

The Busy Bees

THANKSGIVING DAY will soon be here and I am hoping that the Busy Bees will write some splendid stories about the day. Then there are always so many interesting facts about the way the day was started that no one should find it hard to find a subject for his or her story.

But there is one thing to remember about the day and that is, it is for the purpose of giving thanks for our good health and all that we have received. There are so many things for which we should be thankful and I hope that no one will forget these things.

Little Stories by Little Folk

The Hallow'en Party.

By Grace Moore, Aged 11 Years, Silver Creek, Neb. Blue Side. One afternoon as Lillian and her mother sat by the stove sewing carpet rag Lillian said, "Mother, may I have a Hallow'en party?"

Her mother answered, "Yes, you may have a party if you invite poor children as well as the rich." Allright, said Lillian, then I will write the invitations out now as it is only two more days." So she wrote them out and mailed them that evening. "Now tomorrow," said her mother, "we shall go down shopping." So the next day Lillian and her mother went down town shopping. They bought sugar flour, pumpkins, cranberries and nuts. It was noon when they reached home, so they ate dinner and then they cleaned up the house and baked the pies and then ate supper and then went to bed. It was early the next morning when Lillian and her mother got up and dressed. They fixed apples and hung them up on the wall and hid peanuts. It was 7 o'clock when all the children came in. They took off their cloaks and hoods and were led into the parlor, decorated with jack-o-lanterns and then the children began playing games and telling ghost stories, etc. Just as the clock struck 12 Mrs. White, Lillian's mother, called and said lunch was ready, so all the children took their seats at the table and on each plate was a jack-o-lantern and every nut was a riddle. On every piece of pie was a saying which every child should learn. And in the middle of the table was a large pumpkin called the grab pumpkin just the same as a grab sack. Some children got small dolls dressed as witches and then they all said good-night and went home.

Summer and Autumn.

By Roy Erb, Aged 11 Years, Gothenburg, Neb. Blue Side.

There was once a little girl about 9 years old who lived on a farm. One day near fall her mother called her and told her that her cousin, who was very rich, was coming to see her, so she could clear a place in the woods behind the house where they could play and have a good time while she was there.

All that week Summer (for that was her name) was in the woods where her cousin was to play with her.

At the end of the week at 3 p. m. a little girl and her mother got off the train. They were dressed richly and suitable for traveling.

Summer's father was at the train to meet them. After a long ride they arrived at Summer's home, dusty and dirty from the trip.

Nothing was done before supper, because everybody wanted to talk and Autumn, Summer's cousin who had just arrived and her mother wanted to clean up.

After supper, when the dishes were all done up, they talked awhile and then went to bed, because the visitors were very tired after traveling so far.

Summer could hardly wait until she could tell her cousin about the happenings in the woods.

In the morning after breakfast the two cousins went to the woods to play.

After they had wandered around awhile and came back to the house, they could not think of anything to play, until Autumn suggested that they play they were seasons, as their names were those of seasons.

They began to play very heartily. They said it was nearly Autumn and Summer didn't want to go away, so they had a tug-of-war and pulled to see who should stay. Of course, Autumn won and took her place as the season. Autumn put on leaves that had turned red and yellow. After a while they went to the horse for dinner and both declared they had had a fine time.

The Pumpkin's Lesson.

By Mary Loomis, Aged 12 Years, 1914 South Thirtieth Avenue, Omaha, Neb.

I am a little yellow pumpkin and I have just gone through with rather a hard experience. I was lying in the barn when I heard someone making a rattle racket outside. Being a very inquisitive pumpkin I decided to find what it was all about.

I rolled out the door and found myself right at the feet of a big man. "Oh," he said, "you're here, are you?" It seemed as though I was the cause of all his anger, for at once he began to kick me all about the yard. I tried to cry out to him, but I don't suppose that he heard me, these human beings are so deaf to anything but their own chattering. Finally he topped kicking me and I rolled back into the barn, where I am now nursing the bruises that he gave me. But it has taught me a lesson and this is to always tend strictly to your own business and never mind about any one else's.

P. S.—I am a new Bee and would like to join the Blue Side.

The Fox and the Ducks.

By Madeline Kenyon, Aged 12 Years, 2223 Cumming Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

On a summer day a man sitting on the bank of a river under the shade of some bushes watched a flock of ducks on the stream. Soon a branch with leaves came drifting among them and they all took wing. After circling in the air for a little while they settled down again on their feeding ground. Soon another branch came drifting among them and again they took flight from the river, but when they found the branch had drifted by and done no harm they flew down to the water as before.

After four or five branches had drifted

BUSY BEES WHO ENJOYED THEMSELVES ON RANCH



GRACE AND EDWARD MOORE, On the Kent Ranch Near Silver Creek, Neb.

George stopped, because he was very sorry for what he had done. He said to himself, "I have no right to spend my silver dollar now. I ought to go back and pay for the glass I broke with my snowball."

He went up and down the street and felt very sad. He wished very much to buy something nice. He also wished to pay for the broken glass.

At last he said, "It was wrong to break the window, though I did not mean to do it. I will go and pay for it, if it takes all my money. I will try not to be sorry. I do not think the man will hurt me if I pay for the mischief I have done."

George started off and felt very much happier for having made up his mind to do what was right. He rang the door-bell. When the man came out, George said, "Sir, I threw a snowball through your window, but I did not intend to do it. I am very sorry, and wish to pay you. Here is a dollar my father gave me as a New Year's gift."

The gentleman took the dollar and asked George if he had no more money. George said he had not. "Well," said he, "this will do."

So, after asking George his name and where he lived, he called him an honest boy and shut the door.

George went home at dinner time with a face as rosy and eyes as bright as if nothing had gone wrong. At dinner Mr. Eliet asked him what he had bought with his money. George very honestly told him all about the broken window, and said he felt very well without any money to spend.

When dinner was over Mr. Eliet told George to go look in his cap. He did so and found two silver dollars there. The man whose window had been broken had been there and told Mr. Eliet all about it. He gave back George's dollar and another besides.

A short time after this the man came and told Mr. Eliet that he wanted a good boy to stay in his store. As soon as George left school he went to live with this man, who was a rich merchant. In a few years he became the merchant's partner.

The Fountain Pen.

By Ethelyn Berger, 96 North Nineteenth Street, South Omaha, Blue Side.

There was a buzz of voices in the little red school on the hill as each student bent over her desk. All at once a bell tinkled and a pretty little teacher with dancing eyes looked up from her desk. She stood up and opened a box. In it was a blue velvet-lined box and lying in it was a pearl-handled fountain pen. The thing that anyone most wanted was a fountain pen. There were only twenty-one pupils in the little school, and Miss Nancy Harris was not much older than her oldest scholar, and the children all idolized Miss Nancy.

"Now," began the pretty teacher, "to the one who does the kindest deed by Friday I will give this pen. Now, watch close and work hard. I will watch you and remember this pen." Such a pen! They would not forget it. "I will win it!" "I will win it!" said everyone. Again the bell tinkled and all fell out.

At home that evening every one of the mothers and fathers were surprised by the "No. ma'am's" and "Yes, sirs" that were heard, and the boys brought in

Ella's Surprise Party.

By Ruth Lowry, Aged 10 Years, Fort Crook, Neb.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who was very poor and had no mother and no father. Her birthday was on October 22. The day of her birthday at the door was a lady whose name was Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Brown was very rich and had a surprise party for Ella. She brought Ella over to her house. As Ella and Mrs. Brown's little girl were out playing, a number of children came to Mrs. Brown's house. As they came to the house she called Ella and Esther to come in. As they came in there was a table with many presents on it for Ella. They played many games. As they were telling stories Mrs. Brown came into the room with candy, cake, fruit lemonade and ice cream. As they were leaving they all went to Ella and said to her, "Many happy returns of the day." Ella was very happy after that, and she went to live with Mrs. Brown the rest of her life and had a birthday party on every birthday.

A New Busy Bee.

By Ruth Mullen, Aged 15 Years, 1208 Madison Street, South Omaha.

Dear Busy Bees: I want to join the Busy Bee club. I want to join the Blue Side. I am in the sixth grade. I like my teacher very much. Her name is Miss Kane. My sister and I have two pets, a doggie and a kitty. The school I go to is the Madison school. My birthday is June 15. I am sending a story which I have named "A Trip to Mexico." I hope I will win a prize on it. I am your new junior.

A True Story.

By Gordon Pray, Aged 5 Years, 2013 Davenport Street, Omaha.

Dear Boys and Girls: I want to tell you of a boy that is paralyzed from his waist down. When people visit him and bring him pennies he is so glad and he will put the pennies in a box to pay the boys for

Little Folks Birthday Book

Table with columns for Year, Name and Address, and School. Lists birthdays from 1904 to 1907 for various children in Omaha.

the coal and wood. Every one was polite and the lessons all learned. Thursday, going home from school, they saw an old man carrying a basket of wood and many bundles and walking with a cane. "Ha! ha! Look at the old man," and the boys began calling him names. One boy was named James Kirby and his mother took in washing and his father was dead. He was generally called "Stubby."

Tonight "Stubby" ran across the street and took the old man's bundles and turned to the boys, said: "Boys, I am ashamed of you to think you would make fun of an old man; you should have been more thoughtful." When he spoke he turned to the old man and went home with him. The old man gave him some money and thanked him heartily. The next morning Miss Harris said: "I know already the child that gets the fountain pen. I know that every one has worked hard, but last night spoiled it all. James Kirby gets the pen." When she finished speaking she laid the pen on his desk and that night there was no happier or prouder boy of that pen in that district than James.

An Adventure.

By Viola Porensahl, Aged 14 Years, Venus, Neb. Oak View Ranch, Blue Side.

Clouds were gathering in the west when we came home from the picnic. It was late and the sun had set already. I saddled up my pony, Queen, and by the time I was through, the heavens were covered with clouds.

This part of the country where I live is covered with timber along the creek bottom. Although it was now pretty dark, I started out for the cows, and by the sound of the cowbell I could tell in what direction to go. I soon reached the cows, but they were in the timber and it was so thick I could not go in among the trees with my pony, so I dismounted and tied it, thinking I could find it again. I went a few yards straight east and started the cows along. But in my haste to get back to the pony I did not go straight west, but went a little farther north than the pony was. I started out, stumbling over the dry branches and grass, and I made two complete circles around the pony, then I stopped and stared into the darkness before me. It was now so dark I could not see but a few feet ahead.

"I'll never find Queen now, so what is the use of tramping around here in the dark," I thought to myself.

I knew the way home, but I didn't like to leave Queen with a saddle on and tied to a tree standing there all night. I stood there irresolute, not knowing what to do, when, not over six feet from where I stood, I heard Queen neigh. My heart leaped with joy as I heard this neigh. I knew I would not go home without her. I ran up to Queen and she was eager to be on the way home.

Shall I Take It?

By Edith Kenyon, 229 Cumming Street, Omaha.

John Ray is 4 years old, and always before bedtime has his mother tell him something she has told him before. It is most generally a piece from the Bible. One night about a week before the story begins John was told that God saw all the things he did, and that if you were very hungry, in a room through which he passed, he heard the parrot say, "Give Polly cake! Give Polly cake!" John turned and saw on a plate on the table something which seemed to be nice cake.

Now, as there was no one in the room he thought he might take a bite without his mother knowing it.

"No one sees me," thought he, but just as he put out his hand he thought of the words, "God sees all." So John said, "I will not touch a crumb of this cake."

Then his mother came in, and when she saw the plate she cried out, "Oh, that careless girl to leave that poison stuff there!"

"What is the matter, mother; did you say poison?"

"Yes, they are some poisoned cakes I had Jessie fix to poison flies with and here she leaves them; and what if you or anyone else had eaten it?"

"That night John said, "Mother, I thank you for teaching me those words, 'God sees all.' They saved my life, for I was going to eat one of those cakes, but I thought of those words."

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Their Own Page

bringing him to school. Saturday I went to visit him and the boy that was pulling him to school got rough and dumped him over and broke his leg. He has no father and his mother does not live here. She is very poor. The doctor and nurse are very good to him. His name is Elmer Peterson. He is out to the Immanuel hospital.

A Blade of Grass.

Lourine Garvin, Aged 13 Years, Lyons, Neb. Blue Side.

"I am so tired of life," said a slender blade of grass which grew by the lonely roadside. "What's the use of working so hard to get water and food, I may as well give up and die. If I were that great oak which towers above the other trees life would then be worth living." The little plant after this stopped growing, and fell in the wakeless sleep which we call death.

In a dream an angel came to it and said, "Why did you give up, little blade of grass? Why did you not do your duty?"

But it was too late the little plant could not come back to life.

Jesus Dying and Living Again.

By Mattie Childs, Aged 12 Years, 1102 South Thirteenth St., Omaha, Neb.

Once upon a time there were some wicked people living in Jerusalem who hated Jesus. This reason was because they could not do any of the wonderful things he could do. They could not make a few loaves of bread and a few fish be enough for hungry people; they

could not walk on the water; and neither could they heal the sick. So sometime after the king of the Jews decided to put him to death. Jesus was brought before the judge. The judge said he should be put to death. He was made a wreath of thorns. A heavy cross was also made. Jesus was nailed to the cross. Joseph begged his body and laid it in a new tomb. Early the next morning two women brought spices to embalm him. There was an angel at the tomb who told them he was not there, that he had risen. Jesus then went up on the mountain and preached to his disciples and then went to heaven.

That is why every one is happy on earth because Jesus is not dead, he is living in heaven.

Mother (anxiously)—Don't go near the horse, dear; he doesn't know you.

(Child to the animal)—My name it's Dorothy Perkins, horthey.

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