

# Busy Bees' Own Page

## First Class of the Omaha Commerce High School

**V**ACATION days will be here in a few days and school books will be packed away for the summer. It is to be hoped that every Busy Bee will have a splendid vacation. Two of our young writers have mentioned picnics in their stories for this week. It is surely almost time for the picnic baskets to be gotten down from the shelves where they have been stored for the winter and made ready for the parties this summer. The warm days are here and trees, birds and the country has awakened to the call of summer. Farmers are busy tending to the newly-planted seeds and young stock on their farms. There is nothing so good for a growing girl or boy as plenty of fresh air, so I hope that all the Busy Bees will spend the greater part of their vacation time out in it. We have some new members who have written for the page this week, Margaret Sexton and Edward Kruger are among these. There is also a story by the queen, Dorothy Judson. We are looking forward to having a story by the king next week.

### 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. Show and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
3. Original stories or letters only will be used.
4. 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.



## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

### The Money Order.

By Ethelyn Berger, Aged 13 Years, 926 North Nineteenth Street, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

"Helen, Helen, do stop reading long enough to run down to the postoffice with this letter. Get a money order and put it in the envelope. Seal and mail it."

"Wait a minute, mamma, I have only got eight more pages to read. Then I can take it to the library," answered Helen.

"All right, only hurry, Helen, because I want this to go out on the noon train. Here's the money," and Mrs. Joyce laid \$2.00 on the table. There is 50 cents for you if you hurry."

Mrs. Joyce then left the room to order the mail for something. Helen soon forgot everything but her story until the clock struck half past eleven.

"My goodness, here I've read this nearly through again, and I ought to be downtown. My but I must hurry."

Here Helen jumped up and ran to the hall. She got her hat and, hastily putting the rubber band under her chin and taking up her moose bag, ran out of the house. When she came to the postoffice she got the money order and put it in her mesh bag and dropped the letter in the mail box without being sealed or the money order in it.

When she left the postoffice she went to the library. She got a book and went home to read it. After she had had her luncheon at 1 o'clock Betty and LeRoy Sherman called her over the 'phone and wanted her to go to the "De La Tanta" matinee with them. Helen said "Yes, of course she could." Then Helen remembered she had spent her allowance the day before. So she went to her mother's reception room, saying, "Mamma, I just must have some money. The girls are all going to the De La Tanta and then to the Delf tea rooms."

"But, Helen, you had money yesterday, and you just got your allowance."

"O, mamma, give me some anyway. I've spent my allowance."

"You must be more saving; but here is the money," and Mrs. Joyce gave her a \$5 bill.

"O, thank you," and Helen gave her mother a kiss.

"Well, look at this! If I didn't forget to put that money in the letter."

"O, Helen, how could you forget when Mrs. Adele must have that money by today," and Mrs. Joyce wrung her hands and walked up and down the room.

"Was it that important," gasped Helen.

"Yes, yes, it was. O, Helen, wait, wait. I will write another letter."

In a little while Helen was riding in her electric car. When she came to the postoffice she dropped the letter in the mail box with everything in it ready to send.

This taught Helen a lesson by how troubled her mother was when she found Helen had not sent the money. She did not read so much and thought more after that little episode.

(Second Prize.)

### Agnes Lyle's Lesson.

By Margaret Sexton, Aged 12 Years, 1230 North Twenty-seventh Street, South Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Agnes Lyle. Now Agnes had been a very disobedient girl all day, and so Mrs. Lyle said she must go to bed and stay there. Agnes cried very hard and said that she did not want to go until Mrs. Lyle had taken her upstairs, herself.

When Agnes got in bed she soon fell asleep, and she dreamed that an old witch with a snake wound around her neck, came in her room and said, "I am going to take you with me to my cave where I put bad children. Agnes cried and cried, and protested till she could only let the witch carry her off."

They arrived at a very dirty cave full of vipers and snakes. Agnes screamed as a snake wound its body around her leg. She cried and cried, but nobody paid any attention to her.

The witch said that if she promised never again to be disobedient she would let her go home. Agnes promised her that she would, and so the witch took her wand and changed a snake to a nice swan on which she rode home.

Just as she got home she was being violently shaken, she awoke and found her mother standing over her. Her mother had heard her scream, and came running upstairs. Agnes put her arms around her neck and told her that she would never be disobedient. Then her mother asked her what was the matter. Agnes told her all about her dream and her mother said that she would forgive her little girl this time.

Agnes always kept her promise to the witch.

(Honorable Mention.)

### A Rainy Saturday.

By Dorothy E. Judson, 123 South Thirty-second Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Green Side.

Every spring at the Hotel Queen I always have an annual picnic to hunt for violets. But this spring the Saturday that I had planned on having it, turned out to be a rainy Saturday. We were all very much disappointed, as we had planned so much on having it. I tried to think of something else, but could not. Just one of my friends came to our rescue by telephoning me and said that she had invited some of the other girls and we were going to have an indoor picnic at her house. The plan suited me at once. A sure indoor picnic was this. Have any of the Busy Bees ever been to an indoor picnic? Well, I will tell you about this one. We all met at the door with our baskets filled with good things to eat. (Supposed to be walking in the woods.) Then we went to the room where the

### BUSY BEE WHO ENJOYS THE WARM DAYS OF JUNE.



(Photo by Sandberg & Eitner.) RUTH LAVERY.

real picnic ground was. It certainly looked like the woods. In one corner of the room was a little spring (made with large basins of water and large logs of wood with artificial flowers trailing over it.) That's where we went to get our spring water. Then there were lots of other cute little nooks. There were also some little stuffed birds sitting here and there, and the floor was covered with grass and twigs, etc., so it certainly made you think you were out in the woods. We had lots of fun eating our lunch. Afterwards we played many exciting games. The picnic lasted all day long. We all went home thinking that if we had spent the day out in the woods we could not have had a better time.

### An Early Pioneer.

Dorothy May, Aged 9, 812 Eighth Street, Blue Side.

Once upon a time there lived a pioneer, and his family; Mr. Walker (for that was the man's name) had to go to town and trade some skins for powder, salt, sugar and medicine.

His wife said that she wanted to go too, she put on her hat and cape, and said good bye to the children and got on the horse.

There were two children, one boy and a girl. Minnie was the girl and Carl was the boy.

So Minnie went out doors and got some twigs and made dolls out of them. While the children were playing, their father and mother were on their way to town. When they got there they got off their horses and went in a store. While they were doing this the children were having a good time with their new dolls. All of a sudden they heard a noise. Minnie told Carl to keep still, while she looked out of the window to see who it was who was making the noise.

When she looked out what do you suppose she saw? She saw some Indians trying to get in. Little Minnie was so frightened that she told Carl to go to the back door and see if they could get out. Carl came back and said they could. They got out and ran as fast as their legs could carry them. They went the road their father and mother had gone. They were almost to the town, met their father and mother. They were so surprised to see them. Then Minnie told them the story and the mother said that never would they leave them at home alone again.

### My First Ride on a Steamboat.

Mollie Corenman, 926 South Seventh Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Dear Busy Bees: As I haven't written for a long time I thought I would write today. I am going to write a story about my first ride on a steamboat last Sunday. As this was the first time I was on one I thought I would be scared, but I wasn't. We rode as far as Florence and back. We started at 2 o'clock and came back at 5. One thing that seemed wonderful to me was that when we were nearly at Florence a bridge was right in our way and I wondered how we could get past, when what was my surprise to see the bridge open and after we got past shut again. Another thing I saw was a little boat with a house on top of it and people living in it. After we had rode about a mile from Omaha there were no houses to be seen, only hills. At last it was time for the boat to go back and I was very sorry because I enjoyed my ride very much.

### Patience.

By Lorine Dreyer, Walnut, Ia. Blue Side.

Helen and May were planning on having a good time the next day because it was picnic day.

"Oh, I do hope it won't rain," said May with a frown, "that would be just our luck."

"Oh, we will hope not," said patient Helen.

The next day came. When the girls went to the window to look out it was raining.

"Oh, Helen," said May, "I told you so," and she sat down and cried.

Helen said it may clear up, but May only said I told you so. In about half an hour the sun shone bright as ever and the clouds were all gone. Helen's mamma let her go to the picnic, but May could not go because she had been put to bed on account of a headache which came from crying and not being patient

like her sister. Motto: Patience wins the reward.

### Another New Busy Bee.

SILVER CITY, Ia., May 22.—Dear Juniors: I am a new writer, but I thought I would write to this page as I like it very well. I will also write a story. It is as follows:

Once upon a time there lived two girls, whose names were Luson and Bird. Luson was kind and unselfish. Bird was selfish. One day their father went to town and he bought each little girl a pair of course Bird grabbed for the larger, but kindhearted Luson took the smaller one. When Bird bit into hers, it was hard and sour, but Luson's was sweet and juicy. Luson was going to give Bird hers, but her father would not let her. This you may be sure taught Bird a lesson. So little children take heed.

TELLA GALLOWAY.

### The Muskrats' Example.

By Hazel Harzok, Aged 10 Years, Schuyler, Neb. Red Side.

"Who washed the celery?" asked Mr. Wentworth, as he looked from one to the other of his little daughters.

"Dorothy," Blanche answered promptly. "It is her week to help mother."

"Dorothy, you will have to be more careful next time, for my piece is not clean. This will have to be washed over," he said, as he looked at the stalks in the dish. "None of us want to eat celery that has some soil on it."

"It takes so much time to get it clean, and I was in a hurry," Dorothy complained, as she took the dish back to the kitchen.

"I always have to watch Dorothy when she helps me," remarked Mrs. Wentworth. "She is so anxious to play that she is not thoughtful of her task."

"Did you ever hear about the muskrats, Dorothy?" asked her cousin, Carl Linden, when she returned to the table.

"No, I never did," Dorothy replied, wondering what muskrats could have to do with washing celery.

"Well, muskrats are very particular little animals. Everything they eat must be washed very carefully before they will touch it. I watched a muskrat one day with some calamus. It took the stalk and ran to the end of a log that went out over a stream; then it separated the leaves and sowed each one up and down in the water until every particle of dirt was off. I think we ought to be as particular about the food we eat as the little muskrats are, don't you?"

"I think we should," Dorothy acknowledged. "The next time I wash celery, lettuce, radishes and onions, I will try to remember the story of the muskrats, and get all the dirt off before I put them on the table."

"If you will remember the muskrat's example you will not have to do any of your work the second time," replied her cousin.

I will write a little poem for the Red side:

### New Busy Bee.

SOUTH OMAHA, Neb., May 23.—Dear Editor: I should like to join the Busy Bee page. I am 11 years old, and should like to join the red side. I am sending a story entitled "Agnes Lyle's Lesson." I remain as ever, your busy bee.

MARGARET SEXTON.

### Key to Pictures of High School

- |                         |                       |                         |                        |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Lee Brandes.         | 2. Clifford Flynn.    | 3. Edward King.         | 4. Rihel Peterson.     |
| 5. Alma Houser.         | 6. Florence Shames.   | 7. Delpha Nelson.       | 8. Nellie Williams.    |
| 9. Sarah Hlobodinsky.   | 10. Helen Counceller. | 11. Cecelia Simead.     | 12. Ruth Quinley.      |
| 13. Ellen Edquist.      | 14. Grace Laason.     | 15. Mary Lastovic.      | 16. Jennie Janacoon.   |
| 17. Margaret Mathewell. | 18. Elizabeth Watson. | 19. Wilma Goss.         | 20. Gertrude Johnson.  |
| 21. Marie King.         | 22. Beattie Frieden.  | 23. Cleona Steinhoejel. | 24. Caryl Burnap.      |
| 25. Edna Nelson.        | 26. Marie Richardson. | 27. Carl Hartings.      | 28. Leonard McGratt.   |
| 29. Lester Hagling.     | 30. Mont Weare.       | 29. Ravnor Jacobsen.    | 30. Ernest Carlson.    |
|                         |                       | 31. Helen Knecht.       | 32. Mildred Anderson.  |
|                         |                       | 33. Ariotta De Bussa.   | 34. Hazel Williams.    |
|                         |                       | 35. Jeanette Shames.    | 36. Margaret Moore.    |
|                         |                       | 37. Mattida Kaskler.    | 38. Rose McNamara.     |
|                         |                       | 39. Mildred Peterson.   | 40. Florence Anderson. |
|                         |                       | 41. Elva Ranine.        | 42. James Keryen.      |
|                         |                       | 43. Charles Hunter.     |                        |

## Little Folks Birthday Book



SUNDAY, JUNE 1. "This is the day we celebrate."

Year.	Name and Address.	School.
1902.....	Vivian Alexander, 2406 Charles St.....	Franklin
1906.....	Max Bahr, 1812 North 21st St.....	Kellom
1899.....	Louis John Berg, 4644 Lafayette Ave.....	Walnut Hill
1903.....	Raymond Blake, 1417 Emmet St.....	Lothrop
1905.....	Frances Ellen Caughlin, 5128 North 17th St.....	Sherman
1901.....	Agnes Christenson, 3011 Franklin St.....	Franklin
1907.....	John Dalton, 2821 Webster St.....	Webster
1900.....	Edna Day, 983 North 26th St.....	Kellom
1907.....	Harold S. Diefendorf, 4812 Erskine St.....	Clifton Hill
1900.....	Emery Edwards, 423 Martha St.....	Bancroft
1901.....	Thomas Foley, 2121 Grace St.....	Kellom
1906.....	Emma Fresner.....	Vinton
1905.....	Walter A. Gannon, 308 South 21st St.....	Mason
1902.....	Frances Grecco, 823 North 11th St.....	Cass
1901.....	Minnie Greenberg, 1534 North 18th St.....	Kellom
1901.....	Thelma Haaks, 913 North 19th St.....	Cass
1900.....	Gilbert Paul Hansen, 2864 Corby St.....	Howard Kennedy
1902.....	Robert Keyt, 1709 Dodge St.....	Central
1900.....	Martha Kjellidn, 3709 South 13th St.....	Edward Rosewater
1905.....	Isidor Margolin, 1710 North 24th St.....	Long
1903.....	Flora Marsh, 4157 Davenport St.....	Saunders
1904.....	Harry Melvin, 4609 North 22d St.....	Saratoga
1903.....	Russell Moraine, 2908 Franklin St.....	Long
1902.....	Lynn W. Nelson.....	Druid Hill
1903.....	William Nemecek, 1248 South 15th St.....	Comenius
1902.....	Arthur Peterson, 2406 North 30th St.....	Howard Kennedy
1902.....	Walter Peterson, 2413 South 41st St.....	Beals
1904.....	Allen Quail, 4862 North 35th St.....	Monmouth Park
1902.....	Paul J. Quesley, 2801 South 33d St.....	Saunders
1905.....	Dorothy Sherman, 122 North 38th Ave.....	Saunders
1904.....	Helen Silver, 4224 Patrick Ave.....	Clifton Hill
1903.....	William Singer, 1309 South 10th St.....	Pacific
1905.....	Maggie Sutej, 3200 South 4th St.....	Bancroft Annex
1903.....	Virginia Taggart, Loyal hotel.....	Central
1901.....	Ralph Wagner, 2211 Seward St.....	Franklin
1898.....	Warren Wescott, 2613 Fowler Ave.....	Saratoga
1901.....	Everette Whitehill, 2101 North 15th St.....	Lake
1888.....	Daisie Wyer, 5011 North 30th St.....	Monmouth Park

# HOUSES FOR SALE




Spring — that is the time to sell property. Everywhere people are looking for homes — and if you offer the right kind of a proposition on a house, you can sell it.

Persons who have decided to buy this spring are looking around now. They are reading the "For Sale" columns of The Bee, because they know that by so doing they are sure to keep in touch with the best bargains.

Advertise your houses in The Bee. The cost is small and the results are sure and good.

**BEE WANT AD DEPARTMENT**  
**Tyler 1000**

A cut like this, including the drawing, would cost you \$6.00. Let us do your engraving.

BEE ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT  
Bee Building. Tyler-1000