

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

ONE of the Busy Bees forgot to give her age this week and two others forgot to say on which side they wished to be counted, the red or the blue. This is too bad, for they were all good stories. We must all remember, too, that the stories must all be marked "Original," for only the original stories can be used. One came in last week that was not an original story, but the editor hopes there will be no more mistakes of this kind.

Two weeks more remain in which the Busy Bees may select the subjects for their own stories. One boy has written asking that this privilege be open until the first of September, because "it's lots easier to write about things you want to write about when it's hot." The editor thinks this is the very best sort of reason, and if enough of the boys and girls are willing we will extend the time. Won't you all say what you think about it next time you write?

Through a mistake last week the story entitled "Edith's Valentine," which won second prize, was credited to the wrong writer. It was written by Marjorie Pratt of Kearney, Neb., aged 11 years, and should have been credited to her.

One of the girls sent two pen and ink sketches this week. They are very good. One of the boys writes that he is working for his father this summer, so cannot write any more stories until fall, but he assures the editor that he reads the Busy Bee page every Sunday.

The first prize this week was won by Alta Wilken, aged 12 years, of Waco, Neb., the second by Juanita Innes, aged 12 years, 2769 Fort street, Omaha, and honorable mention by Helen Miller, aged 12 years, Fairmount, Neb.

Those succeeding in solving last week's beheaded word puzzle were: Clara Lundberg and Agnes Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.; Howard Riffen, Glenville, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Ruth Krueger, Fremont, Neb.; Kathryn Rosa Clark, Elm Creek, Neb.; Ethel M. Ingram, Valley, Neb.; Eleanor McCarthy, 1714 Dorcas street; Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.; Mortimer Asher, 1617 Maple street; Lottie Fulcher, Bellevue; Marguerite Belknap, 2524 North Eighteenth street, Omaha.

The Fairies Visit Gracie

By Maud Walker.

Gracie sat on the ground beneath a big tree, playing with her dolls and picture books. Pretty soon, to her great astonishment, one of the picture books opened—a book of fairy tales—and out stepped one of the daintiest fairies in all the book's pages. She was the Princess Lala, and Gracie had read of her dozens and dozens of times, never finding the story dull. As Gracie was on the point of speaking to Princess Lala another page of the book flew open and out walked Hop-Over-My-Thumb, just as funny and as real as Thumb had ever been in picture and story. Then, as fast as they could lift their book leaves and step forth upon the soft grass, came all the fairies of the book, making a beautiful and entertaining company. Gracie, now almost too much surprised to believe her eyes, looked from one to the other of her strange callers, saying in a fluttering voice of excitement: "Well, how did this ever happen? But, it is lovely, perfectly lovely, for you to come to life and make me a visit. Will you all be seated? I am sorry I can only offer you a seat on the grass."

"Oh, my dear Gracie," said the fairy queen, who was a white-haired, pretty little old fairy dame, "it is we who should apologize to you for coming so unexpectedly. If one isn't invited, one must be grateful for a seat on the grass—or in a tree's limb."

"Sure, in a tree's limb," exclaimed Hop-Over-My-Thumb. And instantly the impish fellow—for he looked really impish in real life—gave a bound in the air and nested himself on the limb of a tree. There he sat, dangling his legs and fro humming a merry tune. And soon many of the other fairies—the youngest ones—followed Hop-Over-My-Thumb's example, and the fine old tree swarmed with fairy life.

"Well, why shouldn't we turn some of these little pebbles into chairs and divans," asked Princess Lala. "What is the good of being a fairy if one doesn't use the fairy's power?" And as she spoke she waved her wand about her and there rose from among the pebbles scattered about on the ground easy chairs and comfortable divans. Then the entire company—which must have comprised fifty fairies in all—found seats.

"We've come to tell you how much we appreciate your love for us," said one of the fairies, smiling on Gracie. "We don't know of another child in the whole surrounding country who enjoys us more than you do."

"And I enjoy you in real life much more than I do in that big book," declared Gracie. "And every day I read about you to my dolls, Sissy and Mabel. You see, although my dolls do not talk, they can understand me," she added, seeing that several of the fairies looked at Sissy and Mabel, who were lying on the ground.

"Well, would you like to have your dolls talk?" asked the old fairy queen, addressing Gracie.

"Oh, that would be perfectly lovely," Gracie cried, running to Sissy and Mabel and sitting them up against the tree. "There, you must be more ladylike when company—and such distinguished company, too—is present," she said in a motherly, chiding tone.

"Bring your dolls to me," said the old fairy queen. Gracie obeyed her, placing Sissy and Mabel on the queenly lap. The

Summer Evening Fun on the Old Farm



BRINGING HOME THE HORSES.



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.

A Hurried Move

By Alta Wilken, Aged 12 Years, Waco, Neb. Red.

The squirrel family had settled for the winter in Rotten Limb Row. The tenement they had secured was large enough for the whole family—father and mother squirrel, big brother Plumey and little sisters Squaky and Chippy—and all their winter supplies. The squirrels did not know that Farmer Brown was going to cut down the tree, so they did not know they had to move. The next day two men came to the tree and cut it down; there was a great commotion in the squirrel family. They barely had time to escape by running along Rotten Limb Row over into Oak street, which was in the next tree, when down went their old home with a crash. The squirrels were jostled by their friends and they all chattered angrily at the men. While big brother Plumey ran out on a branch and scolded the men, Affairs were not so bad as they seemed at first, for Mrs. Squirrel found a vacant hollow in Oak street, which they found would do very well for a new home. After

It was open at a page where she had been reading to her dolls just a little while ago. Ah, has she been asleep? But, no, the fairies—had surely been there. It was that horrid old mosquito that had frightened them back inside the book-covers and stolen away Sissy's and Mabel's voices. Slowly Gracie got to her feet and looked about her. Then with genuine feeling she said: "Well, I may have been dreaming, but I believe in fairies just the same."

"Thursdays, Thursdays! Will it never come?" Why this anxious question? Thursdays was the day of the Sunday school picnic. This was only Monday. "Mamma, may I go and see Gwen?" said Jessie. "Yes, dear." "Oh, Gwen, Tuesday, Wednesday, then Thursday." The girls took hold of hands and danced around. Wednesday morning Gwen said, "I'm so tired and hot." In the afternoon her face looked red and feverish. Her mother called the doctor and when he came he told her that Gwen had the measles. When Jessie heard of it she was very sorry for now she knew Gwen must miss the picnic. Jessie's mother had asked her to clean a drawer. As she was cleaning it she came across her Sunday school quarterly.

She glanced at the page and saw the golden text: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." Jessie's heart beat fast and she wondered if she

would like it if she was sick and Gwen left her. Surely not. She went and told her mother not to bake the cake she was to take to the picnic, as she was not going. Her mother said nothing. Next day she took her hat and went to see Gwen. As Gwen was not very sick she had a good time.

When Gwen got well there was a surprise for her and Jessie. Their mothers, fathers, and the two little girls went in a sailboat to a little island in the lake and there spent a happy day.

"Gwen," whispered Jessie, with her arm around her friend, "I'm glad I didn't go to the picnic."

THE TWO ROBINS
By Byron Humphrey, Aged 10 Years, 234 Manderson Street, Omaha, Red.

This spring two robins built their nest in our tree, and they had a little robin. One evening my cousin and I climbed the tree and fed it a lot of fish worms and then the two robins came fluttering about the tree and we got down.

One day a boy climbed up the tree and killed the little robin, and that evening the two robins flew away and that was the last I saw of them.

Tommy's Christmas
By Fern Carpenter, Aged 14 Years, 298 L Street, South Omaha, Red.

Mr. Long was going home from his work on Christmas eve and as he was passing the window of a great toy store he noticed a little boy standing there looking with eager eyes at the pretty toys.

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Long. "Tommy," replied the little fellow.

"Are you going to have a Christmas tree at your house this year?" he asked of Mr. Long, but before he could answer the boy said, "We aren't, for mamma says we are too poor, we can't afford it this year."

"Aren't you afraid you will get lost?" asked Mr. Long.

"Oh, no; I know the way," was the reply. "Wouldn't you like to spend Christmas with me?" asked Mr. Long.

"I expect I would," said Tommy.

"We will go home and ask your mamma if you may go."

They soon reached Tommy's home. It wasn't a very nice one you may be sure. His mother consented to his going and they were soon on their way to Mr. Long's. After leaving Tommy there he went to town and purchased a Christmas tree and a great many toys. And the first thing that greeted Tommy's eyes next morning was the lovely Christmas tree and on it the very same toys he had wished for. This was a Christmas Tommy never forgot.

The Stars and Stripes
By Eva Hugenbers, Aged 10 Years, 23 D Street, South Omaha, Blue.

The small two-story house still standing at 23 Arch street, below Third street, Philadelphia, has an interesting history. In it the first flag, containing thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, was made by Mrs. John Ross. The design for the flag was from a drawing made by General Washington with pencil, and the flag thus designated was adopted by a resolution of congress on June 14, 1777. A committee of congress, accompanied by General Washington, afterwards called upon Mrs. Ross and engaged her to make a flag from this design. The flag then made is now known the world over as Old Glory, the Star Spangled Banner of the United States of America.

Customs in China
By Ruth Weiler, Aged 16 Years, Nebraska City, Neb. Blue.

We were telling stories about different countries one afternoon. One girl told about China, which I will tell you about. In China they don't care for women or girls. You can have a house built and furnished for \$1. They use bamboo in 500

ways—for water pipes, houses, dishes, furniture and lots of other ways. They eat their dessert first and soup last. They do everything backwards. They eat lots of rice. They live very cheaply. They do not have horses. They have a kind of chair which the men pull the women in. They will pull you all day for about 25 cents. They have an olive-colored skin, slanting eyes and a long eye. If they would cut their cue off they think they wouldn't go to heaven. They think you need clothes in heaven, so they burn clothes on the grave and believe the smoke takes them up. Their sleeves are large, because they use them like pockets. When the girls are babies the mother wraps the feet up very tight and squeezes them in tight shoes, which stops the blood, and the feet do not grow. You may see a woman with a foot no longer than four inches. The soles of their shoes are wooden and an inch thick.

The Spilled Daughter
By Wauwata Reed, Aged 12 Years, Shelton, Neb. Red.

Bell was just about to enter the kitchen when the sound of voices reached her. She paused at the door to listen. It was her two brothers talking about her.

"Of course, George, she's potted and spoiled, but I can't see why we have to mind her; she's younger than we are," Frank was saying.

"Father said we were to mind Bell, so you must," said George, "and I will not argue more."

Bell covered her ears with her hands and rushed upstairs. She ran to her room and locked the door behind her. She hung herself upon her bed and began to sob, unceasingly. After a couple of hours someone knocked at the door and her mother's voice said: "Bell, darling, let me in. I've been wondering where you had gone." Bell arose and opened the door. Then the story of what she had heard was told to her mother, who said: "Well, dearie, you mustn't care, because they are only boys."

A great change came over Bell after she had heard the boys' conversation. She no longer wished to have her own way, but did whatever her brothers said. They all wondered at the change except Mrs. Warren, who knew why Bell had changed. One evening Bell asked the boys to come to her room, for she had a surprise for them. She then told them what she had heard a week before. "And," she added, "I won't be selfish any more."

Teddy's Temptation
By Dorothy Lyle, Aged 11 Years, Holdrege, Neb. Red.

Teddy was a little boy whose mother was going away and told him he must not touch the jam. Teddy liked jam very much. He thought and then he said to his mother, "Can't I have one little bit?"

The mother said, "I have my gloves on now, but when I come home you may have some."

Teddy watched her disappear. When she was out of sight he slowly walked to the kitchen. Not knowing whether to take any or not he got a stool and spoon. When he got there he could not reach the jam. He jumped down and got his own high chair. He at last got the jam. He commenced to eat. Every spoonful he would drop some on his nice clean suit.

Pretty soon he heard a noise, and then "Teddy, Teddy, where are you?" Teddy was so afraid that he dropped the jar of jam on the floor. His mother now knew what Teddy was doing. Teddy's mother did not scold him. She took him upstairs, washed his face and hands and put another clean suit on him. Teddy never stole jam again.

The Walnut Tree
Buntce Bode, Aged 10 Years, Falls City, Neb. Red.

One summer several little girls, who were tired of play, sat down under a tree to rest. "Let's tell stories," said one of them, at whose house the others were visiting. "I'll begin. Do you see that little walnut tree over there?"

"Yes, we see it, why?"

"You can't guess who planted it?"

"No, who?"

"A squirrel!"

"A squirrel!" said the others in one voice. "How could it?"

"Well, over in grandpa's yard there are some big, old cottonwood trees, and in one of them lives some squirrels. One autumn the squirrels came here to get walnuts off our trees. They would hide the nuts in holes in the ground until they had time to put them in their storehouse. Now, either the squirrels forgot one of the nuts or they didn't have room for it in their storehouse, anyway they left a nut, and the following spring the nut started to grow, and now it's a little tree."

After the story was finished they went to see the squirrel's nest, and they stayed a long while watching the squirrels, that no more stories were told that afternoon.

Edith's Trip to the Moon
By Nina Stiles, Aged 7 Years, Lyons, Neb. Blue.

Edith was sitting under an apple tree, reading. Suddenly she felt herself rising up, up, up, into the sky.

When she got up there she looked around and said: "How lovely! How did I get up here?" Just then she saw a small fairy, who said, "Don't you know how you got up here? Why, I took you up. Would you like to go and see the Man in the Moon?"

Edith said, "I believe I would, dear fairy."

"Very well." So the little fairy brought a small boat and they went off together to see the Man in the Moon. He told them to take chairs and then he gave them some green cheese out of his green cheese cupboard. Then Edith said she had better go home. And she felt herself going down, down, down, and just then she woke up and found herself under the old apple tree.

Geraldine's Party
By Florence G. Murphy, Aged 11 Years, Council Bluffs, Ia. Blue.

Geraldine was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Gilman, they were very rich, so Geraldine had everything that she wanted. School had let out and she had nothing to do but play. One afternoon about half-past 1 p. M. Gilman sent Geraldine over to Mr. Baird's store after some little flags made of paper, and just about two inches long. Geraldine wondered what her mamma was waiting on the porch. Geraldine gave the flags to her mother and started off the porch, but her mother called her back and pinned one of the little flags on her, then she told her to stay around in the backyard for a few minutes. Geraldine said alright, and ran around in the backyard, pretty soon her mamma came to the door and called her in. She took Geraldine by the hand and led her

Nonsense Verse

About the city let us go
In a jolly tally-ho:
Let us crack our whip and cry
"Gee-up, horses, high-go-high!"

Or let us in a fine auto
Through the parks so pretty go:
Make the old horn toot-toot-toot!
And like a cannon ball we shoot
Toward the street and over the hills,
With ne'er a thought of standing still.

Or in an airship let us go
Far above the world below:
Filling till enough we've had,
Then descend and go to bed.

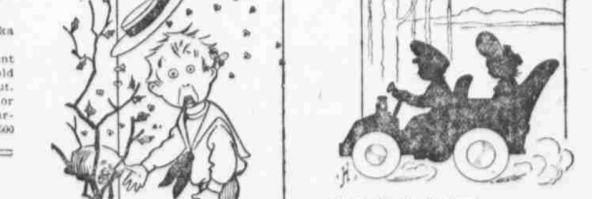
When We Go A-Riding

There was a small boy who did hear
A noise that to him sounded queer
So he thought he would creep
And take a sly peep
But the bee got a nip of his ear!
TIM TURNIPS.

Illustrated Rebus

D de U Yare
Your Moh are mung!

OUT STEPPED ONE OF THE DAINTIEST FAIRIES IN ALL THE BOOK'S PAGES.



ABOUT THE CITY LET US GO
IN A JOLLY TALLY-HO:
LET US CRACK OUR WHIP AND CRY
"GEE-UP, HORSES, HIGH-GO-HIGH!"

OR LET US IN A FINE AUTO
THROUGH THE PARKS SO PRETTY GO:
MAKE THE OLD HORN TOOT-TOOT-TOOT!
AND LIKE A CANNON BALL WE SHOOT
TOWARD THE STREET AND OVER THE HILLS,
WITH NE-ER A THOUGHT OF STANDING STILL.

OR IN AN AIRSHIP LET US GO
FAR ABOVE THE WORLD BELOW:
FILLING TILL ENOUGH WE'VE HAD,
THEN DESCEND AND GO TO BED.