home was wondering where John was. He called his dog and they went on the ice and soon found him. They took him home and the next day he saw his squirrel on a chair looking at him. He was very glad he had his squirrel.

My Books.

By Katherine Kries, 339 South Twenty-third Street, Omaha, Blue Side.
I am very much interested in reading. The books I have are "Little Prudy," "Little Prudy's Dotty Dimple," "Little Prudy's Sister Sue," "Alice in Wonderland" and "Robinson Crusoe." I have read all of these times and again and yet always like to read again.

Swallows.

By Emerson Koker, Aged 12 Years, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.
Swallows are small, brightly-colored birds and although they are very pretty cannot sing very much.
To build a nest a swallow and his mate find a sheltered place in a barn or shed. Then they carry mud and wisp of hay to paste on a raft or some

would be satisfied. The wind at once aroused by this, and it once rushed at the willow and bent its branches against the trunk. The willow wailed and sobbed and to no end. Thus it has wailed and sobbed and mourned for its lost shade for no birds come to sing in its branches and no travelers rest under it.

Outdoor Gymnasium.

By Camilla Edholm, 126 South Thirty-sixth Street, Omaha, Blue Side, Aged 10 Years.
Dear Busy Bees: A long time ago I promised to send you some pictures of my backyard gymnasium, but once were taken until the last snow storm and so they do not look very much like the backyard in the summer time with a crowd of children.
The snow drifted pretty high in the yard, and the winter melted and drifted again and now it is snowing once more. One day I dug a hole in a drift and tried to hollow a passage into another part of it, but as it was late in the day when I began I did not finish it. My clothing was so wet when I came in that the next day I did not try to do any more digging and later the roof melted and shrunk so low down that I could not put my head in where my whole body had been.
The pictures will show you that I use my gymnasium in the winter as well as in the summer, but instead of jumping on to a mattress from my turning pole

I have been able to jump into a snow drift this winter.
I wish all the Busy Bees would get interested in gymnasium work, because nobody gets too much fresh air and its lots of fun, I would be glad to answer any questions the Busy Bees want to ask about it.

The Butterfly Man.

By Victor Elias, Aged 9 Years, 1506 William Street, Omaha, Blue Side.
Father's papa took her to Japan and she lived there a year. There were many things, both queer and pretty, to see in Japan. The Japanese were quite delightful people.
Every now and then a man used to come to the street where Father's home was and amuse the people by his tricks. He would tear paper into two little pieces and twist these, little bits into shape so that they looked for all the world like butterflies. He kept fanning them as he tossed them up, so it looked as if dozens of dainty butterflies were fluttering in the air. Try it yourself when you would like to amuse yourself or somebody else.

Little Marie was sitting on her grandfather's knee one day, and after looking at him intently for a time, she said: "Grandpa, was you in the ark?"
"Certainly not, my dear," answered the astonished old gentleman.
"Then," continued the little information seeker, "why wasn't you drowned?"

The Peevish Child Needs a Laxative

It is natural for a child to laugh and play and when it sulkis drowsily or cries you may depend on it something physical is the matter. If you see no evidences of a serious ailment you will not be wrong if you quietly give it a dose of mild laxative that evening on putting it to bed.
The remedy most generally recommended for this purpose is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which mothers throughout the country have been giving their children for a quarter of a century. Today thousands of families are using it, where hundreds used it then, and there must be good reason for this word of mouth recommendation.
It is admitted the perfect laxative for children, women, old people and all others who need a gentle bowel stimulant and not a violent salt, cathartic, pill or doctored water. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will act gently, and when

taken before retiring will bring complete satisfaction in the morning. After a short use of this remedy all forms of constipation can be dispensed with and nature will again act alone.
All classes of good American people keep it in the home for all of the family, each, liver and bowels, and among the thousands who have written the doctor that they will never be without it are Mrs. Mary J. Padonok, Manchester, Iowa, and Mrs. H. Scovill, Ocala, Iowa. A dose of it has saved many a person from a serious illness.
Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar, a large bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. H. Caldwell, 626 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

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 - Room 320—Office in the northwest corner, having four large windows. A fireproof vault for the storage of valuable papers is much in demand and is afforded in this room. There is a total of 320 square feet of floor space and some would be equipped with partitions to satisfy good tenant. Rental price is per month \$50.00

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