# Their Own Page

NTIMATIONS of spring are to be seen everywhere, and it does not require skilled eyes to find them, either. Old Mother March has been biustering about in a frantic fashion, trying her very best to reveal to us that the winter days are past and that spring house-cleaning time has come, but her intimations have been expressions of moods rather than tangible signs. The first thunder storm of the year a week ago was a portent of the spring season, and the bluejay, one of the very hist of our feathered friends to return, sang his melody with a suddenness which took us he surgelie

The Busy Bees

hist of our teathered friends to return, sang his melody with a suddenness which took us by surprise. But now, with Easter only two weeks off, the signs of spring have be-come more visible. The swelling buds on the trees may be seen most any-where if you will carry your heads erect enough, and the lengthening days bring the more gorgeous sursets as well as the earlier and brighter dawns. Is it a wonder that the poets call the spring a time of youth when Mother Nature herself on every side is telling us it signifies a time of re-immention?

Mother Nature herself on every side is telling us it signifies a time of re-juvenation? Little girls and boys, forced to lay aside their sleds and ice skates for another year, may now be seen flying along the walks on their roller skates, or skipping with new and gayly colored ropes, not to mention the bags of shining "glassies" bulging from little boys' pockets and groups of children with the bright copper jack stones and balls. How are your garden plans progressing, Busy Bees? Here are a few helpful books for young gardeners which you can find in your city libraries to assist you in your planning: "When Mother Let's Us Garden," by Frances Duncan, is one of the best and simples; "Little Gardens for Boys and Girls" (Higgins), "Mary's Garden and How It Greew" (Duncan), "The Children's Library of Work and Play: Garden Primer" (Grace Tabor), and "The Garden Book for Young People" (Lounsberg). These books are full of good suggestions for making attractive gardens, and you will find them intensely interesting reading. Wilma Pipal of the Ree side won the prize last week, and Helen Craibb of the Red side and Grace L. Moore of the Blue side, honorable mention. A fine list of thirty-eight names for the February contest has just been re-ceived from Cecelia Donovan of Greeley, Neb, which came too late, and a nice letter from Evelyn Hewitt, which could not be printed because of lack of space. A lovely little wooden box of tangerines came this morning from Ruth

of space. A lovely little wooden box of tangerines came this morning from Ruth Ribbel, a former Busy Bee queen, from San Diego, Cal. On the outside of the box was a picture of a woman picking oranges in an orange grove and the words. "You may throw snowballs for me and I'll eat oranges for you." The editor wishes to thank Ruth for her thoughtfulness, and she only wishes you were all here to enjoy their delicious flavor.

# Little Stories by Little Folk

**Rules** for Young Writers

(Honorable Mention.)

The Coyote.

## (Prize Story.) Good Citizenship Roll.

(Prize Story.) Good Citizenship Roll. By Wilma Pipal, age 10 years. Thurs-ton, Neb. Red Side. I thought I would write and tell you what we have at our school. It is called the good citizenship roll. Every Monday morning we start with 100 per cent. There must be two reporters, one for each side of the room, and there must be certain things counting certain per cents off, such as whispering. Anyone who has 75 or lower loses his recess for three days. Here are some of our rules that we have at our school: Whispering, 2 per cent off: playing in school, 2 per cent off; iswaring, 10 per cent off; teasing, 10 per sent off; feet in aisle, 4 per cent off; changing seats, 3 per cent off; cating in school, 5 per cent off; dropping books, 2 per cent off; dropping books, 2 per cent off; dropping is school, 5 per cent off; dropping is tworks fine in ours, although creat off; idleness, 2 per cent off; throwing paper, 3 per cent off; thay it works fine in ours, although every week there is some one has to say in. T never have had to stay in and 1

stay in. I never have had to stay in and I

JOHN BEEBI

enrolls junior members, so far as we John Beebe and Nieland Van Arsdale, 11-year-old Busy Bees, enjoy a unique distinction. They are the only junior members of the C. O. Story Tellers' league and attend all the meet-ings along with their mothers and aunts and a lot of schoolma'ams who make up the membership. "Our league is the only story tell-ers' league in the United States which

cunning way of avoiding traps and They survive among the sparser settlements of the west.

The Fishing Trip.

Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
 Cae pan and ink, not porndi.
 Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 230 words.
 Original stories or letters only will be used.

4. Original stories or letters only who be used, 8. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. A prize book will be given each week for the best contribution. Address all communications to Chil-drea's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

The Fishing Trip. By Weldon Solomon, age 12 years. 2615 Maple street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side. There were about twelve of us boys who got in a wagon one day and went eight miles in the country to fish. After a while we stopped at the place where we were going to fish. One of the boys caught a turtle, and I caught a fish. When we got ready to eat our lunch I reached over in the water to wash my hands, and almost fell in. I had to put my foot in the water and of course I got it wet. Well, we had a nice lunch, after which we started home. Will close, but will write again. as possible, and buy as much at a time as you can, because you can then get your groceries and supplies for less money. Also, you must not waste a single thing. The make-believe daughter was apt to be careless about these matters and of course had to be punished. The papa, too, had to be spoken to, but you know he was a big 5-year-old man, so he just laughed. "Just the same," the make-believe mamma said, "you do as I have told you or you will go in debt." again

The Necklace of Truth.

By Evelyn Mauck, Aged 11 Years. Touhy, Neb. Red Side. There was once a little girl named Pearl, who did not love the truth. She was in the habit of telling untruths. but for a long time her father and mother did not know this. At last they found that Pearl often said things that where not so

things that were not so. Now, at the time-for it was long, long ago-there lived a wonderful man named Merlin. He could do such

stay in.
I neven have had to stay in and I always get 100 per cent.
I am learning to crochet and with some one would send me some patterns of crocheting.
(Honorable Mention.)
The High Cost of Living.
By Helen Crabb, age 9 years. 4016 North Thirty-fourth avenue, Ornaha, Neb. Red Side.
"The high cost of living, child," said the make-believe 9-year-old mamma to her make-believe 7-year-old daughter, "complex us to be very darg."
Helen, aged 9, the mamma, Anita, aged 7, the daughter, and Walter, "ged 5, the papa, made up the make-believe ramily. The high cost of thirty, and Walter, "aged 5, the papa, made up the make-believe family. The high cost of thirty, and Walter, "aged 5, the papa, made up the make-believe family. The high cost of the mamma fanita, nothing was wasted by the make-believe family. The high cost of the mamma fanita, nothing was wasted by the make-believe daughter or papa.
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The could not watch the store prices, so did not know what was cheap.
The could not watch the store prices, so did not know what was cheap.
The could not watch the store prices, so did not know what was cheap.
The acadita far food consists mainly of the mamma fanita, nothing was wasted by the make-believe family. The high cost of high cost of living is to buy as cheaply.
The mamma far the store prices, so did not know what was cheap.
The mamma to manage carefully, because he had to work hard all day.
The mamma far the store prices, so did not know what was cheap.
The mamma to manage carefully, because he had to work hard all day.
The mamma to her make-believe 7-year-old the mamma far the papa was very wise. He told had have the store prices, so did not know what was cheap.
The mamma far the store prices, so did not know what was cheap.
The mamma far the store prices, so did not know w

NIELAND VANARSDALE

A Black Calf's Tale.

time. I have sent in my names in answer to the February birthday contest and enjoyed finding the names very much. I got 165 names and I hope I get the prize. I am sure that I will remem-ber the people who were born in Feb-

ber the people wno were user and automobiles going by. day.

to the road and barking at teams and automobiles going by. One day we were going to be home all day, so we were going to break him of the bad habit. That morning as I was going out to the road to get in the car that takes us to school, Chum ran out, too. He ran right be-tween the wheels of the car and they ran over him and broke his neck. We all felt very badly and so did the man that was running the car, but it could not be helped. We felt very sorry, for we all loved the little dog. This is a true story.

know," says Miss Grace Miner, one of the members. This year, the cycle story, "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," is Wonderful Adventures of Nils. is being told and you can just believe John and Nieland revel in the stir-ring adventures of the hero. Both little boys are going to be permitted to tell stories, as well as listen to them, before the year is up.

sorry, for we all love This is a true story.

## Four Pet Chickens.

By Dorothy Niclsen, ' ~d 11 Years; Omaha. Blue Side. It is getting near the time to hatch little chickens, , will tell you about my friend's pet chickens. Two were yellow and the other two were brown. We named them Susie, Whitie Brownie and Chickie. We only a lae only in an old were and nothing was heard of the necklace of truth after that. Would you like to wear it? Are you sure the diamond would always keep bright?

chicks got out and ran away. When we came out they were gone, so we went to hunt for them. We found them and carried them back and

A Black Calf's Tale. Hildreth Lyons, age 11 years. Fergu-son, Neb. Red Side. "The first thing I knew I couldn't see anything, so I asked my mother why I couldn't see. She said it was night and that one couldn't see at night. In the morning out came a man and a boy. The little boy said. "Oh, look at that pretty black call." "Pretty soon the man came in with a can with something in it and poured it in the box. Then the man left and came back with a pail in his hand. He sat down and began to milk. It thought he was going to take away all my milk. He milked my mother nine times and then he separated me from my mother. The little boy came up to me with a pail that had some up to me with a pail that had some up the anging the man turned me

There is not have a new to have a first one of the start of the subscription of th

Junior Members C. O. Story Tellers' League Image is Fido. He can sit on his hind legs and ask for something to eat. If we do not give him meat he will how. I better close my letter, for it is getting too long. I will write as tory next time. I have written to your page four in Fido. He can sit on his hind legs and ask for something to eat. If we do not give him meat he will how. I better close my letter, for it is getting too long. I will write as tory next time. I have written to your page four in print. One time I got honorable metion. Now I am going to try and that he would never shoot an-other rabbit. The work time. I have written to your page four is master cared less for it. One day a thoughtless little boy sing by the roadside. This little boy is master cared less for it. One day a thoughtless little boy is master cared less for it. One day a thoughtless little boy is master cared less for it. One day a thoughtless little boy is master cared less for it. One day a thoughtless little boy is master cared less for it. One day a thoughtless little boy is master cared less for it. One day a thoughtless little boy is master cared less for it. One day a thoughtless little boy is master cared less for it. One day a thoughtless little boy is master cared less for it. One day a thoughtless little boy is master cared less for it. One day a thoughtless little boy is master cared less for it. One day a thoughtless little boy is master cared less for it. I have written to your page four is master another rabbit. The little boy sail he was sorry and that he would never shoot an-other rabbit. A True Bird Story. I have written to your page four is master another rabbit. I have written to your page four is master another rabbit. I have written to your page four is master another rabbit. I have written to your page four is master another rabbit. I have written to your page four is master another rabbit. I have written to your page four is master another rabb

A True Bird Story. By Helen Stourell, Aged 11 Years; Ord, Neb. Blue Side.

Ord, Neb, Blue Side. This is my first story to the page and it is a true one. One day when I was outdoors walk-ing I saw a little bird hopping in front of me. It did not fly so I decided to catch it and take it home. I noticed that it had a knoken wing and I felt

Seven Years Old Tomorrow: that it had a broken wing and I felt

that it had a broken wing and I telt very sorry for it. Our baby. Verna, tried to pet it, but it pecked her. I asked my broth-er wha: kind of a bird it was, and he said he thought it was a snow bird. We felt very badly to find it dead when we got home from school one day. Laukas, John......Assumption Larson, Gunild.....Central Pruner, William.....Miller Park Timm, Alice.....Beals Eight Years Old Tomorrow: Branch, Harry M......Castelar Harrison, Catherine.....Saratoga

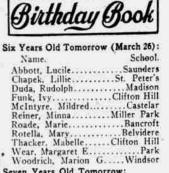
## Busy Bee to Move.

Kathryn Owen, age 11 years. Ash-ton, Idaho. Red Side. I have a great deal of fun coasting as we have so much show here. I have no sled, so I sit in the scoop and coast. A drift between our house and barn is so high that we can not see

our barn. This is my last letter that I will write while I am in Ashton, but I will write when I get to Oakland, Ore.

## The Horse and the Oak Tree. The Horse and the Oak Tree. By Helen Heald, Aged 10 Years. 210, North Cedar Street, Creston, Ia. Red Side. This is the second time I have writ-ten to this page. I would likel to have some of the Busy Bees write to me, as I have only received one or two let.

They played in the tree and played, but did not sing, as "Why do you stand here all day," I have only received one or two let-ters from Busy Bees. One time a plow horse saw a large green oak tree. "How do you do?" asked the oak tree. Brownie and Chickie." We put a lap robe in an old wagon seat and put pieces of apple i. there. Then we put them in and placed a white piece of cloth over the top to keep them in while we ate our lunch. While we were eating dinner the chicks got out and ran away When



Nine Years Old Tomorrow:

Brodheck, Eleanor.....Train Hamilton, Williard J... Columbian Lang, Clara.....Hawthorne Valentic, Rosie.....St. Agnes

doing nothing?" said the plow horse. "Look at me. I work all day for men, while you stand just there." "I give shade to those men who come this way." said the oak. "I be-lieve that we both help man." So the tree and the horse stopped manageding.

Sees Spring Birds.

Anna Verbeck, age 9 years. Scribner, Neb. Red Side.

quarreling.

Twilight Animal Stories

"Bumper the White Rabbit"

Little Tots'

## THE GREAT SECRET

Novelized From the Metro Wonderplay Serial of the Same Name, in Which Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are Co-Stars

## BY J. M. LOUGHBOROUGH

of the Novilization of Clyde Fitch's play, "Her S Romance," and other short stories.

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## BEVERLY WAS ON THE VERGE OF INSANITY.

Beverly turned her head away from him. Even in the peril that confront-ed them, she could not help thinking of how she had idealized Strong as ther hero and how, when she was found in the clothes closet in his home, he had faced her angrily and ac cused her of seeking to trap him. As she thought of these things Strong knelt before her. He said not a word, but gazed appealingly at the girl. He had risked his life to enter Sin's den and shield her. As that thought flashed upon her she faced him, radia ant with an innocent love. "Forgive you?" she murmured. "Why it is I that should ask forgive-ness for dragging you into this trouble." (End of Chapter VII).

(End of Chapter VII). in horror

"Then I'll be the Chinese doctor," Strong announced. "I'm going to Git Sin's den. You get the police. I must save that girl." As quickly as his wounds would permit he put on some clothing and crept out of a window so that Miss Tredwell would not know of his intention. "Do you think she may want to?"

Aren III be the Chipese doctor, "
Strong announced. "I'm going to Gi
sin's den, You get the police. I must
save that girl." As quickly as his
wounds would permit he put on source
clothing and crept out of a window
so that Miss Tredvell would not know
of his interest.
 Meahtime Everyly, in Git Sin's den,
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is a disciplined warrior that neve was known to ignore the "battle cry of its clan.

In the southwest a hunter, before firing into a drove of javelinas, care-

firing into a drove of javelinas, care-fully inspects the trees for one that he can easily climb. However skillful he is with a rifle, he could hardly ex-pect to stop the charge of a dozen or more javelinas, and if they reached him he would have no chance. Once the peccaries got him down, they would never cease their shrill, fight-ing squeals until they had torn him to shrgds. Hence the rule in the javeline countr, is to climb your tree first and shoot your pig afterward-shoot it so dead that it cannot emit a single squeal: otherwise you must be prepared to roost in the tree for be prepared to roost in the tree for half a day or so.

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