

# Busy Bees

**H**ALLOWE'EN will soon be here, and I know that there will be lots of fun for the boys and girls upon this occasion. The pumpkins are ripe and the Jack-o-Lanterns can be made very soon for the Hallowe'en parties. The winter apples are hanging from the branches on the trees and the corn has been husked and is in the bin. These fruits of nature all add to the evening of fun. Did you ever peel an apple so that the skin came off in one long strip and then throw that strip over your shoulder to see just what letter it would form? Did you ever bob for apples in a tub of water? Then there is the tick-tack to put on the window and pull the string, just to let it tap on the glass to let your father and mother know that you are enjoying the real good fun which they did as boy and girl. There are so many harmless jokes for boys and girls to enter into for Hallowe'en that I hope no one will do any harm to anyone or anything. It would be nice to have some stories from Busy Bees telling of their plans for Hallowe'en and how they fixed their Jack-o-Lanterns. We are glad to have so many stories from both the new Busy Bees and those who have written for the page for a long time.

## BUSY BEE WHO IS ALSO A MUSICIAN.



Ruth Kirschtstein.

## RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the lines.
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 contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHADRON, OMAHA, NEB.

between Valentine and Cody; then the roads began to be a little sandy. From Cody we should have gone to Gordon, but we missed the way and got into Merriman, also into the sand hills. Quite a few people got lost here. West of Merriman we had quite a time to find the right road. There were no houses near and nothing but sand in all directions. Nothing but sand and cactus. The car could hardly pull through all that sand. We kept on the prairie nearly all the time. We saw many good houses on the way, which were the first I had ever seen. We got into some better roads a few miles from Gordon and we had fine roads all the rest of the way to Chadron.

From Gordon we went through Clinton, Rushville, Hay Springs, Bordsaur, and then we got to Chadron just as they were having the Dawes county fair. It took us two and a half days to get out there. We had slept in our car both nights on the way.

We found my brother and sister in the grandstand with some friends. The next day we all went to the fair. They had a horse race, pacing, and the soldiers had all kinds of races, such as the rescue race, the relay race and potato race, etc. They done everything on their horses. One soldier had a trained horse that could do all sorts of tricks, like shaking his head, "yes" or "no," shaking hands, bowing, marching to the band music and picking up a couple of handkerchiefs and a hat. The Indians had a war dance, all dressed in their war paints and costumes. They had all sorts of races. There was some broncho busting also. "Prairie Fawn," the famous broncho buster, rode a bucking broncho. Bluebell, a sorrel horse, went up a flight of stairs about forty feet high and from the top dived into a tank of water in the ground. They had fireworks and a slow automobile race and a fast automobile race. There were only two automobiles that ran in the fast race. The second car looked like an old car, as it did not have any hood or seats on and the driver had a box to sit on, while another man hung on to the side so the car wouldn't tip over. Just as he started to go around the second time, he was going around a turn, the box started to slip, the driver turned the wheel and the car shot into the fence and the splinters of the box and the fence flew up into the air. Both of the men flew off just as the driver turned the wheel, but it was lucky that nobody was hurt. In the evening we went to the dance hall, and we went in to see the roulette wheel and my sister and I took a couple of merry-go-round rides. While out there I saw a coyote and

two snakes, one being a rattlesnake with no rattle, but just a button. One day my sister and I put on our riding skirts and took our picture in horses as a couple of "cowgirls." I had all the wild ducks and rabbits I wanted to eat out there. It rained just before we started for home, and I did not like the country then, as the "gumbo" was so sticky.

On Thursday morning we started for home. We went through the same towns as when we went out there. The pine ridge was very pretty. We ate our dinner on the bugrass by a nice little creek east of Bordsaur. When we got to Gordon we went from there to Cody and found a pretty good road. At Valentine we couldn't find the right road out of town. We started out of town three times and every time we came back, until the fourth time we found the right road. When we got a few miles from Stuart we took the wrong road, and east of Stuart we got lost again and got into Emmet. Then, from O'Neill we went to Page and then home. We got to Venus in the afternoon on Saturday. It took us two days and a half to get back. It was good to be home again.

## Letter from Busy Bee.

By Alice Elvira Crandell, Aged 10 Years, Chadron, Neb., Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bee: I am sorry I have not been writing to you lately. My father sold our store and house and we are building a new house, which we will be in about Thanksgiving.

I was 10 years old on September 3, which brought me in my eleventh year. I am in the fifth grade and I like my teacher very well.

I hope all the Busy Bees are getting along fine in their school work, for I am.

I am sending a story which I have named "A Fairy Tale," and I hope to win a prize on it. Goodby.

## A Trip to Fairlyland.

By Miriam Werner, Aged 10 Years, 3213 Lincoln Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.

Edith was sitting in the library reading her books. She had been reading for a while when she got tired of them. She was looking at the wall paper when a little door opened in the wall. Then out stepped a fairy.

She said, "Edith, would you like to visit Fairlyland?" "Oh, yes," said Edith. "Well, then, come with me," and they walked through the little door.

First of all, she saw Little Red Riding Hood with the fox. They were very glad to see her. The fairy introduced Edith to Little Red Riding Hood and the fox. They were very glad to see her.

Next they saw Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. Oh, but his lamp was bright, and it dazzled Edith for a minute. Aladdin was very glad to see Edith, too. He showed Edith his palace. Edith thought his palace very pretty.

The fairy said they would have to leave him now because they wanted to see Fairlyland.

They were walking up the street when they saw Prudy reading her story book. Prudy did not see them at first, but then the fairy said to her, "This is Edith, and I am showing her Fairlyland. Well, we must leave you now. Goodby." They went on until they came to a little farm house, and on the porch was Mother Goose and Jack Horner. They were in-

# Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19. "This is the day we celebrate."

Year	Name and Address	School
1906	Eva Armatrong, 1051 South 23d St.	Mason
1902	Belva Berkey, 2003 Wirt St.	Lothrop
1904	Darvin Bone, 505 South 31st St.	Farnam
1901	Ethel May Brown, 3210 Pinkney St.	Howard Kennedy
1899	Harry Carlson, 120 South 27th St.	Farnam
1901	Elizabeth Chalfont, 1436 North 19th St.	Kellom
1897	Amelia England, 2767 Cuming St.	Webster
1903	Earl Goodwin, 323 North 20th St.	Central
1901	Gladys Hagella, 1810 North 25th St.	Long
1907	Leah Hannah, 114 North 28th Ave.	Farnam
1906	Mateel Hoover, 3510 North 11th St.	Bancroft
1901	Virginia Houts, 4213 Sahler St.	Saratoga
1901	Fred Jefferson, 2202 North 27th St.	Long
1903	Dorothy Kearney, 2419 Sherman Ave.	Sacred Heart
1903	Bertha Elnor Larsen, 1304 North 46th St.	Walnut Hill
1903	Nella McMillan, 3314 North 23d St.	Vintou
1900	William Marshall, 1428 Westfield Ave.	Edward Rosewater
1904	George Mulick, 3608 Charles St.	Franklin
1902	Mildred B. Othmer, 4724 North 39th St.	Central Park
1908	Bumice Marie Perry, 4018 Lafayette Ave.	Walnut Hill
1899	Helen Louise Puls, 2020 North 18th St.	Lake
1902	Irman Quinn, 3912 Gold St.	Windsor
1906	Marguerite Annette Shaiber, 4124 Nicholas St.	Walnut Hill
1898	Frances D. Smith, 3307 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park
1903	Grace Tague, 1722 North 25th St.	Long
1912	Herman Weiner, 815 North 48th St.	Saunders

## Little Stories by Little Folk

### Boyhood and Youth of John Muir.

By Milton Rogers, Aged 14 Years, 2713 Dewey Avenue.

Did you ever stop to think of the many wonderful things John Muir did and invented? Some are not the most practical things invented, but considering the knowledge he got the things he invented are truly wonderful.

His father, Daniel Muir, was a farmer of the most strict kind. He kept the Sabbath most strictly, not letting John and his brother and sister leave the yard.

When the family moved from Scotland to America and settled in Wisconsin John first really began to love nature. At the age of 12 he was put to the plow, and made to do a man's work all day. At the age of 15 he first began to appreciate good literature.

John Muir's father made the children go straight to bed after family worship, which was generally about 8 o'clock. John would then steal away with a book to the kitchen and read. He was lucky if he got five minutes before his father would see the light and make him go to bed. His father grew irritated at the boy's behavior and told him he must go to bed with the rest, but he could get up as early as he wished in the morning. The temperature below freezing he would go down to the basement and read. At one end of the basement there were a few tools. He made a saw out of an old-fashioned corset steel, and he formed many more tools to complete the set. Every morning, and he did not vary more than five minutes from 1 o'clock, he would rise and go down to the cellar and make use of the tools.

The first thing he made was a self-setting sawmill. That invention followed many others, such as water wheels, hydrometers, pyrometers, clocks and barometers. He invented an automatic contrivance for feeding horses at any hour he pleased. He made a clock that would tell the day of the week and month, as well as strike like a common clock and point the hours. He also invented a contrivance that when attached to his bed would set him on his feet at any hour he pleased and light a fire.

When John Muir invented these wonders he knew nothing of any kind of watch or clock. He only knew the time law of the pendulum. He made other clocks similar, and one made over forty years ago still keeps good time. He made a huge tower clock with four dials. He made a thermometer that was regulated by the expansion and contraction of an iron rod that was multiplied on the dial of the thermometer.

There was a state fair held at a town nearby and John took his clocks and thermometer there. He got a prize of about \$10 and a diploma.

It was there he found his longing to go to the University of Wisconsin. He was worried about the money end of it, but he found out cost little and he could live simply, so he plucked up courage and asked the dean of the faculty. After hearing his story he welcomed him there. In the long summer vacation he earned enough money to put him through the year, and so for four years he studied there.

The winter he taught a school in the country. He had to get up at about 7 in the bitter cold mornings and go and light a fire in the school room. This was very trying, so he brought one of his clocks into use, and so by using certain acids in connection with the clock he started a fire mechanically while he was reposing in his bed comfortably at home. Every summer vacation John studied in some such work. He also did not let his love for invention leave. He invented a clock that set him on his feet at any desired hour and at the same time it started a fire and lit a lamp. Then after a few minutes allowed for dressing a click would be heard at the other end of the room where his wonderful deak was and a book was pushed out and opened. Then after a certain time allotted for studying that book it was closed and the next book was pushed forth, while the other one was going back. And so each book went the same way every morning. He also used the early morning sun's rays to work his machine. These are only some of the many things this wonderful lad did. He loved his inventions, but more he loved nature, and in the book written by himself on his youth, from which I have gotten my knowledge, he closes, saying: "But I was only leaving a university for another—the Wisconsin university for the university of the wilderness."

### (Second Prize.)

### The Test.

By Katherine North, Aged 12 Years, 610 N. Thirtieth St., Omaha, Red Side.

Edith and Ethel were cousins. Ethel was the daughter of a rich merchant and Edith was the daughter of a poor carpenter. One day when they were going to school Edith said to Ethel, "We are going to have a test in history this morning."

"I don't care," said Ethel. "For I know I shall get 100."

"Did you study last night?" said Edith. "I tried to get you to come over, but no one would answer."

"What? Me study?" said Ethel. "I should say not. We went to the ball."

When the teacher told them to read their papers for history there was a great many "a's" among the class, but little Edith's face was not that kind. Ethel was seen many times looking over the girl's shoulder in front and copying. But Edith's eyes were kept on her own paper. When the half hour was up the teacher gathered up all the papers.

After school everybody in the class

was asking questions about the answers and Ethel finally came to the conclusion that she didn't know as much as she thought she did.

The next day when the teacher read the marks, was not with a happy voice, but with a sad one. "There was only one 100 and that was through hard work. Edith Bannister received it," said the teacher dolefully.

She handed Edith her paper and read the rest of the marks. "Ethel, 50, the poorest in the class," and it was just because she was so conceited.

### (Honorably Mentioned.)

### A Thanksgiving Story.

By Anna Zimmermann, Aged 10, Gretna, Neb., Blue Side.

Many years ago there lived in the city of New York an old man and his wife. They lived alone. They were very poor people, but they were so happy and kind to every one. Thanksgiving was almost here and they said: "We have not enough money to buy a turkey or anything else for our Thanksgiving dinner. That night, just before Thanksgiving, these two old people went to bed. The old man went outside of the door to get some wood to build the fire with. To his surprise he found on their doorstep a basket with a card pinned on the basket. He took it in the house and his good wife took the cover off and looked in it. There they found a turkey, already dressed, cranberries for a pie, some fruit and other good things to eat. After they had all of the provisions out, and, last of all, they found an envelope, and broke it open, and a twenty-dollar gold piece. On the card was written: "To the people who are poor." This is why every one should be happy on Thanksgiving day.

### The Adopted Girl.

By Ida Thompson, Aged 11 Years, Box 90, Weston, Ia.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Hester. Her mother and father did not want her, so she was sent to the asylum. The people at the asylum tried to get somebody to take her, but they would not. So one day she ran away from the asylum. She walked on till she came to a place where there were pretty flowers all around it. The lady that lived in the house was Mrs. Thornton. She was watching the child as she came toward the house. As she came nearer to the house Mrs. Thornton asked her if she was tired and she took her into the house and gave her a glass of milk and a plate of cookies. She told Mrs. Thornton that she came from the asylum because she did not want her. Mrs. Thornton told her she might stay over night if she wished. Mrs. Thornton liked the little girl and made up her mind to adopt her. The next morning when Hester came down to breakfast Mrs. Thornton asked her if she would like to be her little girl. The little girl was very glad to stay and Mrs. Thornton wrote to the asylum the next day and told them she would adopt Hester. The little girl loved her new home and Mrs. Thornton soon began to sew clothing for Hester because she did not have any with her.

She is staying with Mrs. Thornton yet and is a large girl now.

### The Bird and the Chickens.

By Esther Gates, Aged 12 Years, Route 2, Ruhl, Twin Falls County, Idaho.

I am going to tell the readers of The Bee about a bird that came to our place and took up with our chickens.

It was about the size of a meadow lark. It had a grayish body with a yellow breast. It had a white ring under its throat and a black topknot.

It was a strange bird to us and when we first discovered it it was running with a hen and little chickens. The bird would go with the hen and chickens in the daytime, but at night would roost in the henhouse with the rest of the chickens. When the hen wakened her little ones the bird still ran with her. She tried to get rid of it, but all was in vain, for wherever she went it went, too.

The bird stayed with her for about two months and one cold morning it was found out by the haystack deak. We were afterwards told by the description we gave that it was a mountain quail.

### Genie Ruth.

By Mollie Corenman, 86 South Seventh Street, Omaha, Red Side.

"I wonder who that girl is," was heard throughout the room in a school. Ruth Harrison, just from the country, was the girl the other pupils were talking of. She was 12 years of age and was in the sixth grade. Her father and mother were very poor, but, although she didn't have nice dresses, they were neat. No one would go with her and oftentimes the tears would come to her eyes and she would think that she was the unhappiest girl on earth. The girls teased her and the boys called her names. But she never answered them back, as other children would. Day by day she became sadder and the children called her more names. At last the day came when sweet, gentle, little Ruth didn't come to school. The children wondered why she didn't come, but nobody knew. Another day passed and still she didn't come. At last, on the third day a boy and girl who knew where her house was, went down and tried to find out why Ruth didn't come to school. When they came in, it was very still. They were then admitted into Ruth's room. It was very still there, because she was sick. She looked at the boy and girl with sorrowful eyes. They felt very sorry and begged to be forgiven. She was just going to say something when all of a sudden she stopped breathing. She was

# The Web of Idleness



The idler finds loafing pleasant enough at first. "He should worry" if the world is spinning along without him—plenty of time to enjoy the sunshine and to catch up later. But when the dawdler thinks of arising and following his friends he finds that idleness has



spun its web about him, and the bonds of habit hold him beyond hope of progress. Break the web of idleness at the beginning; or, better, never let it begin.

Just as it was growing dark, they heard a sound that frightened them greatly. It was the roar of a tiger. The kitten pulled at the chain and tried to break away. With a sharp cry it answered the voices outside. All at once a large tiger bounding in the middle of the tent, caught the kitten by her neck and broke the chain which bound it; then, turning to the door of the tent, she dashed away as suddenly as she had come.

### Lillie, the Cripple.

By Sarah Falser, Aged 12 Years, 214 South Tenth Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

Lillie sat by the window of her room looking wistfully at the crowded street below. How she loved to watch them, Young and old seemed happy. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant who had retired from business.

A few days after Lillie was born they found out that she had a broken leg, which made her a cripple.

When she was 2 years old her mother died, but when she was 5 years old her father married again.

Having her own children to take care of, she had no time to give much attention to Lillie.

Lillie, being 10 years old and a sweet, patient child, she never told her father how she was neglected.

She learned from her governess that she could never be cured and that was why she was looking wistfully at the crowded street below.

When her father returned from his walk little Lillie told him she felt better than she had for many days. He then asked him to hold her hand in his until she was asleep. Her father then noticed that a smile was on her face. He was very frightened when he saw this, for Lillie looked at that moment like her mother did when she was dying.

He shook her gently, but Lillie would not awaken. She had fallen into her last sleep on earth.

### Where the Pretty Path Led.

By Iona Anderson, Aged 12 Years, West-10th, Ia., Box 31.

I want to spend my long vacation with my grandma and grandpa in the country. My grandma had an old white horse named Betsy. He owned her ever since mamma was a little girl, and I and Betsy soon became great friends. Every day grandma would give me two apples, two biscuits, and two lumps of sugar in a little basket.

Betsy soon learned to expect me, and waited for me at the barn. She knew that hair of what was in the basket was meant for her. A very pretty path came in at one end of the pasture. I often wondered where it went, but I never dared to go in very far alone. One day my cousins, Ida and Florence, came over to visit me, and I showed them all over the farm. So I thought I had a good chance to go down the path. Ida and Florence said they would like to go very much. When we came to the end of the path we came upon a lovely little pond, covered with lilies. We could not reach them, so Ida and I took off our shoes and stockings and waded for them and got all we could carry. Grandma was delighted with them. She said she had not had any lilies from that old pond since grandma used to bring them to her, years and years before.

P. S.—I am a new Busy Bee and would like to join the busy side.

### A Runaway Monkey.

By Christina Dalgard, Aged 10 Years, 215 North Nineteenth Street, Omaha.

Not long ago a little tame monkey was brought from the south here by travelers. The little monkey was kept in the house, and one night escaped. In some way he entered a house and made his way upstairs. After going through some of the rooms he went into a room where a boy lay asleep. This mischievous little animal was bent on mischief and here was his chance. He scratched the little fellow's face until he awoke. But he would not leave him alone and would have put his eyes out had not the other persons in the house been awakened by his screams and came to the rescue. But the monkey escaped and wandered about, looking for and doing more mischief until the next day, when he was captured and taken back to his owners. He was carefully watched and not allowed to get away after that.

### Early Settlers.

By Lucile Beale, Aged 13 Years, Emerson, Ia., Blue Side.

Once upon a time when the woods were covered with wild animals and wild and savage Indians, a family named Smith came over from England to make their home here. One day when Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown were getting ready to go to town a man came and told them to hurry along to Bismark to help settle about some angry Indians. Mr. Smith had a borrowed girl to stay and take care of his three children because their mother was dead. Elsie, the borrowed girl, got their food ready for them. They started on the journey and said they would be back the next day. But Mr. Smith got sick and they had to stay another day. The Indians killed Elsie, the borrowed girl, and captured the children. Mr. Smith felt bad for a long time.