THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: MARCH 22, 1914.

The Busy Bees

ENTION was made recently of the talent many Busy Bees were BRIGHT LITTLE NEBRASKA CITY developing in writing verse, one being printed each week for some time. This week, we are in receipt of a most beautiful Busy Bee letter which showed that Busy Bees are artistically inclined along other lines also, besides writing verse. In this letter, there is manifested a deep sympathy with nature, and an appreciation of its many beauties. The pleasure of reading this letter was further enchanced by a water-color painting of a dainty spray of violets, which decorated the first page.

This seemed to serve as a gentle reminder that spring has comewhich fact will no doubt he heralded with delight by all the little ones, as well as their elders. What a lot of fun it will be to be able to play outside once more after having been indoors most of the winter.

This week, first prize is awarded to Marie Kuhry of the Red Side: second prize to Mary Grevson of the Blue Side, and hogorable mention to Gertrude Hughes of the Blue Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize 1 AS. Jrise.

By Marie Kubry, And II Years, Schuyler Neb. Red Side.

The sun threw out its deep warm rays of yellow sunlight as if its heart was bursting with sympathey for those poor trees and shrubs that had stood the wintry blasts, all the while giving them a coaxing smlle, and whispering, "Spring," It was on this spring morning, that

with their dolls and said, "Oh! Marie, get your doll and come with us; we are going to take a walk to the little bridge." I ran into the house and told mother,

Ruth Stone and her cousin Jessie came

and with her consent we were soon on OUT WAY.

faces, the clear blue sky with little white not miss such fun no matter how tired clouds floating along like ships on the we felt. deep blue sen, we felt that this was truly the prettient day we had ever seen.

We stood on the little bridge watching theclear water ripple over the rocks, when we all thought it would be great fun to go down to the bank and sail some little boats. As we wandered around looking for ships to sall we heard Ruth every Sunday, and think them very intercall, "Girls, girls, come here quick, I have a surprise. Jessle and I ran quickly to where she was. There we found her teacher's name is Miss Johnson. This holding her hands over something, and what do you suppose it was? A' dear little purple violet cuddled up close to a large rock, its bright little face looking up to us as if to say, "Dear girls, I am your spring surprise!"

(Second Prize.) Our New Neighbors.

By Mary Grerson, Aged 12 Years, West

Point, Neb. Blue Side. I will tell you about our new neighbors. They are a pair of squirrels and their young. I do not know how many baby squirrels they have. I set corn and nuts for them. I try to catch them, but they always run away. I believe they will come, after they get a little tamed. They are dark brown.

One day as I was coming home from school, I saw them right up by the front I ran and got some corn and porch. put it almost by their home, and then hid behind the tree. I touched one on it. "Gee, dat's a flerce bear all right," exthe head, and he did not run away. But just as soon as it saw me it ran up the tree, very much frightened. About one week later I saw the little squirrels come day, I came home from Sunday school

1. Write plainly on one side of he paper only and number the a. Desper only and humber 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 CHILDEBENG DEPARTMENT.

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

nounced. CHILDBEN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

As we walked along chatting and the have made up our minds to go again warm breeze blowing gently against our when we have the chance, for we could

Busy Bee Letter.

By Julia Griffin, Aged 10 years, braska City, Neb. Red Side, Ne Dear Busy Bees: I would like to join the Red Side. I have been reading The Busy Bee's letters in The Omaha Bee esting. I am 10 years' old, and in the fifth grade at the Sixth Street school. My is the first time I have written to the

Little Bill.

By Elsie Knoll, Aged 13 Years, Gretna, Neb. Blue Side.

"It's your move, Cynthy," said Robert Cynthy and Robert were playing checkers. They were in a room nicely furnished with pretty pictures hanging about the room.

Seated on the floor near Cynthy was ittle Bill. He was about 7 years of age. went off just fine. Cynthy, Robert and Bill had several pets. There was the parrot on top of Cynthy's chair, Bill's cat lying and purring on the Mollie. floor, Robert's white dog snoozing in the

to Bill. It was at this time that footing at a large By Carl Geertz, Aged 10 Years. Cynthy were playing checkers. Little Bill By Carl Geertz, Aged 10 Years. andria, Neb. Red Side. It was at this time that Robert and book witho different sorts of animals in claimed he. As he said this, his teddy sheep. As she was in the forest she bear came up to him and growled. "Well, got lost. It was very dark when she the parrot and he grabbed poor Cynthy broken. She took the ribbon off her out and look around. They are very by the collar. Away he flew with her hat and tied it around the lamb's leg outside into the clouds.

The bear was after Bill quick as a flash. of moss she had gathered. She took and saw the "papa squirrel" lying on the Bill ran as fast as his legs would carry the little lamb in her arms and went him. Then the white dog that was snoon- to sleep. Her folks were frightened and ing in the corner ran up to Robert. were afraid they could not find her. They "G'way," shouted Robert, and he, too, took a lantern and went over to their ran outdoors. neighbors, and got them to help hunt

they were to go to the woods. Mary's jit is time you started. Try it for a namma, who went with them, had fixed their dinner.

They played games all day and about clock they went home thinking they had a nice time and Mary was not sorry she had been a good girl for a week.

Customs of Japan. By Hazel Haizke, Aged Il Years, Schuy fer, Neb. Red Side.

The customs of Japan are very different from those of the United States

The manner of making a call there very odd. You so to the door and ran and a little minid answers the door. You bow three times. Before entering you take off your shoes and slip on a pair of moccasins, leaving your shoes outside. You are then admitted into a room and the maid will put a mat on the floor in front of you upon which you are supposed

to kneel. She then brings you a little package resembling an envelope. She lays this in front of you. Opening it you will find two or three pieces of cake. She also brings you a small cup of tea. You bow three times to her and she goes out. You are supposed to drink your little cup of tea, then fold the paper up containing the cake and leave the house. It would be very impolite to have eaten the cake there. Their way of sightseeing is by Jinrikishns. They are little carts drawn by a man and only one person in a cart These men, who are hired by the govern

ment, are perfectly safe to go with. The children have a very handy way of taking care of the babies. They strap them upon their back and go on to their play.

If the baby should cry, the children jump up and down, That is their means of rocking the baby to sleep. The little girls do not have the privilege of playing with their dolls every day like we do. They only have three days in a year, that is in

March. Then they put them away and wait till another year. They do not bind the feet any more, as they used to. They wear big shoes now. But those that have had their feet bound have to wear little shoes because their feet pain them so. Friday morning dawned bright and the The women must wear gray with flowers in it, but the girls wear long kimonos

made of pink and hlue. The boys wear

Harry's Birthday.

By Edna McKenzie, Aged 11 Years, Mace-donia, Ia., R. F. D. No. 2. Blue Side. By Harry was sad, because he had nothing with which to play. He was not happy like other little boys. It was only two days before his birthday. His father

was rich and Harry was wondering what he would get for his birthday, or if ne would get anything. At last Harry's birthday came. He awoke early that morning. He went to the table and saw the boys was not invited, and he did on the table nuts, candy and popcorn. Harry's mother told him that was for scare them.

his birthday. Then Harry went outdoors where his father was. Pretty soon his ple from the party were returning home. breakfast Harry went outdoors. His graveyard, past a tombstone, he rose up father told him to come to the woodshed. and said, "Rise all ye dead and awake." hitched to a pretty little wagon. About woman who believed that if she went came for dinner. They brought along a named Gabriel would come and take her. present for him. What do you think it She wanted to go, too, so when the boy than Harry afterwards.

Ruth and Mabel.

hauge." "Now," she continued. "will you please to down cellar and chop some kindling into pieces about a foot long and an inch wide

Charles did this, and found so much cleasure in it that he asked: "Is there anything more I can do?"

"Well," his mother said, "the rain has stopped and the sun has nearly dried the ground, so you may pull the weeds ut of the vegetable garden."

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He did everything so well and was so Merie Swanson. Katherine Tennant Winnifred Travis. Fred Wright. happy in doing it, and as each thing well done opened the way for something else, he was soon employed by a good Einfer Cusics. Ruth Johnson many people to run errands, as he was no longer pouty and disagreeable. It was, indeed, a luck day for him when he tried giving pleasure to someone else Marie Mackey Dorris Newhous

The Boy Who Had a Chance. By Winifred Langdon, Box 37, Angus Street, Gretna, Neb. Blue Side.

Street, Gretna, Neb. Blue Side. Willie Moore sat by his desk at school and thought about his position. He could he did not like school, so he decided to run away. The next day found Willie Moore on the streets of a large city. He now stood amazed and was deciden was to do

amazed and was deciding what to do. Thank goodness, I am out of that hate-Marie Renvis. Secsie Baker ful old school, but the present question is, "What will I do?" " Seventh A.

As he stood there a tall man, dressed licharu Lodmier. very nicely, said he would take him and May Bowen. Virginia Fenlayson. Farnie Mitchel. Letha Brunson. give him a great education. "I won't go then," exclaimed Wittie, and the man passed on. He went to a store and asked Signe Lindberg. Elinor Line. Sadie O'Neill. the manager for the position of the discharged boy. The manager spoke to his clerk and Willie was handed a piece of Marie Snyder. Orpha, Travis. Philip Cronk. paper with some large numbers on it and was asked to add them. He failed and was given nothing. Every place he would Ulric Rice. go the manager would refer to the edu-Milored Cone. Kathryn Jenaings. Lucile Mendel. Lewell Mill v. Pearl Smith Benjamin Waldelici Gregory Wakefield. cation and Willie was given no job. He decided to return home, and so he did. He asked pardon of his parents and they forgave him. Twenty years later a beautiful car drove up in front of an office building, "Dr. Moore" stepped out and Fifth B. Ethyl Church went into the bank. "Dr. Moore" often Ethyl Church. Clarence Erickion. Myrtle Harris. Arthur Harris. Otis Fotter. Harold Zweifel. Alice Dahlstrom. Mildred Gants. Vera Heath. William Laux. William Naugle. visits these old places of his early life and enjoys seeing them immensely.

The Naughty Boy. Genevieve E. Sharkey, Aged 14 Years, 335 Tenth Avenue, Council Bluffs, Ia. Red Side.

Once, in a small village, there was a Pifth A. Marjarie Baker. Florense Christan graveyard on the outer-part, and to get to one side of the village, the people would have to go through the graveyard One night there was a party on the other side of the graveyard, and one of not like this, so he thought he would

It was about midnight when the peo mother called them to breakfast. After and as they were going through the His father took out two white goats In the meantime, there was an old 9 o'clock Harry's grandma and grandpa to the graveyard every night, a saint was? It was a fittle shepherd dog. Then said, "Rise all ye dead and awake," she a little while afterwards his sunt and uncle came. They brought along a pres-This frightened the boy very much, and ent for him, a pet canary that would sing he started to run also, and he yelled here's where I eat a girl," exclaimed found a little lamb which had its leg for him. There never was a happier boy at the people from the party, but they thought he was a ghost and they tried to get away from him. Finally he got too tired to run so he walked all the

Frances Calvert, Aged 11 Tears, 719 rest of the way home. After this he

Public School Roll of Honor CHILDREN . RECEIVING . THE . HIGHEST . MARK . IN . MORE

Their Own Page

THAN HALF . THEIR . SUBJECTS . LAST. WEER.

MORMOUTE.

Fourth B. Lenara Laidwell, Ar hur Johnson.

Edwin Boisnd. Cora Hamilton. Stancil Kelsey. George Conkling. John Gibson.

Havry Hunter. Cecella Los. Paul Lindberg. Cladys Reddan

berger

Third B.

Third A.

Helen Schnecken

Fourth Boinnd.

MONMOUTH.

Hanser

Eighth B.

dna Grant

dward Kuppia

ina Joralemor

Decar Giger. Clara C. Robel.

Beventh B.

Harry Bloom. Velora Boone.

itelin Peterson.

Paul Newcomer.

Edna Peterson. Robert Robel. Marvin Reif-

Indvs

FARE. Fifth A. WINDSOR. Fifth A. Raldwin Yonson. Harold Ledwick. Herrick Young. William Bertwell. Fourth B. Aldrich Hanleke, Adela Christensen George Bang Fourth B. Sertruste Allon. Barbara Christie Fourth A. Wilheimina Auch-muty. Neva Fowlet. Virgina Frantz. Grenevere Lewis. Paul Lensaler. Elizabeth Pugaley. Kalph Rickley. Beatrice Rosenthal. Altman Swihart. Third B. Third B. Agnes Honan. Dorothw Strang. Florence Brown. Harry Morris. Long Florino. Mary Boyland. Myrtle Andersen. Stanley Street. Claire Abbott. Elizabeth Graff. ferman Grotte. Ruth Meyers. Hughes McCoy, Lucise Swoboda Third B. Jean Hail. Stanton Kennedy.

11-B

doorman.

Howell.

Fourie A. Gaoys isaber. Charles Cramer. George Jackson. Elired Torrison. Floyd Parker. Wesley Gard. Luceha May. Third B. Bighth S. Will Moss. Will Nicholsen. Ralph Sutton. George Goodland. Lucena May. Third B. Fred Carlson. Albert Dean. James Gilliland. John McGrew. Myrtle Norlen. Ernestine Robertson Rosemond Kinkenos Alice Nelson.

BOLL OF HONOR WILL BE CONTINUED IN TOMORROW'S EVENING BEE





BUSY BEE.

who are going away. R. S. V. P."

Next came the place cards. There were to be fifteen children. "Now for the games," Chlos

Frank was a young artist. "Frank you draw some animals and cut them into pieces," Chloe said, "and put them into envelopes and on the outside I will write what kind of animal is in it."

The next game was a lot of pictures pinned around the room and each represented a nursery rhyme. The children who came had to write what they thought it was. The rest of the games they could choose for themselves when they came.

sun shone. Frank awakened first and awakened

"What? Oh. I know now." Chlos was rubbing her eyes and Frank was dancing

plied together.

dance. At last 5 o'clock came

Soon they were all there. Everything

They took them auto riding and pre-

At the parting everybody said it was the corner, and also a teddy bear belonging best party they had ever attended.

> A Little Girl Who Was Lost. Alex-

One time a little girl named Ruth

As it was late, she lay down on a bunch

Chlos by shouting "Chlos, day of the pink waists and long blue pants. party!" around in his night clothes. paper, and hope to see my letter in print.

"Dear, what is the noise about?" demanded Miss Grayham. "Day of the party, of course," they re

That was a busy day, to be sure. Fouryear-old Mollie was to be crowned May queen, then there was to be a May pole

"Go over to Nelson's and get the girls," directed Mollie (the May queen).

ceding that they crowned joyous little

White was out in the forest after her

My Dear Busy Bees: It is with many

By Mildred Dawson, Aged 9 Years, 1014 North Thirty-third Street. Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a little

mother one day that she wanted to call

up her little friend and ask her to come

over and they both could go out skating.

Little Susan did not have any skates, but

Busy Bee Letter.

Busy Bee Letter.

Side. I hope to see my letter in print.

A Picnic.

Dwight Davis Orviite Dooley. Clare Goodseil Paul Miller. DEUID HILL. Henry Silver, Hage, Smith. Filta B. Merrit McCiellan, Fifth A. Yong Mary De Yong Paul Heald. Fredrick Laux. Helen Starner. Herman Lewis. Third A. Allee Sunderland. Fourth B. Evelyn Watkins. WINDSOR.

PARK. Eighth B. Marjorie Alexander Bruce Cunning-Ethel Grant. hem. Alice Douglas. Dorothy Gray. Clara McAdam Agnes Swobe. Frances Wahl. Linei Woodbridge. Bighth A Austin Crew. Charles Jensen. Gladys Keebler. Vincent Lake. Fred Shields. Carolyn Redgwick. Eighth A. Mann . Mary Winget. Ernest Zachau. Paul Sutton Beventh B. Marian Smith. Harold Streight. Seventh B. Vesta Beavers. Nola Fifi. Ellis Mann. Jean Kennedy. Leona Leary. Mary L. Loomis. Jordan Peters. Zos C. Schalek. Helen Lund. Lohe Sullyan John Sullivan. Matilda Wenning-Bixth B. Charies Dundey, Fern Goodwin, Helen Fowler, Eldon Langevin, Willie Lindee, Sixth A. Katherine Emerick. Gresham Grenville. Ruth Sunderland. Pirth B. Charlotte Denny. Frank Freeman. Lenore Pratt. James Zoman. Anna Leaf. Bernice Langevin. Lyala Abbot. Page Christy.

Third A. Raymond Baber. John Hinson. George Walther. Lucille Wiggs. Louise Ortman. Marthena Peacock. Maurice Street. WEBSTER. William Bang. Grace Burgess. WHEBTARS. Bighth B. Dorothy Anderson. Elfrieda Grotmak. Ruben Holmgren. Meyor Beber. Margaret Matthews Della Marxen. Katherine North. Grace Coe. Karoline Heilman. Nancy Hulst. Sixth B. Emily Holdrege. Erms Guina. Edward Shields. Majorie Smith. Fifth S. Angaleen Taylor. Beulah Sundell. Willen Grobeck Anna Porter. Philip Yousen. Bighth A. Leora Kaufman. Thelma Shousa.

Ellen Grobeck. Elvera Anderson Georgia Street Gladys Hooper. Harold Head. Helen Riley.

Beventh B. Majorie Guild. Olga Hiliquist. Hedwig Melander. Beatrice Peterson Isetta Smith. Lucile Van Reed. Mabel Adamson. Marguerite Harding Robert Planck. Bisth B. Anna Burt. Eleanor Kurts. fisth A.

house and dressed his wounds, and went to the tree and put some nuts and corn for the "mamma squirrel" and her bables. In the evening I put the squirrel in a box and then went to bed. When I got up in the morning it was gone. The window had been left open and it had gone out. When I went to school I saw it with its family eating nuts and corn. It is about six months ago since they lived there, and now they have moved.

> (Honorable Mention.) Our First Debate.

By Gertrude Hughes, Aged 13 Years, Gretna, Neb., Box 69. Blue Side,

We had our first debate one Thursday afternoon about three weeks ago. It was between the Seventh and Eighth grades. There were four girls, including myself, for the Seventh grade, and three girls and one boy for the Eighth grade. The subject was, "Tramps Ought to Be Fed." We had the affirmative side and they had the negative side. There were three judges from the high school and I think they judged fairly. We all had a great many points, and so did the other grade. When we were all through giving our points, we found that we had only two minutes left for the rebuttal.

After the debate, the judges decided that the Eighth grade had 101 points and we had ninety-eight. The Eighth grade received only three points more than we

It was the Seventh grade's first debate up. and I think all the Busy Bees will quite agree with me that we did very well.

The Seventh and Eighth grades will have another debate soon, and I hope in this one the Seventh grade will win.

Girls Go Skating.

By Elsle Knoll, Aged 13, Gretna, Neb. Blue Side.

Our skating party consisted of several girls. Well, yes, I might as well begin it very much. Our teacher's name is Miss from the first. It was after church, one Trotter. There are thirty-seven pupils in she was going to skate on her own Sunday morning that several of us girls our school. We have single soats. I am skates and went off and skated. Little You know The Sunday Bes has the chil-There is a large lake west of here

'Old Riverbed." It is a short distance studies to study. They are reading arithfrom the Elkorn river, and is very large, metic, physiology, grammar, geography skates you would not have fallen down." Several of us girls wondered if we and spelling. I wish to join the Blue side would take a funch, but later on decided and hope my letter will escape Mr. not to. Each of us had skates of which we

were very fond. We all ate our dinner. and then in an hour were ready. Our party consisted of Maggie Harley,

Thelma Secord, Mary Landgon and many other girls. My! such a walk! You would imagine that we were tired when we got there. It was three miles that we walked.

We rested for a while and then put on our skates. Didn't we have a fine she said, "Frank and I want to have a time though? Later on several other children came. It was about half past three when we became thirsty and hungry. We wished now that we had taken a lunch for we didn't know what ment.

it was to walk three miles. Finally our fun came to an end, and we had to go home because it took us an hour and a half to walk a couple of miles. We had to rest about the twins, Ruth and Sarah." every fifteen minutes because we were not used to walking so far.

It was very dark when we reached home. We drank lots of water because we were very thirsy.

The next day at school we were so be present at a surprise party on May 1 The day came and eight little girls came she did speak, she said softly: "Son, clams, for they had nothing in the house to work, and for the twins, Ruth and Sarah Nelson, over to Mary's house and from there you have never been asked to work, and to eat. Dory helped him with his shovel.

Little Bill ran as fast as he could up for her. They also took a lantern. a tree. Bill saw the parrot carrying They went out in the forest where Cynthy away into the clouds, "Goodbye, Ruth was and found her fast asleep on Bill," she shouted. the bed of moss with her little lamb in Just then Bill fell into a tub. There her arms. When they woke her she told was a large pond beneath the tree with them that she found a little lamb that

this tub in. The bear was just reaching had its leg broken, and that she was lost out his claws when Bill fell into this and lay down and went to sleep. tub. The tub began floating down the My Farewell Letter. stream and when Mr. Bear saw he could By Sarah Lindale, West Point, Neb. Red Side.

not get Bill he began to swim. Poor Bill! He thought he was saved, but, alas, there was teddy bear coming after him.

regrets that I write you this farewell Bill had some hopes when he saw Rob ert coming very fast with his hands and letter. For a long time I have taken pockets full of stones and shouting, "I'll much pleasure in writing for the Busy Bee page, but I have grown too old to save you." Now teddy bear was near the tub and be longer admitted within your circle.

I have been quite fortunate in my ef-Robert reached for his stones and fired forts, the last years having received two them at Mr. Bear. Well, wasn't it funny? There sat Bill prizes and several honor marks, for

himself on the floor, rubbing his eyes. which I thank the editor most heartily. Although I cannot longer be a contribu "Come and pick up this checker I dropped. Bill," said Cynthy. "It woke for to your page, yet I assure you that was going to have a birthday party. him up," added Robert. My, wasn't Bill I shall continue to read it every week amazed. There sat his teddy bear in front of him as innocent as could be and the all the Busy Bees may long continue to abeth. parrot singing a song on top of Cynthy's amuse their readers and that all future chair and also Robert's dog sleeping so they have been in the past. soundly in the corner, My, but how Bill

I bid you all, especially my companions did laugh over his queer dream and said, of the Red Side, a kind goodbye. "Gee, but dat was a fierce dream, all right. Dat checker certainly woke me A Selfish Little Girl.

A Story of Our School.

By Viola Reimers, Aged 11 Years, Ful-lerton, Neb. Blue Side. As I have been reading the children's

page I will try it. I would like to join the Blue side. How are all of the Busy Bees getting along. I am fine and dandy. We have a new school house and I like

she thought her little triend, Mary, would let her use her skates half of the in the fifth grade and my sister is in Susan felt very sad. Pretty soon Mary the seventh grade. I am hoping to pass in came back and was crying because she had let me skate a little while on your she would never be selfish again. After Waste Basket. that the two little girls lived happy.

A Surprise Party.

By Reva Rosseter, Aged 11 Years, Val-entine, Neb. Blue Side. "Mother, mother." Frank and Chlos came dancing into the drawing room. "What?" inquired Mrs. Parker, looking up from her book.

Webster Street school. Chloe acted as spokesman. "Mamma." surprise party. You know the twins are By Helen Guthrie, Aged 10 Tears, Cen-tral City, Neb. Blue Bide. going away on the thirteenth and that's why," she added.

Dear Busy Bees: I have been reading Mns. Parker looked puzzied for a me "Yes, yes, my children." the Busy Bee stories for some time. I Frank and Chloe danced out of the would like very much to join the Blue

room. "Nurse, nurse," they cried a moment later to Miss Grayham, their nurse, "mamma says we may have a party for "Well, let's begin to plan now," said

Frank, with a businessime air. "All right." laughed nurse. First came the invitations. They read: have a picule in the woods.

"Frank and Chlos Parker wish you to

South Thirty-Seventh Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side. Mabel and Ruth lived in the city.

They had many friends. Mabel would not play as much as Ruth. Mabel would help her mother, but Ruth would not. She would go and play with other girls. was in the house helping her mother. she did not want to go into the house. When they had finished Ruth came in.

She had to go to bed because she did not taught Ruth a lesson. Don't you?

The Happy Party.

By Mary Fischer, Aged 8 Years, 2006 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha. Blue Side. Once upon a time there was a little

girl. Her name was Helen, and she She invited four little girls, their names with the greatest pleasure and hope that were Dorothy, Ruth, Josephine and Eliz-They had candy, cake, ice cream and

letters may be as bright and cheery as other good things to eat. Dorothy said, "Let's play hide-and-goseek in the house."

Helen was in a very funny place. It was under the covers in Helen's bed. At last they had to stop because it was supper time.

When they were through eating they said, good-by, and both Helen and the girl named Susan. She said to her little girls had a nice time.

The Excitement Over.

Thelma Secord, Aged 13 Years, Greina, Neb. Blue Side. By 'Twas early Sunday morning when Jean brought home The Omaha Bunday Bee. dren's page in it, and it always has the which everyone around here calls the the sixth grade this year. I have five fell down. Then Susan said: "If you of all, sister dear, your letter is in print." most interesting things in it. And best "O! Is it true? I am so glad! Get me the paper, quick. I am so excited I don't

Then Mary looked ashamed and said know what to do. Even if I didn't get a prize, just think how much fun it is to see your letter in print."

"Think how much nicer it would be if By Edna Lawrenson, Aged 9 Years, 2720 Burt Street. Blue Side. tion? But of course everybody can't get Dear Busy Bees: I would like to join try it again."

I have the best story in mind and I am the Blue Side of the Busy Bees. My age is 9 and I am in the third B grade at going to write it and send it to The Bee.

Charles' Lucky Day. By Majorie Boyd Smith, Aged 12 Years, 2307 South Thirty-second Avenue, Omaha. Blue Side.

Charles was a little boy who had plenty of toys, but who was tired of playing with them.

It was one rainy day when he came to the shore. Among them was a very old By Helen L. Burren, Aged 8 Years, Glenwood, Ia. Blue Side. his mother, asking what he might do. Mrs. Pencer, as that was Charles' said he had to take care of his sick She was a very sweet little girl. One day Mary's mamma told her if she was good for a whole week she could mother's name, kept very quiet for five daughter and his little grandson. He had day her mamma had company. When minutes and Charles thought, perhaps, been sick himself and was not able to they were ready to sit down to dinner, This pleased her and she was very good, she had not heard him; but finally, when work. He had come to the beach to dig Doris disappeared, they did not know

never went to the graveyard after dark. and he never tried to scare anyone.

Story of "Gip."

By Frances Walker, Aged 8 Years, 2624 Ames Avenue, Omaha, Neb. One evening my papa brought home One day Ruth was out playing and Mabel little white puppy in a hat box. He was about as long as my hand and about as Mabel went to the door to call Ruth, but broad as he was long. He had a stumpy Ruth would not answer Mabel because tail that stood straight up, for he was a fox-terrier. We let him toddle around Mahel waited and waited, but Ruth did on the kitchen floor. Then we gave him not answer, so Mabel went back into the some milk and made him a soft bed. I house. They all sat down to eat supper. think he was ionesome that night, for he cried until morfilng.

One day when he was about half grown answer Mabel and she did not get any- we were romping with him in our bedthing to eat either. So I think that room. He jumped up on the bed and when I tried to make him get down he tripped and fell so hard he broke one of his hind legs. My mamma telephoned to Dr. Langdon. He came and took him away to the dog hospital. He set his broken leg in a plaster cast and brought him home that evening. In about six weeks he was well again. Last fall he failed to come home one evening and the next morning we found him dead on the street car tracks. He had been run over by the street car. My uncle brought him home and buried him out in the garden. This is the true story of little Gip, and shows that dogs, like people, sometimes have unlucky lives.

A Hunter.

By Frank Houser, Aged 12 Years, Alex-andria, Neb. Red Side. Once there was a hunter who did not have anything to eat for two or three days. He wanted something to eat. He took his gun and went out in the woods to hunt for something to est.

He saw a deer and shot at him and missed the deer and before the hunter could get his gun loaded the deer ran away and he could not get in sight of it ran to her sister's bedroom and said, again. Then he saw a rabbit playing in time. But when she came over she said "Papa just got home from town and he the grass and he shot the rabbit. He went home and he had his supper. The next day he went out hunting and shot two deers. He made himself a coat and muffler and a rug out of the skins.

Would Join Red Side.

By Harold Bichel, Ased 11 Years, Glen-wood, Ia. Red Side.

Dear Editor: I would like to join the Red side. I like to read the Children's page very much. I also like the comic you won a prize or even honorable men- page. I live in the country, but I go to the town school and am in the Sixth have four white rabbits for pets. My father takes The Omaha Daily Bee and also The Sunday Ree. This is my first Will you try, too? I hope a great many letter to the Busy Bees, and I hope to see man, and they agreed to give the dollar

On the Beach.

By Lawrence Koll, Aged 9 Years, Walnut, Ia. Red Side. Dory and Dolly spent a whole day at

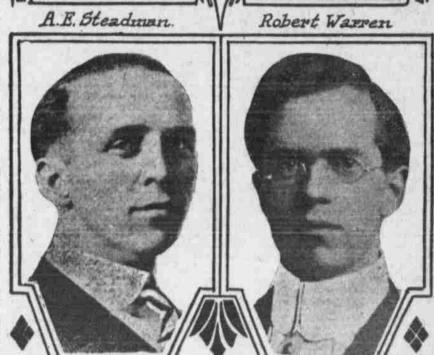
the beach. Dory used his shovel, and Dolly carted the sand. It was a pleasant day, and there were plenty of people on

give than to receive." The Lost Girl. By Dorothy Ward. Red Side. There was once a little girl whose name man. His clothes were all in rags. He was Doris. She was about 4 years old. One

We have a colt at my grandpa's farm. His name is Dandy. My uncle taught me rode on him for a long time. He can

Busy Bee Letter.

By Lawrence Crosby, Aged 10 Years, Beemer, Neb. Red Side. Dear Editor: This is my first letter to the Busy Bees. I go to the Beemer



Stephen Tobin

Prof. L.C. Sorrell, Coach

Members of the victorious debating team, for the affirmative and was well preof Yankton college, who recently secured pared under the coaching of Prof. Sorrell a unanimous decision against the Grin- of the public speaking department. A secnell college team in a debate at Yankton ond Yankton team will debate with Huron on the repeal of the Panama canal act, March 28 at Yankton and a team, yet to which exempts American coastwise ship- be chosen, will go to Nebraska Wesleyan ping from the payment of tolls. Yankton university April 10, both debating the

made a telling presentation of arguments literacy immigration test.

While he was at work, Dolly ran down They finally found her, and where do you first or second prize, so I guess I will grade. I have no brothers or sisters. I to him with a silver dollar in her hand. suppose she was? Well, they found her She had found it in the sand she had asleep under the apple tree in the hamin her wagon. She and Dory talked it mock.

over, Dory told her about the poor old Will you try, too? I hope a great many letter to the Busy Bees, and I hope to see man, and they walked down to the water other Busy Bees will get some energy it in print. I will write a story next to him. They walked down to the water where he was turning up the clams. He Oak Street, Creston, Ia. Red Side.

looked very sad, but when the dollar was put into his hand, he smiled and looked happy. Dory and Dolly were as happy how to ride him. One day I got on him as he was, for "It is more blessed to and he threw me off because no one had

jump fences and is big and stout. I hope my letter will escape the wastebasket, for I am only a beginner.