

# The Busy Bees

# Their Own Page

Today is Flag day and I hope that every Busy Bee will have a flag, no matter how tiny, with which to celebrate this day. In some of the schools, Flag day was celebrated Friday with appropriate exercises, but most of them will observe it tomorrow. The chief feature of the program is generally the salute and pledge to the flag.

There are two pledges that are usually made to the flag on this day. Children in the primary grades give this one: "I give my head and my heart to God and my country—one country, one language and one flag." The older children give the military salute to the flag and repeat the following: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands—one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

These are solemn pledges and stir the hearts of the little ones, as it does their elders, with boundless patriotism, which is meant to do. The pride of the Americans in their flag is second to none.

This week, first prize was awarded to Grace L. Moore; second prize to Lucille Baker and honorable mention to Winifred Shaughnessy, all of the Blue Side.

## ANOTHER OF THE BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEES.



Ruth Cunningham

into the hole so I had to crawl in and pull the old wolf out by the ear, and when I got her out I went into the hole back-wards and pulled the little ones out with my toes. We caught eight little ones and one old one. This is a true story.

### Els Mother.

By Helen Young, Aged 10 Years, Council Bluffs, Ia. Blue Side.  
One day Tom's mother went to get some bread in the cupboard, to eat. "Oh! dear me," she said, "there isn't a speck of bread in the house." Then she fell to crying.  
"Never mind," said Tom, "we'll have some to eat before dinner time." Then he went out the door.  
When dinner time came, his mother set on the table what she had. Just then Tom came in with several big bundles and laid them before his mother.  
"Oh! my dear boy," she said, clapping her hands, "where on earth did you get all these nice things?"  
"Just sit down," said Tom, "and I will tell you all about it."  
"Well, I worked for our neighbors by raking the yards and several other things, and I earned \$10 and got \$2 worth of bread and a new dress and a pair of shoes for you and a pair of shoes for myself, and here is the rest of the money."  
"Oh! how can I thank you!" she cried, and ever after they lived happily together, Tom helping his mother like he did that day.

### Presents Worth While.

By Martha Anderson, Age 12 Years, Weeping Water, Neb. Red Side.  
Little Alice Brown had always been able to get enough pennies during the year to get her father and mother each a birthday present. Their birthdays were very near now, and she had no pennies saved.  
She spent nearly a day in deep thought before she thought of a plan that suited her.  
On her mother's birthday she put on her bonnet and went into the garden, not leaving until the lettuce, radishes and onions were clear of weeds.  
For her father she planned a similar present. He worked in the field and it being very warm he often had to walk to the house for a fresh drink of water. But Alice was going to prevent that extra walking for that day. Just as he was thinking of going for a drink Alice appeared with a cool, fresh drink for him. This she repeated as often as her father had been coming for a drink.  
That night she told her parents that those little acts of thoughtfulness were their birthday presents. Her father said, "May God bless you and may you receive many such presents during your life."

### Herman's Luck.

By Mary Goldenstein, Aged 9 Years, Glenville, Neb. Red Side.  
In the country, near a town called Hampson, lived a little family. There were two children, Rosa, who was 2 years old, and Herman, who was 8. Herman's father was poor, so he drove to town every morning and brought things from the depot to the store to earn money for his wife and family.  
One day Herman was in the woods. He saw two men talking. They saw him and one asked if they could stay at his house over night. Herman said they could, for there were no hotels. The next morning when he got up there was a package on the table. Herman's father opened it and they saw that there was a whole lot of money in it. In the bottom of the box was a piece of paper, which read: "Kindness is always rewarded."

## A Helping Hand.

(From the painting by Renouf.)  
By Mabel Hancock, Aged 14 Years, Verdun, Neb. Blue Side.

It was a cool morning when Gretchen's father first went to fish for cod off the coast of Newfoundland.  
Gretchen, who was 4 years old, was just at the age where she had a great desire to help. "I can row the boat while daddy catches fish," she pleaded. So her mother put a hood on her head, and a happy little girl took her father's hand and walked down where the large boat had been drawn the night before.  
When they were comfortably seated, and Gretchen had placed her tiny hands upon the great oar, a proud father clasped out into the blue bay.  
When they had dropped anchor in a place where cod were often thick, Gretchen started to pull the net around "I expect daddy," she said, "that you will have to help me a little bit." So her father took the net and threw it out into the bay. After awhile a load of cod were drawn into the boat. Gretchen looked at the flopping fish with wondering eyes and said, "Daddy, won't they dance clear out of the boat?" This brought a broad smile to her father's face.  
In the evening the anchor was pulled, of course, with the help of Gretchen, and again her tiny hands were placed upon the oar.  
As she and her father walked toward the house, Gretchen said, with a great air, "My daddy, don't it pay to take me along?"

### Heeds Too Late.

By Eula Brand, Aged 11 Years, Fontenelle, Neb. Blue Side.  
In a neighboring town there was a little girl, who, when her mother would ask her to do anything, would always say: "All right, mother. Wait a minute." One day, her little canary bird got out of his cage and her mother said, "Dear, shut the door or the cat will get your bird." She said, "All right, mother, wait a minute," but she waited a minute too long. When she went to shut the door, the cat had already caught her bird.  
That taught her to go when she was first asked to do anything.  
My father has been a subscriber for The Bee for quite a long time.

### Has Pet Snowball.

Ruth Stewart, Age 8 Years, Tecumseh, Neb. Blue Side.  
Dear Busy Bees: This is the very first time I have written. I will write better and longer next time. I have a pet whose name is Snowball. I like him very much.

### The Great Stone Face.

By Fay Baldwin, Aged 11 Years, Herman, Neb. Blue Side.  
Mr. Gathergold's house was pure white marble on the outside. The doors had gold or silver knobs. The windows were

## Public School Roll of Honor

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

MASON.	FIFTH.	SABATOGA.	SABATOGA.
Seymour Baker, Caroline Baker, Raymond Blair, Zeina Dean, Sam Greenberg, LeRoy Goldsmith, Minnie Kneuter, Elmer Keford, Ethel Lyon, Alice Munnico, Harold Moore, Laura Risa, Harold Scott, Giovanni Steel, Vernon Williamson, Seventh A, Harmon Lanzardo, Fred Manous, Bessie McMullen, Isador Oberman, Tony Procopio, Norman Stilton, "A" B, Margie Carville, Ruth Johnson, Fred Hushner, Helena Humbert, Sixth A, Helen Larson, Myrtle Colton, John Mercurio, Charles Reis, Myrtle Christy, Gladys Kemp, Thelma Brisson, Myrtle Christy, Hazel Olson, Third B, Mary Amato, Martha Cohen, Ethel Pratt, Walter Dannon, Alice Kiewit, Fred Knight, Helen Lind, Helen Mercurio, Helen Shofe, Hazel Rawles, Cecile Schan, Myrtle Wagoner.	Nina Bell, Mary Loto, Antonio Mercurio, Virginia Payton, Christine Zimmel, Fourth B, Lucretia Amato, Jack Compton, Joe Fisher, Meyer Friedman, Bessie Handler, Daisy Miller, Fourth A, Eddie Brodkey, Dorothy Rosenthal, Maggie Currie, Camilla Genho, Helena Gifford, Edna Larsen, Frank Falkner, Ralph Rose, Maurics Barker, Seventh B, Nina Bell, Mildred Daley, Collette Lear, Ruth McEachern, Eighth A, Truman Brewer, Oliver Pierce, Flora Shubert, Walter White, Sarah Wohlmer, Seventh B, Ruth Peterson, Gladys Martin, Margaret Thompson, Louise Wood, Seventh A, Frances Ross, Ethel Rose, Kathryn Smith, Angela Wearing, Ethel Werdner, Eva Wilson.	Frances Bell, Caldwell Clark, Robert Hoham, Hazel Ivey, Jack Stantford, Sixth B, John Buttinger, Parker Comstock, Jack Gorman, Edith Hurdges, Adrian Westberg, Sixth A, Vivian Barnes, Marguerite Brightwell, Zola Ellis, Gregory Endres, Ruth Elder, Marguerite Heas, Elizabeth Johnson, Martha Thornton, Fifth B, Philip Barnett, Bessie Baxter, Richard Elester, Vera Elder, Alice Monroe, Delbert Piorer, Harold Potter, Grude Sanford, Minerva Trowbridge, Edmund Wood, Fourth B, Bernice Etlinger, Mildred Pinnagan, Helen Jackson, Alice Pfeiffer, Elmer Palmer, Lucinda Pannaker, Forest Richards, Fred Schwartz, Third B, Edna Brandell, Alice Britton, Earl Brodick, Mildred Green, Louise Huster, Mollie Thomas, Herbert Wood.	Edna Christensen, Lona Deerson, Walter Deerson, Reva Kulakofsky, Helen Maji, Ernie Newhouse, Mildred Ryder, Wendell Stevenson, Clement Taphorn, SEBASTIAN, Hausener, Meriel Lee, Howard O'Donnell, Seventh A, Nina O'Donnell, Minnie Wohlner, Sixth A, Edward O'Donnell, Ruby Kalb, Fifth B, Daniel Turner, Fifth A, Theresa Beres, Eugene O'Donnell, Philip Retz, Walter Scotland, Elsie Wolfson, Fourth B, Elmer Jonas, Leola Krunnweid, Katherine Seeman, Fourth A, Leon Houck, Howard Hakein, Fred Getz, Warren Short, Fred Schwartz, Third B, Edna Bilby, Nina Sigrl Anderson, Sidney Givens, Clark Hutchinson, Fred Getz, Pauline Spears, Hazel Ritter, Constance Wolfson.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

### The Robin Wedding.

(First Prize.)  
By Grace L. Moore, Aged 11 Years, Silver Creek, Neb. Blue Side.  
On a beautiful morning in May Mr. and Mrs. Robin were married in an old oak tree near the old Methodist church. Mr. Woodpecker performed the ceremony.  
The bride was given away by Mrs. Meadow Lark. Mrs. Wren was matron of honor, Miss Quail maid of honor, and Mr. Blue Jay best man. Miss Canary played the wedding march on a large oak leaf.  
The oak tree was beautifully decorated with large green leaves. Dainty crumbs of cake were their refreshments, Mrs. Black Bird and Miss Sparrow presiding at the table. After the refreshments were served the wedding party broke up. Then Mr. and Mrs. Robin flew to a pretty little elm near a happy little brook.  
There they made a cozy little home out of tiny threads and hay. One warm day in June something very wonderful happened. When Mr. Robin returned from his long journey he went to his cozy little home near the brook and to his surprise found four of the dearest little robins. Mr. and Mrs. Robin stayed with their young until they were old enough to fly.

### Our Circus.

(Second Prize.)  
By Lucille Baker, Age 10 Years, Alma, Neb. Blue Side.  
"BANTAM'S WONDERFUL CIRCUS." Admission, 1c, 2c, 5c.  
Was seen all over the walks and hills were tacked downtown. We had four tents, one large tent, fortune-telling tent, and girls' and boys' dressing tents.  
In the parade were a band, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb, Dancing Girls, Pony Riders, and a Steam Chalice, which was a box on two wheels, covered with red, white and blue and a toy piano with someone inside it to play and clowns pulling it.  
We went downtown and passed many houses. When we were through with our parade we had our circus and this was the bill:  
Oh, You Circus Day—by all.  
Trapeze Walkers.  
Clown Acting.  
Snake Charmer.  
Crow's Acting.  
Dancing Girls (dances and songs).  
We sold lemonade and told forty fortunes and collected altogether \$3.72. When divided we had 27c each.

### A Chickadee's Day.

(Honorable Mention.)  
By Winifred Shaughnessy, Aged 9 Years, St. Paul, Neb. Blue Side.  
Just as the sun was coming up, Chickadee awoke.  
Chickadee flew to the orchard to find some food and worms for his breakfast, then to the pond for his morning bath.  
Then a long hunt for some weed-seed for his youngsters.  
When his babies were fed, then he must teach them to fly, and he cheered his mate with his sweet "chick-a-dee! chick-a-dee! chick-a-dee!"  
When the sun went down, he went to bed hardily able to say, "chick-a-dee! chick-a-dee! chick-a-dee!"

### Dan's Adventure.

By W. A. Averill, Greenwood, Neb. Blue Side.  
A tall, heavy-set, "down-and-out" fellow, known to his friends as "Slouchy Dan," was walking slowly down a side street, sincerely wishing that luck would turn his way. He was hungry and foot-sore from tramping about the streets hunting for a job.  
Suddenly, with a muttered "Hully gee!" he swiftly stooped and picked up a pocket-book, apparently stuffed full of bills. He was caught in the act by a man who had long hair and when he was asked to give up the wallet he broke away and escaped. He soon stopped running, but walked swiftly for several blocks, his conscience panging him terribly. The traffic officer seemed to glare at him more than was customary. His fancy told him that big red taxicab was trailing him. It must contain a detective, he thought. "It's the first time and I need the money. But what if they catch me. But I have it now and maybe I had better keep it."  
He was hungry, but he was afraid to stop long enough to eat. He glanced nervously around him and, horror of horrors, there was that red auto. They were trailing him. He went through all the different maneuvers he could think of, to throw them off of his track. He then found himself near the outskirts of the city and he determined to know his wealth. He sat down behind an old barn and was just going to pull the wallet out of his pocket when a gruff voice behind him said, "Move on. Get a—" but Dan waited for no more. He was gone before his angry assailant could finish his sentence. He walked for several blocks out of the city, where he found, as he supposed, a secluded spot by the roadside. He had just put his hand on the pocket-book when he was terrified by a fierce "Bow-wow-wow" sound. He ran as he never ran before, with the bull pup at his heels. After chasing poor Dan for about a block the dog let up. He returned to the city, when he again became aware of that awful hunger. Conscience has no chance when hunger sets in, and as a result, he went into a "quick lunch." The smell of food drove away all thoughts of his ill-gotten gains and he was soon vigorously attacking a huge steak. After

### 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.
- 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.

his hunger was satisfied he found that he owed \$1, more than he had ever paid for a meal before. Not doubting but what he had plenty of money, he took out the pocketbook and found that the pocketbook contained nothing but a great many written pages, apparently the work of some author.  
A few minutes later as he picked himself up off the walk where he had been "bounced" by the angry proprietor, he muttered to himself, "I guess honesty is the best policy after all. 'What! What means that fat pocketbook got me into. No more of that for me! What a fool I've made of myself." And Dan wanted some one to kick him because he had "fallen for" a big fat pocketbook.

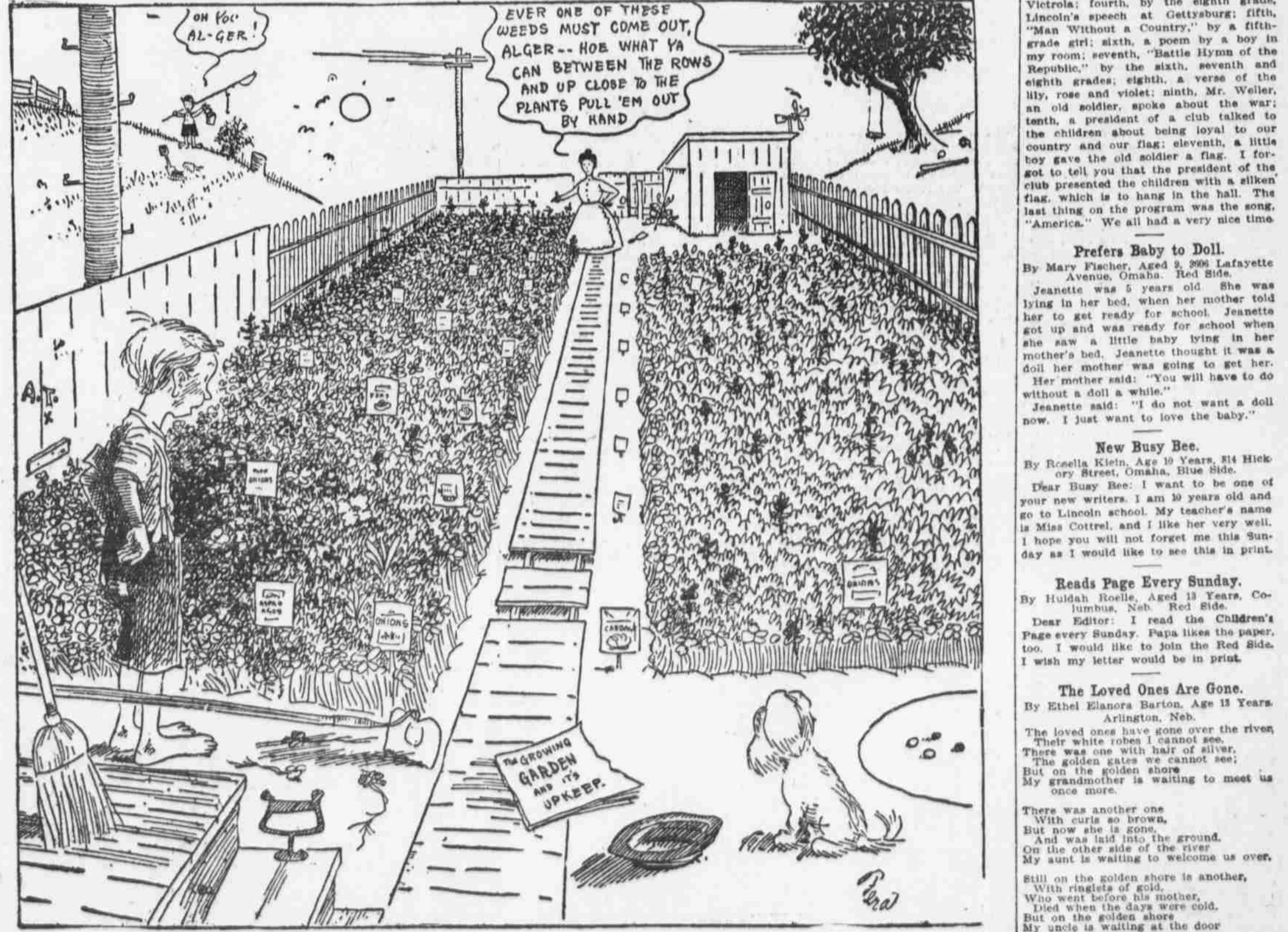
### The Lost Dog.

By Kyra Kirk, Aged 10 Years, Plainview, Neb. Blue Side.  
There was once a dog and it had a very nice home. It never wished to leave such a nice home.  
His mistress was very kind to him and her name was Helen. The dog's name was Jack.  
Jack was a faithful dog, and could do many tricks.  
One day he was out walking with his mistress, when a number of women came along and in some way he lost sight of his mistress.  
I might as well state what became of Jack's mistress. She had walked into a store, thinking Jack would follow, but he did not follow her.  
Jack did not know what to do so he walked until he came to the slums of the city.  
Finally after walking a good while, he saw some dirty children sitting in the doorway of a poor house.  
He ran up to them and they said, "Oh! what a nice dog," and then they took him into the house and showed him to their mamma and then he was given as much comfort as the poor house could afford.  
After a good while had passed, he saw a girl coming down the road. It was his old mistress, Helen.  
She gave him a kind look, and then asked the woman if she could have him and she said "Yes." Then Helen gave the woman some money for keeping him.  
After a long ride, he again found himself in the same old home.

### Rags Pays His Debt.

By Kathryn Waechter, Aged 10 Years, Avoca, Ia. Blue Side.  
Rags was a dog. Once he had been a poor street dog. He had picked up bones in the alleys and many times he had gone hungry. No one who saw Rags called him handsome.  
One day Rags found a friend. This man's name was Mr. O'Dowd. He had often seen Rags on the street. He was sorry for the poor, hungry fellow. Sometimes he whistled to Rags. Once he had a cookie in his pocket for him. "He is not such a very bad looking dog," said O'Dowd.  
Rags learned to like him. He followed him on the street.  
At last Mr. O'Dowd let Rags follow him to his home. He gave him a bone and a soft bed.  
"If Rags will stay with me, I shall keep him," he said.  
"Do you think Rags was glad to stay?" He had a nice home now and he was thankful for it.  
He was never so happy as when he followed his master to and from his work. One night Mr. O'Dowd was leaving his office. It was late. The streets were quiet. It was cold and the sidewalks were slippery. Rags was at the door waiting for his master.  
Mr. O'Dowd turned his coat collar up. How the wind blew around the corners! The white snow drifted over the walk. It covered the ice on the pavement.  
Rags and his master hurried on. Rags was hungry. His master was tired. He wanted to get home to his warm fire.  
"We must go a little faster," he said to Rags. As he began to hurry, his foot slipped on the icy walk, and he fell.  
Mr. O'Dowd lay quite still on the walk. Rags licked his master's face. He whined, but his master did not answer. Something must be done. He barked, hoping that some one would hear him. Nobody came. There was no one on the street. There was no one in the stores. Somebody must be found to help his master.  
Rags ran down the street. At last he came to a house where there was a bright light in the window. Rags stopped before the door.  
This great building was a hospital. Inside the night clerks were nodding in their chairs. They heard a low whine at the door. They heard it again. One of the men got up. "There is a dog outside," he said. "I will let him in to get warm."  
As soon as the door was open Rags took hold of the man's clothes with his

## How Many Weeds in a Garden?



from the ceiling to the floor. The house was so magnificent. It was mostly silver and gold on the inside. Ernest did not think that Mr. Gathergold looked like The Great Stone Face. But The Great Stone Face seemed to say, "Fear not, Ernest. The man will come." Soon Mr. Gathergold's wealth disappeared and he died. He did not look like The Great Stone Face.  
Ernest was a young man, but he did not think much of him. Old Blood and Thunder was born in this valley and had fought in many battles. When Old Blood and Thunder came, they had a great feast under the trees for him. Ernest did not think that Old Blood and Thunder looked like the great white face.  
Finally the people did not think Old Blood and Thunder looked like The Great Stone Face.

### The Fairy Pool.

Edna Carlisle, Aged 11, Underwood, Ia.  
There was a little house by the river in which two little girls used to play. Their names were Alice and Edith. They would watch the pebbles as the wind would rock them to the shore, and this little place the children would call the "fairy pool" and they would say the fairies kept their houses very clean. They could see fish and beautiful shells as they looked down at the clear, cool water. One day Alice was unkind to her sister. She went down to the pool and sat there. When she looked down she could not see the clear water; it was muddy, and instead of seeing the fish she saw a big, ugly snake coiled ready to jump at her. Alice began to sob as if her heart would break. A lady stepped out and said, "What are you crying for, little girl?" Alice said, "The pool is not pretty, and I am sorry I have been rude to my sister." The fairy told Alice to go and meet her sister, so Alice went and they threw their arms around each other and kissed. They went back to the pool and it was clear. "Children," said the fairy, "the pool is just like your hearts. If you are good the pool will be clear and clean, and if you are not good the pool will be dirty and muddy." So she disappeared, and Alice woke up, for she had been dreaming.

### Memorial Day Exercises.

Mollie Corenman, 865 South 5th, Seventh Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.  
To honor the heroes, both living and dead, our school, as well as all the schools in Omaha, have programs every year, consisting of speeches, songs and recitations. I will tell you of the program which we had in our school last Friday. First the sixth, seventh and eighth grades sang a song called "Memorial Day," second, verse by an eighth-grade boy; third, all national airs by the Victrola; fourth, by the eighth grade, Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg; fifth, "Man Without a Country," by a fifth-grade girl; sixth, a poem by a boy in my room; seventh, "Battle Hymn of the Republic," by the sixth, seventh and eighth grades; eighth, a verse of the Lily, rose and violet; ninth, Mr. Weller, an old soldier, spoke about the war; tenth, a president of a club talked to the children about being loyal to our country and our flag; eleventh, a little boy gave the old soldier a flag. I forgot to mention the children who carried the got to tell you that the president of the club presented the children with a silken flag, which was to hang in the hall. The last thing on the program was the song, "America." We all had a very nice time.

### Prefers Baby to Doll.

By Mary Fischer, Aged 9 Years, Lafayette Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.  
Jeanette was 5 years old. She was lying in her bed, when her mother told her to get ready for school. Jeanette got up and ready for school when she saw a little baby lying in her mother's bed. Jeanette thought it was a doll her mother was going to get her.  
Her mother said: "You will have to do without a doll a while."  
Jeanette said: "I do not want a doll now. I just want to love the baby."

### New Busy Bee.

By Rosella Klein, Age 10 Years, 314 Hickory Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.  
Dear Busy Bee: I want to be one of your new writers. I am 10 years old and go to Lincoln school. My teacher's name is Miss Cottrell, and I like her very well. I hope you will not forget me this Sunday as I would like to see this in print.

### Reads Page Every Sunday.

By Huldah Roelle, Aged 13 Years, Columbus, Neb. Red Side.  
Dear Editor: I read the Children's Page every Sunday. Papa likes the paper, too. I would like to join the Red Side. I wish my letter would be in print.

### The Loved Ones Are Gone.

By Ethel Eleanor Barton, Age 13 Years, Arlington, Neb.  
The loved ones have gone over the river. Their white robes I cannot see. There was one with hair silver. The golden gates we cannot see; But on the golden shore My grandmother is waiting to meet us once more.  
There was another one With curls so brown, But now she is gone. And was laid into the ground. On the other side of the river My aunt is waiting to welcome us over.  
Still on the golden shore is another, With ringlets of gold. Who went before his mother, Died when the days were cold. But on the golden shore My uncle is waiting at the door.