

# BUSY LITTLE BEES THE ROW PAGE

VERY GOOD historical story was sent in this week by one of the Busy Bees. Let us have a vote from each of the writers, telling what kind of stories they like: that is, whether they prefer fairy stories, stories of animals and birds, stories of travel or stories of historical events. Some of the Busy Bees are interested in plants and flowers. Myrtle Jensen, ex-queen bee, and Frances Johnson went out one day last week to study birds, and here are the names of some of the birds they saw: Blue bird, cow bird, red-headed woodpecker, chimney swift, cedar-wax-wing, gold finch, king bird, meadow lark, wren, kinglet, ruby-crowned kinglet, vesper sparrow, Harris' sparrow, red start, white-crowned sparrow, field sparrow, sharp-tailed sparrow and the chickadee. How many of the Busy Bees knew there were so many kinds of birds in the parks and woods in Omaha?

Prizes were awarded to Jeannette Miller, on the Blue side, and to Irene Hinman, on the Red side. Honorable mention was given to Irene Reynolds, on the Blue side.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

- Marquette Johnson, 333 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- John De Long, Alhambra, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Harrison, Neb.
- Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.
- Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Anna Dammick, Benson, Neb.
- Marie Gulgowsky, Benkelman, Neb. (box 12)
- Ira May, Central City, Neb.
- Vera Greaney, Creighton, Neb.
- Louis Hahn, Davison, Neb.
- Ricca Friedell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Emilie Hahn, Falls City, Neb.
- Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marion Carpa, Gibson, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Lydia Roth, 96 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Vase, 49 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Costello, 18 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 40 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schutte, 42 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Martha Murphy, 323 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
- Hester E. Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Kaythe Krantz, Lexington, Neb.
- Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Alice Grammeyer, 156 E. St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Marian Hamilton, 242 E. St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Estie Hamaker, 309 E. St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Hughie Fisher, 320 E. St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
- Ketelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Alton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Leola Hansen, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letha Larkin, 30 Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma Marguardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Helen Goodrich, 419 Nicholas street, Omaha.
- Orin Fisher, 329 South Eleventh street, Omaha.
- Mildred Erickson, 279 Howard street, Omaha.
- Oscar Erickson, 279 Howard street, Omaha.
- Louis Laabe, 209 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
- Frances Johnson, 333 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.

## The Bears Are Out Again



From the gloom and darkness they stole  
To the light of day and pure sweet air,  
And each little bear laughed with glee;

## Little Stories

BY Little Folks

### How Johnny Won the Prize

By Fred Stryker, King Bee, Monarch, Wyo. Red Side.

"Oh, mamma," said Johnny, running into the kitchen, out of breath. "My old hen is setting and no eggs under her. What kind of eggs shall we put under her?" said Johnny, with eyes wide open, for he was thinking how many eggs he had to set.

"Let's set some white turkey eggs and in a few weeks we shall have some little yellow turkeys."

"But, mamma, I thought you said a while ago that you were going to set white turkey eggs, not yellow."

"Yes, but now I see that, sure enough, but they will be yellow when they hatch and when they grow larger they will become white."

Johnny's mamma brought out twelve eggs from a basket, which she had laid away. Johnny put the eggs under the hen and walked away, leaving the old setting hen behind him. Days and days passed by. By and by the eggs hatched, and how surprised Johnny was. But there were a little turkey so small and weak it couldn't keep up with the old hen. Johnny took it in the house and put it by the warm fire. It grew strong in a few days. Months passed by and the little turkey grew to be a large turkey. As the days passed by he grew more and more beautiful. He was larger and prettier than any turkey around there. It happened that there was going to be a county fair the next month, which was August. Johnny took his turkey to the fair and was surprised to see his turkey wearing a blue ribbon around its neck. How happy Johnny was when he saw this. The last day of the fair came and Johnny went home with his turkey and the blue ribbon tied around its neck. When Johnny walked in the door of his home he jingled ten dollars in his pocket to show his mother how happy he was. Johnny was glad he had taken such good care of the turkey.

### How Mother Earth Settled the Question

By Jeannette Miller, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue Side.

It was a beautiful spring morning. The trees were covered with foliage and the grass was dotted with spring flowers. High up in an oak tree in the forest sat the twelve months. They were busily discussing some question.

"Well," said January, "I think I'm the nicest. Don't you bring the new year?"

"Well, suppose you do," said May, who carried a beautiful golden wand in her hand, which at the end sprang out into dainty little spring flowers. "but that is not half as nice as the beautiful flowers I bring."

"Oh, friends," broke in October, "you know October is the nicest month. Don't I bring the beautiful color to the leaves and turn the corn a fine yellow and the apples a lovely red?"

"Well, I don't see," said November. "I am the very best, I'm sure, 'cause I bring the glorious Thanksgiving day, the pumpkin pies and so many delicious things to eat, and besides I send the hot, stuffy days of summer away."

"Oh, I wouldn't have your chilly days, and the eating just proves, as I have always said, that, like December, your heart's in your stomach," said July scornfully.

"Well, well well," exclaimed March. "This is a pretty state of affairs, when it has always been proved that—that is, April, May and myself—are the very best."

"I, I told you so, my sister of winter, that this youngster is all wind and bluster and now she has just proved it so."

"Tut, tut, tut!" came a voice from below. All the months started and whispered. "It's Mother Earth."

"My naughty children, what are you doing?" came the voice of Mother Earth. "Well, said April, beginning to cry, 'they said they were the very nicest and didn't let me talk at all.' She would have done it, too, if she had a chance.

### Grandpa's Story

By Irene Reynolds, Aged 12 Years, Little Sioux City, Ia. Blue Side.

Grandma was sitting peacefully by the fire.

After awhile Joe, Donald, Paul, Fern and Dotty came in the room to disturb her reveries.

"Oh, Grandpa, tell us a story," cried Joe; "he was the oldest of the children and was always heard to tell the best."

"Oh, yes, do," cried the rest.

"What kind of a story do you want?" asked Grandpa.

"A story of when you were a little boy," said Dotty.

"When I was about 5 years old my father decided to go to Salt Lake City, Utah," began Grandpa.

"Where did you live before you moved?" asked Fern.

"In Illinois," said Grandpa.

"Well, we got a covered wagon and started out on our long journey. The hired man and my oldest brother drove the cattle."

"Did they have to walk all the way?" asked Paul.

"Most of the way. Well I recollect one night. We found a hut and a little old barn. We put our horses away. We heard our dog barking, and I saw a light. It was a man's light. I went out and saw a man. He was a white man and he was very kind. He told me that he was a settler and that he had been in the country a long time. He said that he would let me stay with him until my father came. He said that he would let me stay with him until my father came. He said that he would let me stay with him until my father came."

### The Blackbird's Trouble

By Rena Med, Queen Bee, Aged 12 Years, Blair, Neb. Blue Side.

Spring lay here with a dress of green, bringing the birds of all kinds. The red bird with his merry whistle, and the black bird with the blues.

Perhaps you would like to know why the black bird had blues; but but, said, So I hope you will listen while I tell you. For then I know you will never be bad.

He cannot find his nest or mate. Where do you, 'spose they've gone? I know, for a little bird told me. In his merry little song.

This is what the little bird sang. And this is what I heard: "A big, big boy came out with a gun. To hunt the dear little birds."

He walked right up by the side of the road and stood with his head turned round; He cocked the gun and pulled the trigger. And the little bird fell to the ground.

The dog pounced out upon the bird, and he climbed up a tree. The best. He flew the yolk all out of the eggs, and then sat down to rest."

Now, my dear children, you surely must know that this was a cruel boy. Else he never would have done the thing that he did.

Now you all know why the black bird had blues. For the black bird is always black; He had lost his nest and all the eggs, Never more to come back.

You do not like even to lose a penny. Let alone your dear loving mother. Your father, your state or baby. Or even your mean, teasing brother.

So take care that you don't kill any birds. But feed them the long winter through. Then you will be blessed with their merry, sweet songs.

Enough to pay you one or two.

There is a lesson in this. If it is all told out in verse; So whenever you see boys killing the birds, Just this little poem recite.

### The Brownies' Bungalow

By Helen Johnson, Aged 13 Years, 324 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.

The queen of the brownies sat upon a bank of moss, in the form of a star, and playfully watched her busy little brownies work. The point of each corner of the star was an electric light, which whenever it shone upon her beautiful face cast a green light. A row of blue bells hung above her head, and whenever she wanted any of her little servants, she touched them with her wand, which brought forth a sweet musical ring.

The brownies were busy all day long making wreaths and chains out of their queen's blossoms, which they put upon their heads.

The trees in those days were much larger than they are now, and in the hollow of one of these trees was the brownies' home

## Ethel May's Reward

By Maud Walker.

HERE were three of the Anderson children—Gracie, aged 13; Jack, aged 11; Ethel May, aged 10—and all three were spending their summer with an aged aunt in the country, on a beautiful and a small and interesting village.

As the Anderson children's home was in a very large eastern city, they found a great deal of pleasure, and many surprises, in the country. There seemed no end to the variety of sights and sounds. There were the domestic animals, fowls in the barnyard, the fields, gardens, meadows, woods and hills; and then there were the brooks and ponds, full of fish, the meadows and woods full of birds and noisome insects.

One day during the last week of May the children's Aunt Mary called them to her on the big front porch, saying: "My old friend, Mrs. Jones, just called me by 'phone this morning and says she is arriving in the woods for her grandchildren, who are visiting her from the city, and she begs me to allow you three youngsters to be of her company. Would you enjoy a picnic the day after tomorrow?"

"Oh, yes, auntie," exclaimed all three children. Then one spoke at a time: "I don't think there'd be anything nicer. Aunt Mary, than a picnic in the wild woods." So spoke Gracie. "Oh, I'll take along my fishing tackle and fetch home enough finches for dinner," cried Jack. "And I think it would be perfectly splendid," agreed Ethel May; "I do love a picnic more than anything."

"Then all be prepared to start at 9 o'clock on the day after tomorrow," said Aunt Mary. "I'll see that a fine luncheon is prepared for you to carry with you. John, our man, will take you in the carriage to Mrs. Jones' house. From there you'll go across to the woods—which is only a mile distant from Mrs. Jones' place."

Of course, the children talked of nothing else all that day except the coming picnic in the woods. They had never enjoyed a country picnic and this one held much pleasure for them.

On the day of the picnic the Anderson children were ready to start to the home of Mrs. Jones long before John had the carriage in readiness, and their baskets were filled with luncheon, the very best that Aunt Mary's fine old colored cook could prepare.

It was wanting a quarter of an hour till 9—the time set for starting—when Jane, the housemaid, called to Gracie: "Come to your aunt's room at once, miss; she's taken suddenly ill."

Gracie, accompanied by her brother and



ILL GET THE BASKETS IN THE CARRIAGE, GIRLS, WHILE YOU ARE GETTING ON YOUR JACKETS

## May is Gay With Flowers, Birds, Trees.

The leaves on the trunk of the tree made a netting over their home, and you may be sure no person passing that way ever caught a glimpse of these quick little people, and they were just as happy with only their queen's presence. The queen in return would let them gather at the foot of her soft, green throne and often tell them stories of the strange lands known as people, and read them strange stories telling the people's opinion of these strange little folks.

The queen of the bees, who certainly sang in a most praiseworthy manner. Miss Bluebell sang a solo, which I enjoyed very much, for, as I have said before, I am very fond of music.

We had a royal visitor, the queen of fairies, whom I had never seen before. I have a very good impression of her, for she seemed so sweet and gentle. Queen Bloss and she are very dear friends and I overheard her telling the queen that my modest manner pleased her very much. Delicious refreshments were served. They consisted of honey wafers and dew and then we all went home.

I am not feeling well today. My petals are so sooty. I am afraid they will drop off. One has blown away already and it was my very prettiest, too, for it had such a lovely blush of pink on it that I was quite proud of it. I guess I am not a pretty blossom any more. Oh, dear! I do wonder what is going to happen to me. We will see next week.

### Robert's Lesson

By Clarence Sikkotter, Gretna, Neb. Red Side.

Rob is tall and slim. He can climb a tree very fast. One day he was up in a tree and was going to steal four eggs. Just as he put out his hand to get the eggs he heard a voice which seemed to say: "Rob, Rob, robber. Rob, Rob, robber." Then he looked around, but saw nothing so he thought he would try it again. But when he put out his hand he heard the same voice call, "Rob, Rob, robber."

He knew that it was wrong to steal, so he went home, but could not get away from the voice which said, "Rob, Rob, robber." When he got home he begged his parents to call him Bert instead of Robert, which they did.

### How Johnny Won the Prize

By Irene Reynolds, Aged 12 Years, Little Sioux City, Ia. Blue Side.

It was a beautiful spring morning. The trees were covered with foliage and the grass was dotted with spring flowers. High up in an oak tree in the forest sat the twelve months. They were busily discussing some question.

### Braving

By Ella Schulz, Aged 10 Years, 199 Henrietta Avenue, East St. Louis, Ill. Red Side.

In a beautiful orchard in California there grew an apple and peach tree. It happened in the time of year when both were in bloom.

One beautiful day in August the apple tree said to the peach, "I am better than you are. I am prettier, too, and everybody loves me, and you are as ugly and as mean as can be."

The peach tree nodded and replied, "I can't help it if you are prettier, but still some people like me as well as they like you."

"Oh, you think you are smart," said the apple tree. "I'm crimson and pretty."

The peach tree did not answer, but thought it would get even some day. A few days after a great storm arose. The apple tree was blown down and fell on the peach tree. The peach tree was blown away to seek his sick mother. He whistled for his dog, the wise and faithful Ponto, and showed him one of Mary's mittens. The dog at once understood what was wanted of him and he was as eager as his master to start on the search. The search was long and for a while seemed hopeless. The unhappy father was about to give up his hunting when he thought he heard in the distance the friendly bark of his faithful Ponto. Yes, he was not mistaken. He hurried in the direction of the dog's bark. He soon reached the place and found his daughter lying in the snow-drift almost covered with snow. The father took her in his arms and wrapped a blanket, which he had taken along with him, and then in his strong arms he carried her home, following the lead of Ponto. As soon as he reached home her father began to rub her hands and face with snow to take out the frost and to restore the circulation of the blood. Mary soon opened her eyes and looked around her to see whether it was a dream. But she soon felt the warm touch of Ponto's tongue licking her hand and then she knew it was no dream. Her first words were, "Mamma, the bottle of medicine is in my pocket." The medicine at once helped her mother and in a little while Mary was herself again and as well and strong as ever. But the greatest hero of all was the faithful Ponto who had found her and saved her life.

### The Flower's Visit

By Edna Rohre, Aged 12 Years, 213 Locust street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

One afternoon as Lois lay dreaming in the hammock she heard a queer voice. Looking up, she saw what seemed to be a rose walking across the porch. All curiosity she started to watch it. The rose was very tall and slender and as she walked the leaves formed a beautiful gown and her petals a pretty hat. Then came the same strange song again, and an automobile made of prickly burrs and lined with rose petals came in sight.

Lady Rose walked up to it and said to the driver, Larkspur, "Drive me to Lady Pansey's." Then she entered the car and drove away.

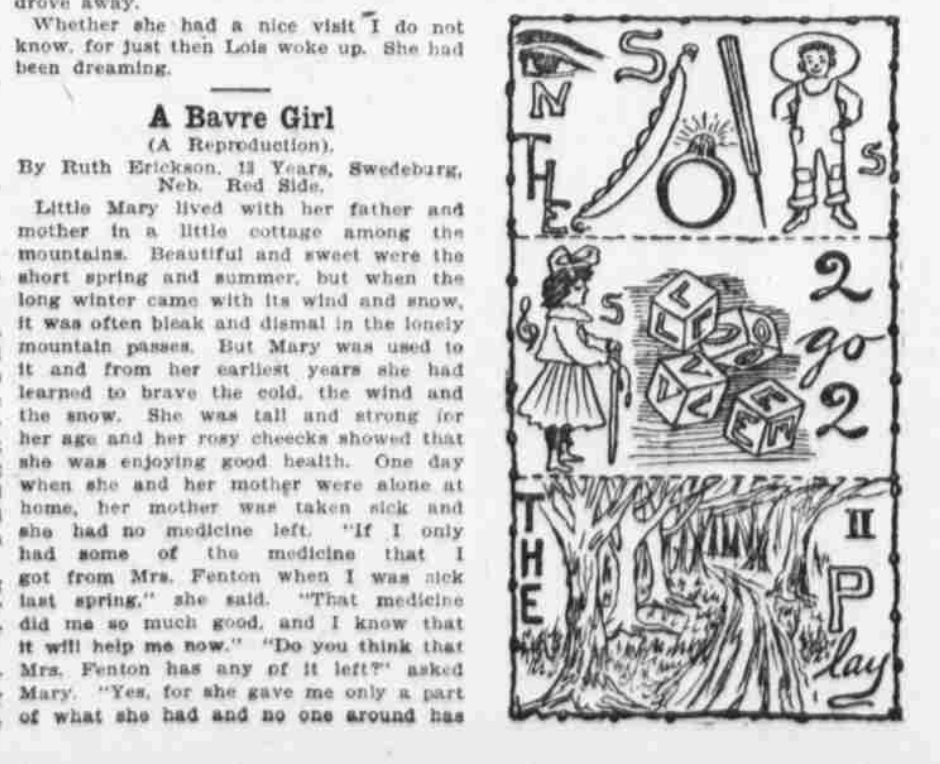
When her sister had a nice visit I do not know, for just then Lois woke up. She had been dreaming.

### A Bave Girl

(A Reproduction.)

By Ruth Erickson, 13 Years, Swedesburg, Neb. Red Side.

Little Mary lived with her father and mother in a little cottage among the mountains. Beautiful and sweet were the short spring and summer, but when the long winter came with its wind and snow, it was often bleak and dismal in the lonely mountain passes. But Mary was used to it and from her earliest years she had learned to brave the cold, the wind and the snow. She was tall and strong for her age and her rosy cheeks showed that she was enjoying good health. One day when she and her mother were alone at home, her mother was taken sick and she had no medicine left. "If I only had some of the medicine that I got from Mrs. Fenton when I was sick last spring," she said. "That medicine did me so much good, and I know that it will help me now." "Do you think that Mrs. Fenton has any of it left?" asked Mary. "Yes, for she gave me only a part of what she had and no one around here



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