

# The Busy Bees

# Their Own Page

**H**OW are the gardens which were planted by the Busy Bees? Do they show signs of coming up? The editor has received many inquiries with regard to the gardens and would be very much pleased to hear from those Busy Bees, who have planted anything. Tell us what you planted, how long it took for the seeds to sprout, and how you take care of your gardens.

There is another way that the Busy Bees can be of service and merit the title by which they are known—and that is by assisting in keeping dandelion-picking parties and after they have finished one lawn, they attack another. Then they wind up the party by having a feast.

In answer to queries with regard to the age limit of contributors to this page, letters will be received from Busy Bees until their fifteenth birthday. We have had to forego publishing a number of stories that have been received from those who had passed the age limit.

This week, first prize was awarded to Jesse Bishop, second prize to Laura Bloedorn, and honorable mention to Mary Goldenstein, all of the Red Side.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

### (First Prize)

#### The Dandelion.

By Jesse Bishop, Aged 9 Years, Percival, Ia. Red Side.

"I wonder why nobody likes me?" said a dandelion. "Every flower is liked better than I seem to be. I am left to grow alone. I wonder if anybody will ever care about me, or shall I shut up my leaves and die?"

"No, no, keep on hoping," said the gentle wind, which passed over it.

Just then a bee came buzzing through the long meadow grass. It rested on the yellow dandelion, and finding some honey in its heart, said, "Beautiful flower, I am glad I have found you!"

The dandelion held up its golden face to the sun and said, "I have not lived in vain."

We learn from this story that God has given to each of us the power of doing good to somebody.

### (Second Prize)

#### Letter from Holland.

By Laura Bloedorn, Aged 12 Years, Columbus, Neb. Red Side.

As I am visiting in Holland I thought that perhaps some of the things I have seen would interest you.

First of all, the people seem so quaint to me. The women wear very wide skirts, a white waist, a little black jacket laced in front, having no sleeves, a white apron, a little white cap with points extending out on the sides, and large wooden shoes.

The little boys all wear long trousers. They do not wear caps like the boys in America. They wear light-tinted caps, and they also wear large wooden shoes.

They have large embankments called dikes built to keep the water from flooding the land.

Windmills are used to pump the water. It is beautiful to look out upon a plain and see a large windmill standing there. I almost forgot to tell you about the flower found that is prized all over the world—the tulip.

I must close, as I am going to Rotterdam to spend the week.

### (Honorable Mention)

#### The Twins Bake Cake.

By Mary Goldenstein, Aged 9 Years, Glenville, Neb. Red Side.

Jennie and Helen Graf were two little twins. They were going to make a cake. They had a recipe. "I will stir it and you get the things," said Helen. "Let's see, it says two eggs; get them quick, Jennie." She got them. "I wonder if it means the whole eggs," said Jennie. After awhile they put the whole egg in. Then they got the flour and mixed it with the eggs. "Next, it says sugar," said Helen. Jennie saw a little sack on the table. "Yes," she said, "there is some sugar." She brought it to Helen. After putting the other things in they put it in the oven.

Sunday morning the minister and his wife came to visit them. When he saw the cake and found out who had made it he was surprised. He took a big slice and when he had eaten a little he jumped up, saying, "Why, there's salt and eggshells in this." The girls were surprised, but as it was April Fool's day they cried, "April fool, April fool!"

#### Freddie's New Ball.

By Edith Weir, Aged 9 Years, 212 Dodge St., Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

It was Freddie's birthday yesterday, so his father bought him a base ball and glove. He thought they were very nice and asked his mother if he might play ball with Tom, who lived across the street.

When he heard his mother's answer, he rushed up stairs to put on his old clothes. Then he ran out to get Tom, who was, of course, as anxious as Freddie to play ball.

They were going to play in the lot next door to Tom's house. Freddie threw the ball, but Tom could not catch it. It went sailing through the air. There was a brick house in its path, but it did not bump against the house, it broke a window and went through. Mr. Smith came out doors, when he saw the boys, they were standing stiff as if they could not move.

Freddie said, "Tom is not a good catcher and he missed it."

"Well, I am very sorry it happened," said Mr. Smith, but your fathers will have to pay for the window.

"No," said the boys. "We will work in your garden as long as you want us to."

"Two weeks will be long enough," said Mr. Smith.

#### Minister's Daughter.

By Ware Wemberly, Aged 10 Years, Table Rock, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Sir: I am 10 years old and would like to join the Red Side. I am in the Fifth grade. My father is a Presbyterian preacher. I have five brothers and one sister. Papa takes the Bee, and I enjoy reading the stories the Busy Bees write. Have been wanting to join quite a while, but couldn't leave off playing long enough. I hope to see my letter in print.

#### A Brave Boy.

By Bernard Carroll, Palmer, Neb. Red Side.

Once there lived in Holland a little boy whose name was Hans. One day he and his brother were playing on a dike, Hans said, "Little brother I am tired, I believe I will go up and sit down on top of the dike." So he went to the top, and his little brother kept on playing. Soon he called, "Oh, Hans, come and see the

### RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
  2. Use the 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 paper. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to a page each week.
- Address all communications to:  
**CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,**  
OMAHA BEE, OMAHA, NEB.

## Junior Musical Club of Omaha



Mary Doud



Elizabeth Perrigo



Elizabeth Austin



Josephine Platner



Phyllis Hunter



Lillian Head



Winifred Brandt



Ann Axtell

The Junior Musical club is one of the most ambitious of juvenile organizations in the city. Thirteen young girls between the ages of 11 and 13 years, comprise the membership and their time, this year, is devoted to Beethoven. Last year, the works of Mozart were studied. All the members are accomplished pianists and at the meetings, they play from Beethoven and read papers on kindred musical subjects. Mothers, teachers and musicians are invited to their meetings.

Mrs. C. W. Axtell has taken the club under her guidance, and in fact was the organizer, for she realized that the girls were at the growing age, when the effervescence of youth and spirits made it difficult to concentrate sufficiently on the required musical practice. The common interest in the club has focused their attention and the benefits in keeping up interest in practicing their music lessons has been inestimable.

The requirements of the club include principally that at least one hour a day be spent in practicing. As Mrs. Axtell informed the girls, "If your teacher says that you are so brilliant that you don't have to practice one hour a day, the secretary will be instructed to graduate you from the club."

Their first public musicale was planned about the time of the tornado, but was postponed on that account and held last October, at the home of Mrs. Axtell. The club's second musicale was held in March, at the home of Mrs. George Plattner and the last one, at the studio of Mrs. John M. Macfarland and Mrs. Latham Davis, Wednesday, May 20.

Miss Virginia White is president and

Miss Winifred Brandt is secretary treasurer. Other members are Misses Elizabeth Austin, Ilda Langdon, Elsie Schmidt, Phyllis Hunter, Lillian Head, Mary Doud, Dorothy Darlow, Josephine Platner, Elizabeth Perrigo, Josephine Stone and Ann Axtell.

## Public School Roll of Honor

CHILDREN RECEIVING THE HIGHEST MARK IN MORE THAN HALF THEIR SUBJECTS LAST WEEK.

LONG	SEVENTH	EIGHTH	NINTH	TENTH
Lois Beveridge, Jessie Dragon, Marian Hagopian, Margaret Hilbert, Irene Klutz, Vivian Lally, Elizabeth Pixley, Frances Robb, Helen Williams, Ethel Adison, Edith Adler, Jacob Davidson, Laura Beck, Laura Gorham, Violette Morgan, Ruth Johnson, Minnie Margolin, Mable Meredith, Ida Perkins, Evelyn Sandberg, Third A. Isabelle Mitchell, Helen Gleicher, Marjorie Cope, Mary Kyte, Marion Willis, Sixth A. Myrtle Beck, Henrietta Brown, Ray Egan, Ruth Englehardt, Bertha Pinkenstein, Louis Jensen, Florence Murray, Gladys Peterson, Martha Robb, Raymond Beck, Margaret Anderson, Anna Blank, John Bunnig, Mabel Denton, Ruth Thuesen, Laura Givonitsky, Fred Johnson, Helene Jorgensen, Harry Menden, Ernest Mickelson, Kenneth Moore, Celia Ross.	Seventh A. Capitoia Butt, Gladys Okerlund, Frances Peterson, Mildred Peterson, Anna Siegel, Sixth A. Marcus Anderson, William Brasch, Eva Cunningham, Wendie Roman, Dorothy Gillinsky, Richard Gordon, Louise Osheroff, Ruth Quinby, Fourth B. Ida Adler, Edith Cohen, Ralph Johnson, Otto Schagan, Esther Schieb, Esther Sprakits, Katherine Patterson, Fourth A. Louise Cohen, Ruth Sutton, Third B. Edna Franz, Suleima Gregersen, Blanche Greenhouse, Margareta Hadenren, Alice Johnson, Sam Minkin, Helvie Roberlund, Marguerite Shrum, Frieda Siegel, Fifth A. Helen Hansen, Lillian Laus, Ray Neilson, Katherine Tennant, Winnifred Travis, Fred Wright, Eighth A. Ethel Cusick, Ruth Johnson, Elizabeth Johnson, Marie Mackey, Doris Newhouse, Mary Schaffer, Gertrude Seachler, Oscar Giger, Mildred Hungeat, Ethel Travis, Elmer Lane, Gladys Rutenkin, Signe Lindberg, Marie Snyder, Harry Nelson, Rowell Potts, Edith Williams, Sadie O'Neill, Fourth A. Lovin Anderson, George Conking, John Gibson, Harry Hunter, Lenore Warner.	Third B. Mildred Beindorff, Helen Bell, Paul Cowles, Paul Ferris, Edwin Hantter, Lili Read, Lorena Watts, Bruce Wilson.	Fourth A. Edna Grant, Gladys Hansen, Edna Johnson, Lillian Laus, Ray Neilson, Katherine Tennant, Winnifred Travis, Fred Wright.	Fourth A. Edna Grant, Gladys Hansen, Edna Johnson, Lillian Laus, Ray Neilson, Katherine Tennant, Winnifred Travis, Fred Wright.

### ROLL OF HONOR WILL BE CONTINUED IN TOMORROW'S EVENING EDITION.

**Growing Things.**  
By Eugene Nordstrom, Aged 7 Years, On Arbor day we plant trees. The names of shade trees are, maple, elm, catalpa, locust, ash, oak and birch. Fruit trees are, apple, orange, banana, pear, cherry and plum. Some flowers are, daisies, violets, lilacs, sunflowers and lilies of the valley.

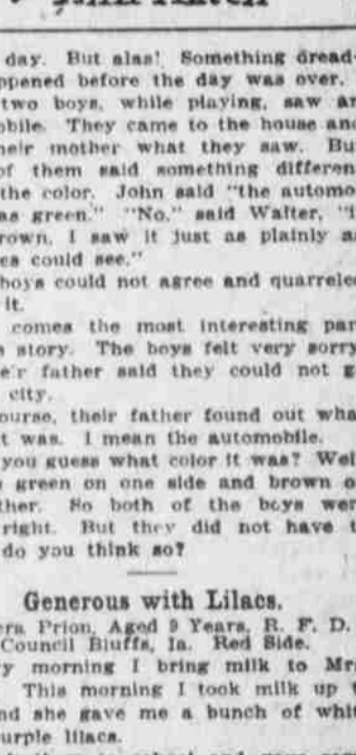
**Obeying Mother.**  
By Bernice Eva Sinaur, Aged 5 Years, Nickerson, Neb. Blue Side. One bright morning Fanny wanted to go out roller skating. Her mother said that she might go if she would wait

a while and help Mabel with her work very much. I go to school every day. But Fanny didn't like to work, so she didn't help Mabel. She pouted and was very cross. Then she ran and got her roller skates and went skating with Elsie. Soon Fanny came home crying. Her mother ran to meet her, for she had fallen and had hurt her arm so bad that she could not do anything for the next two weeks. Afterwards, Fanny always obeyed her mother.

**Kindness.**  
By Viola Reimers, Aged 11 Years, Fullerton, Neb. Red Side. Once upon a time there were two girls by the name of Mabel and Ella. One day, when the sun was shining bright, Mabel and Ella went to the woods to search for wild flowers. When they were about half way they heard a sharp cry. Ella said, "I wonder what it can be?"



Dorothy Darlow



Virginia White, PRESIDENT

Pretty soon Mabel came with a little robin, which had broken its wing. They brought it home and kept it banded until it was better. Then they let it loose. Now the little bird felt happy again and went to its nest and told them how its wing was mended.

**In the Backwoods.**  
By Cora E. Bishop, Aged 14 Years, Percival, Ia. Blue Side. The first log cabin was built in the English colonies of North America, and became the type of the settler's house throughout the whole middle west. It could be called the American house, the western house, and Ohio house.

Hardly any other house was built for 100 years by the men who were clearing the land for the stately mansions of our day. As long as the primeval forests stood, the log cabin remained the woodsman's home, and not fifty years ago, could be seen newly built log cabins in one of the richest and most prosperous regions of Ohio. They were finer than the first cabins that were built. John S. Williams wrote a beautiful account of his father's settlement in the woods in 1800. "Our cabin," he said, "had been raised, covered and part of the floor laid, when we moved in on Christmas day." I think the people of the pioneer days lived happy and were thankful for what they had. Don't you?

of the day. But alas! Something dreadful happened before the day was over. The two boys, while playing, saw an automobile. They came to the house and told their mother what they saw. But each of them said something different about the color. John said "the automobile was green." "No," said Walter, "it was brown. I saw it just as plainly as my eyes could see."

The boys could not agree and quarreled about it.

Now comes the most interesting part of this story. The boys felt very sorry for their father said they could not go to the city.

Of course, their father found out what color it was. I mean the automobile.

Can you guess what color it was? Well, it was green on one side and brown on the other. No both of the boys were quite right. But they did not have to fight, do you think so?

**Generous with Lilacs.**  
By Vera Byron, Aged 9 Years, P. F. D. 4, Council Bluffs, Ia. Red Side. Every morning I bring milk to Mrs. Knab. This morning I took milk up to her and she gave me a bunch of white and purple lilacs.

I took them to school and gave some to teacher and the rest I kept and put on my desk.

One time when I brought her milk she gave me so many that I could not carry them home and she gave me a basket to put them in. This is a true story.

**A Cure for Laziness.**  
By Florence Leamy, Aged 10 Years, Onece there was a lazy girl, who would not work, but sat up late at night and laid abed in the morning.

One morning her mother said, sternly: "Alice, there's one more thing for me to do and that is this: You've been wanting to go to your sister's. Before you go you have to clean the cupboard. Get your lessons and get to bed at 9 o'clock for a week and get up at 7 o'clock and do things when you're told."

"All right!" was the dreamy reply. After a while her mother said she could not sleep nor eat till she had the first two tasks performed. This aroused her, for, as the old saying is, "Those who hate work keep unhealthy and do nothing but eat and sleep."

She soon had that done and wanted to do more, for she saw that work was like play. She gained health and love by working and was always willing to help after that.

I hope the readers are like she is now. Mr. Waste Basket.

**From the Queen.**  
424 South Thirteenth Street, Blue Side. Dear Busy Bee: I want to thank you all for electing me queen, and I will try my best to be a good queen, and show that I am very thankful for the honor bestowed upon me.

**The Merry Little Brook.**  
By Ruby Morris, Aged 11 Years, Kearney, Neb. Red Side. Oh, merry little brook, you seem to flow in every nook; Oh, little blue violets, growing by the brook, you always have a refreshing look. Oh, you do not know how refreshing you are, for the travelers who are going far; Oh, merry little brook, that seems to flow in every nook.

The September winds are tossing you high, and refreshing the flowers growing by; Oh, splashing, sparkling little brook, who seems to flow in every nook.

**Vivid Experiences.**  
By Andrew Jacobson, Aged 13 Years, Herman, Neb. Red Side. One day, when grandpa was out in the woods cutting down trees, he found a cave of young bear cubs. He took them and wrapped them up in his coat and went to cutting down trees again. He heard a noise behind him and saw the mother bear coming after him. He had no gun and he threw the cubs to her, but she paid no attention to them. Finally he got up in a tree. Then she went away.

One cold winter he went about fifteen miles into the woods to cut down trees to be sawed into lumber. Soon it began to snow until it was waist deep. Finally he had no food left for himself and the horse. He only had one loaf of bread left of which he took a bite and gave the rest to the horse and started for home. He wore snow shoes and walked ahead of the horse to pack the snow so that it wouldn't sink so deep.

When he reached the edge of the woods he stopped at a farm house and got warm and something to eat. This is a true story and happened in Norway.

**The Automobile's Color.**  
By Christina Marchalek, Aged 9 Years, Columbus, Neb. Blue Side. Once upon a time there lived two boys. Their names were John and Walter. John was 6 years old and Walter was 7. They lived far out in the country. One day, when their father came home from his work, he said to the two boys, "Now, I have to go to the city, and I thought, if you will obey your mother, I will take you."

The boys jumped up and down in their joy. They promised to obey for the rest

**Our May Basket.**  
By Hazel Hazke, Aged 11 Years, Schuyler, Neb. Red Side. My father was a sailor. He started on his voyage December 30, and was to be home on April 1. As the months rolled by we were anxiously waiting for his return. Finally the time had come for him to come home and we had prepared a feast for the day. But night came and he had not arrived yet. Days and weeks