

The Busy Bees

MARCH winds are blowing, but they are not the bleak cold winds of the winter. Rather, they are warmer winds from the southward and serve to herald the coming of spring. Truly, March winds precede the "April showers which bring May flowers."

No doubt The Busy Bees are looking forward to the spring vacation, and I hope are diligently preparing their lessons in anticipation of the joys to come. Mid-term examinations must also be undergone before the vacation is granted.

The younger Busy Bees will be elated to learn of the newest addition to their playthings. The "Joy Boy" will now be included in the Teddy Bear and Kewpie doll family.

This week, first prize was awarded to Helen Adkins; second prize to Edward Hoagland, and honorable mention to Genevieve Noble, all of the Blue side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

In the Bee Hive.

By Helen Adkins, Aged 13 Years, 1109 North Twenty-second Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

All last summer our little friends have been working hard, gathering honey, making combs, fixing for their queen and tending to the young bees.

Some people think bees very disagreeable, but I am most certain that if we might see and know the true nature of these little fellow men we would have a great respect for them instead of despising them.

Although the bees that nurse and care for the young bees do not wear white aprons and caps, they care for them in much the same manner as the nurses that do wear white aprons and caps. The young bee's daily bath is given him by the nursery bee, who, instead of having a dainty pink washcloth and towel, has a tongue that serves the same purpose. The queen does not wear trailing garments of purple, but is a most lovable little personage and her subjects are very, very faithful to her. When the small queen grows up to take her place these very faithful subjects go with their beloved queen to make a new swarm.

In our human life experience we find that there are some people that are extremely lazy, and expect others to work and provide for them.

It is just the same way in the bee hive, not all of the little bees are as industrious as they seem. They eat the bee bread and honey that the other bees have prepared and they do not even help to make the comb.

These bees are called drones and it is a very good name for them and in the end the working bees put them out of the hive and market them furnish their own food.

I am sure that I am much more proud of my "Busy Bees" than the queen of the other bees could ever be, because, although my Busy Bees cannot make honey, they are very faithful and industrious little subjects.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(Second Prize.)

Tom's Victory.

By Edward Hoagland, Aged 11 Years, 619 Riggs Street, Grand, Neb. Blue Side.

It was an ideal day for a race on the ice, which was to be played by eight contestants from the two academies, Porenell and Auburn. A man from a nearby city had come to be starter and judge. The route was to be a short mile and a half down the lake, and back again. A gold medal was to be the first prize and a tin pin the second prize. After each contestant had become acquainted with the conditions of the race they were all lined up awaiting the signal to go.

"Are you ready?" shouted the starter. There was a dead silence. "Alright,—go!" As each contestant started out for himself a cheerful cry went up among the many enthusiastic young spectators.

"Go it, Ned, you must win!" shouted several of the boy's sympathizers.

"Hurrah for Tom; he can beat Ned. Keep it up, old scout!" cried several of Tom's friends.

"Oh, it is going to be a tie! How dreadful," cried a young woman with whom Tom had spent much time lately.

Just then Ned shot forth, making an advance of fully three yards, which was followed by a great cheer from the Auburn students.

"Go it, Tom; you can beat that!"

"Go it, Ned; Tom is almost at your heels!" And so went forth the numerous yells until the noise was almost deafening. They had turned and were now about fifty yards from the point where they had started. Now only forty! Now but thirty! How very exciting! Then in an instant Tom shot forth as from some powerful machine and with renewed strength went past the line, fully six feet above the others.

"Hurrah for Tom; we knew he could do it!"

"Hurrah for Porenell!"

Then Tom was given the medal, of which he was very proud. Ned received the pin, equally as happy.

(Honorable Mention.)

Summer at Okoboji.

By Genevieve Noble, 306 Hawthorne Avenue, Omaha, Blue Side.

Our summer vacation last year was spent at Lake Okoboji. The first day we arrived there there was a fire. The next day we went in swimming, but I did not know how to swim for a few days. The next day I tried to swim, but could not. My father and I went fishing and my father caught ten and I caught twenty-one. Others days we went boat riding and on the steamer. There were two boats called the Queen and the Okoboji. The Okoboji was the biggest boat and the Queen next. We had a fine time and liked it very much. We went in the auto and came back in it. We had three punctures on the way home and none going. While Will fixed these punctures we sat by the roadside and ate apples. We lost our way trying to take another road and to keep out of the dust. When we got home papa had some grape juice ready for us and it tasted good to us because we were tired, hot and dusty.

A Birthday Gift.

By Roy Baumgardner, Aged 11 Years, R. F. D. No. 3, Hermann, Neb. Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a boy whose name was John Johnson. He was 8 years old. He was a good little boy. On his eighth birthday, his uncle, Mr. Jones, gave him a horse, and he named it Jack. One day his father said to him, "John, your mamma and I would like to see you ride. Get your horse out of the barn and get on it and we will watch you ride."

The next day he went to town. When he was half-way to town he met an auto. The horse was afraid of it and threw John off. Then he started home on a

A Bunch of Violets.

By Myrtle Hedgren, Aged 9 Years, 4254 South Thirteenth Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Hester Morn was a little girl, 10 years old. She lived in a small house, near the woods. Her father was dead and her mother took in sewing for a living. It was spring and the woods near Hester's house were full of sweet violets and morning stars, and little green ferns. One morning, Hester's mother was sick. Hester had to stay at home that day, to take care of the house. "If this mamma would like a bunch of violets. The woods are full of them, and I think they would cheer her up," said Hester.

So she ran up to the bed room, took

Two of Our Bright Busy Bees



Majoie Boyd Smith and Orlando Smith.

her cape and hat from the peg, and skipped off merrily to the woods.

When she came there, she began picking some violets and ferns. The woods were so pretty that Hester decided to stay awhile. She sat down under a tree and fell asleep.

When she awoke it was dark, and the woods were still. Hester was very frightened. She caught up the bunch of violets, and began to run home. She was all out of breath when she came home.

Her mother was sitting in a chair by the fire when Hester came in. She told her mother that she had gone to get her some flowers. She then gave her the violets. Her mother thanked her, but told her not to go away without asking her first. Hester promised this.

Hester's mother let her cook supper that night, for she was not feeling well enough to do this.

Then they sat down to supper by the fire.

The Malicious Hands.

By Thomas Welsh, Aged 9 Years, 61 St. Clair Street, Missouri Valley, Ia. Red Side.

Once I had a little dog named Woodrow. We called him Woodrow because he was born on inauguration day. The day President Wilson took the chair, when the dog was about 8 months old we had a baby brother born and Woodrow would not let anybody look at him. One day a neighbor came over. He went right after her. Another day the woman's daughter came over to our house. She put her hand on the baby's buggy. Woodrow jumped right up at her throat and bit it.

One morning when we got up he was gone. We hunted for him that noon, but did not find him.

The next day was Saturday. We were up at 6 o'clock and hunted all day, but

we did not find him that time either, so we went to the mayor about it. He said he has not seen him yet.

I think some malicious hands took him.

Shep.

By Arthur Hickey, Aged 10 Years, 601 North Oak Street, Creston, Ia. Red Side.

Shep is a shepherd dog at my grandpa's farm. They got him when he was a little puppy. They kept him in one of my grandpa's egg boxes. The first time I saw him he jumped out of the box and on me. I thought he was very cute.

We could hold him then, but now he weighs over thirty pounds. He knows many tricks which my brother, John, and I taught him. When he is outside he will paw on the door if he wants in the house. He will also shake hands with you.

There is a school house about a quarter of a mile from my grandpa's house. Some of the boys come up to get water. They tease him, and one day he bit one of them.

They stopped coming for a while but now come back to get it again. He still barks at them.

Busy Bee Goes Fishing.

By Hazel Nelson, Aged 10 Years, Columbus, Neb. Blue Side.

I am a new Busy Bee and wish to join the Blue side. I go to the William's school. I am in the Fifth-grade. My teacher's name is Miss Ruth O'Dell. I have two sisters and three brothers.

One day some other girls, my sisters, my mother and myself, went down to the Loup river and fished and bathed until lunch time. Then we spread the tablecloth on the grass under the bridge and ate our lunch. Then we went in bathing

Enjoys Busy Bee Letters.

By Agnes Dunway, Aged 8 Years, 199 West Twenty-sixth Street, Kearney, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Busy Bee: I always enjoy reading The Busy Bee Letters. I go to

Indians.

By Esther Wundhoff, Aged 10 Years, Grand Island, Neb. Blue Side.

Years ago America's only inhabitants were Indians. The lived in wigwams made of hides.

The Indian men are lazy and never do any work about the camp. The women have to put up the wigwams and do all the work. There are numerous tribes of Indians. They never fought with white men until the Spaniards came to this country. The Indians fought much among themselves.

The Birds.

By Ellen Nordstrom, Aged 12 Years, 476 Seward Street, Omaha N.B. Blue Side.

One morning I looked out the window. I saw some birds. I threw some crumbs out. The birds flew away when I threw them out, but came back again. After I saw that they had eaten them, I threw out some more. They ate them up and flew away and I never saw them anymore.

I am a new Busy Bee and want to join the Blue Side.

Enjoys Busy Bee Letters.

By Agnes Dunway, Aged 8 Years, 199 West Twenty-sixth Street, Kearney, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Busy Bee: I always enjoy reading The Busy Bee Letters. I go to

Busy Bee Letter.

By Ruth Kinney, Aged 12 Years, Ravenna, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Busy Bee: This is my first letter to the Busy Bee's page. I have read it very nearly every Sunday, so I decided to write to you. I thought it would be fun, and I found out it is. I wish to join the Red Side. I go to Ravenna public school and my teacher is Miss Thomas. I hope to find my letter in print and I hope to write again.

Polly's Luck.

By Lorene Laraway, Aged 10 Years, Hamburg, Ia. Red Side.

"I thought I told you to hurry home

school, and am in the second grade. I am 8 years old. My teacher's name is Miss Katherine Troupe. I have three sisters. Their names are Ernestine, Katherine and Dorothy Ellen. I will write a story next time, if my letter escapes the waste basket.

Lost in the Forest.

By Winifred Langdon, Gretna, Neb. Box 7. Blue Side.

The afternoon performance of the circus was over, and the little boy who took care of his father's dancing bear, Bruin, had started for a walk.

After leaving the circus tent he started for the forest or the "dark woods" as the children of the town called it. Not noticing the time, they had gone on into the forest and soon Billy became hungry and then noticed the darkness coming over all. Nature was not so beautiful as before.

The situation became very serious and Billy began to cry and Bruin to growl. Billy soon cried himself to sleep.

After Billy had been sleeping for about an hour, and the bear had kept watch, a whistle was heard which caused Bruin to rise, for it was his master.

They were soon safe in the tent and never took walks in strange towns again.

A Forest Breakfast.

By Alice Lawson, Aged 9 Years, 211 North Eighth Street, Norfolk, Neb.

Once there were some creatures and a fairy in a wood sitting on a root of a tree. She had lots of friends about her. They were about the tinniest ones around. They never did any harm to her, and the fairy did no harm to the creatures.

There was a wolf, lamb, porcupine, rabbit, frog and squirrel.

One morning all the creatures were around her. She gave them their breakfast. She gave them little yellow cakes. The prince was looking for her. The animals never noticed the prince holding on to the prickly rose bushes. The fairy never saw the prince behind the bushes. He was looking for somebody kind like the fairy.

My Cat and I.

By Eugene Lawson, Aged 9 Years, 321 Harney Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

One night about 1 o'clock I was awakened by a little mew. My bedroom was upstairs, and my window was up, and I looked out, and there was my cat. He had climbed up the ladder, and he wanted to get in.

After he got in, he wanted to get under the cover. I soon found out that he had been chased up by a dog, and I guess he thought that the dog was coming after him. I am a new Busy Bee.

George and John's Birthday Party.

By Clark Wykert, Aged 11 Years, Meadow, Neb. Red Side.

George and John were brothers. John was selfish, but George was invited to a birthday party. George took something, but John did not. When their birthdays came George received a lot of things, but John did not. After that John always took things too.

Would Join Red Side.

By Iva Hughes, Aged 10 Years, Ogallala, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Busy Bee: I am writing you my first letter. I would like to join the Red Side. I enjoy reading The Busy Bee's page, and the funny page, too. I am in the fourth grade at school.

Enjoys Busy Bee Letters.

By Agnes Dunway, Aged 8 Years, 199 West Twenty-sixth Street, Kearney, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Busy Bee: I always enjoy reading The Busy Bee Letters. I go to



Illustration of a garden path with a speech bubble and various garden items like seeds, garden making, and a seed catalogue.

Their Own Page

Public School Roll of Honor

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

MONMOUTH.	MONMOUTH.	TRAIN.	CLIFTON HILL.
<p>Eighth B. Ethelyn Berger, Aged 12 Years, 96 North N. Nineteenth Street, South Omaha, Blue Side.</p> <p>"Oh, dear," said Ellen as she drummed on the window pane with her forefinger. "I don't see why it has to go and rain and spoil all my fun for."</p> <p>"Why, Ellen?" said grandma as she sat in her cushioned chair by the warm fireplace. "I never saw you act so before. Go get your store and play."</p> <p>"It isn't any fun to play by myself. Oh, dear," and Ellen turned away from the window to get the cat.</p> <p>"Hello there, what are you pointing about, my little bird?" and a chery voice, and Uncle Charlie put his head in the door. "Can I come in?"</p> <p>"Well, of course, Uncle Charlie. I don't know what to do, now it is raining. We had planned a picnic and I hate to give it up," said Ellen, while she sat in her uncle's lap.</p> <p>Seventh B. Beate Baker, Harry Bloom, Freda Bloom, Lloyd Brace, Lillie Erickson, Marie Elizabeth Graham, Esther Houser, Charles Jordan, Felsa Lake, Lillian Nelson, George Pakiseer, Harold Reiser, Mildred Hunsate, Clara Catherine.</p> <p>Fourth B. Leonard Caldwell, Arthur Johnson.</p> <p>Fourth A. George Conkling, Harry Hunter, Cecelia Pusey, Paul Lindberg, Gladys Reddan, Helena Schneckeburger, Edwin Boland, Fred Brewer, Carl Hamilton, Stancel Kelsey.</p>	<p>Sixth B. Irene Goodsell, Edna Grant, Gladys Hansen, Edward Kuppik, Marie Snyder, Katherine Tennant, Bertha Tiffey, Fred Wright, Winnifred Travis.</p> <p>Eighth A. Elmer Cusick, Hugh Johnson, Una Jorkelson, Marie Mackey, Nora Newhouse, Clara Reiser, Mildred Hunsate, Clara Catherine.</p> <p>Seventh B. Beate Baker, Harry Bloom, Freda Bloom, Lloyd Brace, Lillie Erickson, Marie Elizabeth Graham, Esther Houser, Charles Jordan, Felsa Lake, Lillian Nelson, George Pakiseer, Harold Reiser, Mildred Hunsate, Clara Catherine.</p> <p>Fourth B. Leonard Caldwell, Arthur Johnson.</p> <p>Fourth A. George Conkling, Harry Hunter, Cecelia Pusey, Paul Lindberg, Gladys Reddan, Helena Schneckeburger, Edwin Boland, Fred Brewer, Carl Hamilton, Stancel Kelsey.</p>	<p>Fifth B. Heien Tolney, Mary Bruner, Burman Torrey, Herbert Klauschie, Dorella Bushman, John Markhofer, Theresa Nusser.</p> <p>Third B. Theodore Erdia, Willie Marklofer, Lillian Christensen, Agnes R. Rose Steine, Margaret Schneckemberger, Margret Doreck, Lily Krepek, Arton Ott, Frances Torco, Arnie Zezulak.</p> <p>Third A. Rudolf Bauer, Hazel Gilbert, Harry De Laney, George Leister, Doris Prohaske.</p> <p>SEVENTH B. Ed Welch, Ed Wrikenberk.</p> <p>Sixth B. Marry Stejskal, Norma Frantz, Emil Klauschie.</p> <p>Sixth A. Elmer Bastian, Sam Roma, Kiedie Kysela, Jacob Melcher.</p> <p>Fourth B. Grant Aetiofer, Louis Geiger, Gusale Beasley, Ruth Coolidge, Emma Giger, Tony Mertl, Mildred Pohaska, Sam Roma, Leonard Shymanski.</p> <p>Fourth A. Hannah Baroucky, Leo Haley, Irma Hamm, Agnes Hurd, Anton Stejskal, Ivan Giger, Sylvia Gustafson, Esther Hansen, Emma Mark, Beate Novak, Frieda Reiser, Emma Vejvodis, Hazel Wickensberg, John Dokull.</p>	<p>Eighth B. Dorald Ellington, Wilbur Hoffman, Louise Timme, Adelaide Zellar.</p> <p>Eighth A. Archie Busse, Douglas Dunn, Frederick Hoffman, Louis Van Nostrand.</p> <p>Seventh B. Edward Christ, Mabel Reid.</p> <p>Seventh A. Harold Ring, Joe Rosenthal, Leslie Van Nostrand.</p> <p>Sixth B. Roy Anderson, Helen Carter, Ruth Hawkins, Helge Olsson, Nellie Jessup, Louis Rasmussen, Arthur Staud.</p> <p>Fifth B. Vivian Hoves, Pearl Fischer, Pearl Gamble, Hazel Huston, Lucile Parry, Elizabeth Howell, Harold Taylor, Irene Timme.</p> <p>Fifth A. Lolla Flegler, Beatrice Jackson, Cecil Osborne, Marie Busse, La Verne Dieckendorf, Donald Huston, Richard Hyde, Rudy Kistner, Mary Knudsen, Maxine Merrit, Amy Stevenson, Dorella Van Nostrand.</p> <p>Third A. Mary Reed, Wilbur Reed, Milton Peterson, Floren Westfall.</p>

ROLL OF HONOR WILL BE CONTINUED IN TOMORROW'S EVENING BEE

How Big is a Garden?



Illustration of a garden path with a speech bubble and various garden items like seeds, garden making, and a seed catalogue.