

# The Busy Bees

NOTHING is more to be admired in a boy or girl than kindness and thoughtfulness of animals. Some of our best friends are found among these dumb creatures, and we should care for them to the best of our ability. On the cold winter days, when the ground is covered with snow, animals are in need of food, and when the warm days of summer come they need water—these are the times when boys and girls can help them. It is always nice to read the stories written by the Busy Bees, telling of some incident when a poor creature has been given care. Olga Anderson has written a very nice story this week, telling of the care given a pony that had grown old. It shows the sweet side of this little girl's nature to tell of this friend of hers. Near us each day we can see poor animals that need the care of some kind person. A kind word or action is as greatly appreciated by animals as by persons, and we should never lose an opportunity to make life a little easier for these near neighbors of ours.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

**Duke.**  
By Olga Anderson, Shelby, Neb. Blue Side.  
I am going to tell you about Duke. You may think I mean the kind of a duke like you see in the comic section of the Omaha Sunday Bee, but this is not the kind of a duke I mean.  
Duke is not a boy, or a girl, or a man, or a woman. No, not in the world. Nothing but a good, loving, gentle pony. He has brown hair and eyes and the letters "O X" on one of his hips.

He was my Uncle Roy's pony. My uncle Roy sold him to a man who promised to take good care of Duke and not treat him mean. Years past and one day as my Grandma Anderson was walking on a certain street in Lincoln, what do you think she saw? She saw a pony in the road pulling a heavy delivery wagon almost skin and bones and she recognized him as being Duke by the letters "O X" on one of his hips.  
Grandma went to the owner of Duke, but it was a different one from that which Uncle Roy sold Duke too.  
Grandma loved Duke and felt sorry for him and so bought him. She sent him to the Stromberg farm, where he is now.  
The present life of Duke is a happy one. No work, no worry, no cares. He is with many other horses and has a happy life. I have much fun riding on his back when I go to the farm.

**Snowball.**  
By Clarence Mitchell, Aged 12 Years, Belgrade, Neb. Blue Side.  
Mew, mew! came a soft little cry from the porch by the dining room door.  
Minnie Vine, in the room alone, eating her breakfast, dropped her spoonful of bread and milk, and went to the door and listened. A little louder came the cry, "Mem, mew, mew!"  
Then Minnie ran and opened the door and caught up in her arms the little kitten she found there. It stopped crying and curled down in her arms. Minnie ran to her mamma and asked her if she might keep the kitty for her own. Mamma said she thought it was a little runaway, but she might keep it until she found the owner.  
"Well, mamma, I want to give it some breakfast and name it," said Minnie.  
"What will you name it?" asked mamma.

"It was so white it looked like a little snowball when I first saw it, and I think Snowball would be a pretty name."  
For three days Minnie kept the kitten. She was sitting by the fire rocking Snowball and was beginning to think it was her own, when somebody knocked at the door. She went to open it, still holding the kitty in her arms. A little boy stood there, who said, "I heard my kitty was here, so I came after it."  
"But are you sure it is yours?" asked Minnie.  
"Yes, I am sure, and I want it."  
She thrust it into the boy's hands, saying, "Good-bye, my poor little Snowball."  
The next morning when Minnie came into the dining room she heard the same little kitten. Opening the door, there was her dear little Snowball.

But mamma said, "When it's owner comes after it again perhaps he will sell it to you."  
When the owner came again she said, "I will buy it if you will sell it."  
"Well," he said, after a little while, "you may have it for 10 cents."  
"Please give him more, mamma," said Minnie, and her mamma handed the delighted boy a 25-cent piece.  
"You are worth a great deal more than that," said Minnie. Snowball looked up at her and purred softly, as if it would say it knew that Minnie was right.

**Her First Story.**  
By Etanah Johnson, Aged 13 Years, 234 Cass Street, Omaha, Red Side.  
"No answer to my letter today," sighed Clara Marston, as she sat at her desk. "Dear up, my dear," said her aunt, "and have faith, for it is sure to come with a good answer." "Perhaps," replied Clara, with a small attempt at a smile, as her aunt passed quietly out of the room, leaving a disheartened girl behind. For Clara had sent a story to a magazine. True, it was but a child's story, but it showed promise of something better. And now, at 15, Clara's greatest desire was to become an authoress. With the salary she would receive would take the burden off her aunt's shoulders, for Clara had no mother or father, and made her home with her aunt.

And a cosy little home it was, for Clara was a good housekeeper and prepared the small meals with deftness. She did not attend a school, nor at home did she study greatly, but at the public library many a pleasant afternoon did she spend reading many things, which she stored into her active brain for future use. It had now been a month since Clara had sent her manuscript, and she thought, "The thing of the telephone was then heard." "How I wish it were the postman," she thought, little dreaming of what good luck was to befall her. "Hello!" she cried. "Hello! hello!" cried a rather gay voice. "Is this Marston's residence?" "Yes, do you wish to speak to Mrs. Marston?" "No, it is Miss Marston, I want—Miss Clara Marston. You see, I'm Miss C. E. Marston since I've been out of town for a couple of weeks. When I returned a lot of mail was waiting for me. Not glancing at one, I opened it and found it was not for me. It is from Aaron Publishing company, with a large check. I looked in the directory and found your name. If it is yours I'll send it right over." "Yes, it is mine. I've been waiting for it," she cried, with a choke in her voice. "Well, all right; it will be there in a few min-

utes—your first story accepted—that's good. In a few minutes the check came and the real recipient, waving it over her head, ran upstairs, only to be met by her aunt, as proud as though she had been the writer and saying she knew it would be accepted. But Clara was far too happy to say anything—she could just look at the wonderful bit of blue paper before her and think of her first check.

### ANOTHER OF THE BRIGHTEST OF BUSY BEES.



ELSA DREWS

he ran up to her and picking her up he ran past the car tracks to the other side of the street.

A man came running out of a store in front of them just as they reached the pavement. He came up to Tom and said, "You did a very noble act then in saving my little girl and I want to reward you," and then he pulled his hand out of his pocket and telling Tom to call at his house the next day, he gave Tom a \$10 bill and walked off, leaving Tom in a sort of a dream.

P. S.—Remember, Blues, that the Reds and Blues are very close so far this year, so we must write stories every Sunday if we want to beat the Reds.

### In Nuremberg.

By Alfred Mager, Aged 12 Years, 608 Georgia Avenue, Red Side.  
It was a bright day in late July. We had ridden over 200 miles on one of the typical German cars.  
It was about 6 o'clock now, and we were on the outskirts of Nuremberg. We just passed the Faber pencil factory, one of the largest pencil factories in the world. This factory has distributed its pencils all over the world.  
Ah! now we are in the station of Nuremberg. The station is a large one being larger than our Union depot in Omaha.

We signal a cab which takes us to our hotel which is called Hotel Hahn, which means Red Hen. The hotel is about 500 years old. Every twenty-five years it is remodeled or even often if it is required.  
We take the elevator or lift as they call it up to the second floor where our rooms are.  
The next few days we spend sight-seeing. On one day we go in the tourists' auto which is for Americans. There is an American guide in the auto who tells us all that the different things are about. We pass over a bridge and come to the ruins of an old castle which was built about the fifteenth century for a fortification.  
One interesting feature about Nuremberg is that it is the largest city in Europe for toy-making. In almost every shop we go we see toys, some expensive and some cheap and a very great variety of them.  
There are a great many Roman buildings left with long slanting roofs. We must remember that Nuremberg is the oldest city in Germany.  
A great many stores are manufactured here. Some are still made of porcelain and some of iron and a great many are made of steel.

### The Story of a Magpie.

By Joseph Lumpham, Aged 11, Blue Side.  
To show how an innocent person may be wrongly accused I will relate this little story.  
A few years ago while living in a small town in Virginia a family by the name of Dare had a son named Willie. He very often visited his friend, the son of a rich neighbor. While playing there one day Harold's mother laid a very valuable ring on the table near where the boys were playing. Shortly after Willie went home Harold's mother missed the ring. No one else had been in the room but the two boys. Of course Willie was accused of taking the ring. Then, strange to say, a storm came up during the night and a large tree was blown down in front of Harold's home.  
The next day when the children were playing on the tree they found a magpie's nest. In hand with the nest they found the ring that Willie had been accused of taking.  
The window being open the magpie had evidently flown down and taken the ring to its nest.  
This teaches us not to be too hasty in judging.

### The Story of a Dandelion.

By Eugene Leggett, Aged 9 Years, Ord, Neb. Blue Side.  
Once upon a time a little dandelion grew in a mossy meadow. It was always happy when the children romped and played in the meadow. One day a little girl came along, but stopped when she saw the dandelion and exclaimed: "Oh, how beautiful!" Then she picked it and took it home, putting it in a vase among a lot of daisies. Next day the little girl came and took the dandelion to show it to her playmates. She was much surprised when she took it out of the vase for it was all white. She cried and cried and took it out doors to her playmates. One little girl grabbed it away crying, "I'm going to see if mamma wants me." She blew on it and it scattered in little white seeds. Next year she found a lot more dandelions right where she had found the first one she had ever seen.  
I am a new Busy Bee.

### Tom's Reward.

By James Wengert, Mapleton, Ia. Blue Side.  
Tom Stevens was a poor boy. He had no mother or father and he sold papers for a living. One day when Tom stood on a crossing making change for some papers he had sold he saw a little girl standing between the street car tracks and a street car coming up behind her not three yards away. Tom yelled to her, but she did not hear him. Then he came quite a cripple. He was such a poor and we felt so sorry for him and took such good care of him that we named him

### The Adventures of Ace.

By Grace Moore, Aged 11, Silver Creek, Nebraska, Blue Side.  
One bright summer morning there was a little white kitten born in an old cat named Spot, and he was as white as snow and had one little black spot on his side, so we called him Ace. He had three other brothers, the same size as he was. Well, he became very fat and chunky, also very playful and we would bring him in the house and put our fingers in the back of our chairs and he would bite our fingers. And then all his brothers died, also his mother; just one of his larger sisters was left, and then she had kittens and then she got run over by something and then there was no mother to any of them. And then all her children died but one and then they were only two left. Ace was her uncle then. And they would play together. After while she caught a disease and she died and then there was no one left to play with Ace. So finally he died and that was the adventures of Ace.

### The Coon Hunt.

By Marjorie Shipman, Sidney, Neb. Blue Side.  
"It is time to start," said Jean, as she mounted her pony which the young negro servant brought up to her. Ethel Moon mounted, too. Soon they had all got in the hayrack or on their horses. There were twenty people in all, and twenty-one with the negro servant that led

"Old Jim." My little sister Rousee used to get in the wagon with "Old Jim" and I would take them for a ride down the street. My little "Old Jim" did like to ride in the wagon. When "Old Jim" saw anyone coming toward the house he would squawk just like a dog would bark to let us know we were going to have company. He became so feeble and crippled that papa gave him away because we did not like to see him suffer. Dear "Old Jim" was a queer pet, but Rousee and I believe in treating all dumb animals kindly and hope all the Busy Bees do also.

### A Midsummer Night Adventure.

By Helena Chase, Aged 10 Years, 301 South Third Street, Blue Side.  
It was 12 o'clock on a midsummer night and the never-tiring moon was watching over a large city, when suddenly he noticed a large white house. Looking in through the window he saw two tiny white cats. Inside the cats were two little girls whose names were Laura and Lucy. They were not asleep, for they were talking about fairies. Suddenly Laura said: "I read in a book that fairies will be out dancing every midsummer night, so let's go out in the garden and hunt for them." "Do you suppose mamma will care?" said Lucy, who was the youngest. "No, she won't, because there will be no moon on a midsummer night, and I think that's the only reason that she don't like us to go out."  
So ending the discussion they slipped on their little wrappers and went out into the cool moonlight. After hunting in the garden for a while they decided to hide behind a large oak tree and watch. So they huddled up to each other to keep warm and watched. "I don't see any fairies," began Lucy, but she did not finish for her eyes closed and she was fast asleep. Laura decided she would not be a baby and go to sleep, so she held her eyes open. But in spite of all her efforts her eyes dropped and closed and soon she was just as fast asleep as Lucy, dreaming that fairies were dancing in her bed and mamma was trying to eat them. In the morning when they were found they had such bad colds the could not go out to play for one whole week, so they were very sorry they had disobeyed their mamma.

### Jim's Duck Hunt.

By Robert Lane Buckingham, Aged 13 Years, 306 Woolworth Avenue, Omaha.  
Jim and his father had decided to go for a duck hunt. They got up early and got their guns and all things which a hunting trip needs for perfection and put them in the roomy touring car.  
They left about 5 o'clock and drove the car in the direction of a private lake, which was owned by a friend who had given them permission to shoot.  
They arrived all O. K. and separated to opposite sides of the lake. Not a duck did they see.  
At lunch Josh Henpeck, the popular sheriff of Punksville, put in his appearance.  
"Now I've ketcht ye, by Heck. Shoot in ducks, eh?"  
"But we have a permit, my dear man," said Mr. Randolph.  
"Don't make a mite of difference, if you got a million on 'em, by Heck," said Josh.  
Mr. Randolph, seeing it was useless to argue, told him to get into the car and they would take him up to the jail and be released. He agreed gladly.  
"If Maggy could only see me now," he said, chuckling.  
They arrived and the mistake was quickly explained.  
It was now nearly night, so they got in the car and headed for home. The last they saw of Josh he was still arguing that they were "diprict characters."  
Jim groaned aloud, "And not a duck! Gee, what a hunt!"

### Mollie, She Was Bad.

By Alice Elvira Crandell, Aged 9 Years, Tenth Street, Chapman, Neb. Blue Side.  
Once upon a time there was a little girl named Mollie, and she was about 8 years old.  
Mollie was fond of helping her mother, but one day she got a cross spell.  
One morning her mother said, Mollie, I have to go to the garden and work all day, I will be home just to eat my dinner, but will go right back again, so I want to know if you will take care of the house while I am gone.  
Oh, mamma, said Mollie, I am afraid to stay alone, get the neighbor's girl to come and stay with me, all right, said her mother. So she got the neighbor's girl to come and stay with Mollie.  
But just as she had done to the garden, Mollie went out to play and the neighbor girl had to do the work all alone.  
When it was just about time for dinner and Mollie saw her mother coming home, she ran into the house and pretended to be helping Ruth, which was the girl's name.  
Her mother ate her dinner and when she was out of sight, Mollie went out and played all afternoon.  
She did not see her mother come home at night and Ruth told her what Mollie had done and when Mollie came in she got a whipping and was sent to bed.  
After that day Mollie was never bad again.

### The Dog Came Back.

By Hazel Norton, Aged 8 Years, Humphrey, Neb. Red Side.  
A small boy named Willie had a little brown dog and her name was Cate. The boy was very fond of his dog and the dog in return loved her little master. In the neighborhood where they lived there were other boys and they all had a dog or two and so people thought there were too many dogs around. And as Willie's neighbors were poor they thought they couldn't afford to pay taxes on a dog, so decided they must get rid of it. But Willie, who coaxed to be allowed to keep Cate, but they said, "No," she would have to go. So the little fellow thought he would find a good home for his pet and give her to some one living away from that part of town who could pay the dollar a year tax on her. He found some people that were willing to take her and so he gave his pet to them, but she would not stay. She came back to her little master. Then next he gave her to a man that lived eighteen miles in the country, but after two days she arrived home, very tired, but, O, so glad to be with her little friend once more, and the boy then begged harder than ever to be allowed to keep her. He promised his mamma he would earn the dollar to pay the taxes on his pet, so his mamma said he might keep her and Willie kept his promise by running errands and earning the money to pay his dog tax.

### An Indian Fairy.

By Marie Hakenberg, Aged 12 Years, 1710 Charles Street, Omaha.  
Marguerite sat under a street reading a fairy tale, but she got tired of it and set the book down.  
She was wondering why there were no fairies in America, when she fell asleep. She dreamed that a fairy came to her. The fairy was dressed in braids of coarse flowers. She had two pairs of beaded shoes, black hair, and a pair of eyes that she asked Marguerite what she would like to see America.  
The fairy then told Marguerite that her name was Silver Lily and she was the queen of the fairies of America.  
She called other fairies to her and bade them bring her canoe to her. It was very small and was drawn by six canary birds.  
She touched Marguerite with her wand and she became very small.  
They both got in the canoe and the birds flew into the air. The fairy brought her all over America and she enjoyed the ride very much.  
The fairy invited her to camp and eat dinner with them, but she said she must go home.  
Just then she woke up and heard her mother calling her. She told her mother

# Their Own Page

## Little Folks Birthday Book



SUNDAY, MARCH 2 "This is the day we celebrate."

Name and Residence	Address
Odette Albrecht	1905 Spring St. Windsor
Edna Margaret Anderson	2315 N. 28th Ave. Howard Kennedy
Chauncey Baldwin	2340 South 34th St. Windsor
Donald Barmettler	1736 South 9th St. Lincoln
Gerald Bullis	4324 North 25th Ave. Saratoga
Helen Burnica	1453 South 14th St. Comenius
Robert Cooper Carson	1124 North 40th St. Walnut Hill
Martha Christensen	2715 Brown St. Miller Park
Gladys Clark	1124 North 40th St. Walnut Hill
Carroll Clay	2554 Harney St. Farnam
Joseph P. Cleland	4030 Nicholas St. Walnut Hill
Violet Cook	424 South 20th St. Central
Margaret Falconer	3702 North 21st St. Lothrop
Ahette Fanger	976 North 26th St. Long
Harry Ferrer	2208 Clark St. Kellom
Lillian May Fowler	39th and Leavenworth Sts. Columbian
Fred Gard	3817 North 19th St. Lothrop
Ruth Green	1135 Park Ave. Park
Anna Hansen	2618 Hamilton St. Long
Grace H. Hler	5320 North 34th St. Monmouth Park
Lewis Horak	6420 North 44th St. Central Park
Wilbur Horwich	2211 California St. Central
Harold Johnson	3870 Leavenworth St. Columbian
James Judicek	1033 Dominion St. Edward Rosewater
Dora Kalmeron	1805 Lake St. Lake
Kinsley J. Keegler	3021 Gold St. Windsor
George R. Kiger	724 Dorcas St. Train
Adolph Joseph Kruml	1716 South 8th St. Lincoln
Hazel Main	913 1/2 South 13th St. Pacific
Clarence Moor	2206 North 13th St. Lake
Krev Nielson	3326 Boyd St. Monmouth Park
Elvera V. Pearson	4705 North 31st Ave. Monmouth Park
Emery Peterson	820 South 50th St. Beals
Willie Rasmus	2502 Sprague St. Saratoga
Willie Reid	2021 Howard St. Farnam
Rosie B. Rhdin	1516 Canton St. Edward Rosewater
Kennard Ring	2416 Jones St. Mason
Lillian Rocheford	3011 South 11th St. Bancroft
Delbert John Rynerson	3321 Corby St. Howard Kennedy
Robert Samuel	2210 North 24th St. Long
Louisa Schick	205 1/2 North 17th St. Cass
Leta V. Shouse	1067 South 36th St. Columbian
Rosie Stejkal	301 William St. Train
Marcella Stoller	2206 South 31st St. Windsor
Ruth Florence Turquist	981 North 27th St. Webster
Lucy Urban	1216 South 2d St. Pacific
Frank Y. Vashn	3102 South 17th St. Vinton
John Vejtor	1708 South 1st St. Train
Mary Vleora	1716 South 2d St. Train
Edwin Earl Wyckoff	2708 Chicago St. Webster
Riva Zico	2702 Lake St. Howard Kennedy

the way down the moonlit road. They had the food in the hayrack and other such articles. At 8 o'clock they reached the woods where the hunt was going to be. The hounds were let loose and the hunt began. They had looked for a while when suddenly the path cracked and a coon ran down the path. My, how they did run, though. The girls would run and their dresses would get caught on the bushes and they would have to run very hard to keep up with the rest. At last one of the hounds caught the coon and the darkey took it away from the hound. The boys were going to kill it, but the girls pleaded so pitifully that they let it go. Then the girls and boys went back to the hayrack and got the lunch ready. The girls climbed into light coats that were brought down to the woods for the occasion. At half past 10 o'clock they all they had a happy time, they were glad to climb into their cozy beds.

her dream and they both agreed it was very nice.

### Mischievous Snow.

By Marie Neville, Aged 11 Years, 3722 Jones Street, Omaha, Blue Side.  
A little boy whose name was Bobby, went to bed one night feeling real happy, because he had had a delightful party that afternoon.  
He had been accustomed to leaving his window open at night. His mother told him he had better not, because it was snowing very hard and his room would get cooled off too quick.  
He jumped into bed. "Oh, my," exclaimed he, "it is so hot in here; I am going to open the window!"  
He got up and opened the window wide, and said he would close it after a while. The fresh air came floating into the room, and my, how good it made him feel. Soon he was in dreamland.  
Later in the night, a big blizzard came, and mercy, how the snow flew in the window. By morning you couldn't imagine what his room looked like—one mass of snow, all over his clothes and everything.  
His mother was quite angry with him. He had spoiled his new suit. He begged his mother to forgive him and she said she would.  
After that he always closed his window when he went to bed on stormy nights.

### A New Busy Bee.

CASPER, Wyo., Feb. 19, 1913.  
Dear Busy Bees: My name is La Clair Demuke. My age is 11 years. My address is 706 Center street, Casper, Wyo. I am in the fifth grade. I read the Busy Bees' corner every Sunday. I enjoy the stories very much. I would like to join

### Do you wish to improve your complexion, hands and hair?

If you wish a skin clear of pimples, blackheads and other annoying eruptions, hands soft and white, hair live and glossy, and scalp free from dandruff and itching, begin today the regular use of Cuticura Soap for the toilet, bath and shampoo, assisted by an occasional light application of Cuticura Ointment. No other method is so agreeable, so often effective and so economical in treating poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair. Liberal sample of Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment sent free with 32-page Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura," Dept. 44, Boston.

