

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

SCHOOL is over and vacation days are here! The Busy Bees will revel in the joy of release from books and lessons for a short while and then will begin to make plans for spending the summer.

It would be well to plan definitely to accomplish something worth while, besides the time spent in play, so that in the future you may look back upon this summer as a summer well spent. Some will take care of gardens and lawns, the girls may learn to bake a cake, to do a little cooking or mending to help mother or if the Busy Bees go away for the summer, they may learn swimming, rowing and other healthful sports. In each one of these activities, there is ample material for interesting letters to the Busy Bee page.

A letter was received recently from a Busy Bee who lives at 2400 Avenue D, Kearney, Neb. and who is 8 years old, but no name appeared anywhere on the letter or envelope. The letter will be printed on receipt of the name, but Busy Bees are cautioned against omitting any detail of the heading hereafter.

This week, first prize was awarded to Rava Rosseter, of the Blue Side; second prize to Edith Weir, of the Blue Side, and honorable mention to Edda Mae Snyder of the Red Side, a Busy Bee who lives in faroff Utah.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Tripp Through an Ice Plant.

By Rena Rosseter, Aged 11 Years, Valen-Blue Side.

Two years ago, my mother, brother, sisters and I went to Deadwood, S. D., to spend the summer with relatives.

One day my two sisters went visiting with my aunt and my brother went to Spearfish, so mamma and I took a little trip to Pluma, where a lady wanted to take us through some of the buildings there.

(First Prize.)

When she was about 4 weeks old her mother broke her leg. We caught her and shut her up and when evening came let her loose. She went right back into the hole. She would let you feed her right out of your hand. If she were living now she would be about 7 months old, but she died Memorial day, May 30, 1914.

The Twin Cooking Class.

By Ethelra Berser, 66 North Nineteenth St., South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

In the Wilson's sunny kitchen two girls in long white aprons and caps were busy mixing at two separate tables. The twin cooking class, as they called it, was composed of Bess Wilson and Eva Chase.

It was a Valentine day and the girls were going to have a party and make all the refreshments themselves.

The girls were very busy. Eva making the patties and Bess fixing the chickens. When the chickens were done Bess put it in the ice chest ready for the patties when they should be finished.

Next, Bess got to the big bowl and began mixing up the little marshmallow cakes. "Well, that's done with. Now let's get at those sandwiches. Bess, has the butcher brought the meat yet?" asked Eva as she put her pans and dishes in the sink.

"Dear me," said Bess, "I completely forgot that pork loin."

"What did you do, honey chile?" said Old Black Aunt Anna as she put her feet on the chair in the door.

"O, Aunt Anna, please call up the meat market and ask him to send over quite a bit of pork loin, won't you? That's a good old aunt. Where is Lily White? I want her to get the heart cut for these sandwiches."

"O, she done be in de cabin makin' mud pies with Cholote. Yo' jest step out de door and call her and she come, honey," and Aunt Anna and her red turban disappeared.

"Lily White, Lily White, where are you?" called Bess as she stepped out of the door.

"Here I be. I want you all want wit me, Miss Bess? I done make pies in de cabin," said Lily White, as she slowly came up the steps into the kitchen, scraping the mud off her hands as she came.

"I want you all to get that heart cutter for me, Lily White," replied Bess as she gave Eva some sugar to make the frosting for the cakes ready.

"Bess, Bess," called Eva from the pantry, "there aren't any more nuts to put in the frosting."

"O, dear, we will have to go without them. Well, put the frosting on and we can place the top afterwards and we will look just the same," said Bess. "And, oh, Eva, get that box of French alphabets up in the pantry. That goes on top of the cocoa with those heart-shaped marshmallows. That will be a job all right, cutting all those marshmallows."

"Lily White, will you get these things cleared up here, make those mints?" said Eva as she took a pan and began filling it up with sugar.

"Eva, isn't this done now," said Bess as she held a fork above the syrup.

"I think so; yes, it is. Lily White, get that tray and lay some waxed paper on it. There, these mints are done," and Eva stood off to admire the red and pink candies.

The party was a success and the refreshments were excellent. Everyone praised their cooking highly and the girls were very pleased.

Visit to the Sandhills.

By Edith Weir, Aged 9 Years, 2412 Dodge Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

We started from Omaha at 11 o'clock at night and reached the sandhills at 11 o'clock the next morning.

The station was a little red building not much larger than a small house in the city.

We ate our lunch and did our shopping by 12 o'clock. Then we hitched the horses four abreast to the wagon, and started for our new country home which was twelve miles. It was 6 o'clock when we reached there.

The house was a four-roomed house and very comfortable. We had a fresh country meal. The things we had were fresh from the garden.

The next morning I was up early and went down to the corral to watch them milk the cows. Then we went to the chicken house to let the chickens out. Afterwards they put a saddle on one of the horses and let me ride.

The first snake I saw was a sanddollar. When we saw it we were out in the cornfield and it was a good way from home. But this is one of the many snakes I saw. One that I did not like especially was the rattlesnake.

One of the most interesting days I had was when I went to hay camp to spend a day. I saw them out, then rake, then stack. The stacker was a large one. It could stack about five stacks at once. The men ate out of pie pans and with tin knives and forks.

I saw two live coyotes. I saw lots of sand lizards that I saw along the road. They were as fat as a horse could trot.

The days passed rapidly. It was soon time to go home. When I got home, it seemed funny to see trees, for out there you could ride for six miles without seeing one large tree.

Honorable Mention.

A Narrow Escape.

By Edda Mae Snyder, Aged 13 Years, 84 East Center Street, Provo, Utah, Red Side.

My Uncle John and two of his companions were returning from a pleasure trip in the mountains.

In passing through the fragrant fields of grass and flowers, suddenly they came upon a wild steer that was known to be very vicious. As they were unarmed they made their escape as quickly as possible.

My uncle soon returned with a gun to kill it. As soon as the steer saw him it started toward him, its head to the ground, hooking the shabby as it came following along.

My uncle tried to shoot, but his gun failed to work.

The animal was getting so near that he climbed a tree. The steer came up and hooked the tree, which, being old and partly decayed, soon became very unsteady. My uncle all the time was trying to shoot and finally succeeded in fixing the gun with his pocket knife and shot the steer just as the tree was falling.

He had a narrow escape, but rid the country of a very dangerous animal.

Tame Rabbits.

By Alice Jackson, Aged 14 Years, 122 North Nineteenth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

One morning when I was looking out into the yard, I saw the mother rabbit taking grass in to her little one. I went out and gave her some bread and she took it also.

Several days later in the evening the little rabbit came outdoors. It wasn't much bigger than three eggs put together. It grew very slowly.

The next day my uncle caught the little rabbit and brought it into the house and we put it in a little basket and kept it

BUSY BEE WHO WINS A PRIZE.



Photo by Sandberg & Eitner
Edith Weir

pered, "will you be our little boy always, Dave; our own little son?" And in some way the little bandaged arms found a place around a motherly neck and he softly whispered, "Mother!"

Cheering an Invalid.

By Mabel Hedger, Aged 13 Years, 4234 South Thirtieth Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

"Marion, I've something to tell you," shouted Grace. "Some new people have moved in next door and they have a little girl about 12."

"Oh, good, then she can go to school with us," cried Marion.

"I'm afraid she'll never be able to go to school, because she's an invalid," explained Grace, quietly.

"An invalid! Oh, that's too bad. How lonesome she must be! Let's go and see her," Grace, cried Marion.

"All right, tomorrow then, and you bring her those two roses that bloomed this morning," exclaimed Grace.

The following day both girls started off to the new neighbor's house. They rang the bell and a maid answered their call.

"We want to see the little girl who lives here," explained Grace.

She ushered the two children into a big, nicely furnished drawing room. The maid disappeared and came back in five minutes wheeling a big chair, in which sat a little girl of 12. She had a pale, thin face with large, sorrowful, dark eyes. Her thick, black, curly hair was hanging down her back and was tied with a big pink ribbon.

She smiled faintly at seeing the two girls and said in a low, musical voice, "I'm so glad you have come to see me. I get so lonesome."

"Yes, I know. We are Marion Smith and Grace Morris. What is your name?" asked Marion.

"Emily Norton," answered the girl.

"Where do you live?"

"Next door, at least I do. Marion lives across the street," said Grace.

"Will you come over often and play with me?" asked Emily, wistfully.

"Yes, yes! and maybe your mother will let you come out in the garden some times, for I've got some little kittens at home and lots of things to show you," cried Grace.

Emily showed them her dolls, of which she had a great variety, and the girls had a very nice time. At 4 they went home, after promising to come often.

They left the little invalid in a happy state of mind at finding two new friends.

China Berry Beads.

By Ida A. Quinn, Aged 13 Years, Elkhorn, Neb. Blue Side.

China berries grow in Arkansas, on a tree that looks like an umbrella tree. The berries are yellow.

People pick these berries off and boil them for three or four hours to get the outside or skin off. Then they stick holes through them. The berries are black. I have some. Mine are black. It is best to use the small berries because they are pretty. The others are pretty too. When people stick holes through them, one end is larger than the other. Not the berry, but the hole. The beads do not look even unless you stick the needle either in the big or little end every time.

People make small beads and put them in between the berries. The berries are rough. They have ridges in them. My beads are black with glass beads between the black.

The people wear these berries for beads. They are quite pretty. My cousin, mamma and I each have a long string.

The Fishing Trip.

By Dorothy Rose, Wahoo, Neb. Red Side.

It was June and a very nice day. Mary and Betty wanted to go fishing. Whenever they had planned to go, it had always been bad weather, so that they had to stay at home. But today it was very nice. So they went into the kitchen and asked their mother if they could go fishing, and she said she would fix them a lunch, while they went out to get the worms. Soon they were all ready. They started and reached there about noon. Then Mary said, "Let us bait the hooks." "I don't know how," Betty answered. "Well," said Mary, "let us go home then and wait till we know how to bait a hook." So they went home and Betty was very disappointed.

Mother's Narrow Escape.

By William Ayon Barrett, Simton, Cherry Point, Neb. Red Side.

My mother was 5 years old when she came to America from Europe. She went to the dock so she could get a boat. She waited for a ship to come. Finally one came. There were a lot of others ready to go to America too, but they left before she did. After they all went on board the ship they started to go and got out a little ways on the ocean and the first ship sank.

After a while another ship came and they got on board and went out on the ocean. They sailed days and days until they reached America. Mamma said that she was glad she did not go over on the other ship. It was a narrow escape for her. Don't you think so? I hope my letter gets away from Mr. Waatehoket all right.

Charles and His Cat.

By Henry Warren Dunham, Jr., Aged 5 Years, 248 Bristol Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Charles was only 9 years old when his father brought him a nice square box. "He said," Charles, "this box is for you."

Charles then opened it and a cat jumped out. Charles was frightened, for he had never seen a cat before.

Charles ran and jumped upon the table. The cat jumped up too, and Charles jumped down and ran away.

A few days later he went to the country and took his cat with. When he reached there he saw lots of other cats and he became used to them, and was not afraid any more.

This is my first letter to the Bee, and I hope it will escape the waste basket.

Tricky Dog.

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

Mable and Robert Milton live in the country. There was a big pond by their house. There were some hills back of the house where they would play after school. Now it was vacation! Their mother told them to hitch up their new dog and take some things to their aunt. So they hitched up their dog and started. They went so fast that they scared every hen and ducks out of their wits. The dog was a little cross that morning, so after a while he ran into the pond and dumped them out and went home.

Story of the Olive.

By Lucie Bonnelland, Aged 11 Years, Kearney, Neb. Red Side.

The olive tree grows in Spain and Portugal, but in Spain the olive tree is most valuable. The olive tree is something like the plum tree, excepting that it is thorny and much darker. The olive leaves are very green, long and pointed. The olives are green, some dark and some pale. The blossom is a small white flower. They bloom about the middle of

the year. There are quite a few trees in an orchard and they cover thousands of miles.

They pick the olives about June, when they are ripe and green. The olive seeds that are soft are squashed and made into olive oil. The olives are picked very carefully and after being washed and cleaned, are taken to the mill.

The olives are known all over the United States and are eaten everywhere. Olive oil is used for medicine and other uses. The plain olive is shaped like an egg. The olives are made into pickles, oil and are shipped all over the United States.

Our Picnic.

By Vera Elliott, Aged 12 Years, R. F. D. No. 1, Kearney, Neb. Blue Side.

One bright Sunday morning last summer we started to Plum Grove for a picnic.

As soon as we reached there the children made a swing, then we took turns swinging. After we were tired of swinging we took our shoes and stockings off and went down by the river side to play.

Edith and I had our little dolls that would swim until they were full of water. We tied strings to them and threw them into the river. Once when I threw mine out too far, the string broke and my doll sank to the bottom of the river. Ernest said after dinner he would swim in it and get it.

It was not long till dinner was ready. We had a nice dinner and lots of fun while eating it.

About half an hour after dinner Ernest swam in and got my doll.

Most of the afternoon we fished. I caught three fish and Edith caught one. We also rode our horses and had lots of fun.

We were very sorry when our mothers called us and told us it was time to go home. But we all enjoyed the day.

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Public School Roll of Honor

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

CASTELLAN.	CASTELLAN.	SHERRMAN.	BARCROFT.
Edith B. Madsen Auguston	Joseph A. Louis Cleburn	Meriel Lee.	Fourth B. Alfred Monaco
Margaret Boggs	James McLaren	Seventh B. Erna Vickery	Howard Astleford
George Dinkel	Harold McGuire	Sixth B. Nina O'Donnell	Lucretia Hertz
Mildred Holsten	Sam Siegel.	Sixth B. Mary McCabe	Mary Masilko
Hazel Johnson		Sixth B. Ronald Hertz	Erna Blazek
Anna Jorgensen		Sixth B. Vince Eggen	
John Klotzgrueyer			
Edgar Landgren			
Florence Mortuary			
Albin Rasmussen			
Antonia Thomas			
Agneta Vance			
Johanna Ekstrand			
Mable Elmquist			
Gerda Jorgensen			
Charlotte Huntley			
John Jacobson			
Lillian Kavan			
George Langer			
Edna Klotzgrueyer			
Emily Mullinger			
Agnes Pedersen			
Axelina Schoester			
Alice Somberg			
Raymond Striker			
Sixth B. Eva Ekstrand			
Edith Johnson			
Frances Klotzgrueyer			
Myer			
Glady's McKay			
Hannah Novak			
Mae Rosen			
Fourth B. William Ekstrand			
Edna Klotzgrueyer			
Clara Dinkel			
Julia Hautsinger			
Edna Klotzgrueyer			
Charles Kugel			
Hilma Miller			
Johnston Robinson			
Seventh B. Carl Lull			
Glady's Jones			
William LaChapelle			
Richardson			
Seventh B. Ella Horning			
Robert Klotzgrueyer			
Oliver Sautter			
Seventh B. Ben Alm			
May Day			
Ruth Dicko			
Aviv Geiker			
Charles Morris			
Hollander			
Marie Jader			
Charles Levin			
Irene Long			
Evangeline Rush			
Charles Wallace			
Jessie Wallace			
Seventh B. Celia Fogel			
Robert Klotzgrueyer			
Beattie Snitzer			

before her, and saw her mother busy sewing one of her torn dresses. Then the picture vanished and she saw nothing but the large mirror before her again.

"Come," said the fairy queen, "you must dress and then come down to the ballroom, where there is going to be a ball."

Then the queen was gone.

Again Bessie ran to the bell and again the maid appeared before her. She helped Bessie into a pale blue silk dress like the queen's, except that it did not have so many diamonds on, the only one being at the throat.

Then she went down to the ballroom. After the ball and light refreshments were served, she again went up to her room and crept into the little pink bed.

The next morning as soon as she was awake, she jumped out of bed and ran reading "On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine." She put her book down and looked up at the white, fleecy clouds floating across the sky.

Suddenly a little voice said, "Do you want to go with me to Fairyland?"

"Yes," said Bessie. "Happiness will soon be mine with her stipend," said the owner of the small voice. "Who is Happiness?" asked Bessie. "Oh, she is one of our fairies," said the fairy. "But I am too large," said Bessie. "I shall break your airship," "Oh, well, fix that," said the fairy. Just then Happiness arrived. The fairy touched Bessie with her wand and said, "Now, stand in the airship." Bessie stepped lightly into the airship. Then they rose slowly from the ground. This airship was a large bird made of jewels. Its body was made of rubies, its wings of white sapphires and its eyes were two large diamonds.

"Now, I will tell you my name," said the fairy. "My name is Thoughtfulness. I think we will go to our fairy queen first." "Who is your fairy queen?" asked Bessie. "Beautiful," answered Thoughtfulness. Finally they arrived at the fairy queen's palace, on a high rock by a beautiful lake, where tiny boats with fairies floated down it. "Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Bessie. Just then some fairies dressed as guards came down to meet them. They looked so small and cunning that Bessie laughed. But one of the guards looked at her so that she smothered another laugh.

"We want to see her majesty the royal queen," said Thoughtfulness. "Her majesty is not at home," said one of the soldiers. "But you may come in and wait until she returns if you wish to." They led them to the palace, which was made of marble and many precious stones. It was surrounded by flower beds of forget-me-nots and daisies and vines of roses and ivy climbed the palace walls. They entered the castle and found themselves in a beautiful large hall with fountains of white and pink perfume here and there and heavy velvet curtains adorning the walls. Here a beautiful maid took them up two flights of stairs, and they entered another large beautiful hall of rubies, where the light came through the heavy red curtains, which covered the windows facing the lake, giving it a soft pink tint. Then they came to Bessie's room. She pushed aside the heavy draperies and entered. Bessie herself also, in a beautiful room. Just then a maid appeared and, pointing to a little bell on the wall, said: "I am your maid, and whenever you want me, ring that little bell," and she was gone.

Bessie looked toward the little bell. It was a little pink bell with gold printing on it, matching the other objects of the room. Here, also, the light came through the heavy curtains, giving it a beautiful room. A soft pink tint. She went across the room and pushed aside a heavy curtain which hung between the rooms and found herself in another room with a large mirror covering one wall of the room, the only object except an armchair and a table. She went back into the other room and pushed aside another curtain. Here she saw many dresses of