

# LITTLE BUSY BEES HEIR OWN PAGE

**N**OW THAT vacation is here, all the Little Busy Bees will be seeing and doing new things, and so each should have some experiences of his own to tell about. Stories that we make up are interesting, but to be able to give a good description of something we have seen or done is, for most of us, more important. Why not all try it this week? Send in stories about about something that you've been doing lately, about your school picnics and how it feels to have no school, and every day like Saturday. Then I am sure we are all interested in each others' pets; would like to hear about them and their tricks.

The prizes this week go to two who have described some experiences they have had recently. The prize winners are Sadie B. Finch, who tells of a trip to Mexico; Emerson Kojker, who tells what he sometimes sees in the clouds, and Jeannette Miller, who tells how she thinks life looks to a wise horse.

Madge Daniels of Ord, who formerly was a Busy Bee who contributed many interesting stories to our page, has been visiting another former Busy Bee, Gall Howard, in Omaha. The editor was sorry to miss them when they called at the office.

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

- Jean De Long, Alnsworth, Neb.
- Lillian McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
- Irrene McVay, Beaver City, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
- Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Anna Dampe, Bennington, Neb.
- Marie Gallagher, Bennington, Neb. (Box 12)
- Joe May, Central City, Neb.
- Vera Cheney, Craghton, Neb.
- Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
- Rhea Pfeiffer, Dorchester, Neb.
- Alma Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
- Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
- Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marion Capps, Gibson, Neb.
- Marguerite Barlow, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Anna Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Edna Housh, 207 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jeannie Crawford, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schulte, Deadwood, S. D.
- Martha Murphy, 222 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
- Hester F. Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Edythe Kretz, Lexington, Neb.
- Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Alice Gramsmeier, 134 E. Lincoln, Lincoln, Neb.
- Marian Hamilton, 209 L. street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Elsie Hamilton, 209 L. street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Diller, 209 L. street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Hughie Dixon, 209 L. street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Charlotte Boggs, 227 South Fifteenth street, Fremont, Neb.
- Mildred Jensen, 708 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
- Helen Johnson, 334 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Althea Myers, 224 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Louise Stiller, Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Milton Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Narvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Helen Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
- Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- William Davis, 221 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
- Louise Raabe, 269 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Frances Johnson, 323 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Marguerite Johnson, 333 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Emilie Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
- Helen Gaudin, 409 Nicholas street, Omaha, Neb.
- Mary Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
- Ira Hendon, 413 C. street, Omaha, Neb.
- Lillian Vail, 413 C. street, Omaha, Neb.
- Lewis Poff, 315 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
- Janetta Innes, 315 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
- Bassett Ruf, 315 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
- Meyer Cohn, 346 Georgia avenue, Omaha, Neb.

## The Robin's Patriotism

One day, a mother Robin,  
Sat high on the limb of a tree,  
Watching her little ones on their nest  
Till their father should come to tea.

"Don't fret, my dears," said the mother  
"Your father will soon be here,  
And he will bring a big fat worm,  
To feed his children dear."

"O, here he comes! Cheer up, cheer up—  
Alas, today he looks quite sad;  
He has had poor luck, I fear."

Now Robin bird flew into the house,  
As fast as he was able,  
And croaked words from out his bill,  
Upon the well set table.

"Give that, dear wife, to the babies,  
It is all that I have 'till tomorrow,  
With that saucy English Sparrow."

"If that fellow can't mind his own affairs  
And keep away from our home,  
I'll chase him farther than ever before—  
As far as the Tortoise goes."

"I'm a peaceable bird, you know that, my dear,  
But I'll fight for the babes and you;  
Orrin Fisher, 1210 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.

## BUSY BEE IN OLD MEXICO.



## Sadie B. Finch as a Senorita

(First Prize.)  
By Sadie B. Finch, Aged 12 Years, 2015 Fourth Avenue, Kearney, Neb. Blue.

The trip to Mexico is made daily from San Diego to Cal. The train consists of three cars, two of which are open and one closed. Leaving San Diego at 9 o'clock we travel for some distance along the ocean. We then go into smooth, grassy plains and see lovely orange and lemon groves.

We have a competent guide, who is jolly and explanatory. We go through National City, which is in the heart of the lemon and olive belt. Then we pass through two or three little towns. The guide points out to us the last school house in the United States. In a few moments we come in sight of the custom house. We are now loaded into trolley-buses, which take us across the Ti Juana river. The water is not deep, so we do not mind fording it. As the wagons pass through the river and stir up the sand the water appears to be full of gold dust and glitters and sparkles beautifully. Our party is a large one and it takes four blocks away from the river to take us across to Ti Juana.

It is a nice warm morning and we are enjoying the sunshine, birds and flowers, though it is the 22d of January. Now we all get out at Ti Juana and the Mexicans are ready to welcome us, knowing we all

## Conundrums

- Each person is allowed 11 worth of words without having to pay duty. I bought a beautiful green Mexican hand-made rug, also a Mexican hat. As I already had my dollar's worth, I persuaded a man who had a quarter's worth to carry my hat through the custom house for me. In passing through we got in line and they examine our pockets, purses and packages. Those having more than a dollar's worth pay from 30 to 70 per cent duty. A gentleman from Denver paid \$250 duty on a small image.
- We had our pictures taken as Mexicans, and a number of us sampled a Spanish lunch, hot tamales, etc.
- The Juana has one long street and a number of scattering houses. At the end of the street is a large arena in which they have bull fights on "Sundays," which I think is wicked. Returning we stop at National City for dinner and again board the train for Sweetwater dam, which is a large reservoir containing enough water to irrigate the surrounding country and four years' worth of rain. Then back to San Diego after having spent a delightful day. California has many charms for me. The greatest of all is the grand old sea, but dear old Nebraska I love best.
- And my home and friends in the middle west.
- houses. They did everything they could to stop it, and after a long fight the fire was put out, but we were not there then. We ran on for a long way, and as we passed a ranch some cowboys came out. They chased us, trying to throw their lassos about us, but they did not succeed, at least then.
- "The snake holes were very numerous there and very large. I stumbled in one of these, and as I fell, a lasso settled down about me. The rest escaped."
- "They took me to a ranch. My leg was badly sprained from the fall and that kept me quiet for a long time. My horse came and put a saddle on me and got on my back. I tried to throw him, but I couldn't, so I decided I wouldn't make any fuss about it. I heard the man say I was one of the best horses he had ever seen. Another man spoke up and said he was going to give me to his daughter."
- "The next morning a little girl came out with the man who had said I was to be his mistress. She named me Bob. After that when she went to ride it was on my back and we had the very best of times."
- "One day I heard a man say she was going away to school. She came and said good-bye to me, and after that I never saw her again, for I was sold not long afterwards. I have changed masters many times, but I shall not forget my little mistress. It was not fun that day on the hot prairie, with the fire chasing me, but I think that in one of the rainy days in my life that made the flowers bloom."
- The sun came out then and it had quit raining. The farmer came and let them go out to the pasture, all green and fresh after the rain.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

### The Clouds

By Emerson Kojker, Aged 11 Years, Clark's, Neb. Red Side.

I think it is very interesting to watch the shapes and forms of the clouds and I would advise children who have nothing to do on Sunday, or any other day, to watch them.

I think the white clouds are the prettiest and make the prettiest forms. I have seen clouds that looked like horses, bears, ships and other interesting things. One day when I was watching the clouds they changed to horses and men. The first thing I knew the horses were running a race. One horse was nearly to the stopping place, with the others some feet behind, when a polar bear jumped out and killed it, so that was the end of the race.

Another time I saw a steamboat pushing a barge up the river, but it suddenly disappeared and I did not see it any more.

### A Rainy Day Story

By Jeannette Miller, Aged 13 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue Side.

It was a rainy day. The rain drops were pattering softly on the barn roof. Inside the horses stood in the stalls wishing to go out to the pasture and many impatient whinnies sounded from there. In one stall stood an old horse. The light streaming through a window showed very plainly his beautiful gray coat and long mane. He tilted his head very high, as if to say, "I'm not going to give up even if it rains many years have passed over my head."

As an impatient whinny sounded from the neighboring stall the gray horse looked over. "How-do-you-do, my friend," he said to the impatient sorrel horse who stood looking about as much as the limited room of the stall would permit. "What do you think of this weather?"

"It's not a bit nice," replied the other. "Oh, if I were only out in the pasture where I could run and frisk about, or even hauling a wagon or buggy would be better than standing here."

"Oh, but see," answered his wise companion, "if there were no rains there would be no fine green pastures; the brooks would all dry up and the roads would be so dusty while," said the Boy's uncle. "Where did you find him? He's a dandy."

"Got him in the alley back of our house," explained the Boy. "I have had my eye on him for days. Got him by coaxing with meat. He's a pure Maltese."

"Yep, he's a fine one," said the uncle. "I'll keep him in the cellar or the wood house till he's accustomed to the place."

And then poor Tommy's imprisonment began. For days he was kept in the wood house; of nights he was kept in the cellar. And had not it been for the mice that infested the latter place poor Tommy's life would have been one long day and night of misery. But he delighted in catching mice and soon had cleared the cellar of the little pests.

But his loneliness was on him and he longed and longed for the old life in the town alley. Ah, there he lived! And all day long he sat mourning over his lost happiness. But a day came when freedom was given him once more. He had been a prisoner for three weeks, and the farmer master said to himself: "He's a fixture here now. He's been well treated and well fed and you couldn't drive him away with a club. A cat knows when he's well off; and such a mouser he is! Ah, he's worth his board and keep, all right."

## My Own Little Nancy Fanny Topsy

By Hazel Stanwood, Aged 12 Years, Seward, Neb. Red Side.

There was a whole lot of little kittens in the hay loft, but Agnes did not know it; but, of course, she soon found it out. There were four of the kittens, but Agnes could only have one; so she picked out one of the ugliest of the four and named it

## Playing House Afire

By Blanche Dewhirst, Aged 10 Years, Nickerson, Neb. Blue Side.

A little girl about 4 years old was walking to her grandma's when she saw a little boy about her size. The little boy asked her to play house afire.

"I don't know how," said the girl. "I'll show you how."

Then they went to a house and the little boy took paper and put fire on it then he put the paper against the house so it would burn the house. "Now run, and yell house afire," said the little boy.

"Hurry," when the police came and took the children home.

The fire was put out and did not hurt anything but when the children got home they got spanked.

## Tommy, a Prisoner

BY MAUD WALKER.

**T**OMMY had been so very happy all his life. He had never known restraint. Ever since he was 3 months old he had done for himself, lived by his own wits, so to speak. He had never done a day's work; nor had he worked of nights, either unless hunting for an occasional mouse could be called work. And he only indulged in that as a pastime.

Tommy was a cat, and at the time of this story was in his first year, being about 10 months old. He was fine and larger for his age, and feared nothing stronger or smaller than a dog. And often he gave a stray cat some good advice, though in his heart he feared the fellow as those heels he ran in all his pretended bravery, and had Mr. Canine turned on him he would have gone up a tree or mounted an alley fence with the greatest agility.

But one day a boy entered the alley where Tommy had passed his care-free life. Now, a boy was not a new thing to the alley in question, for often he came there in great numbers, throwing stones at Tommy and at Tommy's friends. But this particular boy (but I shall spell him with a capital "B") behaved in a good way to Tommy and begged he wanted him. So he brought with him a nice bit of meat with which to tempt Tommy.

But Tommy was not so easily led into captivity. He had been wild and free all his life, and knew from the promptings of Nature how to stand up against his enemies. When the boy began making overtures to him by offering the bit of meat—a delicacy in Tommy's mind—Tommy kept his distance and looked the boy over with sharp, questioning eyes. "You have some object in coaxing me," he thought.

But a day came when Tommy fell through appetite. The bit of meat was so temptingly placed for him that he slowly advanced toward it. The boy stood a safe distance off. Tommy got near enough to the meat to grasp it between his paws. Then, meat to mouth, he fled down the alley. Some distance off, he turned to take a peep at the boy. The fellow stood smiling at him, not venturing to follow. Then it was that Tommy was deceived. Evidently the boy had no evil motive in bringing him the meat. Tommy at the tender moment greedily, and wish for more. The boy knew he would, and so he brought a piece again the following day. And Tommy was there waiting for him.

On the third day, Tommy became quite good friends with the boy. He had grown to trust him, for not once had the boy tried to lay hands on him, but would place the meat on the ground and wait for more. The boy knew he would, and so he brought a piece again the following day. And Tommy was there waiting for him.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty, come eat the meat! Come, kitty!" Tommy approached cautiously. When a few feet off, he sat down and watched

the boy who still held the meat out to him. The smell of the tempting food was too much for Tommy. He went towards it, a few steps at a time, and soon put out his paw for it. The boy let him have it, for it was only a bite. But hardly had he had Tommy devoured the meat when the boy proceeded another piece. This he held out to the hungry Tommy also. It was the temptation which cost Tommy his freedom. This time, Tommy was not in the least afraid. He walked deliberately up to the boy's hand, took the meat from it and began to eat it, sitting down. Then the boy grabbed him in his hands and before the boy frightened cat could realize what was happening he was thrust into a dark, tight bag and carried off.

No boy or girl can realize the fright and anxiety of Tommy as he was carried away from his fallen home. He fought in vain, scratching and biting with all his might. But only the feelers of the cloth bag felt his force. His claws never once went through to the monster boy who walked leisurely along with him in the ugly, uncomfortable bag.

On reaching a certain street the Boy got on a street car, explaining to the conductor that he had a "fine, big tom cat in the bag" and that he was taking him to his uncle's farm at the outskirts of the town.

Once outside the town the Boy got off the car and took Tommy to his new home, a funny old-fashioned log house, where an old bachelor lived.

Tommy was let out of the bag into a cheerless room with closed doors and windows. "We'll keep him shut in for a

## Memorial Day

By Ruth Kiroehstein, Aged 11 Years, 3601 Grand Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Memorial day, oh Memorial day! Always comes with the day of May! And our hearts do naturally swell with pride.

For the brave soldiers that heroically died.

Oh soldiers! If only you could see The love, the pride, and the liberty With which we do sorrow, with which we do play.

For those that once fought and died Of course we love the victors best That in their dark blue costumes were With which we do sorrow.

But the gray that were on the southern side.

Fill our hearts with love and pride. So now we put on the 30th of May (Which is of course Memorial day.) With loving hearts, and hands gray, O'er those who once were in the fray.

## Shep

By Russell Myers, Aged 11 Years, 29 South Thirly-second street, South Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Once a man had a dog named Shep. He beat Shep with a stick and kicked him and was always scolding him.

One day Shep saw his master drowning. His master had his best clothes. Shep jumped in and saved his master, but tore his master's coat. His master beat and scolded Shep.

Another time Shep saw a herd of prairie wolves about to tread upon his master. Shep ran to the rescue, but the wolves came after him. Shep's master escaped, but the wolves killed and ate Shep.

His master then realized what he had done and forever after that if he saw a dog he would call out to him and pet it, but he could never forget Shep. The dogs were scared of Shep's master, when Shep was alive, but now he was their best friend.

## Ellison's Curiosity

By Helen Cross, Aged 11 Years, 211 Front Street, North Platte, Neb. Blue Side.

Ellison was a very restless boy. If he saw something that he had never seen before he would have to know all about it; how it was made, who made it and how much it cost. Ellison's father had decided to go to New York and stay a month, and so he took Ellison with him. He saw a large building, and curious to know what was on the inside, he entered. When his

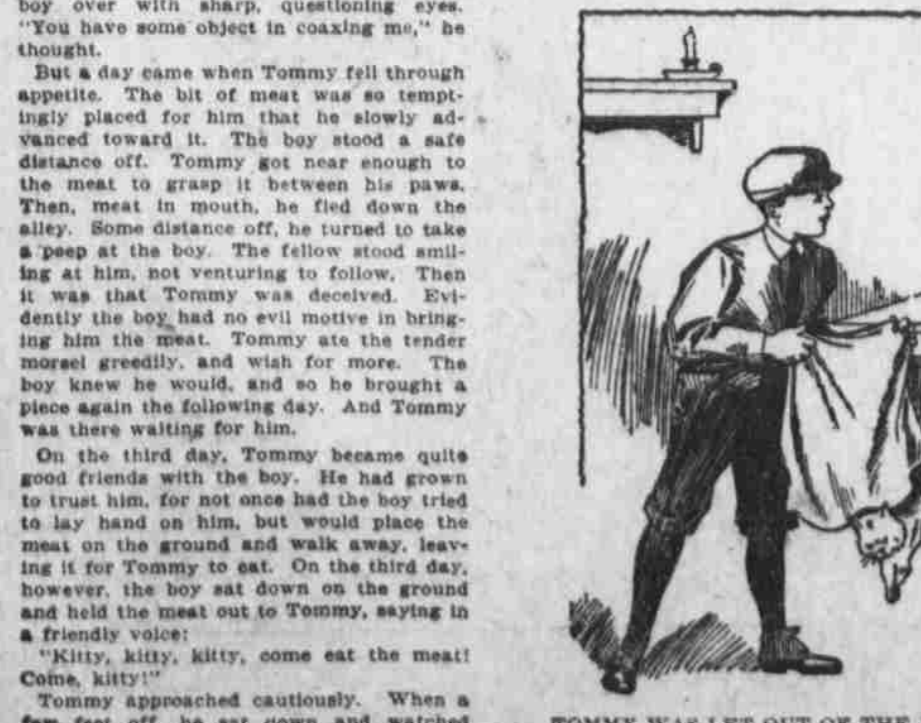
## The Life of a Little Sioux Girl

**W**HEN I first saw her she was about 1 year old, snug and happy on her mother's back. Unlike most Indian babies of her age, she was inclined to be as friendly as a dog to her distance. Usually the little brown baby will smile at you from across the mission chapel, but will scream with terror when you would like to hold it in your arms.

Amelia Brown Wolf was more like a white baby with white people and was very especially friendly. She has a big, round, rosy face, and on Saturday would come with her father to take Julia home for the recreation period in the afternoon. Then while waiting for Julia, Amelia and I had our visits and we became chums. To my great surprise one day, when I leaned down to give my little friend a cookie, she threw her arms around my neck and "loved me" after the fashion of our own white babies.

One Christmas night the white ladies from the mission school went to the Christmas tree for the "grown-ups" in the log house, known as the "guild house." As is customary, the men were permitted to take a few of the women on the other, all seated on the floor. We took our place among the women and Amelia and I were not long in spying each other, she playing peek-a-boo from behind her mother, first from one side, then the other. Our siders were making speeches which Amelia and I rudely disrupted, she too young and ignorant of the language.

One day I was strolling among the camps and my attention was drawn to my baby friend peeping from the flaps of the tepee door. Julia used to tell us that Amelia wanted to come to school and when she was not in the yard she was admitted to Julia brought her on Saturday afternoon, dressed in a fresh, new calico frock, a pretty blue sunbonnet over the little black braids, a tiny shawl over her shoulders. Just like a big woman, Amelia was very proud. And when I gave her a little blue uniform for the little girl, she beamed with delight. She had her own locker; she learned her place in the line when they marched to the dining room or to the school room. In the latter she had her slate and desk, just like the other little girls. In the dormitory she slept with Julia, who was perfectly happy in school and very apt, not long in picking up a few English words. She had her regular duties which she performed like a little woman, dusting the chairs or helping to wipe knives and forks. In the sewing class, she used to have difficulty in threading the needle, and I can see her now, laboring with it, and looking up with a shy smile if she thought I was observing her. When she made the oddest little rag dolls



TOMMY WAS LET OUT OF THE BAG INTO A CHEERLESS ROOM.