

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

THE numerous war extras and discussion of war topics everywhere has its effect even upon the little boys and girls. The other day, a great quantity of sand had been dumped on the boulevard, preparatory to some paving work of some kind. All the children in the neighborhood had congregated about the sand pile, and, oh! what a lot of fun they were having! A sham battle was being fought on the sand pile. The top, from which a flag floated, constituted the redoubt and many attacks were made upon it. Repeated assaults were made upon the mountainous walls almost to the summit of the fortified city, but, of course, the soldiers sank into the sand and were unable to continue the attack.

I forgot to mention that the cavalry was mounted on broomsticks and the body of soldiers was armed with toy pistols.

Another group of children were having just as great a time, not in destructive, but constructive work—they were building a city. They made roads and piled up mounds to represent buildings, with here and there a stick to represent a person and toy trains and other vehicles to represent street cars and other traffic.

This week first prize was awarded to Lucille Bliss of the Red side; second prize to Miriam Wesner of the Blue side, and honorable mention to Catherine Daugherty of the Blue side.

ONE OF THE BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEES.



Georgia Street

some orange and lemon trees and nearly all kinds of fruit, but just one banana tree in a park.

We went in bathing in the ocean almost every day.

One day we went out to the ostrich farm and we saw little baby ones and the eggs. The eggs are about five times as big as turkey eggs. The old ostriches are not very pretty.

We saw lots of flowers and will not try to tell about them all.

I would like to join the Blue Side, and I hope to see my letter in print.

Bright Eyes.

By Catherine Daugherty, Aged 13 Years, 283 1/2 Street, Lincoln, Neb., Blue Side.

Bright eyes was a pet squirrel. I obtained it at a fair. I made a little house for it by the porch. It was very tame. When company came to our house it would spring into the women's lap, up to their shoulder and on to their Easter bonnets. Its life was in danger many times, however. One day as I went to the door to admit the caller and out sprang Bright Eyes. It had barely time to reach the top of a tree before a big dog sprang after it. It was very lucky for Bright Eyes that does cannot climb trees. The next time he did not escape so easily for a big cat had him by the neck and would have killed Bright Eyes only it ran off to escape the brick I threw at it. The next morning it was found dead in its little house. Poor Bright Eyes, we never understood how it died. We buried it beneath a daisy bush and planted violets on its grave. Bright Eyes was my favorite pet and I am sorry I lost him.

Takes Western Trip.

By Ruth Harrison, Aged 11 Years, Ravenna, Neb., Blue Side.

I am going to tell you about my trip to California.

On our way we stopped at Douglas, Ariz., where we visited my aunt and uncle for six weeks. While we were there we went over into Old Mexico where they had had a battle and found some of the bullets, and some buildings that had been shot to pieces in Old Mexico.

We saw the United States cavalry men drill while we were in Douglas.

We went on to California and spent three weeks in Long Beach.

When we got into California we saw

as nice a time as I can."

They went into Dollville. There were many kinds of dolls and, to Helen's surprise, they walked and talked. There were rubber dolls, Paris rag dolls of all sizes.

"Time to go now," said the fairy, and before Helen could have seen she was whisked away on a butterfly.

All at once she felt herself falling down, down. She hit on something. Rubbing her eyes and looking around she found herself in front of the fireplace.

Trip to Colorado.

By Rose Pycha, 1054 South Thirtieth Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

One Saturday afternoon in August, my grandma, grandpa, aunt and I started on a trip to my aunt's, who lives in Wild Horse, Colo.

Every time I went to bed my aunt asked me if I wanted some milk, which was still warm and I always said, "no," because I didn't like it. If I would have all that nice, warm milk now that I didn't want then I would be happy.

On the prairie we could see nothing but little piles of sand which housed prairie dogs and the little animals peered at the side of each pile. As the train goes past each little dog disappears and in a moment reappears.

Finally we came to our station and were met by my aunt, uncle and cousins. Then we rode to their house and ate supper.

One of the best sports was riding on the big black hog. He would carry us a little while and then throw us off.

They had peas out there and we would sit for half hours at a time eating them. We were going to stay a long time, but I got homesick, so we came home.

Out in the Storm.

By Eula Brand, Box 16, Fontenelle, Neb., Blue Side.

One night there came up a storm and my little brother was getting the cows from the pasture. It rained, hailed, thundered and lightened terribly. I went down to help him and found him crying from the hail which was hitting him. I gave him a coat which I had taken along for him. When we got home papa said we should not have gone, but it was all over then.

I hope this escapes the waste basket.

From the Queen.

By Ethel Brinkman, Aged 12 Years, 218 South Thirty-fifth Avenue.

I think you all very much for electing me your queen. I will try my hardest to make my reign a successful one.

School starts soon and I hope all of the Busy Bees have had a nice vacation. I will be in the seventh grade of Columbian school. Two of our teachers are in Europe and can not get out. We will have to have substitutes.

Busy Bee Note.

By Marguerite Nelson, Aged 10 Years, 1213 South Thirty-fifth Avenue.

Dear Busy Bees: I don't think you will know me, as I have not written for a long time and I think I only have written once. I will have a story next time.

Losea Fox Terrier.

By Blythe Hinkley, Aged 12 Years, Farnham, Neb., Blue Side.

Two years ago my mother and I were visiting in Beatrice and a man told mamma that he would send me a little fox terrier puppy. So in September there came a little box with a can for water in it and a dear little fox terrier puppy. When he was small I used to dress him up in doll's clothes and rock him to sleep in a cradle, but he soon got too big for that. Anybody that ever has owned a puppy will say they are a nuisance, and he was a big nuisance. He was getting large this summer and was behaving very well when somebody started in to poison dogs, and just as it always happens, he was included. I can sympathize with anybody who has lost their pet dog.

Johnny to the Rescue.

By Lois Leavelly, Aged 11 Years, Auburn, Neb., Blue Side.

"Ting-a-ling, ding, ding!" went the fire alarm.

"Mother, I wonder what is on fire?" said May. Just then a little boy ran by and May said: "Where is the fire Ben?"

"It's the town hotel, May, and it is in flames sky-high."

"Oh, where's my shawl?" said Mrs. Barclay. "I must save your grandmother."

In five minutes there stood May and her mother side by side, watching the flames and weeping. Mrs. Barclay felt someone touch her on the shoulder. She turned quickly and with a shout of joy saw that it was her mother. But she was not alone, beside her stood a boy of 16. His name was Johnny O'Grady. He saved the life of May's grandmother. I will write again. I hope to see my letter on the Busy Bee page.

Our Picnic.

By Margie Southard, Aged 5 Years, 219 Bluff Street, Council Bluffs, Ia., Blue Side.

I belong to the Junior Young Women's Christian association class. We went on a picnic Wednesday, July 15. We went in the street car. It was so hot. We went up into the woods and we had potatoes, deviled eggs, candy, cake and fruit. We had our picture taken. I lost my street car money and my teacher paid my way home. We started for supper and it rained while we were eating. I had a very nice time and when I got home it was bed time. I wish to be on the Blue Side.

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and thin. His legs were as long as his body and he had a huge, crooked nose as wide as his head and twice as long. He had the short, stiff bristles of the common hog? Oh, no! He was long, slanky and hair-like, black in color, with a reddish tint. But I cannot half attempt to describe him. A month or so later, when we were all sitting out on the porch in the gathering twilight a long, low, weird cry rang out. It was repeated several times, and then a sudden crashing was heard in the pines a few yards from the gate, and about twenty razor-backs emerged and disappeared in the direction of our nearest neighbor's house. Every night we would hear these calls, quite a few of them, and all different. We learned that each farmer of "razor-back" owned a call and at night he would call his hogs home, the hogs all knew their master's call and would come to no other. A razor-back's tail is not hard but oil. I suppose it is because they live almost entirely on nuts.

I remember once when we were going south, the train stopped at a small town in Alabama, and a large white razor-back came up to the train and stood under our window. He looked up and grunted as if he expected something. We fed him strawberries and bits of our lunch until the train started. Several months later when we were coming back north we stopped in the same town and there was Mr. Hog, under the window, grunting for more strawberries. He was quite fat for a razor-back, so I suppose he made his living hanging around the depot and being fed from the cars.

The Lost Receipt.

By Gertrude Jones, Aged 12 Years, 600 First and Front Streets, Blair, Neb., Blue Side.

I am a Busy Bee, but have not written a story for quite a while, but will write one now.

Once upon a time there was a family which was very poor.

The boy owed a debt to Smith's clothing store.

He worked to earn the money so he could pay the bill. He paid as much as he could at a time.

The last time he paid on the bill he got a receipt, showing he only owed the man \$1.50 more.

He went to put the receipt in his pocket, but he dropped it and went out of the store.

After a while Mr. Smith came out from behind the counter and saw the receipt on the floor.

Glen was going home with a smile, thinking that he could pay it in a few days.

That evening, when Glen reached home after paying the bill, he went through all of his pockets to find the receipt. He was very sorry when he found out the receipt had been lost.

Later Mr. Smith hunted up Glen and told him that he had found the receipt.

Young Busy Bee.

By Mildred French, Aged 7 Years, Glenville, Neb., Red Side.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bees. I want to be on the Red Side. I wish to see my letter in print Sunday.

Reads Stories.

By Gertrude White, Aged 9 Years, 1208 Douglas Street, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I would like to join the Busy Bees, because I have never written before. I read the stories every Sunday and think them very interesting. I hope to see my letter in print soon.

A Lucky Nickel.

By Kathleen Luopkin, Aged 9 Years, 219 Hickory Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a very small girl, who was very poor and was always wanting money. One day she was playing in her yard making a clover

chain. As she picked the first clover she found a nickel. She picked it up and ran to the store after some candy. She handed the nickel to the storekeeper.

Now this nickel had been a very lucky one. It had started from Japan. On its way to Europe it was lost and a poor beggar had found it and bought a loaf of bread and the nickel had saved his life.

The storekeeper took it to the bank. On the way to the bank he met a poor old lady who had walked miles and miles. He handed it to her. So the old lady took the nickel and rode home on it. The conductor was making change with a lady. This lady was poor and her babies were starving. She took the nickel and used it well. So I think it was a very useful nickel.

A New Recipe.

By Gladys Foster, Aged 12, Sutton, Neb., Blue Side.

Two centuries ago a little, old-fashioned girl was standing around the fire cooking. "Well," she said, "mamma's gone and I will have to get dinner for papa. Now, what shall we have? I know, I'll get some lettuce to eat, with cream and sugar, and I'll fry some bacon and have cake." And then she began naming other things. She then went out in the garden, picked the lettuce and brought in the bacon.

She cut the bacon and had it all fried brown, when she saw the vinegar jar on the stove. She took a cloth to take it off, when—crack! The jar burst into but three large pieces, and some vinegar was spilled in the meat.

"Well, if that isn't the beatnest," she cried, as she took out the bacon. "Now, I suppose, the grease must be thrown out."

She took up the skillet, forgetting the handle was hot. It burned her hands and she let it tip right into the pin of lettuce. "Oh, such an unlucky day!" she cried, "but it does look good." She tasted it then and said, "Fine! Papa, come and have some." When her father tasted it he said, "Quite a good make-up, cook, you are."

She then took down the recipe book and put in a new recipe. She kept telling other people about wilted lettuce, and they now use it as a very common recipe.

The Country School.

By Anna Barnish, Aged 9 years, 1123 North Twenty-first Street, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

Helen and Susie lived in a large city. They went to school and knew how to read and write. They longed to live in a country, only to feed the chickens and learn to ride horse-back.

One day their father came home from his vacation and told them that he had been in the country and decided to move out there that week. They were very glad to hear it and ran to tell their playmates. The next day they were awakened at sunrise and were told to pack their things as they were to leave that day. They were soon ready to go and said good-bye to all their friends. The next morning they were in their new home. They liked it very much but were sorry to hear that there were no public schools. As Helen was the older of the two she decided to get together some of the other children and have her big sister Ruby teach them. They soon had as many as twelve pupils attending their school. Ruby was a good teacher and the children learned quickly. Helen and Ruby were very happy in their new home.

Busy Bee Letter.

By Elvira Turnquist, Aged 10 Years, 1415 North Fortieth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

I would like to be a Busy Bee. I would like to be on the Blue Side. I read the stories every Sunday. I am in the Fifth A and I am glad school is going to start. I hope my letter will be in print.

THE LAEMMLE "THE TREY O' HEARTS" 1122 FARNAM OMAHA, NEB.

<p>at the PRINCESS</p> <p>1317 DOUGLAS</p> <p>SEVENTH EPISODE -- "TREY O' HEARTS" -- TUESDAY, SEPT. 15th</p>	<p>Farnam Theater</p> <p>"Trey o' Hearts"</p> <p>TUESDAY, SEPT. 15.</p> <p>Sixth Episode with Jam and Jealousy Joker-Comedy</p>	<p>Roper Theater</p> <p>Council Bluffs, Ia.</p> <p>"Trey o' Hearts"</p> <p>Seventh Episode</p> <p>WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.</p>	<p>Lyric Theater</p> <p>16th and Vinton.</p> <p>"Trey o' Hearts"</p> <p>Episode 6</p> <p>THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.</p>	<p>IDEAL Theater</p> <p>16th and Dorcas.</p> <p>"Trey o' Hearts"</p> <p>Episode No. 6</p> <p>FRIDAY, SEPT. 18.</p>	<p>The Monroe</p> <p>26th and Farnam.</p> <p>"Trey o' Hearts"</p> <p>Serial No. 6</p> <p>Monday, September 14. Sunday, September 13: Jim Webb—Senator. 3-Reel Imp.</p>
<p>Dear Van:</p> <p>Just a few lines in reference to Miss Cleo Madison.</p> <p>The home life of few actresses presents as sweet an aspect as that of Cleo Madison, the clever lead with the Gold Seal company, at present engaged in the production of Louis Joseph Vance' "Trey O' Hearts" series.</p> <p>Miss Madison lives with and is the sole support of her mother and her invalid sister, Helen, known to all her best friends as "Sunshine," because of her cheerful disposition. Helen is 20 years old and for the last seven years has been unable to walk. The two girls are inseparable and when Miss Cleo is not busy before the camera, she may always be found wheeling little Sunshine up and down the long, shady avenues of Hollywood or sitting reading to her in some pleasant nook on the palm strewn lawn that surrounds the Madison home.</p> <p>As for Helen, she sits patiently at home all day long, comforting herself with the thought of the home-coming of the other. The girls' affection for one another is almost pathetic in its beauty and the little star's unflinching devotion to her less fortunate sister has done as much to endear her to the other members of her company as her action has done to endear her to the patrons of motion picture theaters.</p> <p>Yours Truly, ISADORE BERNSTEIN, Gen. Mgr.</p>	<p>Alamo Theater</p> <p>24th and Fort Sts.</p> <p>"Trey o' Hearts"</p> <p>Episode No. 5</p> <p>TUESDAY, SEPT. 15</p>	<p>Loyal Theater</p> <p>24th and Caldwell.</p> <p>"Trey o' Hearts"</p> <p>Serial No. 6</p> <p>SUNDAY, SEPT. 13</p>	<p>Pastime Theater</p> <p>23d and Leavenworth.</p> <p>"Trey o' Hearts"</p> <p>Fifth Episode</p> <p>Saturday, Sept. 19.</p> <p>Today's Feature—When Romance Came To Anna.</p>	<p>Diamond Theater</p> <p>24th and Lake.</p> <p>"Trey o' Hearts"</p> <p>EVERY FRIDAY</p> <p>Million Dollar Mystery</p> <p>EVERY TUESDAY</p> <p>Don't miss any of our shows.</p>	<p>Magic Theater</p> <p>South Omaha.</p> <p>"Trey o' Hearts"</p> <p>Serial No. 7</p> <p>THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.</p>
<p>PARLOR THEATER</p> <p>TREY O' HEARTS</p> <p>SEVENTH EPISODE SATURDAY, SEPT. 19.</p>	<p>Palace Theater</p> <p>24th and Davenport.</p> <p>"Trey o' Hearts"</p> <p>2d Episode</p> <p>SUNDAY, SEPT. 13.</p> <p>And Each Week Every Sunday Following.</p>	<p>Gem Theater</p> <p>13th and William</p> <p>"Trey o' Hearts"</p> <p>4th Episode</p> <p>SUNDAY, SEPT. 13</p> <p>Don't Miss It.</p>	<p>Frolic Theater</p> <p>24th and Sprague.</p> <p>"Trey o' Hearts"</p> <p>6th Episode</p> <p>SATURDAY, SEPT. 19</p> <p>Don't Miss It.</p>	<p>Air Dome</p> <p>40th and Hamilton.</p> <p>"Trey o' Hearts"</p> <p>3d Episode</p> <p>TUESDAY, SEPT. 15</p>	<p>Crystal Theater</p> <p>North Platte, Neb.</p> <p>"Trey o' Hearts"</p> <p>3d Shown</p> <p>Monday, Sept. 21st.</p>
<p>See "Trey o' Hearts" at Lothrop Theater</p> <p>Every Thursday. See this picture in comfort at the finest picture house in Omaha.</p>	<p>The Most Spectacular and Interesting Story Ever Filmed. You Can't Afford to Miss a Single Number.</p>				<p>LYRIC THEATER</p> <p>OCTOBER 7.</p> <p>AURORA, NEB.</p> <p>"Trey o' Hearts"</p>