

# The Busy Bees

THE spring is here and now is the time of the year when gardens are made ready for the pretty flowers, which bloom later in the summer. I wonder how many Busy Bees have started their gardens this spring? If you have never had a garden you do not know just what fun it is to plant the little seeds and then watch them to see just what kind of plants they will grow to be. Not only is it nice to see the flowers grow, but it is a real joy to go out to your very own garden and pick up a bunch of radishes, lettuce and little green onions and bring them in and have them for supper. To be sure these gardens need a little care each day, for the weeds must be kept out as they will crowd out the plants which are there to grow. If there are any Busy Bees who started their gardens this summer it would be nice if they would write and tell just what they had planned, and how large their gardens are. A bunch of garden flowers are always nice to have in the home and these too can be raised with just a little care. Have any Busy Bees taken trips into the woods for violets? It is a little bit too early to look for them yet, but within a week or two these little friends will be showing their small blue faces from out of their winter hiding places.

The Busy Bees have a few more days to send in their votes for their new king and queen.

about their good luck and what they had found.

A few minutes later the two men went back towards the direction from which they came from.

Edna had by this time made up her mind to go back home, so she started towards the lake, but when she got there her boat was gone. The two men had taken it, and they were now out of sight. Of course, there was nothing to be done, and Edna had to stay over night out there.

The next day the whole town was in search for Edna, and the parents had hunted all night for her. In the afternoon she saw a boat coming, sailing towards the lake, and to the great relief of Edna, it was her parents.

They quickly took her home, for she was nearly starved to death. Ever after that, Edna would only be glad to wash the dishes every night without thinking of running away.

## AN OMAHA BUSY BEE WHO LIKES THE PAGE.



BERNARD ATKIN.

of the children on their walk. They had each taken a little lunch along, which had been arranged and bought on the way.

They came to a shady lane and it was there they ate their lunch. After a little while they went back home. It was early in the afternoon when Edna's mother was much alarmed to see her so early; she thought her little daughter was sick.

"Well," began Mrs. White, "why are you home so early?"

"Ain't school out yet?" asked Mildred, beginning to tremble.

"It's only half past three, how did you get here so early?"

Mildred was so frightened that she began to cry. She then told her mother what she and her schoolmates had done. Her mother took her in her room, put her to bed and there she slept until morning.

In the morning, Mrs. White took Mildred to school. She had to go and tell the professor all about it, but never to this day did she play hooky again.

**Snow White**  
By Walter Paul Patten, Aged 12 Years, 655 South Thirty-fourth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Once there was a little girl and her name was Snow White. One day she went in the woods and she got lost and she ran and ran. At last she came to a little house and she stayed there. When the dwarfs came home they found her in the bed asleep. They did not wake her up, and the next morning they told her that if she would stay with them they would give her anything that she would like to have.

**John's Kindness**  
By Marie Neville, Aged 11 Years, 3723 Jones Street, Omaha.

John was walking to the store one day when he saw a boy going through a tunnel out west. The boy was driving the horse as hard as he could. John went up to him and said, "Do you not see it is dark in here and the horse cannot see where to go? Let him go slowly and

then when you get through you can whip him if necessary."

The boy looked at John strangely. At last John said, "I don't see any need in whipping a horse, anyway."

"Well, I do," replied the impudent boy. So he went on doing it through the tunnel. As they were riding through the boy felt two or three hard bumps, but thought nothing of it.

When they got out of the tunnel the boy saw the horse was badly bruised. John then said, "Look at your horse."

The boy said, "I don't care."

"Well," said John, "may I have the horse?"

"Yes," said the boy. John took the horse and treated it with kindness and care. They won many prizes in horse races and different things John said it paid very well to be kind.

**New Busy Bee.**  
I want to join the Busy Bees.  
Gladys Eakleton, Aged 11 Years, Decatur, Neb. April 16, 1913.

I will send you a story.  
Once upon a time there was a dog and he found a piece of meat. He was crossing a bridge on his way home and he saw in the water another dog with a piece of meat. He wanted it and grabbed for it and lost his meat by being greedy.

**Our Kitchen Party.**  
By Mary Davis, Aged 11 Years, Gibbon, Neb., Red Side.

Last Wednesday evening Eva Sprague, Helen Miller, Bernice Ashburn, Eola Embler and Miss Amick (my school teacher) came over to my house after school.

They put on their aprons and started to work. Carrie Lamps, our hired girl, helped us and we got supper which was composed of deviled eggs, fruit salad, scalloped potatoes, tea, minced ham, biscuits and honey and for dessert we had sliced pineapples and cake, and lots of other things.

After we got through cooking Miss Amick took a flash light of us. Then we went to the parlor and played the piano and sang. Then Carrie called us and said supper was ready and we went into the dining room and ate our supper. After supper we went upstairs in my room and had a special meeting of E. S. B. (our club).

Then they went downstairs and washed and wiped the dishes. When we got through with them we had some candy and then they went home.

It was wet and snowy the next day and Eola didn't come to school. We teased her and said she had eaten too much and had gotten sick and had to stay at home.

**A Penny.**  
By Lester Anderson, Aged 5 Years, 655 South Thirty-fourth Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Once I was a penny and I belonged to an old lady. Then the old lady gave me to her sweet little girl. I always liked to be in her hands, because she was so gentle. One day she gave me to a storekeeper for a stick of candy.

In the afternoon a traveling man came in and bought a pipe. The traveling man wanted to change some big money. I was a piece of small change.

Then he happened to drop me into his suitcase. One day he got on a train and I had not been taken out of the suitcase yet. Then when the train started to go I started to jump up and down. Just when I started to go down about the second time I happened to drop in his pocket.

One day as he was putting a shirt on that I was in I dropped out. A few days after a little girl found me, and as she was playing in the yard she happened to lose me in a street gutter and I was never owned again, and that was the end of my life.

**PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.**  
Barber—Well, young man, how would you like to have your hair cut?  
Young Man—Oh, like papa's, with a hole on the top.  
"You must not eat any more tonight,"

# Their Own Page

## Little Folks Birthday Book



SUNDAY, APRIL 27. "This is the day we celebrate."

Year.	Name and Address.	School.
1900.	Willie Armbrust, 1909 Ontario St.	Vinton
1903.	Annie Blackstone, 2428 Erskine St.	Lake
1900.	Emily Brizzi, 2928 South 20th St.	Vinton
1905.	George Edgar Bruner, 2722 Fort Omaha.	Miller Park
1902.	Wallace Carlson, 2881 Burt St.	Webster
1898.	Helen Margaret Crawford, 2110 Lake St.	Howard Kennedy
1903.	George Eskin, 2020 Lake St.	Lake
1901.	Paul Graff, 917 North 25th Ave.	Kellom
1901.	Eita Grossman, 1417 North 17th St.	Kellom
1903.	John Halgren, 2003 Atwood Ave.	Vinton
1905.	Harold Herriek, 530 South 26th Ave.	Farnam
1898.	Joseph Howard, 717 South 31st St.	Farnam
1900.	Fred V. Irving, 2106 North 27th St.	Long
1898.	Samuel Israel, 1826 North 27th St.	Kellom
1899.	Andrew Jacobsen, 816 South 51st St.	Beals
1900.	Theron Jefferson, 2202 North 27th St.	Long
1901.	Arvid Gustave Johnson, 132 North 37th St.	Saunders
1900.	Gardner Kirk, 1451 Phelps St.	Edward Rosewater
1901.	Goldie G. Lovelady, 4215 Grand Ave.	Central Park
1901.	Sylvia L. Lovelady, 4215 Grand Ave.	Central Park
1903.	Beatrice Lynch, 2429 Decatur St.	Long
1902.	John McCloughan, 3611 Jones St.	Columbian
1899.	Edith Murphy, 1118 Frederick St.	Bancroft
1902.	Niels Norre, 4510 Cuming St.	Walnut Hill
1900.	Theresia Nybbelin, 3124 Lindsay Ave.	Howard Kennedy
1899.	Thomas Oakes, 2202 Douglas St.	Central Park
1902.	Lester Pentel, 1913 South 29th St.	Dupont
1905.	Trimbler Porter, 2122 North 28th Ave.	Long
1906.	Edith Sadler, 2616 Lafayette Ave.	Franklin
1906.	Florence Seward, 2250 North 19th St.	Lake
1906.	Mary C. Smith, 4002 North 26th St.	Druid Hill
1899.	Edith Webers, 2214 North 26th St.	Long
1900.	Irene La Vern Winter, 3343 Boyd St.	Monmouth Park

Willie," said his mother, "Don't you know you can't sleep on a full stomach?"

"That's all right, mamma," replied the youngster. "I can sleep on my back."

Little Margie was very fond of pancakes. One morning she was told that she could not have any, as there was no sour milk in the house.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed. "I wish we could keep two cows—a sour one and a sweet one."

Little Mary was on a visit to her grandpa. On Sunday he took her with him to church. While they were up in the gallery she whispered to him, "Oh grandpa, look up. There's auntie sitting on a shelf."

Hilda (aged five)—I saw an old woman today, mother, with a false nose. Mother—How do you know it was false, dear?

Hilda—It didn't show any signs of wear.

A bright little girl, aged 4, and her brother, aged 6, were spending the night with their aunt. When bedtime came the aunt asked them how they said their prayers. The little boy answered: "Sometimes I say them to Muddie's knees and sometimes to the side of the bed." "And how about you, little girl," asked the aunt. "I don't need to say any, I sleep with daddy."

"Say, mother," asked Edgar, "when I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?" "Yes, my boy," answered the mother, "but if you want to be a man you must be very industrious at school, and learn how to behave yourself. You must not be lazy."

"Way, mother!" asked the little boy. "Do the lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

Teacher—Now, Tommy, what change takes place when water freezes? Small Tommy—A change in price.

"Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "what is dust?" "Dust," replied the little fellow, "is mud with the juice squeezed out."

"Pa, was Job a doctor?" "Not that I know of."

"Then why do people have so much to say about the patients of Job?"

## DEEP CRACKS COVERED HANDS

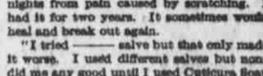
And Itching Sores. Started with Pimples. Dressed to Put Hand in Water. Scratched Until Blood Came. Cured in a Month by Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

R. F. D. No. 8, No. Crystal Lake, Ill.—"I had a most painful itching right hand from the thumb to the wrist. It was covered with deep cracks and itching sores. It started with small white pimples that itched terribly and when I scratched them would open and a water-like stuff would come out. Scabs would form to my annoyance, and they would then come off and leave the hand red and very sore. I dressed to put my hand in water as it would hurt awfully. I sometimes would scratch until blood came and then the burning pain was enough to set a person crazy. I was ashamed to let anybody see my hand for it looked awfully. How I suffered none can imagine. I would wake up nights from pain caused by scratching. I had it for two years. It sometimes would heal and break out again."

"I tried—saw a doctor but that only made it worse. I used different salves but none did me any good until I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Now I have no more trouble and there is not a scar to be seen. In a month my hand was cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Theo. Fruburger, May 26, 1912.

Cuticura Soap 25c and Cuticura Ointment 50c, are sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 22-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

42 Tender-faced man should use Cuticura. Sample free.



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## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)  
**The Teacher's Choice.**

By James Wengert, Blue Side, Mapleton, Ia.

"I don't see why teacher chose Ruth Moore to play the piano for our drills, you?"

"No," Kitty shook her head thoughtfully. "I can't see why she did," she said, puckering her forehead. Ruth don't play nearly so well as Mae Smith or Nell Allen.

"Well, of course, they are a good deal older than she is," said Grace hurriedly. "You wouldn't expect her to play so well." "No," agreed Kitty. "Ruth keeps good time but she does not know nearly so many pretty pieces as the other girls. Mae plays a good many beautiful marches."

"Yes, I know," said Grace, "but I can't see why teacher chose Ruth to play the piano. Then there is little Caroline Peck to lead the drill. I think Mae Smith should have played the piano and Nell Allen lead the drills," said Kitty. But here the conversation broke up and the little girls went to their homes.

About three weeks later when the classes were studying their lessons quietly, Nell Allen raised her head from her book and gave a prolonged sniff. At the sound all the children raised their heads and soon sniffs were heard all over the room. Soon the teacher raised her head and went to the door, a puff of smoke greeted the opening, she closed it quickly and went back to her pupils. She raised her pencil for the drill and Ruth came quickly and started out on the march. The children arose and started towards the door. As little Caroline Peck passed through the door the teacher leaned over and whispered to her, "Are you afraid Caroline?" "No, ma'am," said Caroline quietly. Just then the children from the lower hall were heard rushing out doors.

There was too much for some of the children and half a dozen of them, led by Mae Smith and Nell Allen, broke out of line and started running down stairs. "Mae, Nell, stop where you are," called the teacher catching hold of Nell. "I won't! I won't!" screamed Nell, and twisting herself free, she rushed down stairs followed by Mae and a few others. Just then Ruth started "Tramp! Tramp!" and the remaining children fell into line and led by Caroline they marched down stairs and out of the building singing lustily. As the last children filed out of the room the teacher turned. She could scarcely see Ruth because of the smoke. "Come, dearie," she called. Ruth played the last of the strain then came quickly across the room. The teacher took her hand and they hurried after the others. When they came out of the building Ruth saw Caroline standing alone and she hurried across the lawn and started home with her. As they neared the pavement a gentle arm stole around them and the teacher said, kissing first one and then the other. "I knew you were brave enough to do it."

P. E.—Try very hard to beat the Reds.

(Second Prize.)  
**The Violets.**

By Bernard Aiken, Aged 9 Years, 2108 South Ninth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Once upon a time there were some violets, but they were asleep in the dark earth. The sun told the violets that May day was coming soon and the children wanted all the flowers they could get. He also said that he would send his warm rays down on them to help them grow.

The rain said it would help them by watering them. So the violets thought, "We will grow."

The sun warmed them and the rain watered them. Many violets came up and with them came green leaves.

By and by children came. One of them saw the violets and said, "These are just what I wanted." The children gathered many flowers and took them home. They had pretty baskets and they filled them with flowers. That night after supper they put the baskets at different doors, rang the door bells, and ran to the door. The violets were put at little girl's door. She kept them as long as she could, but they soon withered and died. The violets were satisfied, for they had done their duty.

P. E.—I am a new Busy Bee and I want to join the Red Side.

(Honorable Mention.)  
**A Passion Flower.**

By Verma Clark, Aged 10 Years, Genoa, Neb.

I am a flower of the genus Passiflora. I am pure and very white. A cross can be seen in me if I am looked at closely. Many girls and boys love me. One day when I was in a beautiful garden beside the rose a small child came past. Lingered at the gate, she looked to see if any one saw her, and with her rosy hand covered with dimples she picked me and also my friend, a white rose. Home she went and put me in a glass of fresh water. The house was old and one morning wind could have shaken it down. One two, three days went past. No one gave me fresh water. Four days had gone. I had fresh water then and on the seventh day I was taken to a large white house. It was a church. A large man prayed and sang. On the way home I withered, petal by petal fell, then my stem, but my heart was kept safe in a book, the holy Bible, and there I lie still and I may lie forever.

**Fourth of July.**  
By Annie Kahnik, Aged 10 Years, Ken-

It was a week before the Fourth and Ralph and Arthur, who were friends, were talking about what they were going to do the Fourth. Ralph said, "I have a dollar; I am going to get some firecrackers, ice cream and lemonade, and if I

## Robert's Story.

By Alice Mahoney, 4100 Chicago Street, Omaha.

"Mother," said Robert, "I want to tell you a story about a little boy."

"I would be glad to hear it," said his mother.

"His name is Robert, the same as mine, but it only happens to be the same. Of course, this story is about another boy."

"Certainly," said his mother.

"Well, once this boy was afraid to go upstairs alone in the dark. That's like me," said Robert.

"His mother said, 'My boy, if you go upstairs in the dark three times I will give you a reward.'"

"How interesting," said his mother. "Did he do it?"

"Yes," said Robert; "at least he's been up twice already. His mother said she would surely give him a reward of some kind."

"How many times have you been upstairs alone?" said Robert's mother.

"Twice," said Robert.

"I will make the story come true and give you a reward. I will take you down now and you can choose any new toy that you want."

"Oh, joy!" replied Robert. "I am so glad I told you the story."

After Robert had been upstairs alone three times he was never afraid to go again.

**The Blue Bird.**  
By Florence Fursell, Aged 10 Years, 2504 Webster Avenue, Omaha.

Once there was a bird and it was named Blue Bird and was so happy it would sing a nice song and went flying away. The bird saw a mall box and put some straw in it, and it laid some eggs. How many eggs do you think it laid? It laid two eggs. And I looked in it and there were two eggs and the bird was gone. Someone got up there and broke one egg and there was one left. And the bird never left any more.

**The Day Mildred Played Hooky.**  
By Alta Dickover, Aged 12 Years, Atkinson, Neb.

Mildred was a little girl of about 10 years old. She had been going to school very regularly all through the winter, but now when spring was here and it was getting so warm, she began to dislike going to school.

One bright, warm afternoon, a few days of the pupils suggested she play hooky with them that afternoon and go for a nice walk. This sounded very fine to Mildred. All morning she was thinking about the fun they would have.

In the afternoon she was with the rest can play on the harp and even on the organ. Is this true?"

With her illuminating smile the answer came. "If I can play on an organ, it must be a hand organ."

"Is your sense of touch abnormally keen?" was another question.

"It is the same as yours, but it has been developed more thoroughly."

"How about the sense of taste?"

With another laugh came the answer, "I like good things to eat."

Someone asked, "Do you practice mental healing?" There was here a moment's confusion between the words "feeling" and "healing," but when "healing" was finally understood the reply came like a flash:

"I'm no doctor!"

The joy of hearing this part of Miss Keller's talk was that it gave one the sense of listening to a bright, happy, normal girl, who loved her friends, her home, her work in life and her books. As to her books, one question brought out her interest in current literature.

The Spectator began by saying that the climax of Helen Keller's address was in the words cited in the first of these paragraphs. But on reflection he thinks that the real climax of the occasion was when a hearer asked, "Do you know when we applaud?" Pupil and teacher came to the footlights, where there was no floor covering to interfere with the vibrations, and Miss Keller's face assumed an intent expression while the theater rang with applause for the heroic girl who had struggled to light through darkness and who had voiced a message of love and inspiration to everyone present.

"Yes, I know you are applauding; I feel it," were the words that told that her friends had communicated in return their love and sympathy to the imprisoned soul that had escaped its bonds and was free.

## Soul Escaped Its Bonds

"I was deaf, and I hear; I was blind, and I see; I was dumb, and I speak."

The words were the oratorical climax in one of the most remarkable addresses that an American or any other audience has ever been privileged to hear. They were spoken by Miss Helen Keller in her first address before a New York City audience, in the Forty-eighth Street theater, Sunday night, March 23. Some of the speaker's previous words had not been easily understood by her hearers, though their attention was almost painfully alert to catch every syllable that fell from the speaker's lips; but these words rang out with a clearness that made them understood by the remotest listener. There was an unmistakable note of triumph in them; and the realization of the years of patient struggle that their utterance had cost brought tears to many eyes.

It was in the answering of questions, however, at the conclusion of the address, that the most dramatic incidents of the evening occurred. Miss Keller, removing one of her gloves, placed the fingers of her right hand on her throat, the face—the little finger on the throat, the other fingers on the lips, and the thumb on the side of the nose.

In thus interpreting speech, Mrs. Macy explained, her pupil had a slight advantage over the seeing deaf who interpret speech by lip reading—which, she said, "is to a considerable extent guesswork."

For the lip reader cannot get the guttural sounds or the nasal tones," as Miss Keller can by the touch method. The questions asked by the audience were repeated by the teacher, and almost instantly grasped by her pupil, who answered them, facing the audience, with quick wit and with an engaging smile that fairly lit up her face as a humorous fancy passed through her brain.

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