

# DOZY LITTLE BEES IN THEIR OWN PAGE

## Little Stories for Little Folks

### The First Snow.

By Geneva Cole, Aged 12 Years, Nettlin, Neb., Red Side.

The snow was falling softly, on the black tops towering high; On the tops that stood loftily, Reaching so near the cold gray sky.

It covered the walks and porches, It carpeted fields and lawns; Covers the bird who hops and searches His food in the early dawn.

The children get happy and merry, And want to be off and away; And their cheeks get red as a cherry, As they glide along in the sleigh.

The house wives are glad for cold weather, And hurry to finish their work; But they all have more to do, whether They do it all quickly or shirk.

The ice gets frozen and covered, And the snow gets packed and stiff; But from it the sleds are severed, And then to the hills goes each kid.

The children play on until the night fall, And then to their homes they all run, As they hear the sound of their mother's call. When the hilltop covers the sun.

### Owning Up

By Annie Wurdian, Aged 11 Years, 3022 North Twenty-seventh Street, South Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Jenny Smith was a duffer at arithmetic, there was no denying that. But today a wonderful thing had happened—she'd managed to get all the answers right to her four really hard sums.

"Bravo, Jenny!" said her teacher. "You're getting on."

But somehow Jenny didn't look very pleased, though she had always wanted so much to be clever. It didn't seem to her that she would have ever had been more pleased than at getting them right today, because she was the only one who had done so.

At last she was until Mary Faulkner brought her book up.

"Why, Mary, you got all your sums right, too, today!" said the teacher in astonishment, for she knew that Mary wasn't any better than Jenny at arithmetic as a rule.

New Jenny and Mary had sat next to each other, and when their teacher noticed this she called them both to her.

"If my two had been copying," said Jenny, "I could do as well as you."

Poor Mary hung her head and blushed when her teacher saw this she said: "Was it you, Mary, who copied?"

And the little girl sobbed and cried, and was too frightened to deny it, so the teacher sent Jenny back to her seat and took Mary to the head mistress.

And when all the classes were together before going home there stood poor Mary in disgrace. She was close beside the head mistress, and everyone whispered and nodded as they talked to each other about what she had done. When she appeared outside the school later on they pointed at her and called her "Cheater!" But no one noticed Jenny Smith, who stood by herself in a corner, looking and feeling as miserable as a girl could.

And no wonder, for she had been the cheat, and hadn't the courage to confess, so Mary had suffered because she was such a nervous little girl. But Jenny, who had tried her mind to tell the truth to her teacher that afternoon and the day before, she felt dreadfully ashamed of herself, but the head mistress said it was only fair to Mary to explain things before the whole school, so she went through a terrible ten minutes while the explanation was going on, she felt quite lighthearted and happy when it was over, because she knew she had done what was right, and she never forgot how much harder it is to "own up" when you've tried first of all to "escape telling the truth."

### The Dog Santa Claus.

By Emma Bressman, 1421 Emmett Street, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

A long time ago there lived in New York a poor family. They had two children and a dog. The children had to go around and gather things to eat and wear by beg-

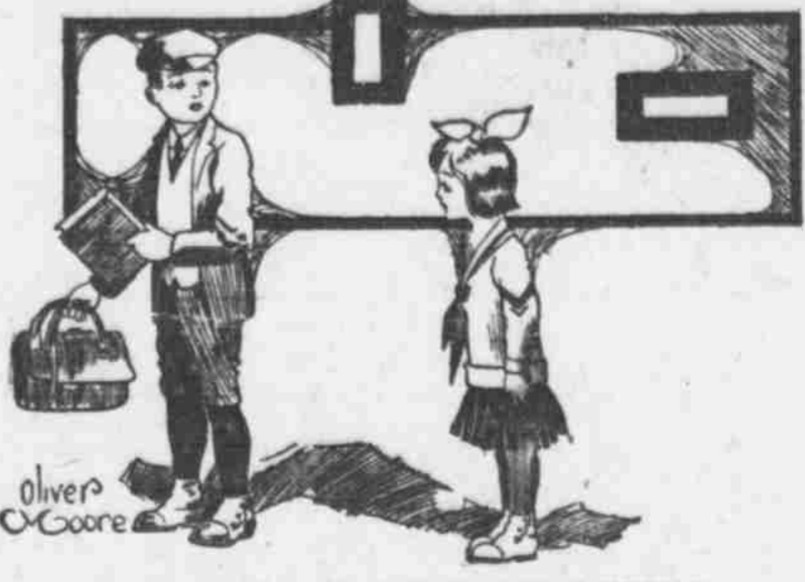
## When May Went Hunting Indian Graves

By Florence Davis.

May's father had often gone to the little Kansas town on business, but it was in the early fall that he had rented a comfortable house situated in the outskirts of the town, and moved his family into it, for he and his good wife had decided that their little son and daughter, Joey and May, should have the advantages of the graded school.

In the sparsely settled district where they lived the schoolhouses were so far from their home that during the winter months little Joey and May were obliged to remain at home when the weather was severe.

All about the town broad prairies stretched away, the line of vision being held by the remains of a very old, old, wide creek that had long ago dried up. The hills were a low range of hills held much of mystery for her. She had heard her father tell of the many Indian bands that had roved over those prairies long ago. He had said that he had heard of the terrible Indian and white-man battles that had been so desperately fought among those hills and of the many graves which held the remains of the red-skinned savages. And to own a feather bed, colored beads! And to own a feather bed, dressed which had doubtless been worn by some little girl popoose would give her such joy, of course, her father had explained that the stirring events of which he had heard were a very long time ago, but to May a "long time ago" meant a few months or years—perhaps only last winter, for she was too young to realize the full significance of time.



JOEY, DID YOU EVER RUN AWAY FROM SCHOOL?

"Mother said God would forgive me if I got on my knees and confessed my wrongdoing. And I did it, too. So I guess God forgave me; but father didn't. He sent me to bed without any supper, and when Christmas came I didn't get the knife I wanted. Oh, it doesn't pay to be naughty or disobedient." And Joey strapped up the mouth of the schoolbag. Then, slipping on his hat and overcoat, he started toward the door. "Say, Sis, I won't wait for you," he said. "I want to play a little with Tom and Teddy before the little bell rings." Then, bethinking himself, he turned toward the door leading into the kitchen and called out: "Say, Maggie, don't let May be late to school. You know mother went uptown with father this morning to do some marketing and left May in my care. I'll leave her in yours." Then away flew Joey in the direction of the schoolhouse.

"All right, Master Joey," answered Maggie, that maid-of-all-work. Then she took May's jacket and hat and packed up her books for her. "Now, little dearie, you are ready for school." And the good servant patted little May's head and returned to her work in the kitchen.

May went out of the house, drawing on her red woolen mittens as she walked. Her bookbag was over her shoulder. "If God forgave me for running away," she mused as she passed out at the gate. "He would forgive me, too. And as for a knife at Christmas—well, I don't want one." Then instead of going up the long street that led to the schoolhouse, May turned in an opposite direction and ran along beside the high hedge, which prevented Maggie from seeing her should that good soul look from the window.

After getting well out of sight of the house, May sat down on the roadside. Her eyes turned in the direction of the hills, among which lay the sunken Indian graves, keeping their own secrets and

### Lost on the Prairie

By Francis Shea, Aged 12 Years, 335 W. Street, South Omaha, Red Side.

A few years ago a party of workmen had just finished their day's work in one of the western states, when a violent snow-storm came on. They set out for their camp, which was in a large grove in an extensive prairie nearly twenty miles distant from any other timberland.

The wind blew very hard and the snow was falling so fast that they could hardly see each other. When they thought that they had nearly reached their camp they suddenly noticed marks of footprints in the snow.

On examining these with care they found to their dismay that these were their own tracks. It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie.

They had to pass the night there in the cold, driving snow, the chances were that they would all perish before morning. While the whole party stood shivering with cold, at a loss what to do, one of the party caught sight of a particular hole they had dug in the snow. It was a very long time before he could find it. "If any one," he cried, "can show our way out of this blinding snow old Jack can." And so he did, and showed them the way to their camp.

### A Hard Test

By Anna Popp, Aged 14 Years, 1004 North Twenty-seventh Street, South Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

The boy was 12 years old. All he knew of life was that there were nine months of school, with a lot of play, and three months of play, and no school.

This vacation was to be a little different, but the boy didn't know it.

"Come on, son, I need your help," said the father one evening after his own day's work was done. "I want this dirt carried up to our flat."

The boy opened his mouth wide. His father wanted him to carry baskets of dirt up three flights of steps. There was a queer feeling of resentment all about inside of him.

"I can't carry dirt," he said.

"Never too late to learn," said father, good-naturedly. "Here, you take the lighter basket."

Up the stairs went the boy. The air was close and he got hot and breathless.

Down he came again. The dirt had to be dug and shoveled into the basket. He grew hotter and the perspiration began to trickle down his back.

"The boys are playing ball. I'm going over," he said at last, with impatience. "I can't shovel dirt."

"All right, my boy," said father; "but I'm disappointed in you. I had expected to find you able to stick to a thing. I counted on your help, but it's all right; go ahead and play ball."

The boy washed his hands and went over into the next yard. It was the first time he ever remembered feeling uncomfortable when playing ball. Tonight it wasn't much fun. Pretty soon he left the boys and went upstairs to his mother. By and by he came down, rolled up his sleeves and went at the shoveling.

His father had planned a little garden for the fire escape corner. It took a lot of dirt.

The boy sweated and puffed. He blistered his hands; but he stuck.

At last the work was done. Father and son washed themselves and got ready for supper.

After supper, when the father had stretched himself out for a pleasant hour with his newspaper, the boy came to him.

"I guess, father," he said with an air half-ashamed and a yet of new manliness, "I guess it was a good thing for me to do something that I didn't want to do."

Father held out his hand. The boy grasped it with a strong grip.

"I'm mighty glad I stuck, father," said the boy.

"Good for you," said father.

### Why the Indians Went Away.

By George Nicholson, Abbott, Neb., Aged 12 Years, Blue Side.

Once upon a time a family lived out west. They lived near some Indians and the Indians did not like the white people, so one day they crept up to the house of the white people and they saw the little baby sitting outside the door. They crept up to where the baby was sitting and they took her and ran away to their camp, where they kept her for three days. Then they sent a note to the child's parents.

"We know where your baby is and if you will say yes to us we will bring your baby to you. When the father and mother read this he sent a note back saying they would pay what they wanted. The Indians took the baby back and got the money, but as soon as they got back to the camp were afraid they would get caught, so they went away to another part of the country."

### When John got Lost.

By Dorothy Taylor, Abbott, Neb., Aged 12 Years, Blue Side.

Long ago before you and I were born some people lived in Wyoming. They had a little girl and boy. The boy was named John, aged four, and the girl named Mary, aged two. One day the little boy strayed far from his home. His father sent nine men to hunt for the lost boy. When John was found and brought back home his mother took better care of him.

### Learn to Obey

By Bruce Taylor, Aged 19 Years, Abbott, Neb., Blue Side.

Once upon a time, John asked his mother if he could go swimming. His mother said that the water was too cold and he might get cramps. He did not obey his mother, for there were a lot of other boys going, and when they got there one boy measured the water. It was deep, and after they had been swimming a while one of the boys called "help!" It was John. He had cramps, and one of the boys threw him a line. After a while they got him out. After that he always obeyed his mother.

### Altar Flowers.

By Cecelia Shea, Aged 11 Years, 335 W. Street, South Omaha, Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who loved God very much. She had a small altar in her room, close to her bed. On Xmas morning before going to church she would make it look pretty to show her love

### A Good Thanksgiving Joke

By Frances V. O. Johnson, Queen, Aged 14 Years, 1018 North Twenty-fifth Avenue, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

It was Thanksgiving morning. In the kitchen was to be heard the rattling of pans and dishes, for it most certainly was

a gala day in the Morris family. Besides grandparents, aunts and uncles who were to partake of a tempting turkey-dinner, the minister's family was also to dine with them. For this reason, mother was busily engaged in preparing dainty salads and a huge, golden pumpkin pie, finally filling and basting a turkey so enormous and majestic in size that Maybelle, Roland and Chester smacked their lips to satisfy their watering mouths. Cook had placed the golden turkey in the oven, preparatory to the party, when all of a sudden, some nervous and excited over an uninterrupted series of accidents that morning that she had neglected giving Carlo, the pet dog, his breakfast.

After the guests began to arrive Mrs. Morris asked Cook if the turkey had been put in the oven. Like a flash, Cook flew to the pantry, when he had with glorious anticipations, and by the time the guests had arrived, the table fairly groaned with delicacies. To grandpa fell the task of carving the turkey, who, although inanimate, looked very kindly as he proudly lay there.

The minister was first to receive his share, and after all was provided for, then began the feast. But all of a sudden, someone yelped, "Oh, Oh!" This "someone" was no one more or less than the dignified minister, who had, in eating a piece of the elegant turkey, bitten into something so hard that his gold filling came out. Would you believe that what he had bitten into was a E gold piece, which the charitable association had secretly placed inside the fowl to bring a grand surprise on the poverty-stricken family. The dinner then proceeded with nothing very thrilling, save that Maybelle upset a cut-glass tumbler, much to her embarrassment.

The next day, after gladly returning the

## Selections from the Story Teller's Pack

### Conviviality.

T a dinner in Denver Judge Ben B. Lindsey told a story about Christmas conviviality.

"There used to be an old fellow of 90," he said, "who got arrested about twice a week for conviviality. He was always hailed before Magistrate Blank, and as the magistrate was about 80, too, a queer kind of comradeship, almost friendly, arose between the two men.

"In the late autumn the lover was called away from Denver. He did not return till Christmas time. The convivial Christmas spirit in the crisp Denver air was, of course, too much for him, and the day after his return he was hailed before the usual magistrate on the usual charge.

"The magistrate, in the green foretold court room, felt kindly and forgiving.

"How many witnesses have you got?" he asked prosecutor No. 2.

"You are here again, at last?"

"Yes, your honor," said old George humbly.

"Yes, your honor, eight or to three months."

"And how many times, George, did you get drunk during the period?"

"I don't like to say, your honor," old George faltered, "before all these here people."

"Well," said the magistrate, "take paper and pencil and write it down."

"So George wrote, and the paper was passed up to the magistrate, who looked at it and said:

"A, well, it's the Christmas season; and when you were away in three weeks, George, you only got drunk sixteen times. I'll let you off."

"Thank you, judge," said old George, as

he left the dock. "You looked at the paper upside down, though."—Denver News.

### Averted Trouble for All.

The other day Magistrate Carey had a case before him which he decided in a novel manner, but one which was entirely satisfactory in both sides of the controversy. Two foreigners had become involved in a dispute. Each had the other arrested and wished that each other held in bonds to keep the peace.

When the case came before Magistrate Carey each side had a large number of witnesses and few of them could talk even understandable English. The hearing of testimony had only begun when the magistrate asked prosecutor No. 1 how many witnesses he had. After a count he gave the number as the number of witnesses.

"How many witnesses have you got?" he asked prosecutor No. 2.

This man counted and the answer was fourteen.

"It's a tie," pronounced the magistrate. And he told both men to go home and cry no more.—Philadelphia Press.

### Underestimating His Ability.

H. W. Klausman, chairman of the republican city committee, tells a story about a bass drummer of a band that he swears is true. The drummer was a German. He, with the other members of the band, was on an excursion train, and the tickets they had were about four feet long (that is, four feet of ticket per man, 100 feet for the whole forty-piece band). Noon after Hans was seated comfortably the conductor came by for the tickets. Hans reached for his. He was gone. He was gnawed on by a rat. The rat gnawed and gnawed, but all Hans did was search and spluttered, but all Hans did was search and spluttered, but all Hans did was search and spluttered.

"I'm mighty glad I stuck, father," said the boy.

"Good for you," said father.

might be "delivered out of the wilderness and out of the house of bondage." She repeated the strange words which came to her, for she had heard them in the church of the Sunday school, and thought they sounded very grand. But at the end of her prayer she cried out from her heart: "Oh, Lord, lead poor little May back to mother!"

Then fresh tears flowed, but her heart felt lighter and, rising, she turned down the hillside. As she did so a dark object appeared on the road quite a long way off. As it drew nearer May beheld it to be a farmer's horses and wagon. In the wagon sat a man, who, on noticing the little child standing beside the road, reined in his horses. "Waal, how-dy-do, little one," grined. "Where did you come from? But what be you doin' away out here two miles from town?"

May told every word of her story, and gave her father's name.

"Ah, I know your pap well," declared the good farmer. "Come, jump into the wagon and I'll tote you home. I pass by your house goin' into town. But, say, child, don't you know there's not a sign of an Injun grave in these parts any more? Been gone forty years, I reckon. Why, it's been so long ago that the red fellows was buried there that if you found a grave there'd be nothin' in it but dirt. But never mind, don't you worry yourself about things harder to find and, of course, never get 'em."

Thus the farmer consoled May as she sat beside him in the wagon, a horse blanket wrapped snugly about her. And after a little while the wagon stopped at the abandoned little grave. There she saw her mother coming out, her eyes frightened. When she beheld her little daughter she threw up her hands, exclaiming, "Thank God, my child is here." Then as May ran into her arms and the farmer drove off, the abandoned little girl confessed that she had run away from school and told the whole story from the minute she left her own home till she returned to it.

"Oh, dearie," said the mother, leading May into the house, "I just got home a few minutes ago, and wanted to know why you had not been at school this morning—thought you might have taken toothache after he left. I ran to question him myself. He said you had not been at school—that he had not seen you since he left the house this morning. I was just rushing out to give the alarm that you were stolen or lost, when up you came on the farmer's wagon. Oh, child, how Joey, Maggie and I were frightened! And the mother dropped into a chair and wiped tears from her eyes.

"She ought to have a whipping," declared Joey, who had come in time to overhear May's story. "Naughty girls and boys need to be punished."

"Sister's been punished 'enough," said Mother in a low voice. "And she has repented of her wrongdoing. And she has been how she made brother and mother and Maggie worry, too, which adds to her punishment. And I know God will forgive her—if she never does so any more."

"I never, never will be naughty again," said May, with tears of repentance. She then, herself into her loving mother's arms, where she wept out her naughtiness. And pretty soon Maggie brought in a big slice of bread and butter—and think of it! spread with jam.

half-eagle, the Barnes were most generously provided for with warm clothing, fuel and food, and I don't know which family was the happier, the one upon which was lavishly showered a whole season's necessities, or the one which witnessed the grave, serious minister jump for surprise and dismay when away at a Thanksgiving dinner, do you?

## The Butterfly

By Mabel Houston, Aged 9 Years, 3013 North Sixteenth Street, Red Side.

There is one gay creature, do you know who he is? It is the butterfly.

He flits among the flowers in the sunshine all day long.

One day the queen of the butterflies was going to have a party. She invited all the rest but him. The night of the party he came in and said: "If you don't give me some dew and honey I will kill you." So they gave him some, but he was an unwelcome visitor.

## Poor Jack

By Fred Waller, 349 North Twenty-eighth Street, Lincoln, Red Side.

There was once a very poor boy, named Jack. He was a kind-hearted lad. He saw the poor, that, in fact, he had hardly money for matches.

His father died when he was a baby. This was very unfortunate for Jack and

## The Birds

By DeEtte, Hardinbrook, Aged 10 Years, Omaha, Blue Side.

One day as I was going to my grandmamma's house, I saw a beautiful bird hopping on the ground. In a few minutes it picked up a crumb and flew up in a tree on the edge of a limb near a nest. Then I saw a little bird hopping on the edge of the nest. As soon as its mother saw her little bird she hid the crumb. At last the little bird saw the crumb and flew up to her. She was mother bird gave it to her. At that moment my grandmamma called me for dinner, so that was the last I saw of the little bird and its mother.

## Without Prejudice.

Mayor Coughlin of Fall River, speaking at a recent banquet, told a story about an old Fall River man who was going to the city.

"The old boy," said Mayor Coughlin, "went to the theater in Boston one night and saw 'Othello.' His knowledge of the Bard of Avon was limited; he had no idea that the hero of the piece was a white man blackened up."

"Well, after the play was over, a friend asked him what he thought of the actors. He cleared his throat and answered deliberately:

## Couldn't Spare Any.

"What's the baby crying about?" asked the fashionable tourist.

"For a cake ma'am," replied the nurse girl.

"Well, give her a cake, for gracious sake and stop her noise!"

"But there isn't any cake in the house, ma'am. Will I give her one of Whiskers' dog cakes?"

"Goodness, no! There are only five of them left for dear little Whiskers!"—Yonkers Statesman.

## Agreed When You Know How.

Magistrate Hughes of Philadelphia, who is known far and wide for his wit and good sound judgment in disposing of cases that come before him daily, was sitting in his office at 547 Tasker street a few days ago when a young man rushed in. He was excited and out of breath and was without a hat.

"Judge," he ejaculated, "I am in a peck of trouble and I want you to help me out of it if you can."

"Well, let's hear what it is," replied the magistrate. Said the young man:

"Living in my house with my wife and me to my brother and his wife. We both have babies and they look so much alike that I'm afraid we have them mixed.

"I think my brother has mine and I have his. Each baby has black hair and blue eyes and one tooth. They are dressed alike, too."

"Are you sure they are twisted?" asked the magistrate.

"Am I sure of it? Why, I am positive," was the quick reply.

"Well, then," suggested the genial judge, "if that is the case, why not go home and exchange them?"

"That's just what I'll do," said the anxious father, and he hastily departed. Everything must be lovely now, for the young man has not been seen since by Mr. Hughes.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## Hill Met His Match.

Running from Spokane to Newport, Wash., is the Idaho & Washington North-east railroad, built by its president, A. F. Blackwell, who made his money in timber lands and builds railroads to show how well it can be done.

Everything must be lovely now, for the young man has not been seen since by Mr. Hughes.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## Agreed With the Court.

A lawyer came into court court, when the judge said to him:

"Sir, I am sorry to see you in a situation which is a disgrace to yourself and family, and the profession to which you belong."

"What do I do?" he asked.

"Why, did so. To her astonishment he wrote: 'The best never done it; God does it.'—Newark Star.

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## Badgering Lawyer.

The badgering lawyer frequently succeeds in affording the witness an opportunity to display his own wit and the court's expense," said Fred S. Wise, a lawyer of Philadelphia.

"An actor was before the poor debtors' court in a western city, when he testified