

# LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

**I**N THE stories which the Busy Bees have written for the page this week there is a pleasing variety. Some of the Bees have told of experiences of their own; others have told stories to express some of the lessons in kindness; others have told us fairy stories. All of these are, of course, good if well done. It is pleasing, also, to be able to state that more Busy Bees are writing stories, and they are writing better stories. The editor and the readers hope they will keep it up.

The prizes this week are awarded to three, who have written stories of decidedly different types. George Nicholson of Elsie has written us of his experiences in a prairie fire; Elizabeth Wright of Omaha has told us a story which possibly was suggested to her one time when ill; the third by a former queen bee, and one who has written many stories for the page, Helen Verrill, and is entirely imaginary, a fairy story.

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.
- Irene McCoy, Barstow, Neb.
- Lois Martin, Beatrice, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Bettendorf, Neb.
- Anna Gotsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gotsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Agnes Dampka, Benson, Neb.
- Maria Gallagher, Bennington, Neb.
- Alta May, Central City, Neb.
- Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
- Paula Hahn, Dayton, Neb.
- Rhea Friedell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Aleida Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
- Emilia Bode, Falls City, Neb.
- Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marion Capps, Gibora, Neb.
- Margaret Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Anna Voss, 497 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Lydla Roth, 608 West Keonig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 87 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 46 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schulte, Deadwood, S. D.
- Martha Murphy, 223 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Ruit, Lehigha, Neb.
- Hester F. Hahn, Lehigha, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Elythe Kretz, Lexington, Neb.
- Margerie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Alice Graessner, 126 C street, Lincoln.
- Marian Hamilton, 209 L street, Lincoln.
- Elsie Hamilton, 209 L street, Lincoln.
- Irene Fisher, 209 L street, Lincoln.
- Hughie Disher, 209 L street, Lincoln.
- Charlotte Rogers, 27 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln.
- Mildred Jensen, 72 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
- Helen Johnson, 24 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln.
- Althea Meyer, 234 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln.
- Louise Miles, Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Willow Besser, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Louise Hahn, Norfolk, Neb.
- Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letha Jarvik, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- William Davis, 211 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
- Louise Raabe, 209 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
- Frances Johnson, 623 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
- Marguerite Johnson, 523 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
- Emile Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Helen Goodrich, 493 Nicholas street, Omaha.
- Mary Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Eva Hendon, 469 Dodge street, Omaha.
- Lillian Wirt, 413 Cass street, Omaha.
- Lewis Poff, 315 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Janette Innes, 276 Fort street, Omaha.
- Bessie Ruf, 124 Binney street, Omaha.
- Meyer Cohn, 58 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
- Helen F. Douglas, 126 C street, Omaha.
- Ada Morris, 316 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Myrtle Jensen, 276 Fort street, Omaha.
- Ernie Fisher, 124 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.
- Mildred Erickson, 276 Howard St., Omaha.

## Little Leon's Experience on the First Day of School

By Annie James.

**L**EON HARDING had had an older sister or brother, he might have known what school was like, for the sister or brother would have told him all about it. But Leon lived with his aged grandparents, who rarely talked of their own childhood days. And when Grandpa Harding did tell of his school experiences they were enough to frighten any little new beginner at school, for he told of floggings and keepings in after school and other forms of punishment that caused his little grandson to shudder with horror.

And now that Leon was 6 years old it was decided by the grandparents that he should go to the little district school two miles distant from their farm. For two weeks good old granny had been fixing new clothes for Leon to wear to school. He was to have a new suit out and out, even to the hat. But all these fine "fixings" could not warm Leon up with happy anticipation for the new experience he was to have while learning the A. B. C's. Indeed, secretly Leon had great fear of that wonderful and terrible creature called teacher. And he also trembled at the thought of the big tyrant tyrannize over him and make his life a burden. And the mere thought of studying—having to learn things he did not already know—was most objectionable to him. Why should he be cooped up in a school house all day looking at mysterious things in books, with the eyes of the awful teacher on him, and maybe the teacher's wicked whip across his little back should he offend in any way?



But of his apprehensions not one word did he say to granny or grandpa. They would not have understood. So he suffered in silence, feeling with fear and trembling that his time of freedom and happiness was fast coming to an end. For on Monday—two days distant—he would put on his new clothes and enter school a newly fledged pupil. And so the two days intervening were passed in silent forebodings. Then Monday morning arrived, and granny, full of pride, dressed her little school boy up in his finery and kissed him good-bye, and grandpa walked with him to the turn in the road, directing him thus:

take the wrong road. Where it would lead he did not even try to guess. It would almost out of his wit, turned and fled. Back over the road he ran, and before he realized what he was doing he had turned into a dim road which led across the meadow towards a high hill. Up and up the long and tiresome hill Leon went, his nice new clothes becoming dusty and his face damp from perspiration. But he

confess that he had not gone to school at all. He knew Granny would scold him and that Grandpa would say, "What, won't go to school and become a smart man and get to be president of the U. S. A.?" But he was willing to forego the honor of becoming president, was willing to suffer Grandpa's scolding if by so doing he might avoid going to school. He would much rather grow up to be a farmer-like Grandpa—or become a stage driver. (Leon's home was many miles from a railroad, and a stage coach was used for carrying passengers and the mail to and from the town. And the driver of the stage had won Leon's deep admiration. He did not have to be educated.)

On reaching the white house which stood so lonely on a hill, Leon timidly approached the door. It was open and from it came the sounds of children's voices as if reading aloud. A lovely young woman was standing near the open door, a book in hand. Leon looked up into her face, but could not gather courage to speak. Evidently the pretty young lady saw his embarrassment, for she came outside the door and stood upon her lawn step. "Good morning, little

man," she said, in the gentlest of voices. Immediately she had won Leon's heart. "What is your name?" "Leon Richard Harding, six years old, please," he replied. "Then he blushed, for he was a beautiful little chap, having seen no few strangers in his life. "And is that your dinner in the little pail?" asked the pretty lady, designating

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## Study of Postage Stamps in the Public Schools



**F**OLLOWING close upon the decision of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy to incorporate the study of postage stamps in the public school work, educational authorities elsewhere, including some in this country, have taken the matter up for serious consideration. Some teachers in America have already begun to "teach the young idea how to shoot" with the aid of the stamp, and there is every prospect that the little mail carrier will before long be a potent factor in the education of our youth everywhere.

The action of the Austro-Hungarian Board of Education was prompted after a careful investigation of the stamp as a medium of instruction. The matter was gone into with exquisite care and the net result was the promulgation of an order that every school reading book should contain at least one chapter devoted to the postage stamps of the world, illustrated by fac-simile reproductions.

It was learned that almost every field of study is covered to some extent by stamps, or that the study of them leads the scholar through a pleasing and entertaining method to extensive fields of valuable information that would otherwise have to be approached by more prosaic and arduous paths. Geography, history, literature, mythology, theology, natural history, world politics, science and the fine arts, astronomy and other branches of learning are opened up by the student of the postage stamp with a facility and readiness that is surprising.

Leonard H. Goldsmith, an instructor of gone! Then, with a very long sigh, she settled back in the pillows in the window and everything was very quiet until a voice outside said sympathetically: "What's the matter, little girl?"

It was the mist talking. The little girl sat up in surprise. "Oh! Oh! Don't you know," she began, "that when it's dark and cloudy all girls are out of humor 'cause our mothers will not let us go out doors and play?"

"No, I don't know at all," replied the mist. "Many little children over on the other side of the city are very glad to have it cloudy, for when the sun shines warm it makes the sidewalks so hot that they can't play there. They have no nice green lawn like you and besides many of them have to work very hard, and when it is so hot it makes them sick. Their feet burn, their heads ache and they get very thirsty."

"Oh!" said the little girl, and looked very thoughtful; "but it's so homely, not pretty at all."

"But you don't see the beauty. Don't you know that every cloud has a silver lining?"

The little girl nodded. She had heard her grandma say so many times, but she never thought it was really true before, but now that the mist said so it must be true, for the mist seemed to be a very wise lot of damp air.

## Little Stories by Little Folks



### RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use very long words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
6. First and second prizes of books and stationery will be given to the best two contributions in this page each week. Address all communications to: OMAHA BEES, OMAHA, NEB.

### A Prairie Fire.

By George Nicholson, aged 13 years, Elsie, Neb. Red Side.

It was April 6, 1910, that a big prairie fire went through here. We saw some smoke rising in the distance right after we had eaten dinner and we thought it was a fire.

My cousin and I were herding sheep, and after we saw the fire coming we got the sheep closer to the house. When the fire was about a mile away we put the sheep in the corral. After we had the sheep in the corral we got everything ready so that if the fire came up to the house we could fight it. But the fire did not come right up to the house.

There were a lot of men at the fire with plows and they plowed along the sides of the fire.

The fire burned from near Elsie to the South Platte river, near Oksala. At eight the wind went down. After we had our supper we went out to the fire and started fighting it. We fought it until it was all out on the west side. After that we went home. When we got home it was 11:30.

### The Bottle Family.

By Elizabeth Wright, 122 North Thirty-fifth Avenue, Omaha, Blue Side.

There were many bottles sitting on a table by Helen's bed. Their names were Mr. Castor Oil, Mrs. Olive Oil and her Baby Salt, Miss Listerine, Mr. Fizz and Miss Cologne.

Helen loved Miss Cologne Bottle very much. But Mr. Castor Oil was so cross and bad that she did not like him one bit.

One day a visitor was with the other bottles. His name was Mr. Potash. Pretty soon Mr. Castor Oil and Mr. Potash got to quarreling, and in their haste glances, an owl with a night cap on was to hurt one another they fell off the holding a candle, some sparrows were war-

### Oh, goody, goody.

"Oh, goody, goody," cried Betty. "that will be so nice."

"All right," said Mrs. Gray, "shall we write the invitations now, and their mothers can decide."

"Yes, we will write them now and Betty can take them to the different places."

Next day the children all came and they had become so interested in a game that when Mrs. Gray said it was half past five they did not want to go home.

They told Betty goody, and each one started. The ones who went the same way busy talking and planning how they would have a party and invite Betty.

### Fun at Home.

By Ronald Otis Wyckoff, aged 15 years, Wilber, Neb. Red Side.

My sister and I have lots of fun in the garden and around home after school lets out. We go out into the garden and pick beans. Then we count how many pumpkins we have. When we are tired playing in the garden we go with our little pet puppy. We chase him and he runs from us. Then we stop and run from him and he chases us and barks at us. We play all kinds of games and this is the way we mostly have our fun at home.

### Grace's Dream.

By Helen Emma Morris, aged 10 years, McCook Junction, Neb. Blue Side.

It was a cold, dark evening in early autumn. Grace was sitting by the window, reading a fairy story.

All at once a little fairy jumped out of the book. She said, "Grace, would you like to go to fairyland with me?"

"Oh, yes," said Grace. So the fairy waved her wand over Grace, and they both flew out of the window and were in there. In all its splendor, stood a fairy coach, drawn by two white doves. Up, up they went, and on and on they came to fairyland. The fairy alighted while Grace followed her.

### George's Reward.

By Dorothy Taylor, aged 9 years, Elsie, Neb.

Once there was a little boy named George. He was very poor and worked hard for a living. When he could not get work to do he sold papers or baked goods, or on occasional days, that came from somewhere behind the heavy curtains that hung at the window. If any one had been there to look they would have seen a very discontented little girl cuddled up on the broad window sill.

Outside everything looked gray and dismal if one looked only on the gloomy things that was the little girl in the window did. But it was really very beautiful if she had only known it. The gray mist that had settled down in the night made the nearby houses look dim like fairy castles. The wind that blew the treetops to and fro made their damp leaves dance and frolic, making queer shadows in the silver mist. The wind, like the little girl, must have thought it was very hard, for it sighed in the trees and groaned as it went around the corners of the houses, its groans rising sometimes to the loudest shrieks and then dying down to the faintest sighs.

### Oliver's Kindness.

By Arline Helm, aged 8 years, 311 Polk Street, South Omaha, Blue Side.

Once there was a girl whose name was Olivia. Across the street from Olivia's house there lived a poor girl named Ruth. As Olivia sat on her front porch thinking of Ruth, she said: "I will go in and ask mamma if I can buy Ruth something."

So Olivia went in to ask her mother. Her mother said: "Yes, I think it would be nice." Olivia took all of her money and started down the road. She came back in a half hour and had a big box. Her mother met her at the gate. She opened the box and there was a nice doll. Her mother said: "Now you may go over and give it to her."

So Olivia did and they both played happy all the time.

### The Party.

By Margaret Horne, aged 10 years, Auburn, Neb. Blue Side.

Mrs. Nelson and her daughter Betty were talking about what a nice doll she had.

The door opened and Mrs. Gray, their neighbor, came in, saying, "Mrs. Nelson, do you think you and I could arrange a party for Betty, and have it tomorrow afternoon from 2 to half past 5 o'clock? We could arrange such a nice one."

"Yes, that will be nice," have a party for Betty," said Mrs. Nelson. "I think we can."

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### STAMPS OF CHINA AND CHINESE TREATY PORTS. THROWING LIGHT ON CHINA'S HISTORY.

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It is interesting to know that there is a little book of stories based on postage stamps, the reference index to which shows that no less than 1,000 historical facts and personages are told in its pages—almost an encyclopedia of useful information.

There are many special groups of stamps that have special lessons to teach, and there are countries whose stamps tell with interesting vividness their history. There are sets of stamps, too, issued for commemorative purposes that drive home some of the most entertaining stories that are to be found in all history.

The Columbian series of stamps issued

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