

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

ALL of the Busy Bees who have not yet sent in their votes for king and queen should do so early this week. Only the votes received by May 3 will be counted, because the announcement of the names of the new rulers is to be made May 7. Every reader, as well as every writer, for the page is interested, surely, in the selection of these rulers. Every reader is entitled to a vote.

There are so many good stories this week that it is a bit difficult to select the prize winners. When the Bees read the stories which have been chosen for prizes let them consider why these won first place. Letters telling why the reader thinks this story or that story excels would be of value not only to the Bee who wrote the story, but to all writers, including those who write the letters.

The prizes are awarded to Cecil Shopen, Blue side, and Forrest Perrin, Red side. Honorable mention is given the stories by the queen, Helen Verrill, and Virginia Crofoot.



(First Prize)

Birds.
By Cecil Shopen, Aged 9 Years, 425 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha, Blue Side.
I have seen quite a number of birds. I saw some sparrows build their nest. When the nest was done I began to feed them. I had a little jar and two can covers. Now, whenever I go out they all sing and chatter, and I always feed them.

(Second Prize)

Buster.
By Forrest Perrin, Aged 9 Years, 401 Charles Street, Omaha, Red Side.
When we lived in Peoria, Ill., a woman in our neighborhood gave us a little kitten. He was black and white.
We named him Buster Berrin. He seemed to know his name, for every time we called him he came right away. He knew how to play hide-and-go-seek, too. When we played it he would get in a little corner and peek around to see if we were coming. If you took a string and dragged it around he would follow it, and when you jerked it he would jump clear up in the air. When you came to a little corner he would down until you came that way again; he would jump out at the string as if it were a mouse.
One morning when papa opened the door to let Buster in the house he set a very large rat down in front of papa and lay down beside it, just as much as to say: "What do you think of that?"
When we moved to Omaha we could not bring Buster, so we left him with one of the neighbors. We miss him very much.

(Honorable Mention)

Turtles.
By Helen Verrill, Aged 14 Years, Queen Bee, The Strahlow, No. 15, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.
I have found out that turtles have no teeth, but their jaws are very sharp and they are able to chew vegetable substances or give a sharp bite.
There are four different kinds of turtles I know about, the land turtle, marsh turtle, river turtle and marine turtle.
The land turtle is found in southern Europe and all over America. They live a long, long time, something like fifty or seventy-five years. They move very slowly, but can build a burrow in a short time. Their shells protect them from any ordinary enemy except man and the boa-constrictor. Man takes it home and roasts it and the boa-constrictor swallows it whole, shell and all.
I had a land turtle once that was very small and very lively, walking around the room, and always settling near an open fire if it could. This one only lived a few months. It ate bread and milk, drinking the milk by scooping up some of it in its lower jaw and then throwing its head back so it would run down its throat. Its head and feet are so it can draw them in its shell away from danger.

(Honorable Mention)

A Story of a Pencil.
By Virginia Crofoot, Aged 11 Years, 122 South Thirty-ninth Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.
My name is Mr. Pencil. Would you like to hear the story of my life?
I was once a part of a large pine tree, growing on the shores of Lake Winnipeg in Canada. For a long while I had wanted to go into the world of which I had heard a great deal from the leaves in autumn when they left us and went sailing away to see the sights of the great cities.
One day my wish was granted. Men came with axes, cut me down and then put me on sledges drawn by horses. I was taken to a mill where I was made into many different things, but I am only telling how a part of me came to be a pencil.
After I had gone through many different machines, Mr. Lead came along and they put him inside of me, which was very painful. Then I was painted a pretty green color and sent to a store.
I liked it here very much and the other articles told me many interesting stories of their adventures.
One day a little girl came into the store and bought me. I am now very happy with my new mistress and she uses me every day at school.

(My First Party)

My First Party.
By Muriel McLellan, Aged 9 Years, Gibson, Neb.
I had my first party when I was 8 years old. I invited eighteen girls to come. When they were all here, we went down to the river. We had two teeter-totters to test on and a swing to swing on.
My mamma sat by the river and sewed. We had a pair of water on a stump to drink out of.
After we had played a long time, mamma rang the bell and we all went to the house and played some games in the house. After a while mamma called us to lunch. We had peanut sandwiches, lemonade and cake for lunch.

(Language)

Language.
By Clyde E. Thompson, Aged 11 Years, Wood River, Neb., Blue Side.
Did you ever stop to think what language means to us? How different our lives would have been if no language had ever

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.

developed. Language is the expression of thought by means of written or spoken words.

The English word language, comes from the Latin word Lingua, meaning the tongue. Many savage tribes, such as the North American Indians, can carry on a conversation without the use of the tongue. This is by signs or sign-language, as it is called. All language, however, is really the expression of thought by means of signs. Spoken words are signs made with the voice, and written words are signs made with the pen or pencil.

This world would have been altogether different if we had not had the power of speech. What would it be like if we had long ago have done if they had come back from their voyage and could not have expressed their luck or disappointment to the world?

Language is never at a standstill. It is constantly changing little by little. It is changing so slowly that we are not aware of it, but if we were to look at the form of language that our ancestors used, it would look as strange as that of foreign countries. Language is the most delicate instrument which men use. A study of its laws is a worthy occupation for the mind.

The Joke on Mamma.

By Reatha Shelton, Checotah, Okl., Box 94.
I have received so many pretty Easter cards about my pet bird from the readers of this page that I will now tell about my pig. One morning we went out to our pig pen and found a lot of little piglets. One was odd and seemed to be different from the rest and the old mother

Princess Spring.

By Mildred Jensen, Aged 12 Years, 436 North Nye Avenue, Fremont, Neb.
Once upon a time Princess Spring came to King Winter's beautiful palace. The king and queen were very happy and gave the little princess a lovely party. All the flower fairies in the woodland were invited except one, which was Fairy Thorn. She was so cross that King Winter feared she would hurt the beautiful Princess Spring.

Fairy Thorn called her soldiers to go with her. They went to King Winter's palace and knocked at the door, but the king would not let them in. Fairy Thorn stamped her foot and said: "I will punish all the flower fairies and everyone in the palace. They shall all die and not have any more blossoms for six long months."

Then the wicked fairy placed rows and rows of her Thorn army around the king's palace. She told them to use their sharp spears if anyone tried to pass. The soldiers begged to go back, but Fairy Thorn only looked crosser and said: "No. One day Prince Autumn came by King Winter's palace. He tried to go in, but they only stuck him with their spears. They tore his pretty clothes and made him go away."

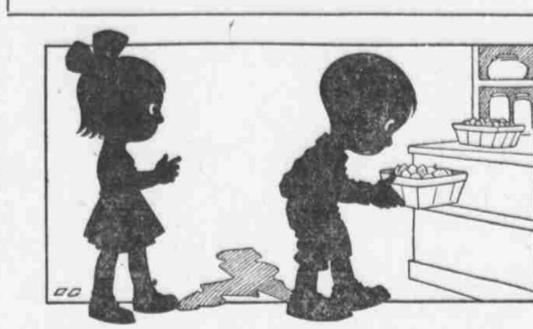
Many weeks after Prince Verdun rode by. He tried to go in, but in vain. Then the good prince let them go back if they would only let him in. This made the army very happy, so they let him go in. The people were all fast asleep when he entered. Princess Spring was near the door, so the prince called to her, but she did not awaken. Then he stooped and kissed her and the lovely princess opened her eyes and smiled.

The king and queen and all the flower fairies also awoke. How happy they were. They put on their prettiest dresses and played for many weeks in the gardens and woodlands.

A Dog on Wheels.

By Mildred G. Carruthers, Aged 11 Years, 4923 North 26th Street, Omaha, Red Side.
There were two boys named James and Leland who had a puppy which they loved because she could do so many tricks. Some of the tricks were: Playing dead, walking across the room on her hind feet; then she would jump into the water for a stick

Precaution



Ellie—Say, you'd better leave those strawberries alone. Ma said if she caught you at them again she'd dust your jacket.
Willie—Yes, but I ain't wearin' any jacket; I took it off a purpose.

the boys threw and would even try to turn a somersault. When she first came she looked like a ball of silk with two big black eyes shining out of it.

She had another friend, "Mark, the horse." When Mark would come out of the stable she would run and bark at him. One day the big hay wagon came along and the dog slipped under it and it went over her crushing her hind legs.

James and Leland were very sorry, and their mother said she would have to be put out of her misery, but the boys begged to save her so, their mother said, "What till your father comes home and he will see about it."

But their father said the same, but the boys begged so hard that their father took her to the doctor.

In a few weeks the dog came back in the doctor's car but without her hind legs. She was wagging her tail more than ever. The dog will have to lie on a cushion. But once in a while she tries to follow the boys.

One day a friend came to visit the dog's father and before he left he took the dog's measure. In about a week there came a package and when it was opened they found a cart for the dog. It was a cart with buckles, straps and rubber tires on the wheels and a cushioned seat, but the dog didn't like it very well until the boys showed her how to use it and then she liked it as well as her own legs.

The Lost Dog.

By Hubert Loose, Aged 7 Years, Thurman, Ia., Red Side.
Once a dog got lost in the woods. It was a cold winter night and it was snowing hard. Soon a farmer heard the dog and went and found him.
It always had a nice master and a warm kennel to sleep in afterwards.

Helen's Bird.

By Gladys M. Thompson, Aged 14 Years, Wood River, Neb., Blue Side.
This is a true story. It starts three years ago, when a robin built its nest in the top-most bough of our cottonwood tree.
My little sister Helen, then but 3 years of age, called it her "birdie," from the very first. It would come up and hop under the window. It stayed with us all summer long, but when the first signs of winter appeared, it started on its journey towards its winter home in the Southland. All winter little Helen watched for her bird, not being old enough to understand why it would not come, she would watch from day to day. Until, at last, when she

stood by the window, we heard her cry for joy. Yes, there it was. Her bird once more had come to build her nest in the same tree.

By this time it was so tame that it would come up to a quilt which was spread upon the green grass for the children to play upon.

But now the sad part comes, for, one beautiful day (at least outside), death claimed Helen and she was carried to that heavenly home on high.

The robin finished out the summer and again returned southward.

As the warm days approached, we watched for it and sure enough it had returned once more.

To me, it seemed to say, "Oh, that I might see my playmate once again; but no, she has left this lowly earth, never to return."

This robin has not yet made its appearance, but we are in hopes that it may come.

Do you not think, I have proved to you that he likes his summer home?

Alice, the Bee and the Bunny.

By Eugene Stevens, Aged 7 Years, 1615 South Tenth, Omaha, Blue Side.
There was once a little girl who was very fond of bees. One day she was running about in the yard, when suddenly she heard a buzzing noise. It seemed to say, "Little Alice, come here, come here! We are very tired flying. Won't you play some games with us?"

The bee said, "Who is it? Oh, it is the queen bee!"
Then they played hide-and-go-seek until it was time for Alice to eat her supper. The next morning it was Easter and Alice went out and found three beautiful Easter eggs under the lilac bush. Just the place where she had played with the bees the day before.

The bees were busy making honey and the rabbits were busy laying eggs.

A Snake Story.

By Cora Gibson, Aged 11 Years, Central Avenue, Nebraska City, Neb., Blue Side.
One day I was crossing a bridge and was half way across when I saw a rattlesnake about a half yard away. It was looking right at me. I just stood there. I couldn't move or scream.
I had been standing there nearly five minutes, it seemed, before anyone came by. It was my uncle in his wagon. When he saw me and the snake he stopped. He killed the snake and took me home. He said I was nearly charmed by it.
I believe there never was a girl more frightened than I was.

"Merry Springtime," A One-Act Play for Children

PERSONS IN THE PLAY.
Miss Spring (A pretty girl). Jack Frost (A comical boy). Old Winter (A decrepit old man). Cold Breeze (A frightful youth). Warm Zephyr (A friendly girl). Little Johnny-Jump-Up (small boy). Miss White Rose (A pretty girl). Boy (A youth of 14). Girl (A miss of 13).

SCENE: An open grove of budding trees. Dead leaves about on the ground. Hills and farm house in distance. Clouds snowy white in the sky. Old Winter from right of stage, crosses to center; pauses.

OLD WINTER: Ah, and now the end of my sojourn here is at hand. I feel it in the air. See yonder farm house on the hills where even now a bit of green is coming; hitherto my snows had spread! (As he speaks he turns to the right and points close to Old Winter.) What, my son—my constant companion! I have been seeking you everywhere. We must be on our way northward. I met Miss Spring's advance agent last evening as I sat on top yonder highest hill. He—Cold Breeze—came to warn me that his little sweetheart, Warm Zephyr, was in the valley just south of us, and would reach here some time today.

OLD WINTER: Ah, sire, I, too, have been conversing with those who are coming to claim the land which has been our throne many months past. I was living snugly at the foot of a tree when a voice spoke to me from beneath the dry leaves. Looking about me, I beheld Little Johnny-Jump-Up. He said, "Ah, good Jack Frost, do—"

OLD WINTER: (Interrupted by the entrance of Johnny-Jump-Up.) Johnny-Jump-Up—I asked you not to touch me with your withering breath, Master Jack. And you were very kind and left me unmolested. And here am I, following right in your path. But whom have I the pleasure of meeting? (Pointing towards Old Winter, who has sat down on a stump.)

OLD WINTER: Well, and so you do not know Old Winter? Allow me to present you. Johnny-Jump-Up advances to Old Winter and offers to shake his hand. Old Winter quickly puts his hand behind him.

OLD WINTER: No, no, bright youth. Dare not to touch me. I would wither you up—even worse than would the breath of my little son. But I am glad to meet you. Never before have I dared to linger till you came forth. And—did you hear it? Warm Zephyr's light step on the leaves. Yonder she comes!

OLD WINTER: Ah, in advance of her comes Cold Breeze. See him darting hither and thither among the trees? He is leading his adored sweetheart. There they come over the hill together—he in the lead! (Points in the distance while

speaking. Old Winter and Johnny-Jump-Up look in the direction of his pointing finger.)
OLD WINTER: I shall hide away. I like not those heralds of spring. They make me sad. (Humps behind a tree.)

OLD WINTER: I shall talk and speak with them. I have met Cold Breeze—once, long ago. But I have never before laid eyes on Warm Zephyr.

OLD WINTER: (Enter Cold Breeze closely followed by Warm Zephyr, who remains a safe distance off.) Johnny-Jump-Up—Ah, Cold Breeze, you chill me through and through. Why must you always come just as I have got out of bed? You should accompany Old Winter and Jack Frost to love to the north.

OLD WINTER: I love Warm Zephyr, and am loath to depart from where she stops. See her—how beautiful.

OLD WINTER: (Speaking to Johnny-Jump-Up.) Fear not Cold Breeze, my pretty fellow. He does no harm to your kind. Why, Miss White Rose is quite fond of him. She declares that were it not for his occasional coming, she'd die of overheat. She says that the sun and I are very good friends, but that she loves a little change in temperature once in a while. And she ought to know what is good for one.

OLD WINTER: Thank you, beautiful warm Zephyr. I may be one of the great powers of the world, but you, in all your gentleness, could rob me of my power, were I to allow you to enter my domain. Ah, little

Johnny-Jump-Up—Ah, Miss White Rose is the princess of the woods. If she loves you, Cold Breeze, I shall make you my friend also.

OLD WINTER: Speak of an angel and you'll hear the flutter of her wings. There comes Miss White Rose, through your valley. And now I must be off. I dare not stop to speak with her. I'd rob her of her rare beauty. (Starts to depart. Jack Frost remains hiding behind the tree. Old Winter looks about for him. Warm Zephyr sees their dilemma and comes forward.)

WARM ZEPHYR: Dear Old Winter, you whom I have never seen before—though I know of your wonderful works—I wish to salute you as you withdraw. All hail to you, great keeper of the North Pole and of the South Pole. You are one of the great powers of the world. And now, that you are looking about for your young son, I shall chase him from behind that tree, and if you wish, you may chase him for his naughtiness. He's hiding away from you, wishing to remain against your will. (Runs toward Jack Frost, who rushes from behind the tree and joins Old Winter, secreting himself behind him.)

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you know, sweet child of spring, how weak I would be in your hands. So, knowing the powers of you and of your young friends, Miss White Rose, Master Johnny-Jump-Up and others of Miss Spring's family, I shall have to depart. Farewell, dear one. Come, my son. Be obedient and follow me.

JACK FROST: But I would carry a bit, sir, and hear the footsteps of yonder approaching Miss White Rose. She's the beauty of the Garden of Flowers. I should love to get a glimpse of her face.

OLD WINTER: And blight her? Ah, you had better take that! Old Winter quickly seizes Jack Frost and gives him a spanking, holding his wiggling form across his knee, himself sitting on the stump.)

JACK FROST: (getting to his feet and rubbing himself where the heavy hand of Old Winter played so brisily)—Ah, sir, you can spank like an ordinary mother, resent a huge icicle, the two hurly off the stage at left.)

JOHNNY-JUMP-UP: (to Warm Zephyr)—Come near me, pretty maid. I love your

warm breath. Master Cold Breeze chills and makes my head shake.

COLD BREEZE: Then I'll scramble to the top of the tree, for I do not wish to make myself disagreeable. (Climbs into the tree top.)

WARM ZEPHYR: Ah, friend, you look fine up there. How you make the limbs quiver. But they like a chill touch, for they are hardy. (Then she turns to Johnny-Jump-Up.) Aren't you ruder early, my good fellow? I thought you waited till Miss Spring came to touch with her hand the covers of your bed?

JOHNNY-JUMP-UP: I am one of Miss Merry Spring's heralds. When I came out of the ground and whispered to all living things that Winter had taken his son, Jack Frost, and departed, they all began to sigh and say: "Come hither, Merry Spring. Come hither. We are waiting patiently for you." And then she comes. But—what sound was that? (Turns and looks toward the right. Ah, yonder is Miss White Rose. She comes tripping gaily to us. She is great, her, Warm Zephyr? (Enter Miss White Rose.)

MISS WHITE ROSE: Ah, my good friend, Warm Zephyr. I am delighted to see you again. You made such a pleasant call upon me yesterday.

WARM ZEPHYR: He also called upon me yesterday—in the evening—and said that he was going with you into the Wood today.

WARM ZEPHYR: Ah, not only into the Wood, White Rose, but into a very tree itself. Look! (Points upward into the tree where Cold Breeze dangles his legs. He reaches down and shakes her uplifted hand.)

WHITE ROSE: Glad to see you, Coldie. (Laughs and shivers.) But you always give me a chill.

COLD BREEZE: Glad to see you, Rosy. But you always give me a hard knock. But with all your beauty, I love you still.

JOHNNY-JUMP-UP: Say, Miss White Rose, why will you waste breath on that silly fellow? He thinks he has wit. But—talk with me, and you'll find I am most entertaining. (Approaches close to White Rose and bows low.)

WHITE ROSE: (smiling)—Yes, you are always a jolly chap, Johnny. But—I'm sorry to say it—you have the big head. Oh, you're not to blame for it—you are just what you are born. But take no offense at what I say. Only, you are a very small flower with a very large opinion of your importance. However, you are dearly beloved by the boy and the girl. And—yonder they come, hand in hand with Miss Spring. (Cold Breeze looks toward the right. Johnny-Jump-Up also rushes right and looks. Warm Zephyr and Miss White Rose

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate

April 30, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Emers S. Adams, 3722 Pacific St.	Columbian	1902
Theodore Anderson, 4236 Maple St.	Clifton Hill	1897
Ethel Anderson, 2872 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1896
Corra F. Adams, 1938 North Fifteenth St.	Sherman	1905
Lewis F. Beal, 112 South Twenty-eighth St.	Farnam	1905
Jennieve Binder, 849 South Nineteenth St.	Leavenworth	1904
Emily L. Barton, 2815 Plankney St.	Howard Kennedy	1899
Rudolph Corner, 3510 Valley St.	Windsor	1902
Louis Connolly, 2611 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1896
Thomas Collopy, 3214 Emmet St.	Sacred Heart	1897
Edward Clark, 629 South Twenty-fifth St.	Mason	1899
Mary Dalley, 3021 South Twenty-first St.	Vinton	1904
Alex Daemon, 3015 Seward St.	Long	1902
Edward Erickson, 2828 Capitol Ave.	Farnam	1898
Charles B. Frasher, 111 North Twentieth St.	Park	1904
Nila Fire, 3822 Wright St.	Windsor	1901
Marly Finefield, 1233 North Eleventh St.	Pacific	1904
Evelyn Ferrell, 1703 South Twenty-fourth St.	Long	1902
Clara Finkler, No. 9 Shelby Apartments.	Mason	1905
Gladys Glenn, 2706 Cuming St.	Webster	1895
Frank Gardner, 1909 Charles St.	Kellom	1903
Benjamin Hull, 3029 South Twenty-first St.	Vinton	1901
Sylvia M. Hardy, 3821 North Twenty-first St.	Lothrop	1897
Albert D. Harper, 2020 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1904
Robert W. Tigh, 2375 South Twenty-eighth St.	Dupont	1898
John Heagle, 2607 Cass St.	Central	1899
La Berta Hunte, 832 South Thirty-second St.	Mason	1900
Francis Krimofski, 1512 South Fourth St.	Train	1901
Celia Kur, 2207 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1903
Mary Kapeia, 2716 South Twenty-fifth St.	Im. Conception	1901
Sadie La Hood, 2739 Elm St.	Bancroft	1897
Nettie Love, 1514 North Twenty-fourth St.	Long	1895
Madge McIntosh, 2436 South Twentieth Ave.	Castellar	1900
Ruth Metz, 4528 North Fortieth St.	Central Park	1900
Philamon McCaffrey, 3314 Howard St.	Farnam	1897
Frederick Moore, 991 North Twenty-fifth St.	Kellom	1902
Thomas Mitchell, 923 North Twenty-fifth St.	Mason	1896
William F. Nobis, 3505 Hawthorne Ave.	High	1893
Lucia Nanifto, 1313 Pacific St.	Pacific	1905
Paul Nelson, 3406 Erskine St.	Franklin	1899
Margaret O'Neill, 508 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1898
Glenn Osborn, 3118 Corby St.	Howard Kennedy	1896
Lillian Pedersen, 3511 Center St.	Windsor	1900
Louis I. Rasmussen, 3450 North Thirty-ninth St.	Clifton Hill	1902
Jean E. Roberts, 4118 Lafayette Ave.	Walnut Hill	1901
Cecilia Raun, 1932 South Eighteenth St.	Castellar	1904
Lella Scott, 4158 Davenport St.	Saunders	1896
Clifford L. Smith, 3201 Wright St.	Windsor	1904
Mary Smith, 2216 Paul St.	Kellom	1895
Marie Trecek, 1215 South Second St.	Pacific	1897
Louis Tucitto, 822 Pierce St.	Pacific	1903
Ruth Wilbur, 3676 Ida St.	Miller Park	1903
Bryon W. Weller, 1906 Binney St.	Lothrop	1897
Helen Witkowski, 2810 Dupont St.	Dupont	1903
Frieda D. Weiland, 1816 Ontario St.	Ger. Lutheran	1901
Ray Warren, 2741 Crown Point.	Saratoga	1896
Van Cleve Yvonne, 2106 Elm St.	Castellar	1900