The Busy Bees

ODAY is Flag day and I hope that every Busy Bee will have a ANOTHER OF THE BRIGHT LIT- into the hole so I had to crawl in and pull I have one sister and two brothers. My flag, no matter how tiny, with which to celebrate this day. In some of the schools, Flag day was celebrated Friday with appropriate exercises, but most of them will observe it tomorrow. The chief feature of the program is generally the salute and

There are two pledges that are usually made to the flag on this day Children in the primary grades give this one: "I give my head and my heart to God and my country-one country, one language and one flag." The older children give the military salute to the flag and repeat the following: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the reputite for which it stands-one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

These are solemn pledges and stir the hearts of the little ones, as it does their elders, with boundless patriotism, which it is meant to do. The pride of the Americans in their flag is second to none.

This week, first prize was awarded to Grace L. Moore; second prize to Lucile Baker and honorable mention to Winifred Shaughnessy, all of

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

The Robin Wedding. Grace L. Moore, Aged 12 Years, Silver Creek, Neb. Blue Side, On a beautiful morning in May Mr. and Mrs. Robin were married in an old oak tree near the old Methodist church. Mr. Woodpecker performed the

ceremony. The bride was given away by Mrs. Meadow Lark. Mrs. Wren was matron of honor, Miss Quail maid of honor, and Mr. Blue Jay best man. Miss Canary played the wedding march on a large oak leaf.

The oak tree was beautifully decorated with large green leaves. Dainty crumbs of cake were their refereshments, Mrs. Black Bird and Miss Sparrow presiding at the table. After the refreshments were served the wedding party broke a pretty little elm near a happy little

There they made a cozy little home out of tiny threads and hay. One warm day of some author. in June something very wonderful happened. When Mr. Robin returned from "bounced" by the angry proprietor, he his long journey he went to his comy little home near the brook and to his the best policy after all. Whew! What surprise found four of the dearest little a mess that fat pocketbook got me into. robins. Mr. and Mrs. Robin stayed with No more of that for me! What a fool I've their young until they were old enough made of myself." And Dan wanted some

> (Second Prize.) Our Circus.

By Lucile Baker, Age 16 Years. Alms. Neb. Blue Side. "BANTAM'S WONDERFUL CIRCUS

Was seen all over the walks and bills were tacked downtown. We had tour tents one large tent, fortune-telling tent, and girls' and boys' dressing tents. In the parade were a band, Mr. and

Mrs. Tom Thumb, Dancing Girls, Pony Riders, and a Steam Calliope, which was someone inside it to play and clowns his mistress.

was the bill:

Oh, You Circus Day-by all. Trapeze Walkers.

Clown Acting. Snake Charmer.

Crow's Acting.

Dancing Girls (dances and songs). We sold lemonade and told forty for-

(Honorable Mention)

A Chickadee's Day. By Winifred Shaughness, Aged 9 Years, St. Paul, Neb. Blue Side. Just as the sun was coming up, Chick-

Chick-a-dee flew to the orchard to find some fruit and worms for his breakfast, then to the pond for his morning bath

Then a long hunt for some weed-seed for his youngsters. When his babies were fed, then he

must teach them to fly, and he cheered his mate with his sweet "chick-a-dee chick-a-dee! chick-a-dee-dee-dee."

When the sun went down, he went to bed hardly able to say, "chick-a-dee! chick-a-dee! chick-a-dee!"

Dan's Adventure. By W. A. Averill, Greenwood, Neb. Blue Side. A tall, heavy-set, "down-and-out" fel-

low, known to his friends as "Slouchy Dan," was walking slowly down a side street, sincerely wishing that luck would turn his way. He was hungry and footsore from tramping about the streets hunting for a job.

Suddenly, with a muttered "Hully gee!" he swiftly stooped and picked up a pocketbook, apparently stuffed full of bills. He was caught in the act by a man who had long hair and when he was asked to give up the wallet he broke away and escaped. He soon stopped running, but walked swiftly for several blocks, his conscience panging him terribly. The traffic officer seemed to glare at himmore than was customary. His fancy told him that big red taxicab was trailing him. must contain a detective, he thought, It's the first time and I need the money. long enough to eat.

But what if they catch me. But I have it now and maybe I had better keep it." He was hungry, but he was afraid to stop He glanced nervously around him and, horror of horrors, there was that red auto. They were trailing him. He went through all the different maneuvers he could think of, to throw them off of his track. He then found himself near the outskirts of the city and he determined to know his wealth. He sat down behind an old barn and was just going to pull the wallet out of his pocket when a gruff voice behind him said, "Move on. Get a-" but Dan waited for no more. He was gone before his angry assailant could finish his sentence. He walked for several blocks out of the city, where he found, as he supposed, a secluded spot by the roadside. He had just put his hand on the pocketbook when he was terrified by a fierce "Bow-wow-wow gr-r-r." He ran as he never ran before, with the buil pup at his heels. After chasing poor Dan for result, he went into a "quick lunch. The smell of food drove away all thoughts get warm " of his ill-gotten goins and he was soon As soon as the door was open Rags vigorously attacking a huge steak. After took hold of the man's clothes with his

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the 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 CHILDRESS DEFARTMENT. Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

his hunger was satisfied he found that he owed \$1, more than he had ever paid for a meal before. Not doubting but up. Then Mr. and Mrs. Robin flew to what he had plenty of money, he took out the pocketbook and-found that the pocketbook contained nothing but a great many written pages, apparently the work

> A few minutes later as he picked himself up off the walk where he had been muttered to himself, "I guess honesty is one to kick him because he had "fallen for" a big fat pocketbook.

The Lost Dog. By Kyra Kirk, Aged 10 Years, Plainview Neb. Blue Side.

There was once a dog and it had a very nice home. It never wished to leave such a nice home. His mistress was very kind to him and

her name was Helen. The dog's name was Jack. many tricks.

a box on two wheels, covered with red. mistress, when a number of women came and all of a sudden the golden world white and blue and a toy piano with along and in some way he lost sight of turns to silver."

I might as well state what became of We went downtown and passed many Jack's mistress. She had walked into a

Jack did not know what to do so he

He ran up to them and they said, "Oh!

After a good while had passed, he saw a girl coming down the road. It was his old mistress, Helen. She gave him a kind look, and ther

asked the woman if she could have him and she said "Yes." Then Helen gave the woman some money for keep ing him.

After a long ride, he again found him self in the same old home.

Rags Pays His Debt.

By Kathryn Waschter, Aged 10 Years, Avoca, Ia., Blue Side.

Rags was a dog. Once he had been t poor street dog. He had picked up bones in the alleys and many times he had gone hungry. No one who saw Rags called him handsome.

One day Rags found a friend. This man's name was Mr. O'Dowd. He had often seen Rags on the street. He was sorry for the poor, hungry fellow. Sometimes he whistled to Rags. Once he had a cookie in his pocket for him. "He is not such a very bad looking dog," said O'Dowd.

Rags learned to like him. He followed him on the street. At last Mr. O'Dowd let Rags follow him to his home. He gave him a bone and a soft bed.

"If Rags will stay with me, I shall keep him," he said. Do you think Rags was glad to stay He had a nice home now and he was

thankful for it. He was never so happy as when he followed his master to and from his work. One night Mr. O'Dowd was leaving his office. It was late. The streets were quiet. It was cold and the sidewalks were slippery. Rags was at the

door waiting for his master. Mr. O'Dowd turned his cost collar up How the wind blew around the corners! The white snow drifted over the walk It covered the ice on the pavement.

Rags and his master hurried on. Rags was hungry. His master was tired. He wanted to get home to his warm fire. "We must go a little faster," he said to Rags. As he began to hurry, his foot slipped on the loy walk, and he fell.

Mr. O'Dowd lay quite still on the walk. Rage licked his master's face. He whined, but his master did not answer. Something must be done. He barked hoping that some one would hear him Nobody came. There was no one on the street. There was no one in the stores. Somebody must be found to help his

Rags ran down the street. At last he came to a house where there was a bright light in the window. Rags stopped before the door.

This great building was a hospital. Inabout a block the dog let up. He returned side the night clerks were nodding in to the city, when he again became aware their chairs. They heard a low whins of that awful hunger. Conscience has no at the door. They heard it again. One chance when hunger sets in, and as a of the men got up. "There is a dog outside," he said. "I will let him in to

TLE BUSY BEES.



teeth. He said as plainly as he could hat he wanted help. "Some one must be in trouble," said

The two went out into the cold. Rags ran ahead. The man followed. When he came to his master, the dog stopped.

"Ah, I knew some one was in trouble," said the man. He kuelt down by Mr. O'Dowd and tried to arouse him, but he could not. So he ran for help. Soon Mr. O'Dowd, followed by Rags, was carried back to the hospital. There he was warmed and nursed till he was able to go home.

"Rags, you have paid me well for riving you a home," Mr. O'Dowd said. Rags wagged his tail and licked his master's hand. He was glad to see his master well, and proud that he had saved

Dandelions.

By Dorothy Smith, 2620 E Street, South Omaha, Neb. Red Side. "The dandelions, oh, the dandelions! How hard you must work to find out where they lurk, and where you dig up one another will pop, and it seems as if Jack was a faithful dog, and could do clover and blot up the grass, and you One day he was out walking with his But soon the golden dots begin to fade

A Wolf Hunt.

walked until he came to the slums of the city.

This summer instead of planting many flowers. I have ten ducks and twenty wolf hunting. I asked them if I could go duck eggs setting. I am a new Busy Bee My father has been a summer instead of planting many flowers. I have ten ducks and twenty wolf hunting. I asked to do anything. Finally after walking a good while, he We took a spade and a gun. We went along. They said I could, so we started and wish to join the Blue Side. saw some dirty children sitting in the into a neighboring pasture and found a hole that had tracks in it. The hole was hole that had tracks in it. The hole was Ruth Stewart, Age 8 Years, Tecumsch. Neb. Blue Side. what a nice dog," and then they took in a clay bank, which was very difficult in a clay bank, which was very difficult to dig. When we stuck the spade in the Dear Busy Bees: This is the very first We sold lemonade and told torty fortunes and collected altogether \$3.72 him into the house and showed him to
hole, the old wolf bit the spade. She tried time I have written. I will write better

Mr. Gathergold's house was pure white their mamma and then he was given as to get out of the hole, but my father shot and longer next time. I have a pet whose marble on the outside. The doors had my name is Lucile. I passed to the fourth dead, our school, as well as all the much comfort as the poor house could at her and killed her. They could not get name is Snowball. I like him very much. gold or silver knobs. The windows were grade at school and to the third at Sun- schools in Omaha, have programs every name is Snowball. I like him very much.

wards and bulled the little ones out with Stewart. my toes. We caught eight little ones and one old one. This is a true story.

His Mother. By Helen Young, Agod to Years, Council Blutts, In 180c Side. some bread in the cupboard, to eat. "Oh! dear me," she said, "there isn't Gretchen, who was a years old, was just

some to eat before dinner time." Then put a bood on her head, and a happyhe went out the door.

on the table what she had. Just then been drawn the night before. Tom came in with several big bundles and laid them before his mother.

her hands. "where on earth did you get the end of the oar, and away they savied all these nice things?" "Just sit down," said Tom, "and I will When they had dropped anchor in a

tell you all about it.

Presents Worth While.

By Martha Anderson, Age 12 Years, the oar.
Weeping Water, Neb. Red Side.
Little Alice Brown had always been the house able to get enough pennies saved during the year to get her father and mother each a birthday present. Their birthdays were very near now, and she had no pennies saved.

the clerk. "Wait till I get my hat on before she thought of a plan that suited She spent nearly a day in deep thought By Mary Goldenstein, Aged 9 Years, before she thought of a plan that suited Glenville, Neb. Red Side.

her. On her mother's birthday she put or onions were clear of weeds.

For her father she planned a similar present. He worked in the field and it being very warm he often had to wall to the house for a fresh drink of water. But Alice was going to prevent that ex tra walking for that day. Just as he was thinking of going for a drink Alice ap peared with a cool, fresh drink for him This she repeated as often as her father had been coming for a drink.

That night she told her parents tha those little acts of thoughtfulness were their birthday presents. Her father said 'May God bless you and may you receive many such presents during your life."

Cares for Garden and Ducks. By Pearl Madison, Aged 13 Years. Hor ace, Neb. Blue Side.

I have never written to the Busy Bee page. I planted a small garden this summer. I planted California poppies, four o'clocks, morning glory and balsams. 1 planted them some time ago and they are just coming up. Besides these I have four rose bushes and two peony bushes. I water the ground every evening after the sun goes down. I did not have much time to plant a garden this houses. When we were through with store, thinking Jack would follow, but our parade we had our circus and this be did not follow her.

Jack did not know what to do so he was the bill:

Jack did not know what to do so he was the bill: this summer instead of planting many

Has Pet Snowball.

the old wolf out by the ear, and when I sister's name is Dorothy and my brothgot her out I went into the hole back- ers names are Harman and Willard

> A Helping Hand. (From the painting by Renouf.)

By Mabel Hancock, Aged 14 Years, Ver-den, Neb. Blue Side. It was a cool morning when Gretchen's One day Tom's mother went to get father first went to fish for cod off the coast of New Foundland

a speck of bread in the house." Then at the age where she had a great desire to help. 'I can row the boat while daddy Minnie "Never mind," said Tom, "we'll have catches fish," she pleaded. So her mother put a hood on her head, and a happy | Ethel Lyon, | little girl took her father's hand and Harold Moore When dinner time came, his mother set walked down where the large boat had Laura Ries.

When they were comfortably seated. Vernon Williamson and Gretchen had placed her tiny hands upon the great oar, a proud father clasped Fred Maneuso. "Oh! my dear boy," she said, clapping upon the great oar, a proud father clasped cut into the blue bay.

tell you all about it.

Well, I worked for our neighbors by raking the yards and several other things, and I carried \$10 and got \$2 worth based to be received to be receiv things, and I carned \$10 and got \$2 worth of bread and a new dress and a pair of shoes for you and a pair of shoes for shoes for you and a pair of shoes for the bay. After awhile a load of cod were string and here is the rest of the drawn into the boat. Gretchen looked at John Mercurio. things, and I carned \$10 and got \$2 worth have to help me a little bit." So ner Helen Humbert. the Gopping fish with wondering eyes and Sald, "Daddy, won't they dance clear out June Colton, Gladys Kemp. and ever after they lived happily together, of the boat?" This brought a broad smile Thelma Brison.

Myrtle Christensy.

In the evening the anchor was pulled, Hazel Olson. of course, with the help of Gretchen, and again her tiny hands were placed upon the oar.

Whird B Mary Amato. Dertha Cohen. Ethel Fratt.

As she and her father walked toward the house, Gretchen said, with a great air, Fred Knight. 'My, daddy, don't it pay to take me along?

Herman's Luck.

In the country, near a town called Hampson, lived a little family. There from the ceiling to the floor. The house day school. I send the story papers and her bonnet and went into the garden, not leaving until the lettuce, radishes and old, and Herman, who was 8. Herman's and gold on the inside. Ernest did not who works for mamma gave me some father was poor, so he drove to town think that Mr. Gathergold looked like plants. I like them very much. I hope every morning and brought things from The Great Stone Face. But The Great to see my letter in print. the depot to the stores to earn money for his wife and family.

He saw two men talking. They saw him he died. He did not look like The Great and one asked if they could stay at his Stone Face. house over night. Herman said they could, for there were no hotels. The not think much of him. Old Blood and Their names were Alice and Edith. They next morning when he got up there was Thunder was born in this valley and had a package on the table. Herman's fought in many battles. When Old Blood father opened it and they saw that there and Thunder come, they had a great little place the children would call the was a whole lot of money in it. In the feast under the trees for him. Ernest bottom of the box was a piece of paper, did not think that Old Blood and Thunder fairies kept their house very clean. They which read: "Kindness is always re- looked like the great white face. warded.

Heeds Too Late. By Eula Brand, Aged Il Years, Fon-tenelle, Neb. Blue Side. In a neighboring town there was a little girl, who, when her mother would ask her to do anything, would always

say: "All right, mother. Wait a minute. One day, her little canary bird got out of his cage and her mother said, "Dear, shut the door or the cats will get your bird." She said, "All right, mother, wait a .minute." but she waited a minute too long. When she went to shut the door, the cat had already caught her bird. That taught her to go when she

My father has been a subscriber for The Bee for quite a long time.

PART II. The Great Stone Face.

By Fay Baldwin, Aged 11 Years, Herman, Neb. Red Side.

EVER ONE OF THESE

Caroline Baker. Raymond Blair.

Georgianna Steel

Glayds Martin Margaret Thompson Louise Wood seventh A Frances Ross. Rocco Mercurio. Helen Shofe. Hazel Rawles. Russell Ryan hoff. Ethel Werdner. Eva Wilson. Myrtle Wagoner.

Seventh B.

Their Own Page
The British Public School Roll of Honors CHILDREN · RECEIVING-THE-HIGHEST * MARK-IN-MORE

THAN HALF . THEIR . SUBJECTS . LAST . WEEK BARATOGA.

MASON.
Fifth A.
Mary Lote.
Antonio Mercurio. Robert Hoham. Hazel Ivey. Jack Stanfield. Fourth B. Sixth B. ucietta Amato. ohn Buttinger Jack Compton. Joe Fisher. Meyer Friedman Bessie Handier. Parker Comstock. Jack Gorman. Edith Hodges. Adrian Westberg. Dainy Miller. Sixth A Vivian Barnes Fourth A Marguerite Bright-Dorothy Rosenthal. Maggle Currie. Camilla Genho. Helena Gifford.

weil.
Zola Ellis.
Gregor Endres.
Ruth Haiter.
Marguerite Hess.
Elizabeth Johnson. Frank Falkner. Ralph Rose. Martha Thornton. Maurice Barker Fifth B. Philip Barnett. Bessie Baxter. BARATOGA. Bighth B Nins Bell Mildred Daley. Colinetta Lear. Susan McEachern. Richard Eleter. Vera Elder. Alice Monroe. Delbert Pierce. Harold Potter. Gertrude Sanford Minerva Trowbridge Edmund Wood. Fourth B. Bernice Etnier Midred Flanagan. Righth A. Truman Brewer. Oliver Pierce. Flora Shukert. Walter White Sarah Wohlmer.

Alice Pfeiffer. Helen Paimer. Lucinda Panabaker. Forest Richards. Fred Schwarts. Third B Jessie Brandell. Alice Britton. Earl Brotchie. Mildred Green.

SABATOGA Fourth A
Elmer Christensen.
Lona Deersen.
Walter Johnson.
Reva Kulakofsky.
Helen Mall.
Ernis Newhouse. Ernia Newhouse. Mildred Ryder. Wendell Stevenson. Clemons Taphors.

SHERMAN. Seventh B Marguerite Haussener. Merial Lee. Howard O'Donnell. Nina O'Donnell. Minnie Wohlner. Suby Kalb. Pifth B. Daniel Turner. Fifth A Theresa Beres. Eugene O'Donnell Philip Retz. Walter Samland, Elsie Wolfson, Fourth B. Eimer Icaacs. Louise Krunnweld. Katherine Seseman Fourth A. Virgil Anderson. Leon Houck.

Howard Ratekin. Fred Retz. Warren Short. Third B
Edma Bilby.
Frances Caughlin.
Sidney Givens.
Clark Hutchison.
Jane Schlotfeld. Pauline Spears

Hazel Ritter. Constance Wolfson,

Stone Face seemed to say, "Fear not, Ernest. The man will come." or his wife and family.

One day Herman was in the woods.

Mr. Gathergold's wealth disappeared and Edna Carille, Aged 11, Underwood, Ia.

Blue Side. Ernest was a young man, but they did

Finally the people did not think Old

Stone Face.

Lena's Luck. By Nellie Peters, Aged 9 Years, Glen-ville, Neb. Red Side. A mother and her daughter were very poor. They could not find any work to as if her heart would break. A lady

Lena), found a place to work,

One evening as she was walking down the street she saw a pocketbook. picked it up and opening it saw that Alice to go and meet her sister, so Alice there was a lot of money in it. There was a card and she read on it, "Mr. James Taylor, No. 5 Third street." her a lot of money for it and she went home and showed her mother. They

happily ever after. Alice Passes.

By Alice Lucile Bauer, Aged 8, Atlanta, Neb. Blue Side. Dear Busy Bees: I have two brothers, whose names are Dale and Harold, and

The Fairy Pool.

There was a little house by the river in which two little girls used to play. would watch the pebbles as the wind would rock them to the shore, and this "fairy pool" and they would say the could see fish and beautiful shells as they looked down at the clear, cool Blood and Thunder looked like The Great water. One day Alice was unkind to her sister. She went down to the pool and sat there. When she looked down she could not see the clear water; it was muddy, and instead of seeing the fish she saw a big, ugly snake coiled ready to jump at her. Alice began to sob do. At last the girl (whose name was stepped out and said, "What are you crying for, little girl?" Alice said, "The poel is not pretty, and I am sorry I have She been rude to my sister." The fairy told went and they threw their arms around each other and kissed. They went back to the pool and it was clear. "Children," She took it to Mr. Taylor and he gave | said the fairy, "the pool is just like your hearts. If you are good the pool will be clear and clean, and if you are not good bought everything they needed and lived the pool will be dirty and muddy." So she disappeared, and Alice woke up, for she had been dreaming.

Memorial Day Exercises.

Mollie Corenman, 8th South Seventh Street, Omaha. Red Side. To honor the heroes, both living and year, consisting of speeches, songs and recitations. I will tell you of the program which we had in our school last Friday. First the sixth, seventh and eighth grades sang a song called "Memorial Day"; second, verse by an eighthgrade boy; third, all national airs by the Victrola: fourth, by the eighth grade, Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg; fifth, "Man Without a Country," by a fifthgrade girl; sixth, a poem by a boy in my room; seventh, "Battle Hymn of the Republic," by the sixth, seventh and eighth grades; eighth, a verse of the lily, rose and violet; ninth, Mr. Weller, an old soldier, spoke about the war; tenth, a president of a club talked to the children about being loyal to our country and our flag; eleventh, a little boy gave the old soldier a fing. I forgot to tell you that the president of the club presented the children with a silken flag, which is to hang in the hall. The last thing on the program was the song. "America." We all had a very nice time

Prefers Baby to Doll.

By Mary Fischer, Aged 9, 3906 Lafayette Avenue, Omahe. Red Side. Jeanette was 5 years old. She was lying in her bed, when her mother told her to get ready for school. Jeanette got up and was ready for school when she saw a little baby lying in her mother's bed. Jeanette thought it was a doll her mother was going to get her, Her mother said: "You will have to do without a doll a while."

Jeanette said: "I do not want a doll now. I just want to love the baby."

New Busy Bee.

By Rosella Klein, Age 10 Years, 814 Hick-ory Street, Omaha, Blue Side. Dear Busy Ree: I want to be one of your new writers. I am 10 years old and go to Lincoln school. My teacher's name is Miss Cottrel, and I like her very well. I hope you will not forget me this Sunday as I would like to see this in print.

Reads Page Every Sunday. By Huldah Roelle, Aged 13 Years, Co-lumbus, Neb. Red Side. Dear Editor: I read the Children's Page every Sunday. Papa likes the paper, too. I would like to join the Red Side. I wish my letter would be in print.

The Loved Ones Are Gone. By Ethel Elanora Barton, Age 13 Years. Arlington, Neb.

The loved ones have gone over the riven.
Their white robes I cannot see.
There was one with hair of silver.
The golden gates we cannot see;
But on the golden shore.
My grandmother is waiting to meet us once more. There was another one

Still on the golden shore is another,
With ringlets of gold,
Who went before his mother,
Died when the days were cold.
But on the golden shore
My uncle is waiting at the door

How Many Weeds in a Garden?

