

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

JUST a few short weeks and school will be over for the year. How pleasant it is to anticipate the joys of vacation time!

In preparation for the close of school, pupils in all the grades, especially the eighth grade, are being coached by their teachers for the closing day exercises.

The abundance of violets, snowballs, purple and white lilacs, bridal wreath and other spring flowers in this month makes it ever so pleasant as flowers are used to crown the kings and queens and to garland everything within reach.

This week, first prize was awarded to Emily Nightingale of the Red Side; second prize to Mary Lippold of the Red Side, and honorable mention to Mona Brazda of the Blue Side.

They Are Friends and Busy Bees



Dora Rich and Esther Potashnick

name is Mrs. Murphy. I hope to see my letter in print next week.

The Lesson.

By Louis Hottel, Aged 12 Years, 414 North Twenty-eighth Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

"Hello, Rag-Tags," sang out Jack Crosby from the porch of his home.

His father was a very rich man and Jack had everything he wanted. He was speaking to John Rigby, John was a gold boy, but his father was poor and his mother was dead. Jack and his playmates found much pleasure in teasing John.

One day John went fishing and caught a good many fish. On his way home he had to go by Jack's home, and Jack noticed the fish.

"Where did you get all the fish?" he asked of John.

"Down by the trestle," John answered. "That evening Jack told his father he wanted to go fishing. His father told him he could not go because he did not know how to swim. The next day Jack stole out of the yard and ran down to the trestle, where he baited his hook and sat down to fish. Presently a little jerk came to his rod and he knew he had a fish. He started to pull it in, when he lost his balance and fell headlong into the water.

Jack happened to be coming along and heard Jack's call for help. As soon as Jack saw him he called out in loud tones, "Come here and get me out." John started on hearing this, then turned to go, whereupon Jack called out more gently, "Please help me out!" John ran back and soon had Jack on dry land. They then went home together and became good friends. Jack's father gave John some money and his father a position in his factory. Jack learned a lesson and was never rude again.

Captain Dog and General Mouse.

By Vesta Berg, Aged 13, 114 South Thirty-second Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

A battle occurred not long ago between the hated enemies, Captain Dog and General Mouse. The battle was one of the worst ever fought. It happened this way: General Mouse was proceeding leisurely along Stove mountain, unarmed and unguarded, when all at once he heard a noise like someone stealthily creeping toward him immediately out from the bushes sprang Captain Dog, and almost as soon pounced upon his prey. But General Mouse was crafty and wise, and by being unusually witty escaped.

As you know, most army officers are named "Dog," usually assuming their captives before killing or capturing them. This great captain instead of taking General Mouse prisoner began to talk at him and flatter himself for getting so good a captive. General Mouse then slipped out of Captain Dog's grasp and sped away over floor plain.

It was a dreadful fate that Captain Dog made when he saw that his prisoner had gotten away. Of course he followed, but it was of no use, for General Mouse was already eating dinner and telling his wife and children of his narrow escape.

The Jealous Fairy.

By Margaret Jamison, Aged 11, Glenwood La. Blue Side.

The flower fairies were holding great festivities. It was the first day of May and a sign that the little fairies had to wake up from their slumbers in the heart of some flower and begin their work of brightening up the old world.

Queen Rose and her fairies, Queen Water Lily and her fairies and all the kings and queens of the flowers had gathered in a beautiful spot in the woods to have their first spring dinner. All of the little sovereigns were dressed according to their flower. When the dinner was prepared fairies came flocking from every side.

There was but one who did not look happy and pretty, and that was Queen Sunflower. The Sunflower is a pretty flower and Queen Sunflower would have been as pretty as the rest if she had not been jealous of the other flowers.

"Queen Violet has a much better chance to have good clothes than I have," she would keep saying, although she could think of no reason why the modest little Queen did have a better chance. "Oh! how I wish something would happen to those proud beauties and I could have all the fine things they have!" She felt so mean that she would not

go near the feast. She only hid in the bushes and watched the other fairies.

"Where is Sunflower? I don't know," "Is she not coming tonight?" "What I do not know, either." "What can be the matter, do you suppose the dear is ill?" It was little Violet's voice that spoke and when Sunflower heard it she thought of all the bad things she had said about her.

Dinner was over and the fairies were going to dance until supper time. Queen Violet stole away and looked all around for Sunflower, for this modest and dainty little fairy was good to everyone. Finally she saw sitting on the grass little Sunflower, weeping bitterly. "Why do you weep dear, pretty Sunflower?" she asked. "Because I am a great sinner," she answered. Then she told Violet of her jealousy. "Come back to supper with me," said Violet; you were not sinning, you were only misled. "I cannot go, I look very miserable indeed," she cried. "I will fix you so you will not look miserable. No, you will look as well as any one at the supper."

Queen Sunflower and Queen Violet were soon on their way to the feast. "Dear Violet," murmured Sunflower, "you have taught me a great lesson. I will never feel jealous again."

Matty. By Mollie Coreman, Aged 13 Years, 305 South Seventh Street, Omaha, Red Side.

A century or more ago, in a small settlement on the banks of the Mississippi, there lived a little girl called Matty Kilburn. On a hill stood the fort where the people ran for protection in any danger for the country was new and wild, and more than once the Indians had come down the river in their canoes and burned the houses, killed men and carried away women and children. Matty lived alone with her father and felt quite safe in the log house, for he was never away. One afternoon as the farmers were all in the fields the bell rang suddenly, a sign that the Indians were near, and dropping their rakes or axes the men hurried to their houses to save wives and babies and such few treasures as they could. Mr. Kilburn caught up his gun with one hand and his little girl with the other and ran as fast as he could toward the fort. But before he could reach it he heard a yell and saw the redmen coming up from the river. Then he knew it would be in vain to try to get in, so he looked about for a safe place to hide Matty till he could come for her. He was a brave man and could fight, so he had no thought of hiding while his neighbors needed help; but the dear little daughter must be cared for first. In the corner of a wall, where the fire, which they dared not cross, stood a big hollow tin, and there the farmer hastily hid Matty, dropping her down into the dim nook, round the mouth of which young shoots had grown, so that no one would have suspected any hole was there.

"Lull, child, till I come, say your prayers and wait for father," said the man as he parted for the fort. He glanced at the small, frightened face looking up at him. "Come soon," whispered Matty and tried to smile bravely, as a stout settler's girl should. Mr. Kilburn went away and was taken prisoner in the fight, carried off, and for years no one knew whether he was alive or dead. People missed Matty, but no one supposed she was with her father, and no one expected to see her again. A great while afterward the poor man came back, having escaped, and made his way through the wilderness to his old home. His first question was for Matty, but no one had seen her, and when he told them where he had left her they shook their heads as if they thought it was a crazy story. They went to look that he might be satisfied, and he was, for there they found some little bones, some faded bits of cloth and the two rusty silver buckles marked with Matty's name in what had once been her shoes. An Indian's arrow lay there, too, showing why she had never cried for help, but waited patiently so long for father to come and find her.

Not at Home. A little girl, on being told by her mother that when a child died an angel came and took her up to heaven, thought deeply for a moment and then said: "Mamma, if an angel comes asking for me, say I'm not in."

Little Stories by Little Folk

Fairy Fete.

By Emily S. Nightingale, Aged 8 Years, Walthill, Neb. Red Side.

Friday evening of May 1, the first and second grades of our school played "Elma, the Fairy Child" at the Silverlight theater. Two high school girls, one Sarah Churchill, was queen and Helen Freeman was Moonbeam. Little Louise Boughn was Elma, the fairy child, and James Byers was Puck, the naughty elf. We were all dressed in white like fairies. Moonbeam was dressed in yellow and gold. It took lots of practice to get all our pieces, songs and drills. Our teachers, Miss Bruggeman and Miss Johnson, deserve much praise. We all did our parts nicely. The theater was filled. We were all so busy with our fairy dance that we forgot to hang May baskets, but it will be a long time before we will forget the fairy dance.

An Imaginary Trip.

By Mary Lippold, Aged 11 Years, Avoca, Neb. Red Side.

Grace had been very lonely since her little friend, Marjory, had left for Europe. One afternoon she said, "Mamma, why can't we go to Europe?" Her mother looked troubled for a moment, then said, "We can, my dear."

"Oh, mamma, how?" said Grace. "We shall go on the wings of imagination," answered her mother. "What was that?" she then went into the library and brought out two small volumes. Drawing her little girl beside her she began: "Let us imagine we are on the big ocean steamer bound for London. Now we have left the ship and are stepping into an omnibus which will take us to our hotel."

She then pointed to pictures illustrating the streets of London. In this way she and her little daughter traveled from country to country and from ocean to ocean seeing many lands. When they had finished Grace looked up to her mamma with a sunny face, saying, "Mamma, isn't it splendid? It's just as nice as real."

John's Burglar.

By Mona Brazda, Aged 12 Years, Winner, Neb. Blue Side.

Mamma had disappeared with the light. Oh, how dark it was. John tried to go to sleep, but he could not. What was that man doing crouched behind that chair? All of a sudden John knew it was a burglar. My, but he felt like screaming, but, no, the burglar would pounce upon him; perhaps, shoot him. He lay trying to find some way of frightening the burglar. Then he thought he would pretend to be sound asleep. So he shut his eyes and got as far under the bedclothes as he could, and he had barely cuddled up when he fell sound asleep.

In the morning he awoke and his first thought was of the burglar. He turned over and there on his chair were his clothes where he had hung them the night before. His stockings on top of his other clothes made a good hood and the rest of his clothes formed the body crouched down. John felt sheepish and did not get any sleep. He called to his mother wondering and delighted in the orderly manner in which he afterward kept his clothes.

March and the Shepherd.

By Lillian Peterson, Aged 11 Years, 402 North Thirty-sixth Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

I am going to tell you why March is always so windy and cold. Once upon a time March was out walking and he met a shepherd who was looking very sad. "Well," said March to the shepherd, "why do you look so sad this morning?" "Because you are always killing my lambs."

"Well," said March, "I am not such a bad fellow after all as you think me to be, but if you will give me one of your lambs I will make you a good shepherd."

So March kept his word and it was nice weather and the shepherd's lambs grew very fast.

Then the day came when the shepherd was to meet March, who had only three days left. So March said to the shepherd, "You must give me the lamb now because I only have three days left, and I can borrow three days from April and spend all your cross and kill all your lambs if you don't give me one of them." The shepherd said, "I will not give you my lamb."

So March kept his word and made the wind howl and the shepherd's crops were all spoiled and all of his lambs died. So the shepherd begged March to give him his word and he would give him all the lambs he had left. But March would not listen, and now April never tries to please any man.

Father's Surprise.

By Karl Schmidt, Aged 8 Years, 260 Avenue D, Kearney, Neb. Red Side.

My papa came home one evening. He had a little basket with something black in it. What do you think it was? Well, it was a little black dog. I like him very much. My sister, Marguerite, and I have lots of fun with him, too. This is my first letter to the Busy Bee page. I live in Kearney, Neb.

My Vacation.

By Dora Rich, Aged 10 Years, 1122 North Twentieth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Last summer I went to Beatrice, Neb., with my mother. It is a city much smaller than Omaha. They have no street cars and they have no people travel in automobiles or buses.

Although it is a small town we had much fun. There are farmers near the city and we went to see many of them. There are a few shows, but I did not get a chance to go to any of them, for we were always away to some farm or to my aunt's house. I hope that the next time I go there I shall get a chance to go to a show.

An Ill-Natured Dog.

By Dean Reed, Aged 9 Years, R. F. D. No. 1, Verdell, Neb. Blue Side.

Once there was a dog who ran away and did not come back for three days. Then he ran away again and went to a farmer's place and when the team passed he would run and bark at them. One day a man came along with a gun and the dog ran and barked at him so that he shot at the dog, but did not hit him. He ran to the house and hid and did not come out for a long time. At last he came out and ran down the road. This is my first story. I wish to join the Blue Side.

No Late Hours for Children.

By Myrtle Timme, 431 Miami Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

One day Lois came running home from school. "Mother, do you remember that it is just a week ago since I was invited to Pearl's party?" she asked. "Yes," said her mother, "but I have decided not to let you go." "But, mother, all the girls are going," said Lois. "But, Lois, I think that late suppers and parties are not good for children." So Lois went out of the room.

Sister's Birthday.

By Gall Baldwin, Aged 9 Years, Herman, Neb. Blue Side.

One Sunday, my aunt, uncle and two cousins came down because it was my sister's birthday. For her birthday she received a book, handkerchief, four cards, a bottle of perfume, a box of stationery, a tie and a box of candy. It was nearly dinner time when they reached our place. We played a little and then we had dinner. After dinner my sister and my cousin and myself went walking. We went up the road a little way and then

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 seven prizes of books will be given for the best contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

Closing Exercises.

By Helen Hindley, Aged 13 Years, Blair, Neb. Red Side.

As the McCarthy school will finish its work on May 22, we shall have a picnic, for which we are now preparing, all eager for the last day.

Disobedient Dorothy.

By Mildred Jens, Aged 10 Years, 1303 Hayes Street, Columbus, Neb. Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Dorothy. Dorothy was a naughty girl at the age of 8 years. One day she asked her mother if she could go flower picking with her friends. "No," was the reply. Her mother went on with her sewing, but Dorothy did not mind and went flower picking. Elsie was one of her playmates and they had left her home. She told Dorothy's mother, Dorothy could not go to the Sunday school picnic. She did not even find a handful of flowers when she had been out there. I know why she did not. Let us hope that Dorothy obeyed after that.

Finds Page Interesting.

By Fanny M. Klein, Aged 10 Years, 1913 North Seventeenth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I would like to join the Red Side. I read the Busy Bees' page every Sunday and think it very interesting. I am 10 years old and in the fourth grade at Kellom school. My teacher's

Caught in Shower.

By Mary Marshalek, Aged 11 Years, Coe, Neb. Blue Side.

One day my father said that we were going to grandma's and grandma's farm to stay there till evening. I was so happy that we were going that I jumped up and down with joy. We were soon ready and started.

Story of Shetland Pony.

By Florence French, Aged 11 Years, Box 302, Gillette, Wyo. Red Side.

I am going to write a story about a Shetland pony. His name was Jimmie. Jimmie was 4 years old. He was three feet four inches high. When he was only two years old he was raffled off at Moorcroft, Wyo., to Mr. Nichols. Mr. Nichols had a little girl named Bettie and she named the Shetland Jimmie. Mr. Nichols let a boy about 11 years old take him to his father's ranch. Jimmie was kept there for about two years. Then Mr. Nichols sent him to Gillette, Wyo. A little girl rode him to Gillette and has been here ever since. One day he was in the barn and broke loose and ran away with the saddle on. Jimmie lost the saddle and it has not been found since. The rope is still on his neck. I hope to catch him tomorrow.

Poor Little Rich Girl.

By Louise Timme, Aged 12 Years, 420 Miami Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Once there was a girl, Geneva Ward, who was rich and snobbish. She would not look at anyone who was poor. Although she was rich she was no happier than the poor children. She could not play very much for fear of getting her dress soiled. All her dresses were of silk, so you can see why she could not play and have much fun.

The Queen's Coral Pin.

By Sarah Hurwitz, Aged 9 Years, Coe, Neb. Blue Side.

Once upon a time there lived a queen who was as good as she was beautiful. Everyone loved her dearly. In that city there also lived a boy whose name was Tom.

March and the Shepherd.

By Lillian Peterson, Aged 11 Years, 402 North Thirty-sixth Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

I am going to tell you why March is always so windy and cold. Once upon a time March was out walking and he met a shepherd who was looking very sad. "Well," said March to the shepherd, "why do you look so sad this morning?" "Because you are always killing my lambs."

Father's Surprise.

By Karl Schmidt, Aged 8 Years, 260 Avenue D, Kearney, Neb. Red Side.

My papa came home one evening. He had a little basket with something black in it. What do you think it was? Well, it was a little black dog. I like him very much. My sister, Marguerite, and I have lots of fun with him, too. This is my first letter to the Busy Bee page. I live in Kearney, Neb.

My Vacation.

By Dora Rich, Aged 10 Years, 1122 North Twentieth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Last summer I went to Beatrice, Neb., with my mother. It is a city much smaller than Omaha. They have no street cars and they have no people travel in automobiles or buses.

An Ill-Natured Dog.

By Dean Reed, Aged 9 Years, R. F. D. No. 1, Verdell, Neb. Blue Side.

Once there was a dog who ran away and did not come back for three days. Then he ran away again and went to a farmer's place and when the team passed he would run and bark at them. One day a man came along with a gun and the dog ran and barked at him so that he shot at the dog, but did not hit him. He ran to the house and hid and did not come out for a long time. At last he came out and ran down the road. This is my first story. I wish to join the Blue Side.

No Late Hours for Children.

By Myrtle Timme, 431 Miami Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

One day Lois came running home from school. "Mother, do you remember that it is just a week ago since I was invited to Pearl's party?" she asked. "Yes," said her mother, "but I have decided not to let you go." "But, mother, all the girls are going," said Lois. "But, Lois, I think that late suppers and parties are not good for children." So Lois went out of the room.

Sister's Birthday.

By Gall Baldwin, Aged 9 Years, Herman, Neb. Blue Side.

One Sunday, my aunt, uncle and two cousins came down because it was my sister's birthday. For her birthday she received a book, handkerchief, four cards, a bottle of perfume, a box of stationery, a tie and a box of candy. It was nearly dinner time when they reached our place. We played a little and then we had dinner. After dinner my sister and my cousin and myself went walking. We went up the road a little way and then

Peon Debt Slaves of the Andes

(Continued from Page Seven.)

"As a rule the Indian will borrow all that he can. He is in money for most days and for marriage and funerals. He is not afraid of debt. He has always been in debt and expects to stay so all his life. When he dies his debt must be paid out of what he leaves, or it is assumed by his widow and children."

"To show you how the indebtedness comes," continued the hacendado, "I have here the accounts of some of my Indians. Here is Mariano Condori, who owes me \$300. Within the last year the account shows that I have loaned him \$300. Of this he has paid something on account, and in addition has sold us ten sheep at 20 cents each, and one bull for which we have credited him \$7.50.

"The next account is that of Manuel Jacinto, who received 45 during the year and at the end owed 43. Part of this he has paid in currency, and he is credited also with 40 cents for the loan of his horses to us. He got \$1 for taking a train of llamas to Cuzco and bringing back food and meat. Think of going 350 miles for \$1, and carrying a ton load on your llamas all the way. Here is the account of Facunda Casa, which shows that he sold us thirty sheep for \$7.50 or for 35 cents apiece. The other accounts run much the same."

"After breakfast the Indians start out to their work. The men go off to the fields of the farmer who they have leased their land, and the women hoe in the little patches about the house or herd the stock. On my farm the men do not start working much before 8 o'clock. They take things easy, and at 10 knock off for a half an hour's rest. During this time they chew coca. They then go back to work until 1 o'clock, when they take an hour for their lunch. They bring the lunch with them. At 4 o'clock they have another rest of half an hour for coca chewing, and shortly after that they stop for the day and return to their homes. The dinner is about the same as the breakfast. They have no light to speak of, and by dark they are asleep."

"Tell me more about the debt arrangements," said I.

"We loan the Indians money according to the number and value of their stock, being careful not to credit them with more than their cattle, sheep, alpacas and other animals would bring at forced sale. We have some Indians who are in debt to us only \$20 or \$30, and we have some who owe us as much as \$300. Several of my Indians have each a large amount of stock. We have one named Paucar, who owns 99 alpacas, which are worth perhaps \$2 apiece, and we have some who own sheep and cattle to a value of \$300 or \$400 and even \$1,000. Such men work on the farm on the same conditions as the other Indians, and they live just about the same.

Peon Debt Slaves of the Andes

(Continued from Page Seven.)

"As a rule the Indian will borrow all that he can. He is in money for most days and for marriage and funerals. He is not afraid of debt. He has always been in debt and expects to stay so all his life. When he dies his debt must be paid out of what he leaves, or it is assumed by his widow and children."

"To show you how the indebtedness comes," continued the hacendado, "I have here the accounts of some of my Indians. Here is Mariano Condori, who owes me \$300. Within the last year the account shows that I have loaned him \$300. Of this he has paid something on account, and in addition has sold us ten sheep at 20 cents each, and one bull for which we have credited him \$7.50.

"The next account is that of Manuel Jacinto, who received 45 during the year and at the end owed 43. Part of this he has paid in currency, and he is credited also with 40 cents for the loan of his horses to us. He got \$1 for taking a train of llamas to Cuzco and bringing back food and meat. Think of going 350 miles for \$1, and carrying a ton load on your llamas all the way. Here is the account of Facunda Casa, which shows that he sold us thirty sheep for \$7.50 or for 35 cents apiece. The other accounts run much the same."

"After breakfast the Indians start out to their work. The men go off to the fields of the farmer who they have leased their land, and the women hoe in the little patches about the house or herd the stock. On my farm the men do not start working much before 8 o'clock. They take things easy, and at 10 knock off for a half an hour's rest. During this time they chew coca. They then go back to work until 1 o'clock, when they take an hour for their lunch. They bring the lunch with them. At 4 o'clock they have another rest of half an hour for coca chewing, and shortly after that they stop for the day and return to their homes. The dinner is about the same as the breakfast. They have no light to speak of, and by dark they are asleep."

"Tell me more about the debt arrangements," said I.

"We loan the Indians money according to the number and value of their stock, being careful not to credit them with more than their cattle, sheep, alpacas and other animals would bring at forced sale. We have some Indians who are in debt to us only \$20 or \$30, and we have some who owe us as much as \$300. Several of my Indians have each a large amount of stock. We have one named Paucar, who owns 99 alpacas, which are worth perhaps \$2 apiece, and we have some who own sheep and cattle to a value of \$300 or \$400 and even \$1,000. Such men work on the farm on the same conditions as the other Indians, and they live just about the same.

Very Few Schools.

In closing this letter I would say that the conditions herein described are those current in the province of Pinaricaban, and that they are not the same all over Peru. There are many places in which the Indians work only two or three days a week for the use of their houses and lands, and in some they are also paid a small wage for their work. In other places they have small farms of their own and raise their own stock and crops. As a rule, however, they have but few rights that the white and Cholo landowners are bound to respect; and there is room for a great movement toward their education and civilization, and in the giving of them the liberty which we all concede should be the right of every one in these modern times.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Public School Roll of Honor

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

Table with columns: MONMOUTH, CENTRAL, SABATOGA. Lists names of students and their scores.

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