

Busy Bees :- Their Own Page

SO MANY Busy Bees write at the close of their letters, "I hope my letter will miss the waste basket."

No Busy Bee need be afraid that his letter will be thrown in the waste basket unless it is not original. Then it certainly will not be printed on the Children's page. We are now holding back a letter which we think is not original. We do not want to be unfair to the sender; so, if the Busy Bee will write assuring us that the letter is original we will print it.

Busy Bees, don't re-tell stories told you by your mother or teacher, because the other Busy Bees have probably heard those same stories, and because they call for no thought or observation on your part. This page is an exchange for ideas of the Busy Bees themselves. Letters must be original.

In order to be on the safe side, always write your letters in the first person. Tell your own opinions, interests and experiences. Write what you think about things, what you like to do, what happens to you. Write of the outdoors—the birds and trees and flowers—as it appeals to you, and of your books, chickens, dolls, games and picnics. If you follow this method there can be no doubt that your letters are original.

Vesta Taylor of Weeping Water, Neb., is a new Busy Bee today, who joins the Red side.

Remember that all votes for king and queen must be in before next Thursday.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

A Day's Excursion.

By Lucile Lathrop, 3915 Davenport Street, Omaha, Aged 13 Years, Red Side.

One day, while camping in Colorado, a party of us were invited to visit a miner's shack.

So quite early the next morning we started out. We went along a road which crossed a brook several times, and going across one place where it had overflowed, on logs, one of our party fell in.

Reaching the miner's shack we sat down to rest and look about us. Across the brook, one could see Lone Star, a mountain in which many mines were situated. On the other side, one saw more mountains. Looking east and west one saw long, seemingly unending canyons.

The shack itself had but one room, in which all of the miners' belongings were kept.

He told us a little of his life there and then we helped him prepare the luncheon. We had sandwiches, salad, rolls, baked beans, salmon, coffee, pie, cookies and blueberries.

After that we walked down the canyons picking blueberries with our own hands.

Then the miner showed us ore from his mine and took us up Lone Star to visit it. The mine was dug nearly straight through the mountain, not down in it.

We were pushed in the mine in little square cars, with the water dripping on us from the roof all of the time.

The gold was in a kind of a black ore and mixed with a little copper. We had to hold our candles up high to look at it.

As we went out, the miner showed us a place where there were several sticks of dynamite, and we hurried past, very quickly.

Going back to the shack we picked up our things and started home. The miner took us a ways, and we walked down the track along which he sent his ore to the town. Soon we left him, saying that we had had a most delightful and interesting time.

(Second Prize.)

My Dog, Tobe.

By Leona B. Johnston, Aged 10 Years, 2363 Evans Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

My dog, Tobe, was 1 year old in May. He is a large, white bulldog, his breed being terrier bull, with a clipped tail, black ears, black cheeks. He was born on a large farm in Iowa.

Tobe's brother came down the other day to see him. He can't remember his brothers and sisters, so the first thing he did, was to start a fight. My father grabbed Tobe by the nostrils so he gasped for breath and in that way he got them to stop fighting. Wasn't Tobe nice to his guest?

Tobe sleeps down in the cellar in the wheelbarrow on a large mattress. We cover him up with quilts. I hope my story will be read and published by the members of the hive.

(Honorable Mention.)

Morton Park.

By Mildred White, Aged 11 Years, 5004 Chicago Street, Dundee, Red Side.

About one month ago I went to visit friends in Nebraska City. One of the most pleasant days I spent while I was there was at Morton park. To make a long story short, Morton park gets its name from Sterling Morton, the originator of Arbor day. Part of this park is still retained as a private residence, while the balance Sterling Morton gave to the city as a public park.

While I was there all the churches gave a united picnic at this park. As my friend's mother put up a very appetizing lunch, they decided to go. So my friend's mother put up a very appetizing lunch. As there are no cars in this small city, we started out to walk. We did not mind walking at all, as the roads are very picturesque through the shady lanes and over hills and valleys.

At last we arrived at our destination. We placed our lunch on a platform which was built for that purpose. Then such fun! Quick as a flash we spied a swing which was put up on a tall tree. There was a man who did the swinging and a crowd of eager-faced children standing around him, all waiting breathlessly for their turn to come. At last my turn came. In a minute I was off, swinging over the gully, for the swing was so constructed that it would take you clear across the gully and back again.

After my friend and I had both had a ride on the swing we both began to feel hungry, so we went back for our lunch. We then strolled around to find a suitable place to eat. For the first time I realized what beautiful scenery surrounded us. One tree in particular attracted my attention. This was an elm gracefully bowing and bending in the summer breeze.

At last we discovered a place that all of us considered excellent, so we spread the tablecloth, seated ourselves on the lawn and were just ready to eat when we found that we had no water. So my friend and I took the pail and hurried down to where the water was. We passed a monument of Sterling Morton and also many beautiful birds and flowers. The park is certainly laid out very tastefully.

At last we arrived at the well. We got the water and were soon back again, seated on the lawn smacking our lips at the good eatables. Even the commonplace water tasted unusually good. While we were eating, my friend's mother mentioned the pine grove. She said that we would walk over there and stay for perhaps about an hour. As I am quite a

nature student the name pine grove both startled and interested me.

The delightful lunch was soon over, and before we knew it, we were on the road to the pine grove. On inquiring where the pine grove was located, I was told that it was in the part which is used as a residence. At last we were there. It was a long walk, but the sight which met our eyes paid us well for the walking we did.

In my anxiety to make you see the beautiful picture which met our eyes I almost forgot to tell you that this part of the park is called Arbor lodge. As we stood there gazing at the beautiful grounds, we saw many things. There was a strong brick wall built around the grounds, with a large gateway in the center.

Finally we found ourselves in a beautiful place. There were all species of trees and flowers. The beautiful grass looked like a carpet of green velvet. As we walked slowly on we saw a handsome house built of stone, with four huge columns on the porch. Some of the sons of Sterling Morton reside there in the summer.

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.

PRIZE WINNER ON THE BLUE Side.



LEONA JOHNSON, 2363 Evans Street, Omaha.

keep on going until we reach the Burlington station. From there on we stop only a few times until we reach Manawa.

We go inside the gate and walk down to the pavilion, get our tickets and as soon as the launch comes, get into it. When we are about half way across the lake a private launch shoots by us and it seems as though it was going about fifty miles an hour but it is not going more than half. When we reach the Kurall we get bathing suits and go out in the lake. When we first get into the water it seems very cold, but when we get into the middle of the lake it is very nice and warm. All the while we stay in we enjoy it immensely.

When we are through bathing we go upstairs and watch the bathers who are still in the water. Many of them are going down the chute while others are on the platform ready to make a dive.

When we see the launch coming we go downstairs and join the crowd who are ready to get on the launch to go back to the pavilion. It does not take us long to get over on the other side.

When we get out of the boat our first thoughts are about supper so we go over to the table, spread our lunch and start to eat.

When we are through eating we go over to the skating rink for an hour. When the music strikes some familiar piece we seem to fly through the air like it does so much. After a while we go over and watch the moving pictures. When it is all over we are very glad for we are all very tired. We took the car home and that is all I remember.

The Maple Limb.

By Thelma Friedrichs, Aged 13 Years, 322 East Fifth Street, Grand Island, Neb. Red Side.

Once I was a little limb growing out from the mother tree.

When the winter came the cold winds from the north chilled me through and through and I thought I should surely die from the cold.

But I kept up close to the mother trunk all the time and after a while the winds changed to the south.

The warm breeze warmed me and I grew and grew until I was quite large. One day I heard some little children in the yard talking and searching for a limb upon which to fasten a swing.

I had often wondered why I grew out so straight and strong quite unlike the other branches.

As the children talked I hoped they would look at me for it occurred to me that maybe I would do for the swing.

After a little while a little boy came right under me.

He at last saw me and said: "Oh here is a fine one."

Then a woman and girl came where I was.

After a while one end of a rope was fastened to me and then the other making a long loop that reached way down nearly to the ground and then they placed a board in the loop.

I wondered what was going to happen now but I soon found out. A little boy got on the board and pushed the rope to and fro with his feet. Oh joy! They have made a swing. After he got out other children came laughing and clapping their hands to think of such a nice place to play and all had a very happy time. Now for two summers I have made the children happy in the house near by me, and not only them but children from all around. And even young men have swung and looking up have said what a nice strong branch this is and what a fine place for a swing.

One day the board broke and then they had to get a new board.

I am so glad to have made so many people happy, and I hope I may live long to make the children happy many summers.

stretched across the room and the packages tied to it by means of strings of various lengths. The players are blindfolded, one at a time, and provided with a pair of scissors, with which to clip a bundle from the string. To avoid possibilities of accident it is best to use blunt scissors in playing this game.

My First Letter.

By Vesta Taylor, Aged 12 Years, Weeping Water, Neb.

Dear Editor:

I have not written yet, so I will do so now. I read the Busy Bee page every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I will be in the seventh grade, when school starts. I hope my letter will escape the waste basket.

Two Noses.

Cross the second finger tightly over the first finger. Then as the fingers are crossed straddle the two finger ends so as to catch the bridge of the nose in between the two fingers close to the crossing. Move the crossed pair of fingers along the bridge, and you will think that you have two noses.

Beginner's Letter.

By Harriet Rosewater, Aged 7 Years, 9 Months, 333 Farnam Street, Omaha.

Dear Busy Bee:

I have never written a letter before. I have a cute little brother who is 3 1/2 years old. I know how to make lace and am making some. I spend a lot of my time with my dolls. I have three of them. I go to Columbian school and am in the third grade.

Your interested reader,
H. L. R.

The Smart Little Bear.

Teacher Bruin said, "Cub, bear in mind, licking ink from your pen's not refined, and eating blotting paper is another bad caper."

"Not," said the Cub, "when I'm ink-lined."

Student Tramps.

One of the pleasant features connected with school life in Europe is the summer vacation tramp that many boys take in company with a favorite teacher or older companion. Half a dozen boys, say, start out with no luggage but what they can carry on their backs, and make a walking tour of Holland, or certain parts of France or Germany. They see the country in a much more intimate way than they would if they patronized a quicker means of conveyance, and while they do not cover nearly so much territory, the genuine satisfaction and knowledge are greater than if they slipped through by train or motor car.

A girls' school in Connecticut has adopted the foreign idea to a certain extent. The girls walk, using no other means of conveyance, but the knapsack of the foreign boy student has become a wagon loaded with provisions that precedes them and stops at certain places for meals, which the young women themselves prepare.

Unfortunately, most Americans know nothing of the delights of walking long distances like this, and living out of doors, gipsy fashion. When one knows how to walk on such tramps—and this "how" is a most important feature of such a tour—there is no greater pleasure than such a trip through interesting country.

Enigmatical An's.

1. The ant that is always ready to help others is the assistant.
2. The ant that is always making a big noise and bluster is blatant.
3. The ant that is a good swimmer is buoyant.
4. The ants that like to hide themselves in cakes are currants.
5. The ant that is marked by its refinement and grace is elegant.
6. The ant that is noted for its size and strength is the elephant.
7. The ants that are mostly found in shops are merchants.
8. The ant that is a great bitter is mordant.
9. The ant that likes to show off what he knows is a pedant.
10. The ant that always looks well with diamonds on it is a pendant.
11. The ant that is usually found at the top of a mast is a pennant.
12. The ant that is always sorry for what he does is repentant look for when they are hungry is a restaurant.
14. The ant that is always taken along by sailing masters is a sextant.
15. The ant that is a great fatterer and toady is a sycophant.
16. The ant that shines most among others is brilliant.

Buck the Indian Game.

Two captains are chosen, and each captain then chooses alternately the remaining company until two long lines are formed. They face each other, holding hands tightly. One captain calls the name of one of his strongest boys, and this boy runs and huris himself between two boys of the opposing side. If he succeeds in breaking through, he takes back with him to his own side all the boys on the line below the place he broke through. If he is unsuccessful, he must join the enemy's side. This is kept up, each side taking a turn, until all the boys are on one side, the captain included.

The strongest boys should be stationed near the top of the line, near the captain, and stratagem is shown in trying to catch the strong boys off their guard, by pretending to tackle the weak boys at the bottom of the line.—Woman's Home Companion.

Japanese Tag.

When a player is tagged, he must place his left hand on the spot tagged and keep it there until he has caught some other boy or girl. The game works out in this way: The one who is "it" endeavors to tag a runner on the knee or foot, so that his efforts to tag anyone else with his hand on that part of the body will be awkward and amusing.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Clipping Game.

A variation of the familiar grab bag and Jack Horner pie parties, of which children, and sometimes grown-ups, too, are so fond, is the "clipping party."

The small gifts that are to be used are wrapped up mysteriously and a cord is

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