

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

BEES who are proverbial early birds are already poring over catalogues from the seed houses and trying to decide from the pretty pictures of flowers and fresh-looking vegetables which they will choose for their gardens this spring.

How many of the Busy Bees are going to have gardens? I am sure it will be a large number and that the boys and girls will all write to this page and tell of their success.

Garden clubs are excellent for encouraging interest in gardening, than which there can be no more pleasurable and beneficial occupation. Get the boys and girls of your neighborhood together to join with you in forming a garden club; plot out your own ground early, or, if you can't have it in your own yard, see if there isn't a convenient vacant lot somewhere near.

Before we know it the warm days of spring will be upon us and you will be ready to dig right in and make your garden.

This week Elizabeth Kearnes of the Blue Side wins the prize book, Emily Waters and Ella Doffer, both of the Red Side, are awarded honorable mention.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Antics of Squirrel.

By Elizabeth Kearnes, Aged 10 Years, Blue Side. I must tell you of a darling little squirrel that comes in our apple tree about everyday. To begin with we call this little squirrel "Chatter." On this particular day of which I am to tell the story, papa called us to the dining room window, where we could get a good view of our apple tree in which our little friend, "Chatter," was hanging by some nuts in the crotch of the tree, where we always put them for him. He could not find any because papa had forgotten to put any there for him. He would scratch around to see if they were under the hay, then he would look up as if to say, "Well, why didn't they leave my nuts here?"

Papa got some Brazil nuts and when he was going to put them in the crotch, "Chatter" jumped on top of our porch roof. When papa came in Dandy, our dog, barked loudly and we had to call him in. Down jumped Chatter on one of the limbs so he could see if Dandy was near. He must have known that papa put nuts in his little nest, as my little brother calls it. He took a nut and went on to top limb of the tree to crack it. How cute he looked! Every once in a while he would look up and rub his little stomach, then go on cracking. But to his disappointment the nut was a bad one. We had to laugh when little "Chatter" took it in his little paw and threw it down. He looked at the window where we were sitting and ran for a block with his prize. He got it safely inside of his nest. We looked for him back, but he did not come. Every once in a while our little friend, "Chatter," comes to get his nuts.

Summer Vacation.

By Emily Waters, Aged 8 Years, Broken Bow, Neb. Last summer papa and mamma took my brother, sister and I to Black Hills, S. D., for a three weeks' vacation. The first day we got there we went to Wind Cave. On our way we saw a herd of antelope and buffalo. We stopped and looked at them. The cave was very interesting to see. It was three miles and a half underground.

There were so many steps to go up and down we could scarcely walk for a day or two. Every day papa, brother, sister and I went to the plunges. We children learned to swim and thought it great fun. We took an auto ride to Cascade and to the falls. After we had spent a week in Hot Springs we went on the train to Deadwood, then up Spearfish canyon. The scenery is beautiful in this canyon. We were so high up on the mountain we could look down and see two railroad tracks and Spearfish river below. Then in a few minutes we were in the canyon and could look up and see the two tracks we had passed over. We went to Lead, and one old gentleman, who was a guide, took us to the mines. We saw the men with loads of ore and hot iron. Then we went back to Hot Springs and spent the rest of our vacation. I hope we can go next summer.

The Wonderful Grackle.

By Ella Doffer, Aged 10 Years, Milford, Neb., Red Side. I am a new Busy Bee, I will enjoy the Busy Bee page. I will tell you about a caterpillar. Last summer there lived a caterpillar in my grapevine. He fed upon the green leaves and ate so many that I wondered if there would be any more left. One day after a very large dinner the caterpillar began to spin. I saw a strong silk thread that seemed to come from his mouth, and it was fastened to the grapevine. Then a strange thing happened. He moved his head to and fro and twisted it around and around until he was wrapped in a beautiful soft silk blanket which he had made for himself. Soon there was no caterpillar to be seen, nothing but this curious silken cradle. Then he lay tied close to the grapevine all fall. Thanksgiving came, then came the cold, cold winter. At last the cold days died away and the warm days came. In May the little sleeper awoke. I watched to see him come out, but what do you think I saw? A beautiful butterfly! Oh, it was so glad to get out into the fresh air.

Takes Trip with Mother.

Louis Griffin, St. Paul, Neb., Age 15, Blue Side. I am going to tell you about my trip to St. Joseph, Mo. My mother and I started on Sunday and went as far as Grand Island on Sunday night on the motor. We stayed all night at my Aunt Myra's in Grand Island and started on for St. Joseph on Monday morning at 10 o'clock. We saw many strange sights on our way. We went through Aurora, York, Seward, Lincoln, Rock, Adams, Tecumseh, Humboldt, Dawson, Salem and Falls City. There we followed the Missouri river up to St. Joseph. My grandparents were at the train to meet us. We went up to their house on a street car. It was 6 o'clock when we got to St. Joseph. When we got up to grandma's we had supper and then went to bed. We went downtown the next day and, as it was Christmas time, there were many different toys in the shops. We stayed in St. Joseph about two weeks and then at about 12 o'clock one day

ONE OF THE BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEES.



Paul Hoff, 7 years.

We started home again, and we went the same route as before. We reached Grand Island about 9 o'clock at night. My Uncle Jim was at the train to meet us and he took us up to Aunt Myra's house, and then he went on home. When we got to Aunt Myra's house she was sick in bed. The next morning we left for St. Paul and papa was the train for me to meet us. I got pretty cold going home, for we live about five miles from town.

Pony Saves the Day.

By Vance Willard, Aged 8 Years, 1215 West First Street, Grand Island, Neb., Red Side. Once upon a time there was a little girl named Jane. Jane said she would just love to have a horse, and her mother said if she would be a good girl and help her, she would get her a horse. When her father came home that night she told him, and he said that would be all right, and so the little girl was good and helped her mother for about a month. That was a long time for her and she never cried once in six months.

One day her father came home and said to Jane: "Come out of doors and see what I have brought you." What do you think she found—a dear little pony. It was black, with a white spot in the middle of his forehead. Jane was so tickled she jumped up and down, and she took it out in the barn and gave it something to eat. Her father got her a saddle and cart, and she taught it some tricks. One day her father came home looking very sad. Jane saw her father talking to her mother. Pretty soon she heard her mother crying. She went and asked what was the matter. Her mother said: "Your father has lost all his money and I think we will have to sell the pony." But Jane loved her pony and she hated to lose it. She went out and patted the pony and said: "Dear little pony, I hate to sell you, but I have to, because we have no money." Then she had an idea. "My pony can do lots of tricks and maybe I can have a show."

So she took her pony and goes to a show and asked the man that had the show if she could not be in the show. The man said "Yes," and the little girl went home and told her mother about it and her mother said she could not make any money. Jane said, "Give me one week to try," and so her mother said all right. The next day Jane took her pony and went to the show and she came home with \$5. The people were so pleased with the little girl and her pony that the showman told Jane that if she would come the next day he would give her \$20, and so she went home feeling very happy, and she went the next day and got \$30, and the next day she got \$50. Pretty soon she made enough so they could live happy ever after.

Cowboys and Indians.

By Clarence McLaughlin, Aged 12 Years, 2215 Seward Street, Blue Side. One day the children near our house started to play what we call "cowboy and Indian." So I thought I would play, too. We choose the cowboys first, and as I was one of the biggest boys I was made an Indian. We Indians were supposed to retreat when we heard the cowboys coming, but we should go and hide before they came. We Indians now moved into a large patch of weeds on a lot near our house. We were soon told that the cowboys were coming by the cracking of the seeds. The rest of the Indians began to run, but I ran and hid. I looked around as if to see if I was in a good hiding place, when three large cowboys came and made me captive. I was bound

to a tree, and the cowboys went after the rest of the Indians. They sent one back, however, to catch me. He also started a fire and roasted some potatoes for the rest of the cowboys. Finally I was let loose and joined the rest of the Indians. I went home about 8 o'clock P. M. This is a true story.

Letter from Former Queen.

By Alice Evira Crandell, Aged 12 Years, Hamilton, Neb., Blue Side. I am sorry that I have not written to this page of late, but I have been very busy. My letter this time will be mostly about birds, for I have noticed that many of the Busy Bees belong to the "Liberty Bell Bird Club," of which I have been a member now for a year.

Not many Sundays ago two other girls and I drove out to a farm about two and one-half miles from town, where two old people lived, the grandparents of one of the girls.

It was very pleasant sitting in the warm parlor, with snow falling outside, while we looked at the crocheting grand-mother had made and the pretty crazy quilt, that is, a quilt made of many different kinds of goods, that she was making.

There were many pictures to look at, also. Grandfather called from the dining room, where he sat looking out of the window, and told us to look outside.

There was a beautiful female cardinal eating case seed, wheat and oats from a tin placed on a post.

Its feathers were a pinish gray, it had a little black face and a kind of stocking cap on its head.

When it flew away the male bird came. He was of a bright red color, with a black face and blue stocking cap.

Grandfather said that they stayed on the place for three years and that he did not grain out for them to eat.

Another girl and I have already put up three bird houses and are having two more made.

The other girl lives on a ranch not far from town and we put them up near her home. In the place where we put our bird houses it is just like a bird sanctuary and contains many trees and shrubs.

Last year there were many birds in this place, including doves, wrens, robins and brown thrushes. Brown thrushes usually choose a place in which to build their nest where it is hard for persons to get at.

Last year a brown thrush built its nest in a hedge tree. A hedge tree is not very pleasant to climb, for it has thorns all over it. But I succeeded in climbing up so that I could reach my hand into the nest, which contained five eggs. Then I carefully took out one and climbed down again.

The other girl who was with me

Stories of Nebraska History

By A. E. Sheldon

(By special permission of the author, The Bee will publish chapters from the History of Nebraska, by A. E. Sheldon, from week to week.)

Lost in the Sand Hills

The great Sand Hills section of western Nebraska is in the shape of an open fan. The handle of the fan is in Hayes and Dundy counties near the southwest corner of the state, the broad wings of the fan extend into parts of Cherry, Sheridan, Holt, Rock, Antelope and Pierce counties, reaching the northern border of the state. The center of this sand hills fan is in southern Cherry and Thomas counties. Here extend for many miles in every direction great billows of sandy soil, until closely studied all of the landscapes look alike, for each sand hill seems like each other sand hill, and the little vales which lie between are all sisters of the same age.

The sand drifts and slides about with each gust of wind. There are no great landmarks to serve as guides. It is only climbs to the top of the highest hill in sight, everywhere is a confused medley of hills and hollows extending as far as the eye can see. It is as though in an ocean tossed by a great storm the waves suddenly had been changed to sand.

In the early years of exploration and settlement the sand hills were regarded as a dangerous region. Many stories are told of hunters and explorers who were lost among these hills. In more than one place human skeletons have been found, but the story of a long struggle with hunger and thirst in these treacherous wilds.

One of the most thrilling incidents of frontier days occurred in the sand hills of Thomas county in 1891. In March of that year a German family named Haumann settled near Theford. There were nine or ten children in the family. The eldest girl, Hannah, went to work for Mr. Gilson, a neighbor, who lived about a mile and a half away.

Custom is to come home on Sunday and spend a happy day with her brothers and sisters. On Sunday, May 19, she did not come home as usual, because Mr. Gilson was away and Mrs. Gilson wished Hannah to stay with her for company. This made the other children unhappy, and Tillie and Retta coaxed their mother to get them to go over to the Gilson home to visit their sister. Tillie was 4 years old and Retta was 3. Their dinner was laid out for them and they were to stay an hour and then come straight home. They reached Mr. Gilson's safely and about 4 o'clock started, hand in hand, to return home. At this season the sand hills are beautiful with grasses and wild flowers, and the two children left their path and ran eagerly to gather those nearby. They saw other children and heard a low rumbling sound, but rather than until the path was lost and the great sea of sand hills stretched before them wave upon wave. Lost upon this sea, they wandered on.

Night came and brought no children to the Haumann home. At daybreak the next morning the neighbors were searching the hills. Word had been sent to Theford and from there to the surrounding country. Although it was the busy season of the year, men left their fields and herds and tramped or rode over the hills and hollows looking everywhere for the two little girls. Monday afternoon just before sundown they found their trail. That night Mr. Stacey and a party of searchers camped on the trail. As soon as it was light they followed the children's tracks, sometimes rapidly, often more slowly and not infrequently upon their hands and knees. The story of the children's wandering and weariness was written in the prints made on the sand and grass along the way. Here Tillie had carried Retta—here they had

YOUNG ASTOR RUNS OWN AUTOMOBILE AND FURNISHES THE POWER—This picture shows John Jacob Astor, son of the late Colonel John Jacob Astor, who perished on the Titanic, taking some of his little friends for a ride in his one Astor-power touring car at Aiken, S. C. He may be identified by his white hat. The others in the joy ride are William Post, Marjorie Conant and Gifford Cochran, jr., all of New York.



JOHN JACOB ASTOR GIVING FRIENDS RIDE IN AUTOMOBILE. SOUTH CAROLINA.

wrapped the egg in her handkerchief and carried it to her home, where she had an incubator. We put the bird's egg among the numerous hens' eggs and in a few days it hatched. After it was dry we wrapped it up and carried it back to the nest. The other little birds were hatched, but were not yet dry. We were not sure whether this was against the bird club rules, but as the birds were let the matter drop.

I would like to tell more, but as my letter is already very long I will close, telling you that we have a new chart at school containing the different kinds of

birds, animals, bugs and plants in North America, which we study on Friday afternoons. It is not only interesting, but instructive.

I am glad so many of the children have joined the "Liberty Bell Bird Club," for I am sure we will not regret the little services we do towards our feathered friends.

All I Have to Give.

By Della Hawes, Aged 13 Years, David City, Neb., Blue Side.

There was once a poor family, Mary's mother had to take washings in for a living. Her father was dead and she was the only child in the family. She was a kind child and would do many things for people to make them happy. Their neighbors were the Jones family. They had a child about the size of Louise. The little Jones girl was named Luella. She was going to have a party. She, of course, invited Louise. Louise was as glad she could hardly wait until the party. The day came at last. Louise and Luella had to take washings in for a living. She rang the bell and the maid came to the door and let her in. The maid took her hat and took her in where Luella and her friends were. Luella took the present and opened it and found it was a postal card. Louise said it was all she had to give. Luella thanked her for it and said no more. At last it was time for lunch. They sat around at the table and ate their lunch and then went home. It was raining and Luella's mother called cabs to take the children home. But there was one child they forgot, and that was Louise, but Luella did not say one word. She got her hat, took off her slippers and stockings and went home through the rain.

Death of "Prince."

By Rosie Postar, Aged 12 Years, Highland, Neb., R. F. D. No. 1, Box 10, Blue Side.

I am going to tell you about an old Scotch Collie dog. His name was Prince. He at one time lived on a stock farm. His work was to take the cows to and from the pasture. He was always faithful and never missed a single cow from the large herd. Some years later the master moved to the city, taking Prince with him. Prince seemed satisfied and happy. But as he grew older he became very cross and people were afraid to go near him. He had to be kept chained and safely guarded. His master told he could not part with him, for he had always served him so faithfully, but something had to be done. One morning after their breakfast he told his son he would shoot him, but the 10-year-old son begged his father not to. His father saw how sorry he was and told him he would let the dog live. Some days later the son went out to look at the dog. Just as soon as he came near the dog he saw that it was dead. He was very sorry and went to tell his mother and father. That was the last of Prince.

St. Joseph.

By Roberta Archibald, Aged 3 Years, O'Neil, Neb.

The feast of St. Joseph is celebrated on the 19th of March. He was the foster-father of Jesus Christ and the spouse of the Blessed Virgin. He was a plumb-carpenter. The Son of God obeyed him in all things, in order to teach children how to obey their parents. St. Joseph never was refused when he came in favor from our Lord. Therefore, if he asks anything in heaven for us, our Lord will surely grant it. I hope Mr. Wastebasket is not at home. Hoping to win a prize, I will close.

A Bird's Nest.

By Violet Loscke, Aged 7, Columbus, Neb., Blue Side.

We have an old nest in our cherry tree. Last summer two little birds came to live in it. They had four little ones. Once we saw one of the little birds stick its head out of the nest, and its mother gave him a worm to eat. We often sat outdoors and watched the birds this winter. We saw some other birds clean out the nest. I think they wanted to make a home for use in the spring. They were brown birds. This story is true.

Fate of a Rabbit.

By Mercedes Golligors, Aged 9 Years, Fremont, Neb., Blue Side.

One day last week as my brother was coming home from school he met my uncle on a load of hay. He had his dog with him. The dog saw a little rabbit and he ran into the corn field after it

and chased it a little while, and then he caught it.

My brother saw the rabbit, too, so he went into the corn field and took it away from the dog. My uncle told him to take it home and have my mamma fry it for supper, but when I saw it I felt sorry for it and I told him not to kill it, but keep it and feed it. We fed it, but it

would not eat. We had it for a day and the next night we let it go. For we thought it would die. You next morning I went out to see if it were still there, but it was gone. We said we were glad because it had come, for it would have died anyway.

A few days after my cousin found it. I was sure it still ate the Blue Side, as that is my favorite color.

A Summer Shower.

By Josephine Fynderich, Aged 12 Years, Plainview, Neb.

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"None under quick," grasshopper chirped; "See the heavy clouds, they're all in a hurry."

"Come here," said the rose; "To be and spider; Ant, here is a place; Fly at beside her."

"Rest, butterfly; Here in the bushes; Chased by the robin; While the rain comes."

"Why there is the sun, And the birds are singing; Goodbye, dear leaves; We'll all be winning."

"Here," said the rosin; "The wind is calling; Come in again; When the rain is falling."

Complexion Beyond Compare and the Secret

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