

# The Busy Bees

# Their Own Page

MRS. Z. T. Lindsay of Benson has organized the Liberty Bell Bird club among the small boys in her neighborhood. This club belongs to the Philadelphia organization, which has branches all over the country, and is for the purpose of encouraging children to know and love nature in all its forms. Each Saturday morning when the weather is fair, lunches are packed and Mrs. Lindsay and the members of the Bird club set off for the woods to spend the day. Mrs. Lindsay directs their attention to the different kinds of birds and their habits and tells them about all the growing things. After a day spent in such a close communion with Nature, the impress is undoubtedly left, and these boys are healthier, happier and better boys as a result.

Certain it is that the members of this club have enjoyed their nature lessons and excursions so much that other boys have heard of it and the Bird club is deluged with applications from those who wish to join. It would be a splendid plan for Busy Bee boys in other neighborhoods and towns to organize similar clubs and carry out this program, and let the other readers of our page know of your progress through the Busy Bee page. In later life pleasant memories of beautiful days in the woods will be very highly prized. All the boys in Mrs. Lindsay's Bird club are between 8 and 11 years of age. They are Earl Kingston, Elam Rupe, Leslie Van Nostrand, Chauncey Smith, Herbert Hanson, Charles Sexton, Roland Allstrom and Oscar Whitlake.

This week first prize was awarded to Quentin R. Enochson of the Red side, second prize to Reva Rosseter of the Blue side and honorable mention to Fay Baldwin of the Red side.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

**(First Prize.)**  
**Description of Cyclone.**  
By Quentin R. Enochson, Aged 11 Years, Schuyler, Neb. Red Side.  
I am a cyclone. I was formed on a prairie. One day I thought I would take a walk. I didn't mean to do any harm when I started on my walk. As I was going along I struck a straw stack. I drew some of it up in me. Then I started across an oats field and tore up some of the oats. I didn't see any place, but as I got on top of a hill I looked down and struck the west part of the place. I tore up trees, tore buildings off their foundations and tore the roof off the kitchen part of the house. I would have gone further, but there were many people weeping, for they thought I was coming there, too. I started up another hill, but I was so weak I couldn't get up. Then I went to pieces. The next time I take a walk I will watch where I go.

**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. Short 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.

**(Second Prize.)**  
**John Tries to Cook.**  
By Reva Rosseter, Aged 11 Years, Valentine, Neb. Blue Side.  
John and Marie McCormick lived in Pittsburg. It was vacation time and Marie and John did not have to go to school. One day Mr. and Mrs. McCormick were invited to spend four days with Dr. and Mrs. Fenner of Harrisburg. They were about to accept when they remembered that John and Marie would be left alone. "O dear," sighed Mrs. McCormick, "I did so want to go."  
"O, mamma," cried the children, "Go by all means. We can look after ourselves and cook our own meals."  
So Mr. and Mrs. McCormick started for Harrisburg.  
Now, Marie was quite lazy and liked to sleep in the morning better than to get up.  
Well, on this morning bright and early at 6 o'clock John went downstairs softly so as not to wake Marie. He lit the fire and put on some potatoes, using a handful of salt. Then he put a cupful of water to two cupfuls of oatmeal and put it on the stove to let it simmer. Then he thought of the steak so he cut it into small pieces and put them in a skillet, but without any lard. She snatched the lard and put in the required amount.  
"I suppose I must get the meals after this," she laughed.

been going to school quite regularly this year. We have three weeks left of school and then we are going to have a program. I am in a dialogue.  
I will be glad when school is out, as then I can roam around the farm with my little sisters and brothers and study nature, which I like very much.

**Summer at Okoboji.**  
By Walter Froston, Jr., 101 South Thirty-fourth Street, Blue Side.  
Dear Busy Bees: I like the Busy Bee page very much. The first thing I look for on Sunday morning is the Busy Bee page.  
Some time ago a girl wrote about Lake Okoboji, in Iowa.  
The lake is not very far from here. I have gone there for six years and like it very much. Many people from Omaha drive there in their automobiles. On the lake are two large steamers, named the Okoboji and the Queen, and two smaller ones, called the Sioux City and Des Moines.  
Okoboji is a very nice place to go to spend a few weeks during the hottest part of the summer.  
We usually stay about six weeks. After that we get pretty tired of it. It is all right if you are in a nice cottage. You have home cooking.  
I am hoping to see a few Omaha boys and girls up there next year.  
We always stayed at the Inn, as it is on the coolest part of the lake.

**(Honorable Mention.)**  
**Frank's Punishment.**  
By Fay Baldwin, Aged 10 Years, Herman, Neb. Red Side.  
"I hope that the Easter rabbit will bring me dozens and dozens of eggs," said Frank.  
"Why do you want so many?" asked Grandpa.  
"Oh, because Henry said he was sure he was going to get about a hundred and I want to get more than he does."  
"I am afraid that is a selfish wish," said Grandpa. "Don't you know, dear, that on Easter everybody should think of others and not be the least bit selfish?"  
"Oh, I don't care about that," said Frank, "but I do want lots and lots of eggs."  
Henry lived next door to Frank, and the two little boys were very good friends. But sometimes they would quarrel and say naughty words to each other. Frank went to bed early that night because he wanted to get up early next morning. When Frank got up he called: "Grandpa! Grandpa! Come and help me hunt my Easter eggs."  
They looked in every tree, bush and corner, but did not find one. Frank was very sad.

**Man and Lion.**  
By Mary Lippold, Aged 11 Years, Avoca, Ia.  
Once there was an old shepherd whose son was a very brave man and took good care of the sheep. One day he came out to look at the sheep. All that he had with him was a club to fight with, and when he came there he saw a very big lion. He had one of David's pet lambs. David could not let him have this little pet lamb, so he went up to the bear and fought him with his hands and the club. David was very strong and he killed the lion. He went home and told his mother and father about this. They could not think it was so that he killed the lion with only his hands. So they went up to see if it was so, and there the large beast lay. They called their son "David, the brave man," because he had saved his little pet lamb.

**The Sewing Club.**  
By Helen Young, Aged 10 Years, McPherson Avenue, Council Bluffs, Ia. Blue Side.  
"How cold that poor little girl must be!" A teacher of a Sunday school class was looking out of the window of her warm, cozy home as the little girl went by.  
"I know what I'll do," she cried, happily.  
Next Sunday as the little children came to recite their lessons to her, she told them of the poor little girl.  
"How would you like to make her some clothes all by yourselves?" she asked.  
The children were delighted to think that they were to make them without the help of anybody.  
The following Sunday those same little children went with their Sunday school teacher to give that poor little girl the clothes they had made.

**Celebrates Birthday.**  
By Lula Davis, Aged 10 Years, Newboro, Neb. Blue Side.  
Dear Busy Bees: Mamma gave a birthday party for me April 27. I was 10 years old that day. I was surprised that morning when I came to breakfast, when I turned my plate over, there lay a silver dollar. I looked at it and then at mamma, and she said that it was for me.  
It rained nearly all day, although there were quite a number who came to my party. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves.  
I help mamma wash the dishes, sweep and clean and make many other things. We have made a garden and it grows nicely, and will make some more very soon. I have some pets. They are two little rabbits and two Maltese cats.

**Neddie's Bunny.**  
By Geil Baldwin, Aged 8 Years, Herman, Neb. Blue Side.  
Would you hear about Neddie's Bunny? First of all, then, you must know he has fur as white as snow, all pink eyes and a tiny, tiny, dumpy tail. He runs around the nursery floor and climbs upon my lap beside the cat to take a nap. I hope my letter will be in print.

**Enjoys Busy Bee Page.**  
By Ruth Cunningham, Aged 10 Years, 424 Franklin Street, Omaha. Blue Side.  
I am a new Busy Bee and would like to join the Blue Side. I go to Walnut Hill school. Miss Mack is my teacher and I like her very much. I am in the fourth B grade.  
I have enjoyed the Busy Bee page very much.

**Nature Lover.**  
By Alice Thompson, Aged 12 Years, Nebraska, Neb. Blue Side.  
Dear Busy Bees: As I have been a constant reader of your page for quite a while, I thought I would write to you. I enjoy reading your page very much. I am in the seventh grade and have

**Nature Hunting.**  
By Ruth Kingston, Aged 11 Years, Ravenna, Neb. Red Side.  
One afternoon Miss Thomas, our teacher, said we could go out nature hunting. We started at 2:30 and went down the road on the north side of town. We found some clover, sheep sower, plum blossoms, meadow larks and other

## Members of the Bird Club



Elam Rupe Leslie Van Nostrand



Earl Kingston Chauncey Smith

kind of birds and flowers. We went by a little stream. We saw a water snake and tried to kill it, but it went back in its hole before we could.  
We went over to Nantasket, a little town two miles from Ravenna, and stopped at the school house, but they were dismissed just as we reached there.  
Some of us walked home by the railroad track and some on the road. We all had a good time, but were very tired.

**A Trip to the Woods.**  
By Lillian Wormley, Aged 9 Years, Griswold, Ia. Blue Side.  
One bright, calm, still morning my sister and I took a walk to the woods. We walked along the highway until we came to the path that led into the woods.  
We saw many pretty flowers and different colored birds and insects. We played by the brook until about toward evening, when we noticed two black clouds drifting in from the west. The thunder roared the lightning flashed, so very frightened, my sister and I hurried home as quickly as we could and reached home safely.

**Good Times.**  
By Florence Misch, Aged 12 Years, Douglas, Wyo. Red Side.  
When I was in the fifth grade Miss Creless, our teacher, said that we would all go on a picnic. We all took our share. Some of the boys said that they could get a hayrack. When we were all ready to go we found out that one of the wheels were broken. Miss Creless sent two of the boys down to get it fixed. We at last got

started. When we reached there we found a nice little spring. One of the boys brought their horse. He let my uncle ride the horse. She told me to come and get on the horse. I did, and she made the horse gallop and I fell off. That was enough for me. I went back in camp and played games with the other children. Miss Creless said that we would get dinner. We brought some wienies and we roasted them. We all had plenty to eat. Then we all told stories and our family. Soon it started to sprinkle rain and Miss Creless said that we should get ready to go home. So we all got in the wagon, put a canvas on the top and did not get wet.

**In the Woods.**  
By Nellie Foreman, 306 South Seventeenth St., Omaha, Neb. Red Side.  
One day three girls and I went out to the woods after school. I shall never forget the good time we had. We rode upon the street car, but walked home. When we came home we were all so loaded with pussy-willows and buds that I could hardly walk. At first I thought there would be nothing to see, but I quite changed my mind when I got there. The trees all looked so pretty with their buds coming out and so did the bushes. One pretty little plant that I liked very much was a flower called "Dutchman's Breeches." It is a very pretty little plant. Although I have never seen the flower of it I am going to look for it next time I go out to the woods. But the most important thing that I want to tell you is this: We were all playing hide-and-seek when we heard the jingling of a cow's bell. All of the girls were frightened and were starting to run away when I said, "I don't see why you are running away. If you want to run can't you wait until you see the cow?" So they stood still. We still heard the jingling, jingle of the bell, but after a while the sound died away and it grew quiet again. The girls were all very much ashamed and they said that next time they wouldn't be in such a hurry to run.  
By this time the sun was going down, so we picked some more buds and started for home.

**Rosamond and Her Maid.**  
By Geraldine Swanick, 302 South Thirty-fifth Street, Omaha. Aged 9 Years. Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a rich, young princess. She was very beautiful and had a maid. She loved her maid, and her maid loved her. One day she and her maid were out. Rosamond saw a mad dog, so she wrapped her coat around her arm, because they did not have time to get away. The dog bit the coat. Some people coming, said, "Why did you do that? Why didn't you run away?"  
"I couldn't because my maid did not see him, and she would have been bitten," was the reply.  
You can see, though beautiful and rich, she was very brave.

**Sunday School Picnic.**  
By Vita Karnes, Aged 11 Years, Nickerson, Neb. Blue Side.

About four years ago, in Virginia, where we used to live, the Sunday school gave a picnic at a creek. Where we stopped there was a swinging bridge across the creek. We went wading and crossed the bridge. Then we played games and put a hammock and swing up. We ate our dinner and afterwards Mrs. Hendricks, our Junior league superintendent, made us some boats out of

## Public School Roll of Honor

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

<b>LONG</b> Eighth B Loa Beveridge Jessie Dragon Frances Endrey Miriam Hangalin Anna Johnson Helen Kott Ruth Smith Eighth A Lillian Galloway Lorraine Homan Ida Honig Edwice Jeltz Lilly Vivian Elizabeth Poley Seventh B Mary Adler Orelia Dunlop Minnie Margolin Mable McCreich Ida Perlman Judy Sandberg Judy Wiener Seventh A Aline Bentley Charles Burr Jessie McDonald Gladys Oetling Frances Petersen Ida Siegel Sixth B Ethel Adler Raymond Beck Arthur Englehardt Bertha Finkensteln Ella Jensen Laurie Latham Florence Murray Ella Olander Gladys Petersen Eva Sutton Margaret Anderson Alice Blank Ruth Dierksen Charles Gorr Fred Johnson Harry Mangel Charles McCarthy Tent Matheson Kenneth Moore Keith Ross Seventh A Marcellus Anderson Eva Cunningham Lorraine Ganssen Dorothy Glinisky Richard Gordon Luelle Osterhoff Ruth Quinby Lillian Weber	<b>LONG</b> Fifth B Verna Butt Morris Sigal Adam Gell Irene Endert Henry Hart Robert Martin Fifth A Eva Hansen Florence Sandstedt Ella Schultz Irene Minkin Victor Kloiz Fourth B Tina Anderson Mary Butler Lawrence Christensen Evelyn Olsen Myrtle Halberstoh Ralph Johnson Elsie Lorenzen Margaret Oblinger Nathan Patterson Frank Peterson Kenny Rudman Agnes Ross Otto Schaalder Homer Schick Esther Spratke Fourth A Ella Bunde Marjorie Edselder Helen Franz Ruth Sulten Third B Ruth Eurenberg Marguerite Franz Blanche Lorenzen Sulma Gregersen Alice Johnson Irene Olsen Vivian Peterson Willie Perlman Marguerite Strum Elsie Olsen Elmer Olsen Hymen Braude Graham Butler Ivor Davis Francis Mitchell Isadore Mitchell Harry Smith Fred Spratke Third A Arlvin Rudman Lillian Townsend	<b>HOWARD</b> Eighth B Dagmar Cook Joseph Tokaluk Fourth Grant Aalstorf Lorraine Baetian Elsie Collier Lena Knott George Lee Mildred Robaska James Repa Sam Rom Leonard Strumanski Eighth A Hazel Wicknerberg Ruth Gustafson Third B Irene Steple Willie Markoban Margaret Schneck Seberger Margaret Derek Emil Hanson Lily Kreplik Mabel Matlack Anton Ott Frances Torco Third A Charlotte Anderson Ruth Gustafson Fourth B Ruth Crippen Clara Hendrickson Lena Johnson Raymond Jacobson Clive Townsend Hilma Tustenstein Fourth A Joseph Marks Third B Donald Biggs Olive Gallant Violet Melroe Lore Mouton Mable Norton Agnes Ross Third A Audry Andrews Elizabeth Beers Sora Christensen Helen Hoover Mildred Lawson Ralph Moore Dorothy Nielsen Paul Sallander Le Roy Weber	<b>TRAIN</b> Eighth A Dagmar Cook Joseph Tokaluk Fourth Grant Aalstorf Lorraine Baetian Elsie Collier Lena Knott George Lee Mildred Robaska James Repa Sam Rom Leonard Strumanski Eighth A Hazel Wicknerberg Ruth Gustafson Third B Irene Steple Willie Markoban Margaret Schneck Seberger Margaret Derek Emil Hanson Lily Kreplik Mabel Matlack Anton Ott Frances Torco Third A Charlotte Anderson Ruth Gustafson Fourth B Ruth Crippen Clara Hendrickson Lena Johnson Raymond Jacobson Clive Townsend Hilma Tustenstein Fourth A Joseph Marks Third B Donald Biggs Olive Gallant Violet Melroe Lore Mouton Mable Norton Agnes Ross Third A Audry Andrews Elizabeth Beers Sora Christensen Helen Hoover Mildred Lawson Ralph Moore Dorothy Nielsen Paul Sallander Le Roy Weber
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## ROLL OF HONOR WILL BE CONTINUED IN TOMORROW'S EVENING BEE

**Just a Dream.**  
By Astrid Sorensen, Aged 14, Lindsay, Neb. Blue Side.  
We have a big picture of a small new-boy and his dog. I have often wondered about that picture. We have had it as long as I can remember.

**Jenny's Call.**  
By Madeline Kenyon, Aged 13 Years, 223 Cuming Street, Omaha. Blue Side.  
"It's of no use, Mrs. Templar, I have been trying the greatest part of an hour to catch that rogue of a horse. She won't be caught."  
Such was the report the hired man brought in to Mrs. Templar one fine May morning, when she had been planning a ride.  
"I suppose it cannot be helped, but I wanted her very much," she said as she turned away.  
"What is it you wanted, mother?" asked Jenny Templar, a bright, brown-haired girl of 12, who had just come into the room.  
"I meant to drive down to the village," said her mother. "But father is away for all the day, and the men have been trying nearly an hour to catch Fanny. One of the men says she can't be caught."  
"Maybe she can't be caught," said Jenny, with a merry laugh. "But get ready, mother, you shall go if you like. I'll catch Fanny, and harness her, too."  
She put on her wide straw hat and was off in a moment down the hill to the field where the horse was grazing. The moment Fanny heard the rustle of Jenny's dress she pricked up her ears, snorted and, with head erect, seemed ready to bound away again.  
"Fanny! Oh, Fanny!" called Jenny, and the beautiful creature turned her head. That gentle tone she well knew, and glad to see her friend, she came directly to the fence and rubbed her head on the girl's shoulder. As soon as the gate opened she followed Jenny to the barn.  
The men had treated her roughly and she remembered it. But she knew and loved the voice that was always so kind, and the hand that often fed her and caressed her. She gave love for love, and willingly served for kindness.

**Buttercups and Daisies.**  
By Winifred Shaughnessy, Aged 9 Years, St. Paul, Neb. Blue Side.  
Down in a field one day in June, the flowers all bloomed together, except one who tried to hide herself and droop that pleasant weather.  
A robin who had flown too high and felt a little lazy, was resting by a buttercup that wished to be a daisy.  
"The buttercup said to the robin, 'Don't you think you could get me a white frill to wear about my neck?'"  
The robin replied, "You foolish thing, I'd rather be my same old self than any made up daisy. God made you a buttercup and he wished you to be one or he would not have put you in that spot."  
"The buttercup always wear the same old dress while the daisies wear a pretty white frill and a dainty little yellow cap," insisted the discontented buttercup.

**Biddy's Treasure.**  
By Winifred Langdon, Gretna, Neb. Blue Side.  
Nobody knew it! Just Biddy, the old hen who belonged to Mrs. Oury. Everybody wondered why Biddy acted so peculiarly. She had been running to some place before the other chickens were done eating.  
Down amongst the sweet-smelling hay, where the warm rays of sun crept through the clumps of bushes, were found about thirteen eggs, all warm and in a cozy nest, made deep down, so no one would discover it. This was Biddy's treasure.  
Day after day, Biddy had been covering these treasures with her downy breast and spreading out her wings to cover them, lest the eyes of some human creature should see them. Biddy was soon rewarded with a very sweet hatch of white chicks. She was then the envied being of the Oury farmyard.

**Little Friends.**  
By Katherine Douglas, Aged 7 Years, 622 Chicago Street, Dundee, Blue Side.  
Once there was a little girl and a little boy who loved each other very much. The little girl had a friend named Martha and she went to see her every day and sometimes the little boy would go, too. One day their grandpa called Martha in to lunch and Martha said, "No, no, I am going to play with Helen and Charles." But Helen and Charles said, "Go into lunch and we will come some other day." I am a new little Busy Bee and would like to join the Blue Side.

**The Race.**  
By Ruby Heberlein, Aged 12 Years, Elliot, Ia. R. F. D. No. 2, Red Side.  
Last year, on the Fourth of July, we had many amusements. One of them was a greased pig race. The one that

beat was to get the pig. The ones that were going to run were to be on Main street. When it came 2 o'clock, about a dozen boys between the ages of 9 and 13 years were all lined up in a row, the pig was greased and ready to run. "One, two, three, go!" Down Main street ran pig, boys, and all. One boy named Earl Sandy ran by a stand. He rubbed his hands in the sand and then he caught the greased pig. He was very glad and when he got home he gave his pig a bath to get the grease off of him.

**A Pleasant Excursion.**  
By Geneva Johnson, Aged 19 Years, Wausau, Neb. Blue Side.  
Last Thursday, just before we went home, our teacher told us the next day we could go south for an excursion. The next day at recess we started. We walked until we came to a bridge. There we rested for a while. We soon started on and came to a stream. We did not go any further. We found a turtle. It was a very large one. Two boys, Frank and George, tried to get it out, but they couldn't. George was on the muddiest side and his feet sank down in the mud. Soop we were to go home. We all walked to the bridge. And then a man Mr. Palmer came in his automobile and asked if we wanted a ride. There were ten of us in the auto. I had a nice time that day.

**Our Trip.**  
By Winifred Langdon, Aged 11 Years, Gretna, Neb. Blue Side.  
Some time ago my father took us to Omaha. There was to be a big program in the Auditorium. We arrived very early and saw all the children marching in from many different academies and schools. Some were dressed in white and some in black.  
We went up the large steps and took a seat above all the rest. The children had drills and marches that were very nice. They sang some and the band played beautifully. When we were going to leave the band played "America." The people all stood and sang, too. It was very late when we went, but we stayed all day and enjoyed the trip thoroughly.

**New Busy Bee.**  
By Mildred Johnson, Aged 9 Years, Omaha. Blue Side.  
Dear Busy Bees: As I read the stories every Sunday, I have found out that they are very interesting. I am 9 years old and would like to join the Blue side. I am hoping my letter will escape Ma Waste Basket.

## Features of Gentry Brothers Dog and Pony Show



Pauline Palmer, mascot - and two baby ponies "Jerry"

Gentry Bros' shows, that part of the tented world that caters expressly to women and children, but yet is comprehensive enough to please all, is coming to Omaha today. These shows have often visited this city, but this is the first time that they have come for five days. Incidentally, it is the first time that any tented show has ever come for five show days and to change its home every night.  
On arrival here the shows will be unloaded and transported to the grounds at Twenty-fourth and Larimore avenue, where the manager will be open free to the public this (Sunday) afternoon. There will be two performances at this location Monday, the first taking place at 3 o'clock, and the second at 8 o'clock.  
After the night performance the nomadic city will fold its tents, and before daylight Tuesday it will be at home at Twentieth and Burdette streets, where two performances will be given that day. Wednesday the shows will be at Twenty-sixth and California streets, Thursday at Thirty-eighth and Dodge streets. Friday they will conclude their visit with two performances at Twenty-fourth and Cassell streets.  
The Gentry shows constitute the world's biggest exclusively trained animal exhibition. They had their inception with a troupe of trained dogs, and from that nucleus have grown to the present size. In the routine of trained creatures that take part in the performance, are dogs,

cats, pigs, ponies, sheep, goats, horses, and, as only one act is on at a time, monkeys, mules and elephants. Every morning while here there will be a street parade.